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A

Literary and Political Journal.

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1847.

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It is impossible to compare the appearances observable in a modern mesmeric patient with those presented by a witch or a devil-posessed nun of the period referred to—without being led to the conclusion, that it is one influence which affects both; that their states are identical; that either the mesmeric patient is a witch, or the witch was nothing more than a mesmeric patient. And this recurrence of phenomena so similar, under circumstances so widely diverse, is the strongest of all arguments against the supposition that the phenomena are the result of imposture. If we find insensibility to pain in the witch or the demonopathic, we have the less reason to believe the insensibility to pain, shown by the mesmeric patient, to be simulated. If we find

made his *début* at Vienna, and thousands of cases of diabolism, in its thousand forms, that for more than three hundred years kept the racks at work, and the market-places smoking, throughout the whole Christian world, a unity of character, a constant reproduction of the same leading features, is to be recognized, wholly inexplicable, unless on the hypothesis of a common origin—of one principle operating throughout. And certainly the manifestations of this principle, even as we witness them, in instances “few and far between,” in our own times, are quite startling and enigmatical enough to account for the light in which they were viewed, and the impressions of horror which they produced, when developed in multitudes at once, and in a degree of intensity which we can but faintly

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VOL. XXX.

AN EVENING WITH THE WITCHFINDERS.

THE labours of Mesmer and his disciples, whatever judgment we may form as to the practical or scientific worth of any result they have led, or are likely to lead to, cannot be denied to have rendered one considerable, though indirect service to the cause of knowledge. They have thrown light upon one of the darkest chapters in the history of man; they have solved, at least partially, the riddle of those wild accusations, and still wilder confessions, in virtue of which so many thousands of human beings were delivered to an appalling death, in the very era of the revival of letters, and the reformation of religion. They have taught us, in short, what to think of the witches and the witch-burners, the demonopathics and the exorcists, who played their fantastic and hideous drama—with the breadth of Europe for a theatre—from the fifteenth down to the middle of the eighteenth century. It is impossible to compare the appearances observable in a modern mesmeric patient with those presented by a witch or a devil-possessed nun of the period referred to—without being led to the conclusion, that it is one influence which affects both; that their states are identical; that either the mesmeric patient is a witch, or the witch was nothing more than a mesmeric patient. And this recurrence of phenomena so similar, under circumstances so widely diverse, is the strongest of all arguments against the supposition that the phenomena are the result of imposture. If we find insensibility to pain in the witch or the demonopathic, we have the less reason to believe the insensibility to pain, shown by the mesmeric patient, to be simulated. If we find

clairvoyance, or a perception of things without the ordinary range of the senses, in the witch or the demonopathic, we have the less ground for supposing the clairvoyance of the mesmeric patient to be a hallucination, or a pretence. If we observe that very strange state of things which, in the language of the mesmerists, is termed *rapport*—a community of sensation, thought, or will—between the witch and the victim of her sorceries, or between the demonopathic and the exorcist, we are the less warranted to assume that such *rapport*, as subsisting between the mesmeric patient and the mesmeriser, is a chimera, or a trick sustained by collusion. And these are but a few of the points in which the two classes of phenomena we speak of correspond. In the hundreds of mesmeric cases that have been treated, in and out of Germany, since the great Swiss charlatan made his *début* at Vienna, and in the thousands of cases of diabolism, in its thousand forms, that for more than three hundred years kept the racks at work, and the market-places smoking, throughout the whole Christian world, a unity of character, a constant reproduction of the same leading features, is to be recognized, wholly inexplicable, unless on the hypothesis of a common origin—of one principle operating throughout. And certainly the manifestations of this principle, even as we witness them, in instances “few and far between,” in our own times, are quite startling and enigmatical enough to account for the light in which they were viewed, and the impressions of horror which they produced, when developed in multitudes at once, and in a degree of intensity which we can but faintly

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picture to ourselves, at a period of time when physiological investigation was in its infancy, and when preternatural agency seemed to be the only solution at hand, for all occurrences that broke in on the routine of common experience.

We are accustomed to consider the epoch of the witch-trials as one of gross and inconceivable credulity; and our indignation is without bounds, to find clergymen and physicians, magistrates, and men of law, alike ready to believe and act upon the monstrous tales, the more than delirious extravagancies, which the evidence on these trials disclosed. But nothing is more certain, than that not only the witnesses, but the accused parties themselves, in the greater number of instances, believed every word of these extravagancies to be true. Indeed the accusations of the witnesses, in most cases, fell far short of the confessions of the accused—confessions oftener volunteered than extorted by the application or threat of the rack, and not seldom accompanied by the most urgent entreaties to their judges, to hand them over, without delay, to the purifying flames, in which, as they hoped, the expiation of their nameless wickednesses was to be begun. It certainly was not easy to acquit persons who accused themselves, especially when the matter of the accusations was not, as now, at variance with the established belief of the age. And it must be confessed, that but too many of those sufferers were morally guilty of the crimes of which they were arraigned; they would have committed those crimes if it had been possible, and, so far as the will and the intention went, they did commit them. "It is certain," says one of the interlocutors in Hoffmann's delightful *Serapionsbrüder*, "that in those times, when no one doubted the immediate influence of the devil, and his visible appearing, those unhappy beings who were so cruelly persecuted with fire, and the axe, really believed in all that they were accused of. It is certain, even, that many did, in the wickedness of their hearts, seek, through the practice of what then passed for magical arts, to enter into relations with the evil one, either for gain, or in order to work mischief to others; and then, in the state of frenzy which sense-destroying potions, fumigations, and horrible incantations produced,

saw the fiend, and in reality transacted, with this creation of their disordered sense, the hellish compact which was to put them in possession of satanic power. The insane delusions, as they present themselves in those confessions, which are founded upon the most intimate conviction of the things confessed, will not appear too insane to him who considers to what strange fantasies, nay, to what frightful, what ghastly shapes of monomania, the common hysterical affections, to which the less robust sex is so peculiarly liable, can give birth." In perfect accordance with these observations, you will find the unfortunate persons accused of the crime of sorcery, freely acknowledging their commerce with the prince of darkness, circumstantially detailing the ceremonies of their initiation into the infernal league, and describing, with a graphic power which the romancist might often envy, the scenes to which their communion in the unholy mysteries has given them access; the unctions, the transformations, the broomstick rides through the air, the assemblings at the "devil's sabbaths," the "black masses," and other sacrileges there committed; the ghoul-like banquets, and lycanthropic carouses that followed these accursed rites, and the lewdnesses perpetrated, in outrage and defiance of nature, during the demoniac intoxication in which these carouses had their issue. Each witch can tell even the name, the propensities, and habits of the particular unclean spirit assigned to her as her familiar, or ministering demon, and the prescribed formulæ by which the services of such familiar, whether for the witch's proper benefit, or for the injury of those unlovingly regarded by her, are put in requisition.

It is easy to say that these supposed witches were mad, and that no more weight ought to be attributed to their testimony against themselves than to the ravings (often so wonderfully plausible and coherent) of any other maniacs. But the difficulty is not thus to be got rid of. The Gordian knot, for the inquirer into these exhibitions of a strange and paradoxical aspect of the human mind, is, not that these ill-fated beings were haunted by delusions of an extraordinary vividness, but that those delusions, without any possible concert, displayed such unmistakable

traits of affinity. Mental aberration is inexhaustible in the variety of its perverting effects on the judgment; the intellectual vagaries of one madman have nothing in common with those of another. But in the dreamings of these demonomaniacs there is no variety; a sameness, suggestive of one knows not what vague and fearful suspicion, characterizes them. The weight of a nightmare seems to gather on your breast as you read, and the question, often silenced, keeps again and again recurring, "Is there nowhere—is there not, perhaps, in some dark region of my own being—a reality corresponding to all this?"

No doubt, there is such a reality; and we think that the mesmeric phenomena yield a clue, by which we may advance some one or two steps, at least, in the direction in which it lies. Whatever the psychic state of the witches and demonopaths of the middle ages was, into the same state does the agency of mesmerism throw the person on whom it is brought to bear. It is a state *sui generis*; a state, without any question, of great nervous disturbance, but of which no familiar form of nervous disease supplies us with a definition. It is a state which, perhaps, discloses to man the heaven or the hell within him, peopled with "spirits of health," or with "goblins damned," that are but multiplied reflections, or magic lantern shadows, of his inner self, mirroring back to him his own "intentions, wicked or charitable," and symbolically indicating how much of the angel or of the demon he has in his nature. And this is just what Schubert, under whose guidance we are glad to put ourselves in the "palpable obscure" of such bottomless questions, thinks of animal magnetism. Hear how he discourses upon it, in his "Views of the Dark Side of Natural Science"—views which we cannot quite agree with Friedrich Rückert in thinking "only calculated for people with owls' eyes."

"When the remembrance of the past—all that we have seen and suffered, learned and known—are become faint in us, yea, when they seem to be quite blotted out, and there comes a moment of inward lucidity, and all the long-dimmed, long-forgotten stands suddenly before the soul, in the freshness of the first impression; or when the history

of a whole past eventful life is reviewed in a moment, the occurrences that followed one another in succession of time, ranging themselves, as it were, side by side in one great picture;—where, we would know, had that inward world so long hid itself? . . . Who would not wish that a microscope were found, which might unveil to us the secrets of this dark region? . . . And such a microscope we possess, in the observations of what is called vital magnetism, and of the phenomena related to it. However often, owing to the scanty light that can be brought upon the subject, unconscious, or even intentional deceptions and impositions, have mixed themselves up in these observations, important, and worthy of attention, they must, nevertheless, remain, inasmuch as they lay open to our view, one after another, the inner spheres of our being; though it is not to be forgotten, that the inmost and highest of those spheres lie beyond their range."

Doctor Calmeil, in his work on Epidemic Insanity, of which an account appeared in the second number of the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*, is at some pains to show the connexion between the mesmeric and the demonopathic phenomena. We quote the following from the review:—

"In the case of the Ursulines in London, many 'séances' took place, attended by crowds of amateurs, among whom was the Duke of Orleans himself. They witnessed abundant examples of the 'truth of mesmerism.' Madame de Sazilli was exorcised in the presence of the prince: the exorcist commanded the demon to render the entire body of the patient as supple as a slip of lead; he then folded the trunk into a variety of forms, in each of which she was retained immovable. During this time, respiration could hardly be perceived; and this lady felt no pain, although her arms were pierced through with pins. The Duke having made a secret communication to the exorcist, the patient at once fulfilled the order; 'and this phenomenon,' says Calmeil, 'one of the exploits of modern mesmerism—this reading the thoughts of the magnetizer—was produced in hundreds of instances.'

"At Auxonne, somnambulism was produced at the command of the exorcists, or happened at the hour predicted by their suffering companions. The bishop of Chalons having commanded the demon who possessed Madame Denise to suspend her sensibility and render her

inaccessible to suffering, they were able to run pins under the roots of her nails, without producing the slightest sign of pain. The exorcist had the power, not only of paralyzing all the senses, but of restoring them collectively or singly, as he saw fit. The most unlimited power was exercised over the muscles."

"In the case of Rensie Pausot, the bishop directed '*dans le fond de sa pensée*,' that she should come to him to be exorcised. She lived in a distant quarter of the town, but came to him immediately, saying that she did so in obedience to his commands. This happened repeatedly. Phenomena of the same class were observed in the epidemic of demonopathy in Bayeux, in 1732.

"In one case, the patient, who had previously abandoned the study of Latin, comprehended all the orders of the exorcist, provided they were given while she was in the state of somnambulism. In this or the ecstatic condition, even the application of fire produced apparently no pain, and the patients exhibited all the symptoms of clairvoyance, describing the interiors of houses far removed from them, and in many of which they had never been."

We find some difficulty in understanding the reasoning of Doctor Calmeil, or of his Irish reviewer, on the facts stated in the above extracts. The use made of those facts is to prove that there is no such thing as clairvoyance, and the proof consists in showing that an unequivocal clairvoyance was exhibited by the possessed nuns. By logic equally peculiar, it is demonstrated that "the knowledge of the thoughts of those '*en rapport*' with the patient is a chimera, for the possessed nuns showed this knowledge 'in hundreds of cases,'" and that "the power of the magnetizer to produce various conditions at will" is equally illusory, for this power was exercised over the possessed nuns by the exorcists in the most unlimited way.

The only mesmeric phenomena which Calmeil admits to be "real" are—1st, the magnetic sleep; and 2nd, insensibility to pain. But by his own principles, these also ought to be included in the category of the chimerical, since they were both manifested by the possessed nuns, as well as by the witches of those times. Eusèbe Salverte, whose shallow book

on the "Occult Sciences" has been recently made known to the English reader by the translation of Doctor Anthony Thomson, would not go even so far as Calmeil in his concessions to mesmerism. With him it has no "real phenomena;" and the insensibility to pain, which he does not deny the mediæval sufferers for sorcery to have unequivocally shown, he resolves into a mere effect of narcotic potions or unguents. The *lapis nephriticus*, Salverte informs us, on the authority of Dioscorides, was used in Egypt to produce insensibility in parts of the body which were to be subjected to painful operations in surgery; and its efficacy was the same, whether employed internally or externally. He thinks it probable that Hindoo widows are rendered insensible by some such means before undergoing the terrors of the *Suttee*. But we will let him speak on this point for himself, and in the English utterance which Doctor Thomson has lent him:

"The eye-witness of one of these sacrifices, which took place in July, 1822, saw the victim arrive in a complete state of bodily insensibility, the effect, no doubt, of the drugs which had been administered to her. Her eyes were open, but she did not appear to see; and in a weak voice, and as if mechanically, she answered the legal questions that were put to her regarding the full liberty of her sacrifice. When she was laid on the pile, she was absolutely insensible. The Christians carried this secret from the East into Europe, on the return of the Crusaders. It was probably known to the subaltern magicians, as well as that of braving the action of fire, from which I imagine arose the rulo of jurisprudence, according to which, physical insensibility, whether partial or general, was a certain sign of sorcery. Many authors quoted by Fromann speak of the unhappy sorcerers who have laughed or slept through the agonies of torture; and they have not failed to add, that they were sent to sleep by the power of the devil.

"It is also said, that the same advantage was enjoyed by pretended sorcerers about the middle of the fifteenth century. Nicholas Eymeric, Grand Inquisitor of Arragon, author of the famous *Directoire des Inquisiteurs*, loudly complained of the sorceries practised by accursed persons, through the aid of which, when put to the torture, they appeared absolutely insensible. Fr. Pegna, who wrote a commentary on

Eymerie's work in 1578, believed, also, the reality and efficacy of the sorceries. He strengthens himself by the evidence of the inquisitor Grillandus, and Hippolytus de Marsilies. The latter, who was Professor of Jurisprudence at Bologna in 1524, positively declares, in his '*Pratique Criminelle*,' that he had seen the effect of the philters upon the accused persons, who suffered no pain, but appeared to be asleep in the midst of the tortures. The expressions he makes use of are remarkable; they describe the insensible man, as if plunged into a torpor more like the effect produced by an opiate, than the proud bearing which is the result of a perseverance superior to every pain."

"To many instances of this temporary insensibility, Wierius adds an important observation; he saw a woman thus inaccessible to the power of torture; her face was black, and her eyes were starting out, as if she had been strangled; her exemption from suffering was due to a species of apoplexy. A physician, who witnessed a similar state of insensibility, compares it to fits, epileptic or apoplectic."

M. Salverte further cites Taboureaux, who was the king's counsel at the bailiwick of Dijon in 1585, to the effect that it was almost useless to put the "question" to the persons accused of necromancy. All the jailers, he complains, were acquainted with the stupefying recipe, and they did not fail to communicate it to the prisoners. The secret, according to Taboureaux, consisted in swallowing soap dissolved in water; but this was evidently a mystification practised on the worthy king's counsel, whom it is probable that the possessors of so precious a secret saw no good reason to initiate into the mysteries of their order. It might, our author suggests, have been opium, henbane, belladonna, aconite, solanum, or stramonium, all of which have been used to deaden pain in surgical operations. Or might it not have been something analogous to the late discovery of ether-inhalation? Professor Schoenbein, the inventor of the gun-cotton, is said to have found a means of producing insensibility without the dangerous effects attending the use of ether: who knows but it is some of the witch-ointments, the composition of which may have been traditionally preserved in Germany from the dark ages?

But it was not only for deadening the sense of pain that unguents were

in use among the practitioners of magical arts. Another purpose to which they were made subservient was the producing of visions; and so vivid was the imagery conjured up in this way, that no persuasion could afterwards bring the dreamer to the belief that what they had witnessed was not reality. On this subject, we quote again from Salverte—

"Experiments have decidedly proved that several medicaments, administered in the form of liniments, are taken in by the absorbent system, and act upon the habit in the same manner as when they are directly introduced into the stomach. This property of liniments was not unknown to the ancients. In the romance of Achilles Tatius, an Egyptian doctor, in order to cure Leucippus of an attack of frenzy, applied to his head a liniment composed of oil, in which some particular medicament was dissolved. The patient fell into a deep sleep, shortly after the anointing. What the physician was acquainted with, the Thaumaturgist could scarcely be ignorant of; and this secret knowledge endowed him with the power of performing many apparent miracles.

Before consulting the oracle of Trophœus, the body was rubbed with oil; this preparation undoubtedly concurred in producing the desired vision. Before being admitted to the mysteries of the Indian sages, Apollonius and his companions were anointed with an oil, the strength of which made them imagine that they were bathed with fire.

"The priests of Mexico, preparatory to their conversing with their divinity, anointed their bodies with a foetid pomatum. The base of it was tobacco, and a bruised seed called *Olokuchqui*, the effect of which was to deprive man of his judgment, as that of the tobacco was to benumb his senses. After this, they felt themselves very intrepid, and not less cruel; and, no doubt, predisposed to have visions, since the intention of this practice was to bring them into connection with the objects of their fantastical worship."

In order to be transported to their sabbath, the witches had to rub themselves with an oil or pomatum, which, according to their own account before the Inquisition, was composed of the water that exudes from a toad in a state of irritation.

A woman at Florence, who was accused of sorcery, pleaded guilty to the charge, and declared that she would be present at the witch-sabbath

that very night, if it were permitted her to make use of the magic unguent. Having got permission, she rubbed her body with a foetid composition, and presently fell into a profound torpor, from which neither blows, pricking, nor scorching—all of which were liberally administered—could arouse her. Next day, on coming to herself, she related that she had been to the sabbath, and described the painful sensations which she had really experienced in her sleep, as connected with things done to her in the infernal assembly. The magistrate considered this as a proof that she was no witch at all, and that her visits to the sabbath were mere dreams. It is evident that her insensibility was not complete, as she was conscious of pain, caused by the experiments actually made on her power of sensation, but, as in all such cases, referred by her to the visionary creations of her own haunted brain. Salvete relates the story after Paolo Minucci, a Florentine lawyer of the sixteenth century. The most obvious reflection it suggests is, that the accused was singularly happy in her judge, who, on no better grounds than the having had her bodily before him the whole night, thought himself justified in withholding belief from her own avowal, that she had attended the conclave of sorcerers. It would not have been wonderful if such incredulity had involved the judge himself in a suspicion of being no stranger to the hellish league. For the solution of the difficulty, in accordance with the spirit of the age, would have been, that if the witch's body did not go to the sabbath, her soul did; and, indeed, there were authorities of weight for the opinion that it was the soul that generally did take part in those scenes of impiety and uncleanness, and that the anointing had merely the effect of keeping the body in tenable condition, until the return of its volatile inmate.

Of this opinion is Mr. Joseph Glanvil, the learned and reverend author of "*Saducismus Triumphatus*,"* a work published in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to the eternal discomfiture of all such sceptical Florentine

judges, and others, who would not believe that old women could ride broomsticks, or who thought it unlikely that the devil would spend his time phantasmagorizing with a bevy of blear-eyed beldams, on heaths, and such out-of-the-way places; in an age, too, when, what with Roundheads, and Jesuits, and freethinkers, and merry King Charles and his court, and dull King James and his court, and pious King William, and filial Queen Mary, and their court, one would think he had quite enough of serious business on his hands.

Over such Sadducees does Mr. Glanvil, as the title of his book sufficiently sets forth, triumph. He does not, however, seem to think much, himself, of the achievement; the victory is too cheap; the enemy made a miserable fight of it, and from a field so faintly contested laurels were scarce worth the carrying away. Indeed, in very pity of the weakness of his adversaries, Mr. Glanvil chivalrously takes up their side of the question first, and marshals against himself a far more imposing array of objections than he believes the contrary party to be able to do, if left to their own resources; which objections having with much ease overthrown, he avows his candid conviction that he has suggested much more against what he defends, than ever he heard or saw in any that opposed it; whose discourses for the most part have seemed to him inspired by "a lofty scorn of common belief, and some trivial notions of vulgar philosophy." So that he "professes, for his own part, he never yet heard any of the confident declaimers against witchcraft and apparitions, speak any thing that might move a mind, in any degree instructed in the generous kinds of philosophy and nature of things. And for the objections he has recited, they are most of them such as rose out of his own thoughts, which he obliged to consider what was possible to be said upon this occasion."

In fact, to Mr. Glanvil, the defiance of common sense involved in doubting the existence of witches is so great, that he cannot but look upon those who are guilty of it as furnishing in

* *Saducismus Triumphatus*; or, Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions. In two parts. The First treating of their Possibility, the Second of their Real Existence. By Joseph Glanvil, late Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society. London. 1669.

themselves an argument of what they deny; and suspects shrewdly that "so confident an opinion could not be held upon such inducements, but by some kind of witchcraft and fascination." "And perhaps," he suggests, "that evil spirit, whose influences they will not allow in actions ascribed to such causes, hath a greater hand and interest in their proposition than they are aware of." For he thinks it the clear interest of this "agent of darkness" to have the world believe that there is no such thing as himself. And as he that thinks there is no witch, believes a devil *gratis*, so we must count ourselves much beholden to such a one, if he admit either angel or spirit, resurrection of the body, or immortality of the soul. Thus, this witch question is one in which the very vitals of religion are concerned; and if Mr. Glanvil, "late Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty," did not interest himself about the vitals of religion, who should? Moreover, does he not write himself F.R.S., and has not the question also its scientific side, its bearing on the vitals of philosophy, to which no man of these letters can without blame remain indifferent?

We quote some of the "Objections," which our author supposes to be made by the Sadducean impugnors of his doctrine, together with his triumphant answers to the same. And the objection we will begin with is the one which, we believe, has most weight with the unthinking part of men, and which, when we ourselves belonged to that class, we remember to have been much fortified by, in our resistance to the great verities for which Mr. Glanvil contends.

Here follows the objection:—

"There are actions in most of those relations ascribed to witches, which are ridiculous and impossible in the nature of things; such are (1.) Their flying out of windows, after they have anointed themselves, to remote places. (2.) Their transformation into cats, hares, and other creatures. (3.) Their feeling all the hurts in their own bodies which they have received in those. (4.) Their raising tempests, by muttering some nonsensical words, or performing ceremonies alike impertinent as ridiculous. And (5.) their being sucked in some particular private place of their bodies by a familiar. These are presumed to be actions inconsistent with the nature of spirits, and above the power of those

poor and miserable agents. And therefore the objection supposeth them performed only by the fancy; and that the whole mystery of witchcraft is but an illusion of crasie imagination."

To this "aggregate objection," Mr. Glanvil answers, with a boldness scarcely enough to be admired, that the more absurd and unaccountable those actions seem, the greater confirmations are they to him of the truth of those relations, and the reality of what the objectors would destroy. For he grants the circumstances to be exceeding *unlikely*, judging by the measures of common belief, but holds the probability to be the greater, on this very account, that they are not *fictitious*.

"None (he remarks) but a fool or a madman would relate, with a purpose of having it believed, that he saw in Ireland men with hoofs on their heads, and eyes in their breasts; or if any should be so ridiculously vain, as to be serious in such an incredible romance, it cannot be supposed that all travellers that come into those parts after him should tell the same story. There is a large field in fiction; and if all these relations were arbitrary compositions, doubtless the first romancers would have framed them more agreeable to the common doctrine of spirits; at least, after these supposed absurdities had been a thousand times laughed at, people by this time would have learned to correct those obnoxious extravagancies; and though they have not yet more veracity than the ages of ignorance and superstition, yet one would expect they should have got more cunning. This supposed impossibility, then, of these performances, seems to me a probable argument that they are not wilful and designed forgeries. And if they are fancies, 'tis somewhat strange, that imagination, which is the most various thing in all the world, should infinitely repeat the same conceit in all times and places."

Having thus made it tolerably plain that a reasonable amount of improbability is one of the best titles that a witch-story can have to our belief—in other words, that its likelihood is in the direct ratio of its unlikelihood—our author proceeds to show that the particular instances of improbability referred to in the "Objection" are not so improbable after all, but may be "as well accounted for by the rules of reason and philosophy, as the ordinary affairs of nature."

But, before going into the proof of this position, let us observe, not without gratification, the point at which English knowledge of Ireland had arrived, so far back as the period at which Mr. Glanvil wrote. Nobody, it appears, could, with the most trifling chance of success, have attempted to make an enlightened British public believe, that Irishmen had hoofs on their heads! The thing would have been scouted. Put the hoofs, indeed, at the other end, and the story might have found credit. But on the head? No—Englishmen, even in 1688, knew too much of Ireland to believe that.

And now, to prove that an old woman's flying out of the window, taking the shape of a cat, raising a storm, or giving suck to a young devil, may be accounted for by the rules of reason and philosophy:—

“For the first then, that the confederate spirit should transport the witch through the air to the place of general rendezvous, there is no difficulty in conceiving it; and if that be true which great philosophers affirm, concerning the real separability of the soul from the body without death, there is yet less, for then 'tis easie to apprehend, that the soul having left its gross and sluggish body behind it, and being cloath'd only with its immediate vehicle of air, or more subtle matter, may be quickly conducted to any place it would be at, by those officious spirits that attend it. And though I adventure to affirm nothing concerning the truth and certainty of this supposition, yet I must needs say, it doth not seem to me unreasonable. And our experience of apoplexies, epilepsies, ecstacies, and the strange things men report to have seen during these *deliquiums*, look favourably upon this conjecture, which seems to me to contradict no principle of reason or philosophy, since death consists not so much in the actual separation of soul and body, as in the indisposition and unfitness of the body for vital union, as an excellent philosopher hath made good. On which hypothesis, the witch's anointing herself before she takes her flight, may perhaps serve to keep the body tenantable, and in fit disposition to receive the spirit at its return.”

With respect to these spiritual flights, we may here quote a passage from Salverte:—

“Two of the reputed sorcerers, sent

to sleep by the magic ointment, had given out that they would go to the *Sabbat*, and return from it, flying with wings. Both believed that this really happened, and were greatly astonished when assured of the contrary. One in his sleep even performed some movements, and struck out even as though he were on the wing. It is well known that, from the blood flowing towards the brain during sleep, it is not uncommon to dream of flying and rising into the air.”

Cornelius Agrippa, in his book, “Of Occult Philosophy,” tells us that “the soul is sometimes, through a vehement imagination or speculation, wholly snatched away out of the body.” And we have adduced, in a former number of this magazine,* the testimony of Kaempfer, that on partaking of a drink which was in use among the Persians, he presently seemed to himself to sit on a flying horse, and to ride through the air.

Cardanus (who asserts that aconite produces the sensation of flying) mentions the composition of one of the witch-ointments, as deposed to by an accused person of the better-informed class: it consisted of the fat of boys, mixed with the juice of parsley, aconite, solanum, pentaphylum and soot. In 1545, a pomatum composed of narcotic substances was found in the house of an accused sorcerer. Andrea Laguna, physician to Pope Julius III., was so little influenced by the superstition of the time, as to try the effect of this unguent upon a patient of his, who laboured under frenzy and loss of rest. The application produced an unbroken sleep of thirty-six hours.

After all, to dream of flying, and to believe, after waking, that you have really flown, are two very different things. Opiates, or “the blood flowing to the brain in sleep,” may produce the one; but a true Mesmeric state, that is, according to Calmeil, a state of special cerebral disease, is necessary to the production of the other; and of this neither Eusebe Salverte, nor his English translator, appears to be gifted with an inkling.

With respect to the transformation of witches into the shapes of cats, hares, and the like, we are to remember that it is not the material body, in

its sanguineous and carnal grossness, that undergoes these changes of configuration, but the subtle aerial vehicle of the soul, over which the sleeping fantasy has an unlimited power. Mr. Glanvil says on this subject :—

“’Tis easie enough to imagine, that the power of imagination may form those passive and pliable vehicles into those shapes, with more ease than the fancy of the mother can the stubborn matter of the fœtus in the womb, as we see it frequently doth in the instances that occur of signatures and monstrous singularities; and sometimes perhaps the confederate spirit puts tricks upon the senses of the spectators, and those shapes are only illusions.

“But then, when they feel the hurts in their gross bodies, that they receive in their airy vehicles, they must be supposed to have been really present, at least in these latter, and ’tis no more difficult to apprehend how the hurts of those should be translated upon their other bodies, than that diseases should be inflicted by the imagination, or how the fancy of the mother should wound the fœtus, as several credible relations do attest.”

“And, for their being suck’d by the familiar, I say, we know so little of the nature of dæmons and spirits, that ’tis no wonder we cannot certainly divine the reason of so strange an action. And yet we may conjecture at some things that may render it less improbable. For some have thought that the *genii* (whom both the Platonical and Christian antiquity thought embodied) are recreated by the reeks and vapours of human blood, and the spirits that proceed from them. . . . Or, perhaps, this may be only a diabolical sacrament and ceremony to confirm the hellish covenant. To which I add, that which to me seems most probable, viz., that the familiar doth not only suck the witch, but in the action infuseth some poisonous ferment into her, which gives her imaginations and spirits a magical tincture, whereby they become mischievously influential; and the word *venefica* intimates some such matter. Now, that the imagination hath a mighty power in operation, is seen in the just now mentioned signatures and diseases that it causeth; and that the fancy is modified by the qualities of the blood and spirits, is too evident to need proof. Which things supposed, ’tis plain to conceive that the evil spirit, having breathed some vile vapour into the body of the witch, it may taint her blood and spirits with a noxious quality, by which

her infectious imagination, heightened by melancholy and this worse cause, may do much hurt upon bodies that are impassible by such influences. And ’tis very likely that this ferment disposeth the imagination of the sorceress to cause the mentioned *ἐκπαυσία*, or separation of the soul from the body, and may, perhaps, keep the body in fit temper for its re-entry; as also it may facilitate transformation, which, it may be, could not be effected by ordinary and unassisted imagination.”

To the objection, that it is very improbable that the devil, who is a wise and mighty spirit, should be at the beck of a poor hag, and have so little to do as to attend the errands and impotent lusts of a silly old woman, our F.R.S. replies well, that it is much more improbable that all the world should be deceived in matters of fact, and circumstances of the clearest evidence and conviction, than that the devil, who is wicked, should also be unwise, and that he that persuades all his subjects and accomplices out of their wits, should himself act like his own temptations and persuasions. Then it is to be considered that there are more devils than one, and that what one may not have time or disposition for, another may. Nor is it to be supposed that all devils are of the same capacity or judgment, while there is so infinite a diversity of these qualities in different men. When there are so many dolts on earth, who shall say there are none in hell? In fact, “the devil,” according to Mr. Glanvil, is a name for a *body politic*, in which there are very different orders and degrees of spirits, and perhaps in as much variety of place and state as among ourselves. And these familiars that enter into compact with old women, and do their behests, are, most likely, of the basest and most brutish sort in that invisible commonwealth—or common-bane, if the more suitable word may be used. With respect to the making of compacts, which, when we consider the character and probable destination of those who enter into them, would, no doubt, appear to be superfluous enough, it is a very ingenious conjecture of our author, that the dæmons, by whom those compacts with mankind are proposed or accepted, being of the lowest order in the kingdom of darkness, and having none to rule or

tyrannize over within the circle of their own nature and government, are glad to get them vassals or subjects out of another sphere, and that 'tis like enough to be provided and allowed by the constitution of their state and government, that every wicked spirit shall have those souls as his property, and particular servants and attendants, whom he can catch in such compacts, as those wild beasts that we can take in hunting are, by the allowance of the law, our own. As for the spirits of higher rank, it does not appear that they are inclined to trammel or compromise themselves by any express covenants with the human beings with whom they converse. At least, Mr. Glanvil cites, to this effect, the case of a Mr. Edwards, a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge, who being reclaimed from conjuration, declared in his repentance that the demon always appeared to him like a man of good fashion, and never required any compact from him. This was a devil fit to converse with a gentleman and a scholar—a demon, in fact, to whom your aristocratic "hell" of the present day can furnish counterparts by the dozen, all "looking like men of good fashion," and probably of a very different social standing *at home* from those ignoble and gutter fiends who chaffered for the souls of old women, and gave lessons in the art of riding a broom-stick, or pleasuring on the high seas in a sieve.

Having abundantly demonstrated, in the first part of his book, the *possibility* of witchcraft, our learned ex-Royal Chaplain in Ordinary applies him, in the second, to place before his readers evidence of its *real existence*. This is amply afforded by the records of the witch-trials of the time, of which Mr. Glanvil adduces some half-dozen of the most remarkable, and with a few notices of which we shall close the present paper.

In the month of November, 1663, Elizabeth Hill, the daughter of Richard Hill, of Stoke Trister, in the county of Somerset, yeoman, being then about the age of thirteen, began to be attacked with strange fits, in which she cried out that one Elizabeth Style, of the same parish, a widow, appeared to her, and inflicted upon her various kinds of torments. She also described, in these fits, what

clothes Elizabeth Style had on at the time, which descriptions were, upon inquiry, found to be correct.

Here, let us observe, was a case of clairvoyance, as distinct as any of those which have been brought forward by Calmeil. The critical period of life in which the patient was when the fits appeared, is a circumstance which ought not to be left out of sight.

The child's sufferings continuing, the father, 'about a fortnight before Christmas, went to Elizabeth Style, and in the presence of three neighbours, told her that "his daughter spoke much of her in her fits, and did believe that she was bewitched by her." The three neighbours, contrary to what commonly happened in such cases, took part with the accused person, and moved her to complain to the justice against Hill for defaming her. But she, having met this suggestion in an evasive way, and being again urged by the others not to submit to so great an affront, said "she would do worse than fetch a warrant." From this time the girl grew worse, her fits becoming so violent that, "though held in her chair by four or five people, sometimes six, by the arms, legs, and shoulders, she would rise out of her chair, and raise her body about three or four feet high." To these terrible convulsions another torment was added, her wrists, face, neck, and other parts of her body being, during the fits, pricked with thorns, which, on recovering the power of speech, she declared were thrust into her by the Widow Style. The afflicted family, as was very proper, sent for the parson of the parish, whose depositions to what he saw, taken before a neighbouring magistrate, and preserved by Mr. Glanvil, we here present to the reader.

"William Parsons, Rector of Stoke Trister, in the County of Somerset, examined the 26th of January, 1664, before Robert Hunt, Esq., concerning the bewitching of Richard Hill's daughter, saith, that on Monday night after Christmas Day then last past, he came into the room where Elizabeth Hill was in a fit, many of his parishioners being present and looking on. He there saw the child held in a chair by main force by the people, plunging far beyond the strength of nature, foaming and catching at her own arms and clothes with her teeth. This fit he conceived held

about half an hour. After some time, she pointed with her finger to the left side of her hand, next to her left arm, and then to her left hand, &c.; and where she pointed he perceived a red spot to arise, with a small black in the middle of it like a thorn. She pointed to her toes one after another, and expressed great sense of torment. This latter fit, he guesses, continued about a quarter of an hour, during most or all of which time her stomach seemed to swell, and her head where she seemed to be pricked did so very much. She sate foaming much of the time, and the next day after her fit, she showed examinating the places where the thorns were stuck in, and he saw the thorns in those places.

"Taken upon oath before me,

"ROBERT HUNT."

The depositions of the child's father, and of a neighbour named Nicholas Lambert, are to the same effect, as to the manner in which the thorns made their appearance. Hill says, "in her fits she would have holes made in her hand-wrists, &c., which the informant and others that saw them, conceived to be with thorns. For they saw thorns in her flesh, and some they hooked out. That upon the child's pointing with her finger from place to place, the thorns and holes immediately appeared to the informant and others looking on. . . . The child hath been so tormented and pricked with thorns for several nights, at which time the informant and many other people have seen the flesh rise up in little bunches, in which holes did appear." And Lambert says, "that in her fits, not being able to speak, she would wrest her body as one in great torment, and point with her finger to her neck, head, hand-wrists, arms, and toes. And he, with the rest, looking on the places to which she pointed, saw on the sudden little red spots arise, with black ones in the middle, as if thorns were stuck in them, but the child then only pointed, without touching her flesh with her fingers."

This reminds us of "stigmatization," so common among the ecstasies of the Roman Catholic church. In particular, what the clergyman mentions, as to the swelling of the child's hand at the time it appeared pricked, seems to have close affinity with what is related of the Tyrolean nun, Maria Hueber :—

"As she once laid to heart the crowning of our Saviour with thorns, her head, in the fervour of her sympathy, swelled up immoderately, with such piercing pains, that all believed her to be at the point of death. Her confessor was hastily summoned, and having obtained from her a confession of the cause of the phenomenon, he succeeded in so moderating her sympathy, through the power of obedience, that the swelling of her head subsided in a manner visible to all eyes."

Of Giovanna della Croce, another nun of the Tyrol, it is related that on a similar occasion her head swelled enormously, and at several points a deep redness presented itself, as if blood were on the point of breaking forth. These are remarkable instances of the similarity prevailing between the symptoms of *theomania* (to adopt Calmeil's expression) and demonomania.

Another circumstance deposed to by Richard Hill is, that his daughter, at the end of each fit, predicted the time at which another would happen, saying, that she had this information from her tormentor, Style. This was also the case in the instances of demonopathy referred to by Calmeil, and it is one of the most constant phenomena connected with mesmeric somnambulism.

The Hills were not the only sufferers, whose accusations of witchcraft Elizabeth Style had to meet. During her examination before the above-mentioned Justice Robert Hunt, that enlightened magistrate observed that a certain Richard Vining, present in court, looked very earnestly upon him; and, asking if this man had anything to say relative to the matter before him, received answer, that Style had also bewitched his (Vining's) wife, Agnes. And, on further interrogation, this Vining related, that about two or three years before St. James's day, three years since, or thereabouts, his said wife, Agnes, fell out with Elizabeth Style, and within three days after she was taken with a grievous pricking in her thigh, which pain continued for a long time, till, after some physic taken from one Hallet, she was at some ease for three or four weeks. About the Christmas after the mentioned St. James's day, Style came to Vining's house, and gave

Agnes, his wife, two apples, one of them a very fair red apple, which Style desired her to eat—which she did, and in a few hours was taken ill, and worse than ever she had been before. Upon this, Vining went to one Master Compton, who lived in the parish of Ditch Eate, for physic for his wife. Compton told him he could do her no good, for that she was hurt by a near neighbour, who would come into his house, and up into the chamber where his wife was, but would go out again without speaking. After Vining came home, being in the chamber with his wife, Style came up to them, but went out again without saying a word. Agnes continued in great pain till Easter-eve following, and then died. Before her death, her hip rotted, and one of her eyes swelled out; and she declared to her husband in her last moments, as she had done several times before, that she believed Elizabeth Style had bewitched her, and was the cause of her death.

While Vining deposed to these things, Elizabeth Style seemed appalled and concerned; and the justice saying to her, "You have been an old sinner, &c.—you deserve little mercy," she replied, "I have ask't God's mercy for it." Mr. Hunt then asking her, why she still continued in such ill courses, she said, the devil tempted her; and, after this, she no longer declined to make confession of her crimes. We give the confession, as preserved by Glanvil.

"Elizabeth Styles, her confession of her witchcrafts, January 26th and 30th, and February 7th, 1664, before Robert Hunt, Esq.:—She then confessed, that the devil, about ten years since, appeared to her in the shape of a handsome man, and after, of a black dog. That he promised her money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the world for twelve years, if she would, with her blood, sign his paper, which was to give her soul to him, and observe his laws, and that he might suck her blood. This, after four solicitations, the examinant promised him to do. Upon which he prick't the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joynt, (where the sign at the examination remained) and with a drop or two of her blood, she signed the paper with an O. Upon this, the devil gave her sixpence, and vanished with the paper.

"That, since, he hath appeared in the

shape of a man, and did so on Wednesday seven-night past; but more usually he appears in the likeness of a dog, and cat, and a fly like a millar, in which last he usually sucks in the poll, about four of the clock in the morning, and did so, January 27; and that it usually is pain to her to be so suckt.

"That when she hath a desire to do harm, she calleth the spirit by the name of Robin, to whom, when he appeareth, she useth these words, '*O Sathan, give me my purpose.*' She then tells him what she would have done. And that he should so appear to her, was part of her contract with him.

"That, about a month ago, he appearing, she desired him to torment one Elizabeth Hill, and to thrust thorns into her flesh, which he promised to do, and the next time he appeared, he told her he had done it.

"That a little above a month since, this examinant, Alice Duke, Anne Bishop, and Mary Ponny, met about nine of the clock in the night, in the common near Trister gate, where they met a man in black clothes, with a little band, to whom they did courtesie and due observance, and the examinant verily believes that this was the devil. At that time, Alice Duke brought a picture in wax, which was for Elizabeth Hill; the man in black took it in his arms, anointed its forehead, and said, '*I baptize thee with this oyl,*' and used some other words. He was godfather, and the examinant and Anne Bishop godmothers. They called it Elizabeth, or Bess. Then the man in black, this examinant, Anne Bishop, and Alice Duke stuck thorns into several places of the neck, hand-wrists, fingers, and other parts of the said picture. After which, they had wine, cakes, and roast meat (all brought by the man in black), which they did eat and drink. They danced, and were merry; were bodily there, and in their clothes.

"She further saith, that the same persons met again, at or near the same place, about a month since, when Anne Bishop brought a picture in wax, which was baptized John, in like manner as the other was; the man in black was godfather, and Alice Duke and this examinant, godmothers. As soon as it was baptized, Anne Bishop stuck two thorns into the arms of the picture, which was for one Robert Newman's child of Wincaunton. After they had eaten, drank, danced, and made merry, they departed.

"That she, with Anne Bishop and Alice Duke, met at another time in the night, in a ground near Marnhul, where also met several other persons. The devil then also there in the former shape

baptized a picture by the name of Anne or Rachel Fletcher. The picture one Durnford's wife brought, and stuck thorns in it. Then they also made merry with wine and cakes, and so departed.

"She saith, before they are carried to their meetings, they anoint their foreheads, and hand-wrists, with an oyl the spirit brings them (which smells raw); and then they are carried in a very short time, using these words as they pass, '*Thout, tout a tout, tout, throughout and about.*' And when they go off from their meetings they say, '*Rentum tormentum.*'

"That, at their first meeting, the man in black bids them welcome, and they all make low obeysance to him, and he delivers some wax candles, like little torches, which they give back again at parting. When they anoint themselves, they use a long form of words, and when they stick in thorns into the picture of any thing they would torment, they say, '*A pox on thee, I'll spite thee.*'

"That at every meeting, before the spirit vanisheth away, he appoints the next meeting place and time, and that at his departure there is a foul smell. At their meeting they have usually wine or good beer, cakes, meat, or the like. They eat and drink really when they meet in their bodies, dance also, and have musick. The man in black sits at the higher end, and Anne Bishop usually next him. He useth some words before meat, and none after; his voice is audible, but very low.

"That they are carried sometimes in their bodies and their clothes, sometimes without, and as the examinant thinks, their bodies are sometimes left behind. When only their spirits are present, yet they know one another.

"When they would bewitch man, woman, or child, they do it sometimes by a picture made in wax, which the devil formally baptizeth. Sometimes they have an apple, dish, spoon, or other thing from their evil spirit, which they give the party to whom they would do harm. Upon which they have power to hurt the party that eats or receives it. Sometimes they have power to do mischief by a touch or curse, by these they can mischief cattle; and by cursing without touching, but neither without the devil's leave.

"The man in black sometimes plays on a pipe or cittern, and the company dance. At last the devil vanisheth, and all are carried to their several houses in a short space. At their parting they say, '*A boy! merry meet, merry part.*'

"That the reason why she caused Elizabeth Hill to be the more tormented

was, because her father had said she was a witch. That she has seen Alice Duke's familiar suck her in the shape of a cat, and Anne Bishop's suck her in the shape of a rat.

"That she never heard the name of God or Jesus Christ mentioned at any of their meetings.

"That Anne Bishop, about five years and a half since, did bring a picture in wax to their meeting, which was baptized by the man in black, and called Peter. It was for Robert Newman's child of Wincaunton.

"That some two years ago she gave two apples to Agnes Vining, late wife of Richard Vining, and that she had one of the apples from the devil, who then appeared to her, and told, *That apple would do Vining's wife's business.*

"Taken in the presence of several grave and orthodox divines before me,

"ROBERT HUNT."

This confession of Style's, Mr. Glanvil assures us, was free and unforced, without any torturing or watching; drawn from her by "a gentle examination, meeting with the convictions of a guilty conscience." In some of its most incredible particulars, it was confirmed by other testimony, as well as by the confessions of her accomplices in crime, who, upon her accusation, were also apprehended, and who, in their turn, accused others. Three men, to whose custody Style was consigned, after her confession, and who watched her during the night, testified next day to their having seen her visited by her familiar (one of them at the time reading in the *Practice of Piety*), in the shape of a glistening bright fly, about an inch in length, which pitched at first in the chimney, and then vanished. This was about three o'clock in the morning. The fly was like a great millar, and the witnesses having examined her poll, from which they had observed the fly to come, found it very red, and like raw beef. Being asked what the fly was, she at first said it was a butterfly, but afterwards confessed that it was her familiar, who usually came to her about that hour. During the diabolical visitation, the fire in the watch-room was remarked by the witnesses to change its colour. Five women also, Style's neighbours, after these discoveries, came forward, and deposed, that a little after Christmas they had searched

Elizabeth Style, and had found in her poll a little rising, which felt hard, like a kernel of beef, whereupon they suspecting it to be an ill mark, thrust a pin into it, and, having drawn it out, thrust it in again the second time, leaving it sticking in the flesh for some time, that the other women might also see it. Notwithstanding which, Style did neither at the first nor second time make the least show that she felt anything. But after, when the constable told her he would thrust in a pin to the place, and made a show, as if he did, she said, "O Lord! do you prick me?" whereas no one then touched her. She afterwards confessed to one of these women that her familiar did use to suck her in the place mentioned, in the shape of a great millar, or butterfly.

Alice Duke's confession was fully of the stamp of Elizabeth Style's. About eleven or twelve years before their unlucky meddling with Hill's daughter, she (Duke) had become acquainted with the devil, through the good offices of Anne Bishop. The introduction was effected in a singular way. Bishop persuaded Duke to go with her into the church-yard in the night-time, and, being come thither, to go backward round the church, which they did, three times. In their first round, they met a man in black clothes, who went round the second time with them, and then they met a thing in the shape of a great black toad, which leapt up against Duke's apron. In their third round, they met somewhat in the shape of a rat, which vanished away. After this they went home, but before Anne Bishop went off, the man in black said something to her softly, which the other did not hear. A few days after this, Bishop told Duke that now she might have her desire, and what she would wish for. And shortly after, the devil appeared to her in the shape of a man, promising that she should want nothing, and that if she cursed anything with "A pox take it," she should have her purpose, in case she would give her soul to him, suffer him to suck her blood, keep his secrets, and be his instrument to do such mischief as he would set her about. In its further tenor, her confession corresponds closely to that of Style: there is the signing the unhallowed contract with her blood; the sixpence given by the devil as earnest; the nocturnal junket-

ting on commons and other lonesome places; the "oyl, which smells raw," rubbed on the forehead before starting on the airy flight; the cabalistic words used in going and returning; the devil in his black suit, "with a little band;" the baptizing of waxen "pictures," or images, and afterwards sticking thorns in them; the wine and cakes, dancing and music; the place of honour occupied by Anne Bishop at table; the "very low," yet audible voice, in which the infernal Amphitryon at these banquets speaks, and the circumstance, credible on many grounds, that he "leaves an ugly smell at parting." At a meeting, held on the Monday night after Christmas, Anne Bishop is mentioned as having had on a green apron, a French waistcoat, and a red petticoat, in which costume we think it no wonder that the devil should consider her entitled to sit next to himself at the higher end of the table. With regard to Alice Duke's familiar, she states that it "doth commonly suck her right breast about seven at night, in the shape of a little cat of a dunnish colour, which is as smooth as a want (that is, a mole), and when she is sucked, she is in a kind of trance."

There is something pathetic in the close of this confession:—

"He promised her, when she made her contract with him, that she should want nothing, but ever since she hath wanted all things."

No doubt she hath. What better could she expect from him who was a liar from the beginning, and will be a liar to the end? All she ever had of him was sixpence, for her blood here and her soul hereafter! A warning to those who would put faith in his promises, or expect advantage in his service—which we hope the reader will lay to heart.

What finally became of Duke and Bishop, Mr. Glanvil does not inform us; but Elizabeth Style "prevented execution" by dying in jail, a little before the term expired which her confederate demon had set for her enjoyment of diabolical pleasures in this life.

In the following March, another batch of witches was discovered in the county of Somerset, and divers of those concerned brought before the in-

defatigable Mr. Hunt. The centre of the group was a certain Margaret Agar, qualified in the record of the transactions as a "rampant Hagg," and who seems to have merited the name. She bewitched Jos. Talbot, overseer of the poor at Brewham, in Somersetshire, for requiring her daughter to go to service; swore "by the blood of the Lord" she would "tread upon his jaws," and brought a picture of him in clay or wax to a witch-meeting at Redmore, where the fiend, after baptizing it, stuck a thorn in or near the heart of it, Agar herself another in the breast, and Catherine Green, Alice Green, Mary Warburton, Henry Walter, and Christian Green, each his or her thorn in such place as they chose, or as was pointed out to them by the authoress of this cruel revenge. The effect was, that Talbot was suddenly taken in his body as if he had been stabbed with daggers, and he continued four or five days in great pain, and then died. Several of the witches of Agar's knot deposed to her crimes, and confessed their own part therein, hereby showing how much more detestable a crime witchcraft is than theft, since there is honour among thieves, but, as it seems, none among witches. At the same time it is to be remembered, in favour of those who thus gave testimony against their consorts in wickedness, that they did it, not to save their own lives, but their souls; they who confessed themselves guilty of witchcraft being put to death, no less than they who were convicted of the crime by the evidence of others. Christian Green was the principal witness in this case of Margaret Agar. She was a youngish witch, having been but barely past thirty years of age when she was enlisted by Catherine Green in the service of the evil one. She was at that time in great poverty, and thought, by going to the devil, to better her condition. She made herself over to him, as usual, by a bond, signed with blood taken from the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joints; and received from him as earnest of her wages—he being, it seems, at the time, either "hard up," or in a particularly stingy humour—fourpence-halfpenny, with which she afterwards bought bread in Brewham. At his vanishing, he left a smell of brimstone behind.

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This circumstance, let us remark, of the ill-savour diffused by the fiend at the moment of his departing, is explained by Mr. Glanvil in a very satisfactory way. The adscititious particles he held together in his visible vehicle, the reverend F. R. S. thinks, being loosened at his vanishing, offend the nostrils by their floating, and diffusing themselves in the open air.

Christian Green's familiar sucked her left breast, about five o'clock in the morning, in the likeness of a hedgehog; and, like her sister sorceresses, she declared that she "was usually in a trance when she was sucked."

Mary Green, another witch of this knot, describes the devil in the same terms as the witches of Stoke Trister, as "a man in black clothes, with a little band;" and both she and Christian Green confirm the observation of the others, that his voice is "very low."

This "little band," we confess, puzzles us. Was it a girdle? Or are we to understand that this reprobate spirit sacrilegiously wore *bands*, like a clergyman? Or did he only mean, by this manner of dressing, to insinuate a connexion with the legal profession? If we remember rightly, a "Geneva band" was part of the paraphernalia of a Roundhead preacher in those days. Viewed in this light, the "band" in question would have an unquestionable propriety.

The wearer of the "little band"—waiving the question of his right to wear it—is described by more than one of the witches as "a little man," which is worth remarking, for the contradiction it presents to Milton's portraiture of the Titanic stature of his diabolical hero. We are disposed to think that, in this point, the old women took a truer measure of the "bad un" than the poet, whose predilections, political and religious, naturally inclined him to glorify the arch-independent.

Passing that, let us observe that the devil is not without his notions of politeness; for when the sisterhood, on his appearing in answer to their conjurations, "make obeysance" to him, the "little man" puts his hand to his hat, and saith, "How do ye?" speaking "low but big." Upon which they all make low obeisance to him again. One of the oddest of his whims is the going always in black, a coincidence of

clerical and infernal tastes, indeed, which can only be accounted for on the principle that extremes meet. However, it ought to be noted that it is only in our British lands that the "old boy" manifests this serious turn. In Germany, a scarlet jacket, and a swaling cock's feather in the bonnet, are among his invariable attributes; and in Sweden, the most authentic accounts represent him as wearing "a grey coat, with red and blue stockings, a high-crowned hat, with linen of divers colours wrapt about it, and long garters upon his stockings."

In all countries, however, he has a strange kind of attraction to the church, as a moth has to the flame in which it is to perish. We have seen how Alice Duke was brought by Anne Bishop to the church-yard, to be introduced to him there; and how the two votaresses of the powers of evil went round the church backwards, a process apparently akin to that of saying the Lord's Prayer from end to beginning—commencing with *Amen*, and closing with *Our*—which is understood to be the orthodox way for a witch to express her devotional feelings. The very name *Sabbath*, applied to the witch-meetings, points to the same principle, which is still more markedly developed in what takes place at these foul assemblies, where, as the reviewer of Calmeil informs us—

"An altar was raised, at which Satan, with his head downwards, his feet turned up, and his back to the altar, celebrated his blasphemous mass."

Even the use, in these hellish solemnities, of a language "not understood of the people," was a manifest aping of ecclesiastical practices; for what English witch could attach any definite meaning to such words as "*Thout, tout a tout, throughout and about*," or "*Rentum tormentum*?" M. Salverte quotes Tiedmann as supposing that many barbarous words, used in the operations of witchcraft, are only Latin and Greek words, badly read and pronounced by the uneducated, which originally were part of the formularies used in the mysteries. (We should say it is more likely such words are of Egyptian or Asiatic origin than Greek or Latin.) Nothing,

Salverte thinks, can be more probable than Tiedmann's supposition; and thus "the three unintelligible Greek words, pronounced by the high-priest at the Eleusinian mysteries, *Κρυξ Ομ Παιξ*, have been recognized by Captain Wilford in the Sanscrit words, *Can-sha Om Pan-sha*, which are repeated by the Brahmins every day at the close of their religious ceremonies."

It is probable that "*Thout, tout a tout*," "*Rentum tormentum*," and "*A boy! merry meet, merry part*," are, as well as "*Konx Om Panx*," ancient forms of invocation, Coptic or Hindoo, or scraps of such forms, turned to jargon in the mouths of persons who learned to repeat them by rote, and who were ignorant of their meaning. Thout, or Thoth, we know to be the name of the Egyptian Hermes; and "*A Boy*" is but a slight corruption of *Evoë*, a cry still used, in their orgies, by the wizards of Siberia, though without reference to the joyous Phrygian god. From all this, the conjecture of Salverte would seem not to be without some colour of likelihood, "that sorcery was founded by those Egyptian priests of the last order, who, from the commencement of the Roman empire, had wandered in every direction; and who, although they were publicly despised, yet were consulted in secret, and continued to make proselytes among the lowest classes in society." Maintaining themselves throughout the whole period of Roman history, the workings of this fallen and dispersed hierarchy did not wholly cease even after Christianity had overthrown the altars of polytheism; and Thoth and *Evoë* were still invoked after the names of Mercury and Bacchus had been forgotten. But the debased worship was performed in the wildest solitudes, and under the cover of night: its priesthood sank, age after age, into a more and more brutish ignorance; its votaries were gathered, in each succeeding generation, from a ruder and more neglected class of the people; and no very long time had elapsed, before all traces of its meaning and its origin had passed from the knowledge of those who bore a part in it, and it retained little more of the religion which had possessed the temples of the world, than its antagonism to Christianity.

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ARCADIA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

"MAY you live a thousand years, Kera Pepina, and die in peace at the end of them! mine are the eyes that have been longing to see you!" Such was the salutation of the oldest inhabitant of the quiet little village of Vervena, which lies somewhere between Tripoliza and Corinth, to another old woman, so very similar to herself in dress and appearance, that it would not have been easy to have distinguished between them, but that age had already palsied the limbs of the first, while the new-comer hobbled towards her at a very tolerable pace, considering she was laden with a large bag of olives. Both wore the Albanian costume, and there was absolutely considerable taste in the arrangement of the floating white veil round their little dark, withered faces, which might have been those of Egyptian mummies, but for the sparkling black eyes, so full of vivacity and intelligence. The sunset and its brief magnificence was over—only on each snowy peak of the far Arcadian mountains the last rays lingered like a crown of gold, and from house to house of that peaceful rural village, the humble inhabitants were stealing out to breathe again, after the close confinement indispensable during the long day of dangerous heat.

"Now, where have you been, Kera Pepina?" continued old Elenko, as her visitor crouched down on the flat roof of the little house beside her. "You cannot have been to the plain to gather herbs, for the moon is not up, so they would have been useless, and you have not been to church, I know, for I saw the Papas gathering sticks in the olive grove."

"Do I not know it? and it is I who helped to load his donkey (excuse me for the word); but I was at the fountain with the neighbours. Have you not heard the news, miter mou (my mother)?"

"May the Panagia keep me, I have heard nothing!" grumbled old Elenko, "I never hear anything now—I am old and forgotten. I have lived too long, and I shall never die, that is more! I know it quite well: it is a judgment on me for my sins; but it is very hard, for I am tired of living."

"I believe it; the Papas says you are a hundred years old; but take courage—who knows what the saints may do for you yet; you may die after all, some day!"

"Heaven grant it!" said Elenko, shaking her head, "but I have been a wicked woman. In my youth I ate eggs during Lent, whenever I could get them; it is long ago now, but they don't forget these things, the blessed saints; no, no! But tell me the news, Adelphe."

"What do you think, Maroula, the Mainote widow, has found a husband for her daughter!"

"Pepina, you do not tell it me! what! her daughter Xanthi, who is past sixteen, and has only four-and-twenty bee-hives for her portion?"

"The same; she has found her such a beautiful young man, as straight as a palm-tree, and as rich as an Aga."

"Wonderful!" said old Elenko, letting her spindle fall from her hands in utter astonishment.

"I am not surprised," continued Pepina, looking wise.

"Stay," exclaimed Elenko, "has he got the evil eye?"

"No."

"Is he a kleft?"

"No."

"Was his grandmother a Turk's daughter?"

"No."

"Then I don't understand it," she muttered, resuming her spinning. "A girl so frightfully old; and we all know that the honey out of some of

the hives has been stolen away: it is a miracle!"

"So it is," said Pepina, "that is why I am not surprised. Maroula was half mad with fear, that she would never find a husband at all, for the whole village knew the honey had been stolen; so she went night and morning to ask one from Saint Nickolas, and she spent every lepta* she had to buy him candles, so at last he sent her one, from Maina, with five hundred olive trees of his own."

"Oh, Aghios Nickolas! I am tired of living," supplicated old Elenko, crossing herself. "Perhaps he will do something for me, too," she added, winking aside to her neighbour. "Well, Maroula will have quiet to her soul now. How she tried to make her daughter beautiful, that people might forget about the hives! I have seen her hunting the woods all day for snakes, to get the serpent oil to make her daughter's hair grow long."

"And when did the serpent oil ever fail," exclaimed Pepina; "Xanthi's hair is twice as long as my arm. I measured it myself, that I might get a lepta from Spiro, her betrothed, for telling him such good news."

"Och, that was how you saw him, Kera Pepina. You are a wonderful woman for finding out how to get the leptas. He would give you much more, when you told him how black her eyes are."

"Not he, indeed; it was enough to vex a saint, to find how he knew all about her. His soul's sister told him, I suppose. You must know he is the Papas psycho pethi; but he is in such a hurry to see her for himself, they say, that the wedding is to be next week."

"Panagia mou! that is quick enough. Do they think the Turks are to be on us then?"

"May your eyes see light for ever; do not say such a word, Elenko," exclaimed Pepina, crossing herself repeatedly. "No, no! but it will be saracosti (Lent) very soon, you know, and then they must wait forty days. Besides Maroula began to make her daughter's wedding clothes when she

was two years old, so they are ready now."

"Kyrie eleison—kyrie eleison, there is the church bell," exclaimed Elenko, throwing herself down on her hands and knees, and crossing herself vigorously, as she somewhat abruptly commenced her evening devotions. "And there is the Papas himself riding to chapel on his donkey (excuse me, said his friend). I will go and kiss his hands before he gets off—all your hours be good, kera Elenko!" And old Pepina, hurrying down from the cottage roof, hobbled away to attend the vesper service, leaving her more feeble neighbour to resume the work on which she was incessantly engaged, which consisted in spinning the cotton for her grave clothes, a task to which she was moved by a sort of desperate hope, that it might bring on the catastrophe of which she despaired.

Vervena was one of those happy little mountain villages, to whose peaceful inhabitants the foreign yoke which held their country in such abject slavery was little more than a name, until the war of independence actually burst over Greece, that fierce universal struggle, whose dire effects did indeed pierce to her innermost recesses. It was a name of terror, it is true, for they well knew that they owed it to their position, alone, in the heart of the wild inaccessible mountains, that they lived from year to year unmolested by the indolent Turks; and the fatal experience of many a less fortunate village had amply proved to them that it needed but some casual incident which should bring them into contact with their masters; and the brand of the slavery, which as yet they bore in lightness of heart, would be stamped on their valleys, as it had been elsewhere, in characters of fire and of blood. Their valley lay within the range of the vast pashalik of Corinth, where Kyamil, formerly Bey of Negropont, now reigned supreme; but their more immediate governor was the Aga appointed to collect, or rather to extort the taxes levied by the Turks, and whose dwelling was a little fortified tower in a somewhat isolated position. No town or village, however small, was at this period exempt

* The smallest Greek coin in current use, in value less than a farthing.

from the authority of a similar functionary; and often did they, strong in their delegated power, with their single hand, make the burden of the foreign yoke intolerable to the broken-spirited and harassed people. But the aga of Vervena was a stupid, inoffensive old man, delighting in peace and quietness, however it might be obtained, and giving himself no trouble whatever about the proceedings in the village, provided he was left unmolested in his tower. If a Turkish aga could have a soul—for, considering they distinctly deny any such possession to their women, it may be permitted to doubt, from the details of their own domestic life, whether themselves do not share the anomalous position to which they reduce one-half of their fellow-creatures—if, then, this old Aga could have any kind of soul, it was entirely bound up to the exclusion of all other affections in one precious treasure which he possessed. This was a remarkably fine Arabian horse, of admirable beauty, and whose pedigree gave him an undeniable claim to a direct descent from the milk-white steed of the Prophet—that is, he unquestionably belonged to the remarkable breed which has been so carefully preserved on account of that tradition; and so completely was the old Turk occupied in an unceasing attendance on this beautiful creature, that the good people of Vervena were entirely spared those ingenious devices of tyrannical oppression with which he would doubtless have solaced his leisure hours but for this engrossing occupation. Most devoutly did many of the peasants, such as Pepina and her friend, offer up their prayers that the horse might long outlive his master, and profound was the respect with which he was treated by all. It became, indeed, almost reasonable to conclude, that a Turkish aga could actually love something, notwithstanding the exemplary discipline which he maintained in his household, by beating the women servants and strangling the men, when he was to be seen fondling and caressing the pretty Arabian from morning to night, preferring a couch by its side in the stable to his luxurious cushions, addressing him by no meaner title than that of “*Effendi*” (my lord), and even caring so much for his immortal welfare, that he forced

him to keep the fasts of the Ramazan and Bairam, lest he should fail to obtain an elevated post in the realms of Paradise!—for it is interesting to observe the complacency with which all Turks look forward to meeting their dogs and horses in those celestial regions, from which that portion of the brute creation who were their wives is so totally excluded. Greatly, therefore, were the villagers of Vervena indebted to the Aga's horse; but had they been deprived of the protection he so unconsciously afforded them, they would, in all probability, calmly have resigned themselves to any amount of tyranny, for they were of that humble grade in the scale of humanity, in whom submission to oppression is an instinct. Their security against annoyance from without was, as we have said, principally owing to the great mountains which encircled them on all sides, not only because the sleek, unwieldy Turks had an unconquerable antipathy to the rough-riding of these trackless hills, but also because their ravines and recesses had been, since the days of Hercules himself, who is said to have had a great partiality to the neighbourhood, absolutely infested by hordes of brigands, who, carrying on the trade from father to son, had made themselves extremely formidable. Thus then Vervena, so called from the great bushes of aromatic verbena which grew all round it, giving it a scented atmosphere peculiar to itself, might well, at this period, be termed one of the favoured places of the earth. True, the oppressor's rod of iron was held ever suspended over its inhabitants, and any day or any hour might fall to crush or torture them; but none need wonder that so dire a certainty should never have disturbed the happy tenour of their lives, who have ever looked out into this strange, giddy, reckless world, and seen how merrily everywhere, men dance to their graves, with their coffins by their sides, and wanton and frolic on the brink of a precipice, and that precipice—eternity! These were the children of nature, and she was not less bountiful to them, that a stranger and a tyrant had arrogated to himself that whole bright land where most she seems to revel in her own exhaustless beauty! The silver crescent of the fair young moon shone

not the less brightly in their deep blue skies, that, as the symbol of their slavery, it floated on the banner of the Turkish tower, and from those skies, unclouded ever, no blighting rains but freshest dews came stealing down, causing the purple grapes to ripen on their trellised vines, and the golden seed to swell on the stalks of Indian corn. The seasons, each so beautiful in that delightful clime, failed not to bring the regular supply of all their daily wants, as well as the necessity for constant labour, that ballast to the human mind which it requires in some one shape or other, in every rank of life. For the living spark within their breasts, that craved a something more than the mere gratification of material wants, they had the great mysterious promises of the "Evangelia," whose pages truly their papas alone could read, but which, night and morning, they kissed with reverential awe, and trusted implicitly with a hope as undefined as it was firm; and for their earthly happiness, what asked they more than the common, never-dying affections of our mortal nature, which generations perpetuate unchanged, of which the inexhaustible life is fed in the very graves themselves, and renewed in every individual heart, whose first throb in infancy was the echo to a mother's voice. The villagers of Vervena married, and were given in marriage, as the commencement of this record proves, and children were born to them, who soon wove round them gentle bonds, that caused them scarce to feel the heavy chains of servitude; and, above all, they possessed at least as much of man's primeval innocence as may be retained, in the mere ignorance of all those licensed crimes, and privileged evils, that now walk unblushing over this earth, hand and hand with civilization.

Old Pepina hurried down the lane with the tortoise-like gait so characteristic of the women of the East, although she was now in that state of peculiar excitement into which old ladies of all countries are wont to fall, when craving for gossip they perceive a repast of suitable materials preparing for them. Independent of the sacerdotal blessing, which she succeeded in obtaining as the good old priest alighted from his ass, at the

church-door, she was firmly convinced that it was at vespers that evening that the betrothed couple were first to obtain a glimpse of each other, and she would not have missed such a scene for the world.

The bell had ceased, and the villagers were thronging to the church; the men laid aside their pipes, and doffed, for a single moment, on entering the sanctuary, the red caps, which at no other time were absent from their heads; the women gathered round them the heavy folds of the light-coloured mantle, which, in addition to the long veil, renders the Albanian costume so strikingly classical; and the little children, with their immense black eyes, who, during the hot season discard all superfluous garments, came tumbling after them, indefatigably making the sign of the cross with their tiny hands upon their sunburnt foreheads.

The churches in Greece are invariably of the Byzantine architecture, which approaches to the Moresque, and is more fantastic than graceful; yet there was something singularly pleasing in this little old chapel, darkened by the great olive trees which encircled it, with its low nave, its painted windows, rounded like the old Norman, and its fierce saints, staring down from the walls—most unearthly looking, certainly, inasmuch as they were drawn out of all human proportion! It was divided, according to custom, into three parts—one for the men, and another for the women, and, at the upper end, a portion, concealed by a low partition, was held sacred by the presence of the consecrated elements, and entered by the priest alone.

This good old Papas, whose long silver beard, and benign expression of countenance rendered his appearance at all times no ways derogatory to his sacred office, had passed a mantle of coloured brocade, on which the cross was richly emblazoned, over the humble costume which he daily wore as a common labourer, and now stood chaunting, in a nasal, monotonous tone, the psalms for the day. He held the book in his hands, but if the truth must be told, he was reciting them off by heart, for, although all priests of the Greek church acquire ostensibly the difficult art of reading,

they somehow, for the most part, seem to find it more convenient to commit to memory the various services they have to use than to attempt to decipher them. His next task, of perfuming with incense every individual in the church, was much easier, and was elaborately performed, and nothing could exceed the devotion of the villagers at this part of the ceremony, notwithstanding the temptation to wandering thoughts which they could not fail to find in the presence of the betrothed, still unknown to each other in their separate compartments.

When the service was over, the worshippers severally went round the church, deliberately kissing the feet and hands of each pictured saint, old Pepina, who was particularly devout, never failing to lavish as many of these tokens of respect on the dragon himself, as on the terrific St. George, who was driving a whole tree down his throat. The Greeks have a horror of image-worship, but pay their homage very freely to pictures.

This last ceremony concluded, the villagers gladly escaped from the hot atmosphere of the church, heavy with the strong incense, to breathe the soft fresh air of the evening hour—that one hour of relaxation and repose, whose anticipated joys make light the labour of the long toilsome day. They had gathered round the little quaint old fountain, whose construction, as well the peculiarities of its sculpture, proved it to be of very great antiquity. It is this which makes a residence in Greece, which was the burial place of the dead centuries, so totally different from existence anywhere else. Go where you will, over the wildest mountains, or the most deserted vales, some vivid, palpable relic of the past is sure to start up before you; and that not a *modern* past, such as draws, in our own country, its atmosphere around us, but one that carries you back, perhaps, thrice a thousand years, and makes your own world, with all its hopes and fears, to you of such deep import, shrink into shadowy insignificance. It is startling, when walking on a fine summer morning through a lonely forest, with nothing round you but the fragile flowers breathing away their little lives in fragrance, if wearied and heated you stoop to bathe your hands in the cool stream that is rushing by

you—it is startling, I say, to lift your eyes on the time-worn block of marble standing before you on the brink, and learn, by the solemn inscription which it bears, that this rivulet is the exclusive property of the goddess Diana, and that incalculable evils will befall the luckless mortal who has disturbed its crystal waters. Or if, in the still hour of sunset, you are riding over some quiet plain, your soul busy with its vain dreams, its great universe of joys and sorrows—weeping fretful tears for its regretted yesterday, and building up a gorgeous fabric on its hope-brightened morrow—suddenly your horse's feet ring hollow on a sculptured stone, and looking down you perceive a group exquisitely carved in marble—where the attitude of the principal figure, standing with the head covered, and the hand mercifully veiling the eyes of deadly brightness, proves to you, at once, that it represents a god, and that you are composedly riding over a portion of the altar dedicated to Pallas or to Jove. What is most strange in being thus ever surrounded with the very spirit of those departed days, that is continually dragging you against the current up the stream of time, is the gradual change that takes place in your own mind, till unconsciously you no longer regard these monuments as the lingering remnants of things that were and are not; but rather, by the strong power of association, you seem at length to dwell yourself in these old, old times, and you feel as though you ever were walking about among the ancients, like a lonely humble pilgrim from another land. I question whether any one, after six months' residence in Greece, would be in the least surprised to meet a faun in a myrtle bower some morning, or suddenly to see the fantastic face of a satyr, grinning from amongst the bushes; at least I honestly plead guilty to having gone deliberately, one fine moonlight night, to the Grotto of Pan on the Acropolis, purposely to hear the wild music of that god's long-celebrated pipe, which I was assured might always be heard when the moon shone bright.

No satyr ever grinned so merrily as did old Pepina, when, tearing out of the church in such haste that she nearly left her yellow shoes behind her,

she perceived that she was still in time to witness the first interview of the pretty Mainote and her future husband, which was now about to take place. The young Xanthi stood, with her mother at her side, amongst a group of other women, from whom she was easily distinguished by her superior height—the peculiar characteristic of the people of Maina. Nothing can be more striking than the marked distinctions, both moral and physical, which exist between the various races of the different provinces; not only are they totally dissimilar in appearance and character, but, in several instances, they are voluntarily separated by a hereditary animosity, whose origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity. And here again we often come in contact with all that is most dream-like in classical reminiscences, for it is said that the ancient hostility of the Ionic and Doric races may be distinctly traced in that which now causes incessant feuds between the Moreote and the Reoumeliote. Maina is the wildest and most mountainous district of Greece, and, as is generally the case, the character of the natives is quite analogous to that of the scenery. They are a bold, warlike, fearless race, handsome in person, and contrasting greatly in stature and strength of limb with the diminutive Albanians. There is much, of course, in their manners and customs, peculiar to themselves, but one of the most prominent features of their national character is the singular respect and deference with which they treat their women, which was probably the reason why Xanthi's wary mother had insisted on finding her a husband amongst her own countrymen, as in other parts of Greece the Turkish principles and practice, in this respect, has been a lesson somewhat too easily imbibed.

And now Maroula, all glowing with joy and pride, takes her handsome daughter by the hand, and leading her forward towards Spiro, bids her look on the man who is so soon to be her master. The young girl stood before him, her breast heaving violently beneath the folds of her long yellow veil, and her great black eyes, cast down with a very prettily-assumed shyness, which was not at all in accor-

dance with the open, candid gaze most natural to them.

Xanthi was an admirable specimen of the Mainote race, with her frank, sunny countenance and ready smile, the very transcript of the warm, loving heart within; and there was a certain gay carelessness in her expression, which seemed to denote that she amply possessed the undaunted boldness, which is the prevailing characteristic of her people; not that there was anything in the slightest degree masculine in her appearance, but it was evident that she had as much of physical courage as a woman may ever possess, without belieing the nature which has gifted her with an instinctive timidity, as her surest safeguard, inasmuch as it gives her an undoubted claim to the protection of the strong. But with all her bravery, the cheek of the open-hearted little Mainote grew very pale, as she at last stole a side-long glance from beneath her dark eye-lashes on her unknown betrothed.

It is no light matter for one human being to be so utterly in the power of another, as the young Greek wife is in that of her husband, as far, at least, as her earthly happiness is concerned. For it is not the mere vision of a distorted fancy which perceives, in the sharers of a common humanity, a singular tendency to rend from others the very joys their own hearts crave; and in this instance there was an additional insecurity, since it must be owned, that an inherent egotism is one of the distinctive peculiarities of the Greeks, at least of the men, for the women have an ample preservative from every self-centering principle in their maternal love, to which all-absorbing affection they sacrifice every other.

But as Xanthi looked up, a smile which she could not repress, though she was doing her best to look very demure, stole over her young face like a sunbeam, so thoroughly satisfactory was her examination. Not only was Spiro as tall and handsome as ever in her brightest dreams she had beheld her husband, but there was that in his honest, frank, and smiling face, which might have induced one far more suspicious and fearful than herself, to trust her fate into his hands without a struggle. Moreover, the keen, dark eyes of Spiro were fixed on her with

an expression of the most unequivocal complacency, and when Maroula, with much majesty, presented him her hand to kiss, at the same time permitting her daughter to grant him a similar favour, he performed the ceremony with a degree of celerity, which entirely vanished when he approached Xanthi.

The neighbours having, with the most elaborately-expressed good wishes, banished from the smiling future of the young couple that terrible and nameless "evil hour" which seems to be ever hanging over the people of the East, Maroula carried off her daughter, to remain in strict retirement till the wedding-day, and, doubtless, to commence already the tressing and arranging of her long black hair. Pepina followed, for she was not the woman to lose the smallest detail of such interesting proceedings; and, as she clattered after them, she solaced herself with a series of nods and winks, addressed to some imaginary confidant, which clearly intimated that she had discovered something remarkable—and so she had; for the quick-sighted old woman had readily perceived that, although the eyes of Spiro testified the warmest admiration as he gazed on his young betrothed, there was not the slightest symptom of anxiety or astonishment in his looks,

and from these indications she drew the very just conclusion that he had somehow obtained a sly glimpse of his pretty bride before. The fact was, Spiro, though a fine open-hearted young man, was nevertheless a Greek; and he had been so much staggered by the terrible depredations which had been committed on the famous bee-hives on which the prospects of the poor little girl so much depended, that he thought it prudent, at least, to verify for himself her claims to beauty, so eloquently set forth by her mother. To this end, he surreptitiously introduced himself into the garden surrounding Maroula's house, and, looking in at the window, contemplated at his leisure the charming little bride, as she sat, *à la Turque*, on the floor, occupied in cleaning out the sesama and other grains with which she baked such excellent cakes, and singing, with her clear young voice, a merry song, touching a palikar of great renown, which Spiro at once composedly attributed to himself; and certain it is, that from that hour he would still have pertinaciously insisted on marrying her, even though the unhappy bees themselves had every one been laid low by the strange epidemic—supposed to be a kind of Asiatic cholera—which occasionally attacks this industrious race in Greece.

CHAPTER II.—THE WEDDING.

In their own bright land, this happy peasant-couple had little cause to fear that their wedding-day would be devoid of the sunshine which the least superstitious among us is fain to see on such occasions, and to them it was a matter of the first importance, as a single shower of ominous rain would have denoted, beyond a doubt, that the unfortunate bride was to weep incessantly throughout the coming year. But the sky was radiant as Xanthi's own cloudless eyes, where scarce the passing dimness of a child's light grief had been to her the earnest of her portion in the common lot of all humanity, in that sorrow which visibly we see here in a thousand torturing shapes, but which, in truth—noiseless, silent, like a dark shadow—pursues man ever from the cradle to the grave, unknown, often unseen, but always at his side even in his brightest hours; ready, when the

allurements of a seductive world have cast their trammels round the soul, prepared for higher destinies—when the sweet voices of earth have deadened his ears to the eternal call that echoes from above, and present joys have made his grasp relax on future hopes—ready then is this earthly sorrow to lay at once its cold hand on his wilful eyes, and straightway the gushing tears flow forth, through whose most bitter dew the earth looks dark and drear, and heaven alone is bright!—and, over the grave of the beloved dead, by the side of the estranged friend, in presence of the virtue sullied or the cold hypocrisy revealed, the mortal, unlearned in the mystery of love, beholds the visible form of the dark-winged monitor that is hovering round him, but little deems that stern guide a messenger of mercy, till on his own death-bed, when made-ready by suffering, he prepares to

spurn the earth beneath his feet, the sombre guide assumes an angel's radiance, and now, first smiling on the child of misery, forth leads him to the realms of purity! But rather might even the aged have forgotten they must die, when looking on the face of young Xanthi—it was so full of life, and hope, and joy, as, on their wedding-day, she saw the morning break in such sympathetic brightness. True, she received a passing pang when old Pepina, who dearly loved a good calamity, came rushing to the house to announce, with all the zest with which people of a certain temperament hail the indications of an approaching disaster, that a cloud of locusts was to be seen flying in the direction of the village, darkening the sun as they advanced—a heavy visitation with which, from time to time, the various parts of the country are afflicted, to the utter destruction of every green thing wherever the devouring mass may happen to alight. Happily this was a false alarm, for Pepina's eyes were slightly dim, and what she had seen was no other than the cloud of dust raised by the rebellious feet of the troop of asses who were to play a prominent part in the ceremonies of the day, as they were to convey the bride and her trousseau to the house of her husband.

The solemnities of the wedding opened with the attiring of the bride and bridegroom, which was not commenced till all the party were assembled to witness it. Maroula's house, like all others in the village, consisted of a single room, divided into two portions, the one raised above the other by a flight of wooden steps. In the upper part was Xanthi, seated on the floor, surrounded by all the women of the village. The task which she had to perform throughout the whole day, according to the inviolate custom, was certainly no easy one; for it was considered absolutely necessary, from the time she became a "nymphi," or bride, that she should literally enact the part of a statue, and allow herself to be dressed, married, kissed, and congratulated, without so much as lifting her eyes from the ground, or moving a muscle of her countenance. Two women were appointed to hold her by the arms, and lead her about as occasion required, whilst another held the corner of her veil, and stood ready to put her hair

out of her eyes, or perform any other little offices which such an utter renunciation of personal independence might render necessary. The lively little Mainote had already entered on this arduous duty, and really seemed, with her classical dress, and cheek somewhat more pale than usual, to have been transformed into some beautiful piece of sculpture. But for the intense beating of her little fluttering heart, which made her breast heave so rapidly, she would have appeared in an enchanted sleep, for the long lashes completely veiled her eyes so rigidly cast down. Perfectly motionless she sat, while all the old women—talking, laughing, screaming, and quarrelling—crowded round her, arranging and rearranging the minutest details of her dress. Every single lock of her dark hair, carefully separated, was spread out on her shoulders, and, interwoven with silken threads of a similar length, fell down past her knees; her forehead was bound with a string of silver coins—one of the hereditary possessions of the family—and when her little stockingless feet had been thrust into embroidered slippers, much resembling the sandal of old, the finishing touch to her toilette was given by the mother herself, who made her eyes seem preposterously large, by drawing a black line from beneath the eyelid to the temple—an operation to which the poor little "nymphi" submitted without winking, as she did to every thing else.

Meanwhile, the toilette of the bridegroom was proceeding with equal solemnity in his own house. He sat in the midst of a circle of men, all as gravely silent as the women were noisy and talkative; whilst the village barber, with a wreath of myrtle round his head, was shaving him, to the sound of exhilarating music, produced by two of the company on their jingling mandolins, who carefully kept time to the movements of the operator. This harmonious accompaniment was, however, not only considered indispensable to the several stages of his toilette, but was destined to be kept up unceasingly throughout the whole day, the performers relieving each other at intervals. The peasants, all seated on the floor, and smoking, of course, looked on at these proceedings with the utmost solemnity. At last, the merry

little barber, having replaced the red cap, with much art, in the most tasteful manner on the bridegroom's head, retired a few paces to contemplate him with great complacency, and protested he was now fit to marry an aga's daughter at the very least. Spiro himself, springing from the ground, adjusted his crimson jacket, tightened a little more the silk scarf that had already been arranged so as to give him a painfully small waist, and then prepared to sally forth with the strut so eloquent of self-approbation, which is peculiar to the Greeks.

Two of his friends instantly seized him by the arms, whose duty it was to lead him about like the similar attendants of the bride, an arrangement which gives an appearance of compulsion to the movements of both parties that is amusing enough, and thus, singing and dancing along, preceded by the musicians, who stoically produced the most horrible and uninterrupted discord, the merry party arrived at the house of the bride. The Papas was already there, and as all the old women had for the last hour been kissing his hands without intermission, he was abundantly willing to proceed to the ceremony without farther delay. He took his place at the table, on which were laid the various articles requisite for the solemnity; the most conspicuous of these were the gilt crowns, destined for the bride and bridegroom, which is the lingering remnant of a singularly ancient custom. They are decorated with wreaths of flowers, and it is one of these touching observances which shed such poetry round the every-day life of eastern nations, carefully to preserve the young maiden's crown, and never again to place it on her head till, cold and stiff, she is carried out to make her couch in the deep, dark grave. She wears it now, in the morning of existence, full of hope for all the joys that, as a wife and mother, she yet may know; and when the long struggle of life, with its cares and its weariness, is over, they replace again upon her head the emblem of all that earth may have of happiness, and send her with it to her final rest. It is most striking to see the withered, shrunken corpse of some aged woman, adorned with the bridal crown, going forth to seek once more in the dust the husband of her

youth, the memory of whose buried love has been, perhaps, her solace through long-widowed years. The young couple were now placed side by side before the table; each had a lighted taper put into their hands, and their supporters held the crowns over their heads whilst the priest began to read the prayers, many of which are the counterpart of those used in the ritual of the Church of England; these concluded, he joined their hands, and proceeded to the more active part of the ceremony. First, having blest the ring (not a plain gold circlet, but generally some tremendous ruby or torquoise), he made with it the sign of the cross on their foreheads and breasts, and then placed it on the hand of the bride. The married pair now partook of the sacrament; and here, where the religious part of the ceremony is concluded, it may be allowable to find the remainder somewhat ludicrous. The priest appeared suddenly to be seized with a fit of spontaneous hilarity—changing his tone from the nasal chant, which he had been murmuring in a low monotonous manner, he all at once pitched his voice in a high falsetto key, and commenced singing in the merriest manner imaginable; then seizing the bride by one of her hands, whilst she held the bridegroom with the other, he began to dance round the table in the most comical style, accompanied by the whole assembly, for they instantly grasped each other by the hand, and followed him in a long string, old Pepina bringing up the rear, clinging on to a great palikar, and hobbling at a sort of jig step after him. This singular procession danced three times round the table, after which the ceremony was considered complete. The couple were pronounced man and wife, and the little silent bride, statuelike and immoveable as ever, after all due congratulations, was lifted up and carried out in the arms of her husband himself, to be conveyed to his house as a part of his own property. The rest of his worldly goods, consisting of Xanthi's trousseau, and the household furniture presented to them by Maroula, were piled upon the backs of some ten or twelve asses; and when Xanthi had been carefully placed on the foremost, perched on the top of all the cushions and carpets, the whole

procession set out most gaily, Spiro marching in front with his companions, singing at the top of his voice, and the whole population of the village following in the greatest glee. Having arrived at the house, and deposited his wife (the sound of whose voice he had not yet heard) within the room, all decorated with myrtles and flowers, the bridegroom proceeded to spend the rest of the day in a somewhat ungallant manner, for, having carefully shut in his bride, with all the other women, into his house, he composedly joined hands with some dozen of his companions, and began to dance the Romaica before the door, to the sound of

the unceasing music. This characteristic dance, from which the women are excluded, is led by the foremost of the party, who gracefully manœuvres a long silk scarf which he holds over his head, and so hand in hand, with a peculiar hop, they go slowly round in a ring for hours together, only diversifying their proceedings by occasionally leaping high into the air, and sinking down again, so that the full wide petticoat swings out in a circle round them. In this delectable amusement the Mainote bridegroom spent his wedding-day; but he was destined to receive a most unexpected interruption.

CHAPTER III.—IPSIANTI'S DREAM.

It was towards evening, when suddenly a sound, as unwonted as it was startling, broke in on the habitual quiet of the rural village. The loud tramp of a body of horse was heard in the olive grove, and soon, to the astonishment and terror of the peasants, a vast troop of armed men came thundering through the street, and gathered in great numbers round the fountain. Their fear was, however, changed into exultation; first, when they perceived that these were no other than their own countrymen, boldly setting at defiance the tyrannical law of the Turks, which forbade them to wear arms; and then, as they recognized in the leader, whose countenance was turned smiling towards them, the brave and warlike prince, at that time known throughout the whole country by the title of the Deliverer of Greece; and the name of Ipsilanti burst from their lips in one universal shout of applause.

Demetrius Ipsilanti was not the least celebrated of all that illustrious family, each member of which has, within the last few years, expiated in death, whether by violence or from the lingering agony of a broken heart, the crime of too sincere a patriotism; for, let it be noted that there are certain virtues which the world punishes, as surely and as rigorously as the boldest deeds of a bare-faced vice.

He was the younger brother of the generalissimo of the Hæteria, and by him had been sent to conduct, in the southern provinces, the revolution now

ripening so rapidly—a measure which, in the end, materially affected the destinies of the Greek nation; for this gallant prince, although at that time only five-and-twenty years of age, holds a conspicuous place in the annals of the long war of independence; and there are few of the principal actors in that sanguinary drama, which seems to have called the vilest of human passions into play, whose character shines out so free from taint as that of the young Liberator. He loved his struggling country for her own sake, and not as the field where he himself should march through blood, no matter whose, to a personal glory and renown. And to this patriotism, as ardent as it was sincere, he united a rare courage and still rarer integrity; yet the very strength and sincerity of the motive by which he was actuated, in striving for the liberty of Greece, produced in him a carelessness as to the means by which he attained to the one great end, which tarnished all too much his fame as a military leader. War, in its principles and results, taken as an existent fact on the face of this earth—that is, the system of the organized self-destruction of portions of the human race, by the process of individual murder, is a thing so preposterous, that it is only in compliance with received fallacies that we can justly talk of the greater or lesser merit of those who practise it; but, according to the accredited manner of viewing such subjects, the only blemish on the character of Ipsilanti

as a soldier, was the recklessness with which he lavished the blood of his fellow-creatures, in pursuit of the one object which he had in view. He was naturally humane—a rare quality in a Greek—but the hope of beholding the restoration of his country had become so much the absorbing principle of his existence, that he seems wantonly to have sacrificed, at times, not only the lives of his enemies, but even of his own fellow-countrymen. His early education in Russia, where human life is a mere saleable commodity, may have tended somewhat to produce this callousness. It was thence that he had now come, as we have said, to take the lead in the revolutionary movement of the Peloponnesus, and was now passing from province to province, less with any distinct hostile intention, than with a view to have himself recognised everywhere as commander-in-chief, that, when a favourable moment should arrive, he might have no difficulty in gathering a tolerable army around him at once. As yet his march had been literally a triumphal procession, and he was now on his way to the nearest point whence he could look down on Tripoliza, the capital of the Morea, and the very stronghold of the Turks—a city which he dared not attack at present, but which formed the principal object of his ambition, and which was in fact destined one day to fall into his hands. Ipsilanti and his men had ridden into Vervena merely to water their horses, but he was too good a diplomatist not to seize every trifling advantage, which might be turned to his own purposes. Looking round on the villagers, who had assembled to welcome him with the greatest enthusiasm, his keen eye detected a due proportion of stout and able young men amongst them, and he at once proceeded to harangue them, with all the eloquence of which he was master, stating to them his views and intentions, and calling upon each and all to rally around him, even now, or at the least to be ready, when he should claim from them more active proofs of their devotion to his cause. His personal appearance was much against him, for he was of diminutive stature, somewhat awkward in manner,

and afflicted with a slight impediment in his speech; but there is that in the power of a resolute will, which can overcome the most disadvantageous circumstances, and the words he then uttered were not destined to be forgotten.

“Vervenians! I, Demetrius Ipsilanti, am come hither to fight for your liberty! I am your father, who heard your groans, even in the heart of Russia, and have come to protect you—to render you happy—to labour for your deliverance—to ensure the felicity of your families, and to release you from the abject state to which you are reduced by impious tyrants! I desire to see you gather round me as your chief and father—show them that you understand what liberty is! and recognise me as your general and defender!”*

The peasants answered with a shout of enthusiasm, and swore to be ready to rally round his banner, whenever he should call them.

“It is well,” said the prince, with a smile; “I shall not fail to redeem your pledge, good patriots.” He looked down upon them as he spoke, and his eye was at once attracted by the appearance of Spiro, whose gala dress, as well as his fine figure, rendered him extremely conspicuous. “Here is one,” he said, turning towards him, “with a stout arm and a steady eye, that should not linger in inactivity; how say you, Adelphe, will you mount and follow me?” The blood rushed to the forehead of the brave Mainote at this unseasonable request; to refuse the call of his country’s deliverer, or even to delay obeying it, was positive torture to him, and yet, ready warrior and patriot as he was, his eye glanced back with a look of anguish on the house where sat his bride of an hour, his little bright Xanthi. He was spared the pain of a reply by the officious old Pepina, who managed to play a prominent part at all times, and now rushed precipitately forward, exclaiming, with a howl of a peculiar nature, which no human being but an old Greek woman can produce,

“Amaun (mercy), Highness! he was married this morning!”

* This is word for word part of the address actually made by Ipsilanti, and retained on record in a journal of that period.

"Indeed! then my remark was ill-timed," said Ipsilanti, gently, for he was especially anxious to become popular among the lower orders; "but at all events I must not linger here—Vervenians! farewell! remember this night! and gather round me when I call."

He set spurs to his horse, and was about to gallop off, when Spiro impetuously rushing forward, almost threw himself beneath the horse's feet, and seizing the bridle, arrested his progress.

"Highness! in a fortnight, in a week, I will be with you—where shall I join you? My life is yours and my country's!"

"Noble Mainot!" said Ipsilanti, "I accept the gift in the name of Greece! come to me at Athens; there I shall remain till the war is organized, and whosoever will may join me there."

Spiro released his hold on the bridle, and the prince, waving his hand to the peasants, rode off at a quick pace, followed by his men; and, as the sound of their horses' feet died away in the olive grove, once more was the song of the nightingale heard therein, and the wonted stillness of the rural village settled down again amongst the quiet peasants, as though no war-like vision had passed before them, precursor to the terrible realities of strife and bloodshed that soon was to lay waste their happy grove.

Meanwhile Ipsilanti hurried on rapidly in the direction of Tripoliza. It was out of the course of his proper line of march, nor was it, perhaps, altogether prudent in him to approach so near the spot where the Moslem force was principally centered, as it was the residence of the Pasha of the Morea; but he could not resist the temptation of obtaining a passing view at least of the city he so coveted, though powerless as yet, and which he designed to attack as soon as he should have a sufficient force to render such an attempt practicable. It was not until evening, however, that they reached the height whence this view could be obtained; but then, separating from his companions, Demetrius Ipsilanti spurred his horse to the summit of a lofty rock, and looked down with a long, intense gaze, upon the plain of Tripoliza; there lay that great city, with its noble palaces and stately buildings, embowered in its

groves of pomegranate and of laurel. It was a fair sight to look on, for it united the magnificence of the Moslem city, to the unfailling beauty of the Greek scenery, and the last rays of the setting sun were now sweeping over its summer gardens, and its light kiosks. The Greek prince fancied he could hear even the echo of gay songs and dreamy music, swelling up with the evening breeze from the golden palaces, and he remained long, while horse and rider seemed motionless alike, tracing out the characteristic outline of the Mahomedan mosques, till suddenly he fixed his eyes, with an ominous frown, on the great banner that floated so ostentatiously from the walls of the citadel. A movement of impatience amongst his companions aroused him at last, and turning, without uttering a word, he caused his fiery horse to bound from the eminence on which he stood, and silently pursued his way to the spot chosen for their encampment till the following morning. That night within his tent, buried in profound slumber, upon his couch of wolf-skin, Demetrius Ipsilanti dreamt a dream.

He sat once more upon his horse, motionless as before, gazing down on the plain of Tripoliza, and he beheld again the goodly city, smiling in the beautiful sunlight, with its groves of waving pomegranate, its gardens of pleasure, and its golden palaces, and he heard again the voice of joy and mirth ascending on the soft winged "Imbat;" but now he seemed to hear them more distinctly, and he could distinguish the songs of his own country, uttered by those who were too young to banish mirthful music from the lips that were condemned to call the vile oppressor master! or too happy in their love and youth to heed the degradation!

But again, the eye of the dreamer fixes itself on the flag that waves from these most stately walls—his lips part to utter the Greek war-cry, and he stretches out his hand towards the town; and as he did so, some invisible power seems to constrain him to hold that fatal hand extended thus, whilst with the strange rapidity of a slumberer's fancy, there passes before him the vision of all it had the power to conjure up. A change has come over the fair city that slept so peaceful in the twilight; for now it seems begirt,

as with a fiery ring, so brightly flash in the last sun rays the glittering arms of the fierce besiegers. Then suddenly does the soft winged Imbat bring up to the dreamer's ears no more the songs of gladness, but the wild war-cry, the clash of steel, the roar of cannon—the sun is darkened, for a veil of thick and lurid smoke spreads itself over the stately city, and for a time he can see nothing but its misty volumes rolling to and fro, through which at times a forked tongue of flame shoots forth, whilst, beneath its sombre folds, there rages the hoarse murmur of a wild and fearful din, the mingling of every sound of anguish and of wrath most dreadful to the human ear. But still the dreamer sits with his implacable hand outstretched, and the scene is changed again; the dark curtain of lurid smoke is lifted up; it rolls away in crimsoned clouds, and is dispersed, and the sight that lies beneath is all revealed before his eyes. Is this the gorgeous city that, a moment since, all bright and beautiful, lay sleeping in the sunshine, with the soft winds playing round it? This flaming, smoking, blood-drenched ruin, that swelters in an unbearable atmosphere, hot as a blast from the infernal depths, and seems all alive with wailing, tortured beings—there has been a victory, for the banner of the cross streams on the wind where the Ottoman flag once floated. But are these the conquerors who, mad with a frenzy for destruction, rage through the streets that run rivers of blood, slaying, torturing, concentrating into one short hour the revengeful hate they fed in silence through long years, till, drunk with slaughter, the sword falls from their exhausted hand? Where are the golden palaces whence rose the songs of mirth? There! where from the blaz-

ing walls the soldiers, wild with savage glee, drag forth those shrieking women by their long loose hair, and plunge the daggers into their defenceless bosoms, while on the fair face, upturned to heaven, death stamps for ever the last look of unavailing supplication! Where are the gorgeous mosques, ever musical at sunset with the call to prayers? There, where before each shattered door are piled the ghastly heaps of severed heads, that grin upon each other in horrid mockery! And where the gardens of pleasure and the light kiosks, the rippling fountains and the laurel grove? Where the tortured wail in rifled bowers, and playful children run beneath the knife, where men, grown to the likeness of demons in their satiated wrath, have caused the heavens, still so calm, to look upon a scene of horror such as rarely even this world of crime and misery has witnessed; and as the fascinated dreamer gazed, he saw, heaped up upon the plain, the treasure ravished from the vanquished city; gold and silken tents, and precious jewels, and costly arms, and he heard a voice—the voice, it may be, of his own conscience, thundering in his ear—“These are thy spoils, oh, conqueror; but justice and mercy, where are they?” And Demetrius Ipsilanti awoke with the cold drops of agony gathering on his brow; for he well knew that from the grave of every individual man, these two arise to seal his doom: justice, with the record of the dead man's crime—mercy, with the vial of his repentant tears; and by them is he judged in righteousness. But Ipsilanti shook off the remembrance of his prophetic dream when the morning sun arose, and none the less went forth on his ambitious path, led on by the hope of victory.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GREEK HUNT.

HAD I to minister to a mind diseased—to one that ever stoops so wearily to count the thorns that pierce his feet upon his earthly path, that he forgets to look upon the radiance shining over head—I would lead him forth on a still, calm summer's night in Greece, and bid him enter into the spirit of that unutterable rest which pervades its very atmosphere; not on a starry night, when the marvel of the illimi-

table worlds might allure him to plunge lampless into the darkness of the mystery around us—a mental torture to which there is no anguish comparable—but when only the moon, serene in lonely beauty, walks in her brightness over that vault of pure blue ether, without one passing cloud between the sunset and the dawning to molest her silvery path, or obstruct her steady gaze upon the beautiful world,

benign as that of a mother on her slumbering child. I am certain there is no pang, save that arising from remembered crimes, that would not vanish stingless beneath that wonderful repose. But who has not often wondered to see how those placid moonbeams fall, alike complacently, on all that nature can show forth most lovely, and all that man has made most foul, glancing from the fair face of the sleeping infant, to the guilty head of the murderer as he skulks out to his deeds of darkness—from the lonely valley in its silent loveliness, to the crowded city where Mammon sits enthroned; and to-night, these beams are shed without reserve on the once fair and fallen Corinth, radiant alike upon the snow-white mournful ruins of her memory-haunted temples, and on the Moslem Bey's great palace of luxury, brilliant with the red glare of its many lamps—the splendid receptacle for authorized crimes.

Kyamil Bey lay at the foot of a tall palm tree within his vast and beautiful garden; his couch was a leopard-skin, and his head was pillowed on the knees of a young negro, who sat upright, motionless as a statue of bronze; before him danced a group of female slaves, gliding with graceful, undulating movement amongst the trees, and singing softly as they flitted by. Others might be seen farther off, sporting with the tame gazelles that bounded from the bushes, or bending over the crystal fountains to look upon their own fair faces in the clear reflection; and it seemed as though that lovely garden, with its smiling inmates, were indeed such a spot as the fair moonbeams might love to linger near. But catch one evil glance from the fierce eyes of that tyrant master—meet but once the terrified gaze of his unhappy slaves—and you wonder that ever ray from heaven could look in all its purity upon a scene whose seeming fairness does but hide such hideous truths.

For some time Kyamil Bey watched the dancing girls, as they wearied themselves in efforts to please him, with more than his usual listlessness, and gradually an expression of profound lassitude and ennui clouded his fine features; he frowned repeatedly, and his frown had the singular effect of distorting his face in the most frightful manner. At last he started suddenly from his recumbent posture, and

flinging from his hand the costly narghilé which he held, the crystal bowl was broken into a thousand fragments. At this movement of impatience, the young negro slave fell down on his face, with his forehead in the dust, and the dancing girls, arrested suddenly in their graceful windings to and fro, remained, as though enchanted, in the attitudes they had involuntarily assumed, each face imprinted with the most humiliating terror. The Bey, sitting upright, now clapped his hands, and instantly gliding from amongst the trees, there appeared a gigantic negro, stealing along with a light noiseless tread, which contrasted strangely with his enormous size. As he approached, the Bey pointed to the ground, and the Nubian instantly crouched down at his feet ready to hear and to obey, whilst he lifted up to his master's face the small dark eyes, beneath whose heavy lids there lurked a latent fire.

"Fehim," said the Bey, "I am sick of this insipid life!—are my soldiers asleep that they bring me no more prisoners, no plunder, no slaves!"

"Highness! only yesterday they were out scouring the country, and they brought in some fifty or sixty pairs of ears."

"Bah! what child's play is this? Were there no heads?"

"But few, great master! I could scarce string them into a necklace for your humble slave," said the negro, with a horrible grin.

"Mashallah! these idle slaves will do no good till I ride with them myself; and this is not a time to let our hand lie lightly on these Ghiaour dogs. They say the rebel Ipsilanti has dared to land not far from hence. Fehim, I must find means to show these wily infidels that they shall not draw their necks from beneath my feet so easily."

"What say you to a Greek hunt, noble master," said the Nubian, laughing low. "It is long since your Highness has been at the chase."

"True! and by the beard of my father it is good sport; but I have hunted over these provinces so often, that now the lazy rebels will not run; they lie down beneath the horses' feet at once; it is wearisome to slaughter them without a chase."

"But if your Highness would condescend to ride towards the mountains, we might have noble sport. I know a

certain village, where they scarcely know the taste of Turkish steel."

"Good! good! we should find them fresh and full of fire then: I long for some such sport. Fehim, let all be ready for a distant hunt at break of day; you shall guide us to the spot, and I myself will start the game."

The negro slaver rose up, laid his hand on his head, and retired backwards from the presence of his master. At a sign from the Bey, the young slaves resumed their dance, and their songs re-echoed through the vast garden as before.

It was the feast of St. Nicholas, and the good people of Vervena were astir, before daybreak, to do him all due honour. These holidays, which are preposterously numerous, are one great drawback to the agricultural improvement of Greece, as they accumulate just at the season when the land requires cultivation, and are most scrupulously observed. Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the scene which a rural village presents on one of these fête days. Scattered all over the country are vast numbers of what are called "rock chapels;" that is, little lonely churches built in the rock, generally in the mouth of a cavern, in some wild inaccessible cavern, which are entirely deserted throughout the whole year, except on the fête of the saint to whom it is dedicated, when the whole population of the neighbourhood makes a pilgrimage to the foot, in order to light the lamp, and hear the service for the day performed.

Most of these churches are extremely ancient, and it is no uncommon thing to be able to trace out on their venerable walls much of the eventful history of their country. There is one not far from Athens, which has for its altar-stone a block of marble that once had formed part of a heathen temple, and which retains a very legible description, dedicating the sacred building to Plato, and the infernal gods. The antiquity of the church itself next testifies to the early introduction of Christianity into the country, whilst the usurpation of the unbelieving Moslem may equally be distinguished in the scrupulous care with which the picture of every saint has been blinded; and now again, the steady flame of the lamp that burns, duly tended, before the altar, proclaims the restoration of

the country to her faith and liberty. The quaint little church of St. Nicholas, perched on a rocky cliff at no great distance from Vervena, is one of the most ancient, as well as picturesque, of these romantic chapels; and thither, with the first dawn of light, the pious villagers repaired, carrying with them their provisions for the day, and even their little infants, slung in baskets on the backs of their asses. They were as gay and glad some a troop as ever made merry with a summer's morning, and singularly picturesque was the procession they formed, as, decked out in their gayest costumes, they moved along among the rocks and trees. The women rode on asses, headed by old Pepina, who was always sure to be foremost; and the men—hardy and light-footed—clambered gaily up the hill, leaping, wrestling with one another, and, above all, singing at the very top of their voices. One of the tallest and most active of the young men, however, remained pertinaciously by the side of a little mule, on whose back sat a dark-eyed Mainote, with a sunny smile and a gay young face, and very merrily they laughed and talked together; for Spiro and Xanthi had made the discovery, during their short acquaintanceship, that Maroula had displayed the most wonderful wisdom in marrying them to one another. The old priest had preceded his parishioners the evening before, and had passed the night in the church, that all might be ready when his flock should arrive. Nor had he been idle; the lamps were all lit, the incense smoking, and he himself sat—a singularly picturesque object—on a great marble stone at the door, encouraging the peasants with voice and gesture as they climbed the steep ascent. Had the dim eyes of the good old Papas been in a condition to decipher the writing traced by a hand that had lain in the dust for centuries unnumbered, he might have read the inscription carved on the block on which he sat, which would have told him that this was the grave of Regilla, the wife of Herodius Atticus, and menacing, with terrible threats, any who should dare to disturb her crumbling bones; but Papa Georgy had enough to do to read his "Pater imon," and he gave no heed to the warning.

As soon as his children, as he called them (including Pepina), had gathered

round him, he proceeded with the service of the day, and the wild, peculiar music of the old Greek chants resounded once again among these desert rocks. As soon as the prayers were over, carpets were spread round the fountain of fresh pure water, which is invariably found near every church, and the merry groups sat down to their dinner of olives and coarse brown bread, reserving the shadiest seat and the ripest fruit for their good Papas. When their repast was over, they amused themselves for a time rambling over the rocks, gathering the berries of the wild arbutus and the mountain grape; till, at a signal from the priest, who saw that the day was waning, they prepared to redescend to their village before the night closed in. Hastily bundling up their goods, they started on their homeward path, with many a song, and shout of glee, when some wily donkey, with one scientific caper, tumbled its burthen into the dust, especially if the rider were old Pepina, which almost invariably happened; for, notwithstanding she set off bravely, holding on by her charger's ears, she somehow managed to perform most of the descent on her hands and knees.

Thus singing and dancing, tossing their red caps in the air, and waking up the long-slumbering echoes with their joyous voices, the peasant troop had already descended from the cliff, and proceeded in all safety to traverse the flat table-land on which their village stood. But it suffices of one single moment, when it springs from the infinite, freighted by destiny, to change the voice of gladness for the shriek of terror, the tranquil happiness for deepest misery, and the dream-haunted slumber for the cold lethargy of death!

Suddenly, from that gay, peaceful band, there rises one spontaneous cry—

"The Turks! the Turks!—amaun! amaun!"

It was no false alarm. Sweeping on towards them, with their sabres glittering in the sun, appears a warlike troop of stately Moslems. Side by side with the Bey of Corinth, rides the terrible negro, Fehim, mounted on one of the horses of Arnaut, so famed for their size and strength, and holding in leash a number of those fierce Macedonian hounds, whose incredible swiftness and courage, and savage fury when provoked, render them a dangerous and deadly foe to man. It may

seem, that thus to describe a "Greek hunt," or even to give so horrible a title to the causeless and needless massacre it is intended to express, can only be an unwarrantable exaggeration, or a most unnecessary attempt to render still more striking the miseries endured by the Hellenic people under the Moslem rule. But such is by no means the case; the name is not an invention, but was currently in use among the Turks, as defining most clearly an amusement to which they were greatly addicted, whether from motives of revenge at any symptom of rebellion, as in the present case, or from the mere craving for excitement and unnatural thirst for blood. It consisted simply in going up with their dogs and their horses to some quiet village, and giving chase to the wretched inhabitants as they fled before them, till they had fairly run them down, and could massacre them at their leisure. But, at least, we may hurry over the recital, for it can profit little that we should dwell on the details of a scene so revolting as to seem indeed but the production of a diseased imagination, if ever one single imagination could have conceived that human beings could be systematically hunted down by their own fellow-creatures.

Shrieking and imploring mercy, over the rocks the victims fled, whilst Kyamil Bey, his eye glaring with excitement, led on the terrible band that followed them, shouting in their unhallowed mirth. The women were for the most part torn down by the dogs, and speedily dispatched; the men afforded a more exciting sport, as, striving with their peculiar swiftness of foot to outstrip the horses that were thundering after them, they strained every nerve in one wild effort to escape—an effort perfectly unavailing, for, when they were not cut to pieces by the sword, the Moslems, all admirable marksmen, took aim at them with their long-tupheks, and brought them down at once. None escaped; for although some, favoured by the quickly deepening twilight, hid themselves amongst the rocks and bushes, their fate was perhaps still more terrible than that of the easier victims, who already lay stiff in their blood, beyond the power of man to make them suffer more—for, with the first dawn of light, they knew their enemies would be astir, to track out

with the bloodhounds every lingering victim, and even if by a miracle they escaped them, they must infallibly perish at last of hunger and thirst.

Amongst those who had thus concealed themselves were the young couple, who, but a few days before, had fancied they beheld the dawning of a long bright existence of love and joy for them. Spiro and Xanthi crouched down, trembling in every limb, beneath the wall of the Turkish Aga's tower, entirely concealed by the brushwood which grew around it—a position that for the moment had a certain degree of security, from its very proximity to the danger, as it was here that the Bey was to pass the

night when the chase was over, and his men could scarcely imagine that any one could have the temerity to approach a spot where, with the first dawn of light, they must inevitably be discovered. Clasped tightly in each other's arms, they sat for a long time, listening to their own throbbing pulses, and to the awful cries that were ringing through the olive grove, but these gradually ceased, as the darkness became complete; and the Turks, ready to resume their sport as soon as it was day, gathered together in front of the tower, which their master had already entered, and sat smoking and talking round the watch-fire.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.*

Two or three seasons ago, we were amused by some light sketches, done à la Boz, if not by the great master himself, the object of which was to classify the community according to the leading characteristics of its members. First came the Young Ladies, who were zoologically divided into a dozen orders, embracing with Cuvierian precision every known peculiarity of that very interesting species. Next, and most suitably, followed the Young Gentlemen, who were distributed also into classes, that omitted none whom we have either known or heard of. Lastly, and as a natural result, we had Young Couples, in which the idea was brought to its close, and the effect on both of the tendresse of matrimony attempted to be pourtrayed. We do not know that any classification has been made of travellers and their books; yet few things are easier than to characterize both parent and offspring. We could have the sentimental tourist, a poor revival of Sterne, with his copious interjections and strong predisposition to hysterics. Then, as a shifting of the characters, we might offer the élèves of Titmarsh's school, lively and mocking as

the others were saturnine and stupid. Next might come the historical traveller, and the poetical, and the political; and then we might introduce the man who rambles to spend his money; and he who rambles to make money; and, as belonging to either class, the man who illustrates himself, and the man who has his artist to illustrate for him.

If we are to find Dr. Mackay's place for him, we must range him among the poetical, or romantic, of our category; and by doing so, we admit that his book fulfils the promise of its title-page—to illustrate the "poetry" of the lakes in conjunction with their "scenery." For the latter he is dependent on the aid of others; but the higher purpose, of furnishing the literary associations of the district, has been well conceived and executed by himself, with no feeble hand. No ordinary reader needs now to learn how well the localities which our author visited, merit the title of classic ground. Consecrated as many of them have been hitherto by historical associations, arising from their vicinage to the Border, and haunted, therefore, by the wild legend or quaint old ballad,

* "The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes. A Summer Ramble." By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Longman and Co. 1846.

within our own day a deeper interest has been linked to each from the minstrelsy of Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, and Coleridge; and more especially of the first-named. With a purpose which through a long lifetime has never once flagged, the Laureate has devoted himself to the dear office of celebrating in song every memorable object in the region where he first drew breath, and where his years have passed from their prime of manhood to the withered hairs of age. We have our thousands of professed admirers of his poetry; but it is they alone who have become his reverential *students* that know how intimately connected with all the bard's inmost feelings are the humblest and least notable scenes of his beloved Westmoreland. The majority will call to mind his "Duddon" sonnets; his "Tintern Abbey;" his poems about the Yarrow river; and will have learned from these effusions how willingly Wordsworth's muse becomes "local" in its strains. But the poet's efforts cannot escape the ken of the more laborious investigator, to introduce in his verse all the remarkable objects around his home, and give them permanency by recording their names and associations. His diligence has been great, and has attained a corresponding success. With his poems in hand, the tourist may now traverse the fairest district of England; and find an interest poured over each retired mountain-pass, and solitary *tarn*, from their names being familiar to him as household words. His leading impression will be the delight of surprize at the minuteness of the poet's observation, extending as it does not only to the far-stretching landscape or castle-crested hill, but to the old memorable rocks and trees and waterfalls. We chiefly value Dr. Mackay's work, because in it he has undertaken to point out to his readers all such memorable localities. Avoiding the tiresome tameness of guide-book manufacturers, he has followed in the footsteps of the great poet, and has gleaned the romance of the lakes without inflicting on us empty laudations of their scenic attractions. His book in this way may be deemed a commentary on Wordsworth's poetry—or at least, on those numberless minor pieces, wherein allusions, express or implied, are

made to those scenes the poet loves so well to draw as an opening scene. Our readers will be interested with Dr. Mackay's account of his visit to Rydal Mount, and the more so because it is given without that hateful eaves-dropping so repulsive to every feeling of honour and propriety.

"I found the Bard of the 'Excursion' walking in his garden when I arrived at the Mount; and long and fervently did I admire the beauty of the scene from the lawn before his window, and the calm philosophy and true love of nature that had led him to make choice of such a place, and keep himself in such happy and such long seclusion from the busy world.

"The view of Windermere from his door was the finest I had yet seen; and at another part of his grounds, the view of Rydal water was combined with that of Windermere, forming, with Loughrigg in front, amid the encircling hills on every side, a landscape of extreme beauty. It is no part of the plan of this little book to record the conversation of Mr. Wordsworth during the two hours that I had the pleasure and advantage of his society. Interesting as the record might be, and often as the bad example has been set of repeating conversations never meant to be repeated, and of perpetuating in print the unstudied expressions of confidential intercourse, the practice is unwarrantable. When a great man has departed from amongst us; when there is no longer the possibility of hearing his voice in his own familiar haunts; and when every reminiscence, however trifling, becomes of value, these records of conversations are like so many treasures recovered from the yawning depths of oblivion; but in the life-time of a great man, publication is an offence against him, and against society. If he have been informed that his words are to be taken down, and that he is speaking to the public through the medium of his interlocutor, the case is different; but as neither Mr. Wordsworth nor myself had any such notion, our long conversation upon poets, poetry, criticism, hill-climbing, autograph-hunting, and various other matters must remain untold. An exception in the case of one portion of our talk may, however, be made with advantage, as it does honour to the illustrious dead, and is a topic of much interest to all students, and to all the drudges of literature. In speaking of the lamented Southey, whose name is so intimately associated with his own, and whose friendship and society he enjoyed for so many years, he dwelt with much

emphasis upon the long-continued and systematic economy of his time, by which he was enabled to vary his studies from history to philosophy, from philosophy to politics, from politics to poetry, and do more work in each than would have sufficed to make the reputation of half-a-dozen even of inferior attainments. At the period of his death, and indeed long before, it was the general opinion that he had tasked his brain too severely by study; that his intellect had become overclouded from excess of mental toil, and that he had laboured 'not wisely, but too well.' Mr. Wordsworth, however, upon my putting the question to him, denied that such was the case. Though Southey's labours were almost superhuman, and were varied in a wonderful manner, they seemed, he said, rather to refresh and strengthen, than to weary and weaken his mind. He fell a victim, not to literary toil, but to his strong affection for his first wife, which led him night after night, when his labours of the day were ended, to watch with sleepless anxiety over her sick-bed. The strongest mind, as he observed, will ultimately give way under the long-continued deprivation of the natural refreshment of the body. No brain can remain in permanent health that has been overtaken by nightly vigils, still more than by daily labour. When such vigils are accompanied by the perpetually-recurring pain of beholding the sufferings of a beloved object, and the as perpetually-recurring fear of losing it, they become doubly and trebly injurious; and the labour that must be done, becomes no longer the joy and the solace that it used to be. It is transformed from a pleasure into a pain, from a friend into an enemy, from a companion into a fearful monster, crying like the daughter of the horse-leech, 'give! give!' It is then that the fine and delicate machinery of the mind is deranged. It is then that it snaps; then that the 'sweet bells are jangled and out of tune;' that the light is extinguished, and the glory hidden under a cloud, that Eternity may lift, but not Time. Such, it appears, was the case with the amiable Robert Southey; the grand, if not the great poet; the accomplished scholar, and the estimable man in every relation of life. So was it, also, in the more recent fate of the equally amiable and estimable Laman Blanchard, whose sad story I recalled to Mr. Wordsworth's recollection, as a parallel case. To the free mind, untouched by domestic grief, literary toil, however great, is scarcely a burden; but when one engrossing sorrow comes, and the brain must work in spite of it, the conflict begins, in which sorrow not only gains the mastery, but destroys

the battlefield, and blasts its fruits in this life, for ever."

We have no intention to "do" the topography of the district for our readers; but having thus introduced our author and his volume, we shall so far lend our assistance as to mention that Lancaster is the usual starting-place—that thence the visitor has a choice of two routes to Windermere—the first and more direct one by Kendal and Ambleside, and the other across the Ulverstone Sands by Furness. Dr. Mackay chose the former, the easier of the two: we deem the latter a nobler approach to the lakes, for the reason that the wildness and stern sublimity of the sea-shore lend their aid, if only by force of contrast, and form what Wordsworth himself calls "a majestic barrier" round the region. Following, however, our author, we may passingly mention that a railroad is in contemplation, if not by this time in actual progress between Kendal and Windermere, against which Wordsworth has entered his poetical protest; and that the calm bosom of that loveliest loch is ruffled continually by the plashings of the *Lady of the Lake's* paddles. Whither will not steam henceforth come? From Ambleside, where the traveller can leave the Kendal coach, and perhaps best fix his own head-quarters, a short walk leads to Grasmere; the beauties of which are fully appreciated by our enthusiastic author. With high dreams of poetry and the poets weaving their mystic spell around him, he for the first time beholds this placid mere:—

"In the midst of thoughts something like these, I arrived at Grasmere, with its green and solitary, but beautiful island in the middle; and began to conjure up recollections of a certain Wishing-gate, which poets had sung of. Lovely is the vale of Grasmere: worthy is it of all its renown; and holy will it ever be in the lays of the bards who have delighted to sing of it, and in the recollections of those who love the bards. The lake is of an oval shape, about a mile in length, and something less than half-a-mile in breadth. It is completely surrounded by mountains, the chief of which are Silver How, Butterlip How, Seat Sandal, and Helm Crag—the latter [last?] famous for the rugged stones on its top, which bear a fantastic resemblance to an 'aged woman,' or, as some say, to a 'lion couchant,' and, as others say, to a 'lion and a lamb.' At the further extremity is seen the road to Keswick, stretching high above the

bare hills, and called the Raise Gap. Most of these hills are mentioned in Mr. Wordsworth's exquisite verses on the 'Naming of Places,' in the poem entitled 'Joanna.'

" 'When I had gazed, perhaps two minutes' space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something startling from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again.
That ancient woman, seated on Helm Crag,
Was ready with her cavern. Hammar Scar,
And the tall steep of Silver How, sent forth
A noise of laughter; Southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone.'

"A portentous laugh for a lady, but, nevertheless, very beautiful to read of. The descent from Langdale into the Vale of Grasmere has been described very accurately by Mr. Wordsworth in another poem; and Professor Wilson, in his 'City of the Plague,' has also described the Church of Grasmere and the surrounding scenery. The laureate says, with all the graces of poetry, and with much truth of description:—

" 'So we descend, and, winding round a rock,
Attained a point that showed the valley,
stretched
In length before us, and not distant far,
Upon a rising ground, a grey church tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,
And towards a crystal mere, that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
A copious stream, with boldly-winding course,
Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared
Fair dwellings, single or in social knots,
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hill-side; a cheerful, quiet scene,
Now in its morning parity arrayed.'

"Professor Wilson's daguerreotype is slightly different:—

" 'There is a little churchyard on the side
Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grasmere lake.
Most beautiful it is—a vernal spot,
Enclosed with wooded rocks, where a few graves
Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm:—
Go thither when you will, and that sweet spot
Is bright with sunshine.'

"The latter part of this description must, of course, in such a climate as that of England, be taken as a mere poetical heightening of the effect which the writer intended to produce, but not strictly true. On my visit, however, it tallied remarkably well, for the sunlight streamed over the simple and beautiful church-tower, and lighted up the whole surface of the lake in a blaze of glory. . . . The church of Grasmere is dedicated to St. Oswald, and has been very celebrated, not only for the beauty of its position, and its neighbourhood, but for the annual celebration of the ceremony of rush-bearing. This ceremony has

long been known in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, and even further north. St. Oswald's Day is on the Sunday nearest to the first of August, and upon this day the rush-bearing, as I am informed, annually takes place in Grasmere, and I believe in Ambleside and other places. Anciently, when the floors of churches in England were neither paved nor boarded, rushes were indispensable articles of comfort to church-going people; but with the progress of elegance in architecture, it became rare to find unpaved churches, and the ceremony of strewing the rushes fell, consequently, into disuse. . . . The rush-bearing at Grasmere generally takes place in the evening, when the children of the village, chiefly girls, parade through the street to the church, preceded by a band of music, bearing garlands of wild flowers, as well as bundles of rushes; the latter of which they deposit on the altar, or strew about the floor of the church."

By sojourning at Ambleside, the tourist finds himself placed within easy distance of all the chief attractions of Westmoreland. Three excursions are generally made hence, which, diverging into separate routes, bring before the visitor their peculiar assemblages of interesting objects. The first is to the vales of Great and Little Langdale; the second, to Patterdale and Ulleswater; and the third, to Ulverstone and Furness Abbey. In Lesser Langdale is Blea Tarn, whose lonely site is painted in the "Excursion" with minute faithfulness:—

"A little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been from oldest time, by wish of theirs,
So placed, to be shut out from all the world.
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn,
With rocks encompassed."

And in its immediate vicinity is Dungeon Ghyll Force,* the scene of one of Wordsworth's very earliest poems, "The Idle Shepherd Boys." The stream producing the cascade takes its rise in the south-east side of the Langdale hills (or "Pikes," in the local dialect), and is precipitated from a perpendicular mountain chasm of eighty feet high, over which a gigantic rock having fallen, makes a natural bridge. This the poet alludes to:—

* It is hardly necessary to add, for our readers' information, that *Force*, in the vernacular of the lake district, means, "waterfall," and *Ghyll* (not *Gill*, as written by our author) a valley with a stream running through it.

"It is a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall."

Ulleswater is the second lake in the scale of importance, being one mile shorter than Windermere. It, however, yields nothing in point of beauty. "Nothing in Windermere," writes Dr. Mackay, "lovely as that lake is, exceeds in beauty the scenery of mountain and water, which is here spread in rich profusion before the eyes of the lover of nature. There are several small islands at the head of the lake, between the two places above mentioned (Patterdale and Lulph's Tower); and a sail amongst them, on a clear summer's day, with a mind free from care, and an imagination watchful for every beauty that may be offered to it, is recompense for a month's toil and trouble to procure it." Its depth is very great, averaging thirty fathoms, and this body of water is constantly maintained by numerous streamlets bursting forth from the rugged sides of Helvellyn. Some of these rivulets become dry during the heats of summer; but on heavy falls of rain, they spring forth afresh, and renew their tributary offerings to the graces of Ulleswater.

Helvellyn is generally ascended from the Patterdale side. Our author, notwithstanding his anxiety to be enrolled among the successful pedestrians who have scaled its summit, was unfortunate in the weather; and wisely forbore making an attempt, which must have been unprofitable, if not even hazardous:—

"I had a great desire to ascend Helvellyn. The mountain was sacred to my recollections of Coleridge, with whose name and genius I had somehow or other cause to associate it—principally, I believe, from that beautiful little fragment of his, entitled 'The Knight's Tomb,' at least I have been unable to discover any other reason for it. Its melody had long haunted me, and I had unconsciously repeated it to myself, I knew not how many times, as soon as I found myself within sight of the mountain.

* Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?

By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone—and the birch in its stead is grown.
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust."*

"The morning I had set apart for the purpose, dawned dull and misty; but as the day wore on, I still indulged the hope of sufficient sunshine to make the attempt. My hopes were disappointed; and I was not so enthusiastic in my love for the mountain, as to scale its heights amid the clouds of vapour that obscured all surrounding objects; the more especially, as my recent experiences in hill-climbing had given me but small encouragement for mountain rambles amid mist and rain. I was therefore obliged to relinquish the idea, and to give the following account of the mountain from such sources of information as books afforded me. According to the ordnance survey, Helvellyn is 3055 feet above the level of the sea; and from its summit, extensive views are obtained of the most beautiful portions of the lake district. The ascent is sometimes made from the opposite side, at Wythburn, on the road from Ambleside to Keswick, the distance being much less from that point than from other places; but travellers who like the assistance of horses or ponies for the first half of the work, prefer to start from Patterdale. . . . Some persons are bold enough, in making the ascent, to traverse the giddy and dangerous height of Striding Edge, but this road, says the Bard of the Lakes, 'ought not to be taken by any one with weak nerves,' as the top, in many places, scarcely affords room to plant the foot, and is beset with awful precipices on either side. The place, he adds, derives a melancholy interest from the fate of a young man, a stranger, who perished in the spring of 1805, by falling down the rocks, in his attempt to cross over from Wythburn to Patterdale. His remains were not discovered, as we learn from an introduction to a poem by Sir Walter Scott, until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It appears from the same note, that the stranger, whose name was Gough, was a young gentleman of talent, and of a most amiable disposition. Both Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Wordsworth have written poems on the

* We transcribe the fragment as Coleridge wrote it, Dr. Mackay having misnamed the knight, and made some minor alterations in the verses; owing, no doubt, to his quoting from memory.

subject. Sir Walter's is entitled 'Helvellyn,' and is curious to the critic, as a specimen of bad verse upon a good subject, by the foremost man in literature of all his time. The first and last stanzas may suffice:—

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty
and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was
yelling,
And starting around me, the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was
bending,
And Catbedicarn its left verge was defending;
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascend-
ing,
Where I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

"But meetest for these, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head, like the meek mountain
lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff, huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake
lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catbedicarn."

"Mr. Wordsworth's poem is of a different character to [from?] this; and is too well known to need repetition, except, perhaps, for the sake of the contrast, for which the two following stanzas will suffice. It is entitled, 'FIDELITY':—

"A barking sound the shepherd hears—
A cry as of a dog or fox.
He halts: and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks.
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake or fern;
And instantly a dog is seen
Glancing through that covered green.

"Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

We must pass "unvisited" Ulverstone and Furness; and omitting all intervening places, we take up Dr. Mackay at Keswick. We give a long extract; but it comprises the most interesting passage in the book:—

"Keswick is a small neat town, close to the port of Derwentwater, and, next to Ambleside, is the most convenient starting point and home of the tourist who desires to view at his leisure the beauties of this beautiful land. The whole place now is, and ever will be, sacred to the memory of Robert Southey. It was, to use his own words, in an Epistle to Allan Cunningham—

"The dwelling-place
Where he had passed the whole mid-stage of life,
Not idly, certes—not unworthily."

And immediately on descending from the coach, my companion and myself, having seen our small luggage safely housed, and having inquired the way from our host of the Royal Oak, proceeded to view Greta Hall, where he had lived and died. The walk was not a long one. It led us through the High street of the town, and over the bridge of the Greta, a small stream, formed by the junction of two smaller streams, rejoicing in the sonorous names of the Glenderamaken and the Glenderaterra. The house, which we soon came in sight of, is named from the river, Greta Hall, and is situated on a gentle eminence, at a considerable distance from the road. The entrance is a rustic wicket gate, on opening which we found ourselves in a narrow avenue of trees, at the extremity of which we saw the house. We walked up to it leisurely, devising, as we went, how we should procure admission, and whether we should content ourselves with an outside view of a place so celebrated. On arriving at the door, we found neither bell nor knocker. Some of the shutters were shut, and all were newly painted; and on looking through one of the windows, we saw a newly painted and papered room without furniture, and as if it had been but a moment before evacuated by painters and carpenters. This gave us hope that we could procure admission without disturbing any one, or appearing guilty of intrusiveness or incivility, of which there would have been some risk if the house had been inhabited. As, however, we were not certain that there was any one inside, all our efforts to procure admission by knocking with our hands on the door and windows having failed, we walked through the garden at the back of the house, reflecting reverently that we stood on hallowed ground.

"The reflection was mournful. The garden was neglected; it showed that he, and she also—the amiable hostess who had loved to tend it, had departed. It was uncropped, and going into the rank luxuriance of weeds, and showed, at every turn, the want of the hand of its former mistress. In the midst of our stroll amid its deserted walks, we saw a workman, with a key in his hand, coming up the avenue; and, proceeding to meet him, we asked whether we could procure admission. He replied in the affirmative, and offered to conduct us over the house, which, he informed us, was to be let. As he seemed to think that we had come on business, and had a desire of looking at the house for the purpose of hiring it, we undecieved him

in this particular, and told him that curiosity alone, and respect for the memory of its late illustrious occupant, had induced us to trouble him. The man was intelligent, and very obliging; and though but a journeyman painter, seemed as fully impressed as we were, with the greatness of the claim that Robert Southey had upon the affectionate reverence of posterity. He told us that very many persons visited the house solely on this account, and that there was, he thought, scarcely a tourist to the Lake district, who did not make a point of coming into the garden at least—though most of them lacked courage to demand admission into the house. The garden, he said, had suffered severely, from the reverence of travellers—and the ladies, especially, carried away flowers, and leaves of shrubs, to preserve as mementos; so that he feared, if the house were not let, in a year or two there would not be a shrub or flower left. This worthy fellow led us over the building, which was large and commodious—showed us the kitchen, the wine-cellar, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the study; each of which recalled painfully to our minds—at least they did so to mine—the bodily absence of one whose spirit yet spoke to mankind, and exerted an influence upon their thoughts. The room that had been the library was especially painful to reflect upon. The marks on the walls, where the shelves had been fitted, were still uneffaced by the painter's brush; but the beloved books which it had been the pleasure of his life to collect, were all dispersed; and not one, or [nor?] a shred of one, was left behind, of the many thousands that had formerly made the spot a living temple of literature. It would have been worth preserving these for Keswick; and I thought, and still think, that if the town had been rich enough to make the purchase of the whole property, it would have conferred upon itself, not only honour, but advantage. We were afterwards led into several smaller apartments, and, among others, into a room of a very peculiar shape—a long, narrow parallelogram, with a door in one corner, and a solitary window looking into the garden at the other, and allowing, from the thickness of the foliage outside, but little light to penetrate into the interior. I asked for what purpose this room had been used, and was told that it had been a bed-room. 'He died there—exactly where you are standing,' said the painter. I felt my cheeks tingle as he spoke. I drew back, involuntarily, from the spot, with a feeling of awe; and as involuntarily—for I did not know or think at the time what I was doing—took off my hat. The painter, moved

by our example, took off his paper cap; and so we all stood for some minutes, with a reverence which I am quite sure was sincere on the part of myself and my friend, and which I verily believe, the painter, at the moment, felt as much as we did."

'Southey's life and labours form a chapter of English literature, which we hope yet to find worthily given us. Himself the able biographer of others, his memoirs will inherently possess a degree of interest hardly surpassed by those of Scott, and our fond desire would be, that they may fall into equally capable hands. The poet, historian, critic, will need not alone the appreciating friend, who can paint for us the less noticed phases of his soul; but the masterly genius who, from a fellowship in endowments, will be enabled to traverse the heights and depths through which his thoughts could wander. Comparatively easy it may be to trace his growth in mental stature, from the youthful errors of "Wat Tyler" and "Joan of Arc," to the grandeur of "Thalaba," or his fullness of strength in the "Curse of Kehama." But we shall require something more than the mere delineation of progress, and naturally ask "*how* these things were?" in the hope that some "alter ego" may be found to give an adequate reply. The mighty Master, who has so recently been taken from us, has left the impress of his genius on our country's literature, which, unlike himself, cannot pass away; and now we claim, in the discharge of a holy duty, the declaration of his intellectual history, that contemporaneous chroniclers can alone record. We have no fears but that it will be attempted; perhaps experience would suggest far different apprehensions, lest it be overdone. Silence about those who have occupied high positions in the public eye, is not usual, nor can it be accounted desirable; but the delicacy of reserve is not always shown in these things, and feelings of indignant sorrow we have often experienced in reading portions of biography that never should have been written. Letters and other transcripts of secret feeling, are unblushingly set forth by resurrectionist editors, who dare not employ similar treachery against their living acquaintance and things, which common charity, if not common propriety,

would have consigned to everlasting silence, are ransacked for the gratification of a morbid public appetite. Such revelations may, perhaps, be justifiable in the instance of a Byron, whose Letters and Journals were almost avowedly written for after-publication; but what had the world to do with the private epistles of a Nelson, that made known the Delilah of our Samson, and proved the demi-god a frail, sinful man? We trust Southey's friends will use their own discretion, and not sin against the Departed by violating the confidence his trusting heart placed in them. Not that one so unblamable in word and deed as he was, has need to shrink from the severest scrutiny, but that the "little tendernesses" of home and hearth should be held sacred, and being such, should be delicately handled, and distantly spoken about. The whole course of a biography may be gone through without infringing propriety, even as the most life-like statue can be raised without omitting the loosely-falling robes, that are as ornamental as they are necessary.

From Keswick we follow our author to Derwentwater and its poetising islets; thence to Lodore Waterfall and Borrodale, of whose yew-trees Wordsworth has largely written. We tread his footsteps to Egremont, famed for its castle, the horn of which none could sound, save the rightful owner—a circumstance, which detected in bygone days an usurping lord, as we find written by the same bard; on to St. Bees (founded in the seventh century by St. Bega, a holy lady of Ireland, the friend and contemporary of the great Columbanus), where is now a flourishing college for the education of ministers for the Church of England. Again, we proceed in his company, mentally, if not physically, to Buttermere: visit Scale Force and the Druids' Circle; at Cockermouth we call to mind that it is the Rydal poet's birthplace, and by a yet ten-

derer tie—the burial-place of his dead; we ascend Blencathra and Skiddaw, and at last pause with him at "bonnie Carlisle," the point of his exit, as Lancaster had been of his entrance upon his "summer ramble."

Carlisle affords a very readable concluding chapter, in which Dr. Mackay combines the poetical city of King Arthur and his Round-Table knights with the historical burgh of many a bloody feud, and toughly-fought siege. He quotes largely from the old Border ballads, in illustration of the former's knightly deeds, and describes at some length, the sufferings of the inhabitants during the wars of the Roses, and two centuries after, when the Young Chevalier made his impotent invasion of England, and the town was taken and retaken within six weeks. But here we pause, commending the book to the courteous consideration of our readers, and thanking the writer for his pleasing addition to our library. Once or twice we have detected him at war with the Queen's English, a fault we cannot pardon in any, whether friend or foe; nor let our author deem us fastidious, or that the imperfection is immaterial, for we can assure him neither is the case. The work is copiously illustrated, and the engravings are uniformly excellent; a few, however, have been "reduced" so much, that they lose considerably, as well in effect as in clearness, and are almost painful to the eye to contemplate. We would suggest to Dr. Mackay, in the event of a second edition being called for, that he remedy the foregoing blemishes, and make an addition of a travelling map, for the tourist's benefit. He will find also, that a little research will discover many more poetical illustrations; and that a further study of Wordsworth will enable him to identify several of the poet's less obvious local descriptions with localities, which are now, doubtless, familiar to his eye and memory.

* We do not allude to Sir Harris Nicholas' recent volumes, which we esteem an invaluable addition to our Naval History; but to the original publication of Lady Hamilton's letters.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

PART III.

Conference of the Marshals at Fontainebleau—Talleyrand opposes an abdication in favour of the King of Rome—Anxiety of Talleyrand—Interview of the Marshals with the Emperor Alexander—Talleyrand and Marshal MacDonald—Fall of Napoleon—Endeavours of Talleyrand to secure a liberal Constitution—His design frustrated—Senatus Consultum recalling the Bourbons—Talleyrand receives publicly the Count D'Artois on his entry into Paris—His address—Answer to it written by Talleyrand—Louis XVIII. at Compiègne—Interview with the Emperor Alexander—Talleyrand and Louis XVIII. at St. Omer—Hostility of the Royalists to Talleyrand—Talleyrand named Minister of Foreign Affairs—Benefits secured to France by his negotiations—Goes to the Congress of Vienna—Result of his negotiations there—Displeases the Emperor Alexander—Festivities at Vienna—Talleyrand's Letters to Louis XVIII.—Negotiations respecting Murat—Return of Napoleon from Elba—Attacks against Talleyrand for his public conduct—Defence set up for him—Talleyrand and Louis XVIII. at Mons after the battle of Waterloo—The Duke of Wellington's opinion of Talleyrand—Fouché and the Duke of Wellington—Opposition of the Emperor Alexander to Talleyrand—Cabinet formed by Talleyrand—M. Pasquier and Louis XVIII.—Talleyrand and M. Pasquier—Proclamation of Cambrai—Louvre stripped of its works of art—Remonstrances of Talleyrand—His retirement from office—His last interview with the king—Is named Grand Chamberlain—His account of his ceremonial duties—His speeches in the Chamber of Peers—Events preceding the revolution of July—Gambling on the Bourse—Day of the 29th July—He predicts the fall of the Bourbons—Louis Philippe hesitates to accept the crown—Consults Talleyrand—Decides to accept, and is proclaimed king.

THE first explicit declaration in favour of the Bourbons came from the Council General of the Seine. This was followed by addresses to the provisional government from all the constituted bodies, such as the Avocats, the Cour de Cassation, the Council of State, &c. In all these there were strong expressions hostile to Napoleon, and in some of them allusions, more or less direct, to the restoration of the ancient line of kings.

Notwithstanding these manifestations favourable to the project advocated by Talleyrand, the allied sovereigns had still a vague and undefined horror of the very name of Napoleon, nor did they venture to give that cordial co-operation to the party of the Restoration which might have been expected. Napoleon was still surrounded by 30,000 proved troops, including the celebrated Imperial Guard. Besides these, the corps commanded by Marmont and Mortier amounted to 20,000, making a total of 50,000 fighting men, enthusiastically devoted to their leader, and that leader incontestably the greatest captain of the age. Who could tell the effect of a levy *en masse*, and the insurrection of the Faubourgs? Besides, might not a junction be effected with Soult and Suchet in the south, and with the aid of Eugene Beauharnais in Italy, the re-appearance of the hero of Austerlitz, at the head of 180,000, was far from being impossible.

To parry such a project, emissaries were sent to tamper with the Imperial generals and the proclamations of the provisional government were scattered among the soldiers. In this state of things the Marshals held a conference at Fontainebleau, and some being influenced by a sincere opinion of the impossibility of effectual resistance, and others shaken in their fidelity by the emissaries of Talleyrand and the provisional government, it was resolved to endeavour to induce the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. It is well known that this step was taken. It was received by those who were then regarded as leading the public opinion differently. Talleyrand and his colleagues in the provisional government opposed it, favouring the restoration of the Bourbons, and Caulaincourt and the Marshals of the army advocated it with a regency under Maria Louisa. The Marshals, commissioned by Napoleon to notify his abdication to the allies, arrived in Paris in the midst of the greatest disquietude and apprehension, as well on the part of the population as on that of the allies themselves. People doubted the result. The sudden re-appearance of Napoleon was constantly feared by some and hoped by others. Those who had taken the part of the provisional government wavered. The salons of M. Talleyrand were comparatively deserted. The looks of the sovereigns and their generals were gloomy and serious, and

little calculated to reassure those who had hastily committed themselves to the Restoration.

The commissioners of the Emperor presented themselves to Alexander. He addressed this act of abdication to the allies, without alluding either to the senate or the legislative body, or to any of the constituted authorities. The anxiety of Talleyrand, who stood so deeply and irretrievably committed, during this interview, can easily be conceived. He intercepted the Marshals in the ante-room before they communicated with the Czar, and showed them how many persons would be compromised if they succeeded in their mission. "You will ruin," said he, "all those who have entered this salon. Remember that Louis XVIII. is a principle, and everything else is only an intrigue." He produced, however, no effect. The Marshals were faithful to their mission, and unanimous for a Regency.

It was one in the morning when the deputation was received by Alexander. Marshal M'Donald opened the conference. "We have full powers, so far as regards the army, the regency, and France," said he. "The Emperor Napoleon has expressly forbidden us to stipulate for himself personally." "That does not surprise me," replied Alexander, pensively, and with a countenance full of admiration for the fallen greatness alluded to. "Your majesty," continued M'Donald, "will not forget your old friendship for Napoleon. The military glory of France also merits some consideration. It would be baseness in us to abandon the race of him who has so often led us to victory. Your majesty will not forget the declaration of the allies, that they did not invade France with the intention of imposing a government upon her." Marshal Ney and M. Caulaincourt supported the proposals of M'Donald, and the latter especially availed himself of the confidence which he had formerly enjoyed with the Czar, to urge the interests of the family of Napoleon.

The eloquence and military frankness of the Marshals had shaken Alexander, who had besides a lingering spark of his old regard for Napoleon still unextinguished. Talleyrand had arranged that General Dessolle should take up the other side of the question. "Your majesty," said he,

"must consider how many persons, relying upon your word, have already been compromised in this matter. The pledge given by your majesty, to treat henceforward neither with Napoleon nor any of his family, has operated upon them, and governed their conduct. Your majesty ought to remember that the Regency will be only the reign of Napoleon continued." The embarrassment of the Czar was extreme, and he only escaped from it by the subterfuge, that he was not acting alone, and must consult the King of Prussia. He told the deputation that, in a few hours they should receive his answer.

The Marshals left the Czar, and waited in the antechamber, where they entered into a lively altercation with the supporters of the provisional government, accompanied by loud words; Talleyrand, who had remained with Alexander, came out and said—

"Messieurs, if you wish to dispute, pray descend to my apartment; you are in the antechamber of the Emperor of Russia."

"That will be useless," replied M'Donald; "my comrades and I are determined not to acknowledge the provisional government."

M. Talleyrand and other members of the provisional government then returned to Alexander, and resorted to every means of persuasion to decide him against the propositions of the deputation.

In fine, a reply was given, through Talleyrand, to the envoys of Napoleon, that nothing would be accepted by the allies but unconditional abdication, and the well-known treaty of Fontainebleau was signed on the 11th April by Marshal Ney and M. Caulaincourt on the part of Napoleon, and MM. de Metternich, Stadion, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh, on behalf of the allied powers. Napoleon thus became sovereign of Elba, whither he was accompanied by four hundred men of his guard.

In all the proceedings taken by Talleyrand to produce the recall of the Bourbons to the throne of France his great object was to couple their return with conditions which should secure to the nation a liberal constitution. Of this he never for a moment lost sight. In his negotiations with the allied sovereigns and their agents, in his discussions with the leading

members of the senate and legislative body, and in his correspondence with the Bourbons themselves, this was the prominent idea. The means by which he meant to secure the attainment of this object were, first, to render the return of the Bourbons the consequence not of any hereditary claim or right pre-existing, but of the free and spontaneous invitation of the French people, speaking through the constituted authorities, especially the senate and the legislative body; and secondly, that this invitation should be accompanied by the draft of a constitution prepared by the senate, and to be accepted by the sovereign thus called to the throne by the voice of the nation. This design was frustrated. So long as any doubt remained as to the fate of Napoleon and his family, all objection to Talleyrand's project was suppressed. But the moment the unconditional abdication of the Emperor was extorted, and the declaration of the allies against the succession of his family was promulgated, opposition to Talleyrand's plan of a constitution showed itself even in the provisional government itself. The Abbé de Montesquiou, one of the members of that government, declared against the principle of inviting Louis Stanislaus Xavier to the throne, and proposed that Louis XVIII. should be at once and unconditionally acknowledged as the legitimate King of France, as the successor of Louis XVII., whose right would thus be also implicitly admitted. In a word, the proposition of M. de Montesquiou tacitly effaced all that had been done in France since the fall of Louis XVI. It became evident, in the debates to which this proposition of the ultra-royalist party gave rise, that the complete realization of the design of Talleyrand was no longer to be hoped for. In this situation of affairs, Talleyrand saw that the best he could effect for the country was to make a compromise with the legitimist party, giving them his support; and obtaining from them in return such concessions in favour of popular rights as they could be induced to consent to. After much discussion, a *statutus conscriptum* was drawn up conjointly by Talleyrand and the Abbé de Montesquiou on the 6th April, and promulgated the next day, including the following heads:—

"1. The free invitation of the Bourbons to the throne of France, by the French people.

"2. The recognition of the ancient noblesse, and the continuance of the imperial noblesse.

"3. The maintenance of the Legion of Honour.

"4. King, senate, legislative body, to concur in making laws.

"5. Legislative body to be elective, to have freedom of discussion, and public debates.

"6. Taxes to be equitable, and granted only for a year.

"7. Independence of the Tribunals.

"8. Military ranks, honours, and pensions to be preserved.

"9. Freedom of conscience and liberty of the press."

The king was to be proclaimed as soon as he should have sworn to and signed a constitution conformable to this programme.

Between the date of the publication of this act of the senate, and the entry of the Count D'Artois into Paris—an interval of less than a week, much dispute prevailed, and many bitter sarcasms were interchanged, between the royalists, imperialists, and republicans. Nothing but the greatest caution and prudence on the part of M. Talleyrand could have prevented a fatal collision of parties, which would either have compromised the cause of the Restoration, or utterly destroyed all hopes of obtaining any form of constitutional government. The Count D'Artois, when he entered France, assumed the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. This title the Senate refused to acknowledge; and when his intended entrance into Paris was announced, the Senators refused to meet him, or accompany him to the palace.

The provisional government, with Talleyrand at its head, however, met his Royal Highness at the Barrier, where Talleyrand addressed him in these words:—"Monseigneur, our felicity will be perfect, if your Royal Highness will accept, with that divine goodness which distinguishes your august house, the homage of our devotion." The prince, not possessed of presence of mind or command of language, stammered out some incoherent and unintelligible reply; but in the course of the evening the following answer was written for him by Talleyrand, and, with his consent and ap-

probation inserted in the *Moniteur* of the following day:—"Messieurs, members of the provisional government, I thank you for all the good that you have done for our country. Let there be no longer any division among us. Let peace and France be the cry. I revisit my country, and find nothing changed by my presence, except that there is one Frenchman more."

Talleyrand observing the injurious appearances produced by the marked absence of the senators from these ceremonies, endeavoured to impress on the Count D'Artois the importance of his coming to a good understanding with them. After much negotiation it was at length arranged, that the Senate—rejecting as it did the right of the prince to the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, by the appointment of his brother, who had not yet himself had an opportunity of complying with the conditions on which the throne was offered to him—should itself nominate the Count D'Artois to the Lieutenant-Generalship. This was accordingly done, and a deputation from the Senate was afterwards presented to the prince by M. Talleyrand, who read an address on the occasion.

The answer to this address, as usual, was prepared by Talleyrand, and read as follows by the Count D'Artois:—"I thank you, in the name of the king, my brother, for the share you have taken in the return of our legitimate sovereign, and for having thus ensured the happiness of France, for which the king and his family are ready to shed their blood. We must have henceforward but one thought. The past must be forgotten. We must be for the future united as brothers. While I hold in my hands the government, which I trust will not be a long period, I will use all the means in my power to promote the public good."

The Count D'Artois was now at the head of the government.

In the interval between the nomination of the Count D'Artois to the Lieutenant-Generalship of the kingdom by the Senate, and the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Compiègne, Talleyrand saw all the difficulty he still had to encounter in order to secure to the French nation a free constitution under the restored dynasty. The ultra-Royalists had become more bold, and the doctrines of Divine Right, Monarchy by the grace of God, and the continuous reigns of

Louis XVII. and Louis XVIII., notwithstanding the events of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, were boldly and loudly proclaimed. The Count D'Artois was careful not even, indirectly or incidentally, to say or do any thing which could compromise these principles, and Talleyrand did not press the prince on these points, prudently awaiting the arrival of the recalled sovereign, with whom he never ceased to correspond, from whom he had directly received full powers, and of whose more enlightened understanding and more liberal dispositions he was cognizant.

In fine, Louis arrived at Compiègne. Talleyrand, well aware of the sinister influence likely to be exercised on him by the ultra-Legitimist party, and the emigrants, whose devotion to the doctrines of the old monarchy neither exile nor misfortune had shaken, had so managed that the Emperor Alexander, persuaded that he had pledged himself publicly that the French people should have free institutions, went to Compiègne, where he had a long personal conference with the King, in which he is reported to have said to him—"I have promised to France in your Majesty's name a free constitution. There must be two Chambers, and a free press. I intend to grant the same institutions myself to Poland. Your Majesty's enlightened understanding assures me that you will make this concession."

The principles of the constitution were then settled by the two sovereigns, and it was agreed that they should be incorporated in a charter to be granted by Louis XVIII. to the French people. It is but justice to the memory of Talleyrand to record, that he struggled to the last against this mode of accomplishing the object. He persisted with more than customary pertinacity in the idea that the constitution ought to emanate from the nation, and be accepted by the King, instead of emanating from the King, and being accepted by the nation. He argued that even prudence would dictate such a course, since it would give a more secure guarantee for the future. The King, however, opposed this with an obstinacy to be ascribed more to the prejudices of his education, and the counsels of those around him, than to the unbiassed ex-

ercise of his judgment. When pressed by Talleyrand, who demonstrated the advantages which would attend the simple acceptance of the constitution proposed by the Senate, the King, unable to refute his arguments, yet determined not to yield, said—"Si j'acceptais cette constitution, vous seriez assis, M. de Talleyrand et je serais debout."

No fitting occasion was, however, omitted by Talleyrand to remind the King of the condition of his restoration. Thus, when the Senate were received at St. Omer, before the public entry of Louis into Paris, Talleyrand, as president, addressed him as follows: "Sire.—The return of your Majesty restores to France its natural government, and gives all the necessary securities for the repose of the country, and the tranquillity of Europe. The Senate, profoundly moved, happy to mingle its sentiments with those of the French people, comes to lay at the foot of the throne the testimony of its love and respect. A constitutional charter will re-unite all interests to those of the throne, and will strengthen the highest power by the concurrence of all inferior powers. You, Sire, know still better than we, that liberal institutions, so well tested with a neighbouring people, give to sovereigns who are friends of the laws and fathers of their people, support, and not obstruction. Yes, Sire, the nation and the Senate, filled with confidence in the wisdom and magnanimity of your Majesty, desire, as you do, that France shall be free, in order that her sovereign may be powerful."

Louis XVIII. was at length re-seated on the throne of his ancestors. He was no sooner there than, surrounded by the intrigues of the incurable coterie of Royalists who were countenanced and urged on by his brother, the Count D'Artois, he was impelled, by every persuasion and suggestion, to adopt a policy of re-action, in which the most conspicuous absurdity would have been an utter oblivion of the history of Europe from 1792 to 1814, and the most revolting baseness, the utter desertion and rejection of those by whose ability he recovered his crown. These intrigues were, at least in part, frustrated by the combined efforts of Mons. de Talleyrand and de Blacas.

The ultra-Royalists would gladly

have rid the court of M. de Talleyrand, when the restoration had once been accomplished by the aid of his great abilities. The Emperor Alexander foresaw and feared these tendencies. The eminent services of Talleyrand were, however, too conspicuous to render his exclusion from the first cabinet of the restoration expedient, or even safe. Such an act of base ingratitude would not only have given disgust in France, but even to the allied courts themselves. Yet it must be admitted, that notwithstanding all that the King owed him, Louis XVIII. did not regard him with a friendly eye. Having no confidence in his integrity, he could not forget the share he had in the Revolution. The official decision which characterised the manners of Talleyrand—those forms by which he was able to impose his opinion, rather than tender his advice, notwithstanding the elegance and refinement with which all this was covered, displeased the King, who desired to have at least the semblance of acting for himself. At length, however, and not without much reluctance and some hesitation, the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs, always esteemed the highest in the cabinet of the Tuilleries, was offered by Louis to Talleyrand, and accepted.

Besides the advantages secured to the French nation by the charter, the country owes to Talleyrand important benefits obtained in the negotiations carried on soon afterwards for the territorial arrangement of France. The great powers, after the defeat of the French at Champanbert, Chateau-Thierry, Montmirail, and Montereau, refused to treat with Napoleon on any other basis than that of the ancient limits of the kingdom, that is to say, those of 1792. They now declined to negotiate on any other terms. Nevertheless, Talleyrand obtained from them the preservation of Avignon, and the *Comtat Venaissin*, the county of Montbelliard, the department of Mont Blanc, composed of a part of the Savoy, and considerable annexations to departments of the Ain, the Lower Rhine, the Ardennes, and the Moselle. He also induced them to respect those monuments of the arts which were the fruits of the latest victories of the French arms. He may be fairly admitted to have effected

an able and advantageous arrangement, when it is considered, that while peace was established in Europe, the territory of France was evacuated by the invading armies, and her independence secured; the partisans of the Bourbons saw their monarchy re-established, the defenders of the Empire saw their interests preserved, and their rights respected, and the party of the Revolution saw its chief results maintained, and its principles acknowledged. Such were the results of the negotiations of M. Talleyrand at Paris.

After he had been nominated to the ministry of Foreign Affairs, he went in person, as plenipotentiary of France, to the congress of Vienna, where the territorial arrangement of the remainder of Europe was to be decided on. Arrived there later than the representatives of the other powers, he found the congress about to pronounce on the general distribution of territory, and to appropriate, at their pleasure, the spoils of the Empire, without reference either to the wishes or the interests of France. The representative of a conquered state, and a feeble government, he was not in a condition favorable to the exercise of any influence which could disturb the unanimity of the great powers, or gain for his country that position and consideration of which her disasters had deprived her. The strength which he did not derive from his government, he nevertheless drew from his own eminent abilities, and the vast resources of his clear understanding.

Like all expert diplomatists, he varied his means with the circumstances in which he found himself placed, and the parties with whom he was to negotiate. The reign of force had now ceased; the abuses of conquest brought that term into disrepute. Reason, justice, principle, were the leading ideas. Talleyrand, therefore, presented himself to the Congress, prepared to extort from it the admission of a broad principle, which he depended on his own ability to render fertile of after-consequences beneficial to France. This principle was that of legitimacy as opposed to conquest. He insisted on the acknowledgment of all those rights which sprang out of the past, in opposition to claims founded exclusively on vic-

tory. The partition of territory he contended must be effected on this principle, and not on the mere power of armies.

When he arrived, four European powers only were represented in the Congress—Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England. He succeeded in augmenting the number by the addition of France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden, thus diminishing the preponderance of the great powers by the counterpoise of several lesser states. He found that several important territorial arrangements were on the point of being adopted at the moment he joined the Congress. Thus it was agreed to recognise Germany as an independent federative body, to restore to Switzerland its ancient form, and acknowledge its independence. Belgium, united with Holland, was to be erected into the kingdom of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Orange; Austria was to have Northern Italy, and to extend her influence over the central Italian states, in the persons of her archdukes, and archduchesses; Sardinia was to receive Genoa; Sweden was to get Norway, and England to retain those maritime places in different parts of the globe which best accorded with her commercial and national interests.

The questions respecting Saxony and the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, were still undecided. Prussia, which had gained accessions on both banks of the Rhine, claimed the former, and Russia, which had constantly been extending her territory during the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, demanded the latter, the population of which amounted to four millions, which the Czar designed to erect into the kingdom of Poland, with an independent constitution. Austria, without hesitation, had surrendered Poland, but had scruples about Saxony, while England, willingly enough, abandoned Saxony, but objected to the aggrandisement of Russia at the expense of Poland.

Talleyrand, seeing this state of things on his arrival at Vienna, soon succeeded, by adroit suggestions, in converting what were as yet only hesitations on the part of England and Austria into positive refusals, and out of those refusals arose dissensions

between the great powers, which were combined only by fear, while, in reality, they were opposed by interest. Appealing to the principle of legitimacy, he sought to re-establish Ferdinand I. on the throne of Naples, and to protect the territory of the King of Saxony, the only German Prince who, being strengthened by Napoleon, had remained faithful to France, and who, moreover, was related, by the ties of blood, to the House of Bourbon. M. Talleyrand declared that he could never consent that the King of Saxony should be stripped of all his states by Prussia; and that Russia, by gaining the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, should push her frontiers to the Oder, and thus menace, by her preponderance, the rest of Europe. The Emperor Alexander vainly endeavoured to bring him over to his own views, by calling to his recollection all that he, the Czar, had accomplished for France by his influence over Louis XVIII., and by threatening him with what he might still be enabled to accomplish. Finding him, however, immovable, the emperor observed, with some petulance, "Talleyrand is playing here the minister of Louis XIV."

In fine, the influence exercised by Talleyrand was such, that Prussia, at length, in order to gain Saxony, offered to cede to Saxony all the territory lying between the Sarre, the Meuse, the Moselle, and the left bank of the Rhine, which was to have been given her as a compensation, but which pushed her frontiers, in that direction, too far from her centre. M. de Talleyrand, however, declined to accept this proposition, preferring to maintain the King of Saxony with a diminished territory, to establish him on the left bank of the Rhine. This has been considered as a serious error on the part of the great diplomatist. While the King of the Netherlands held Belgium, Bavaria, Spandau, the Germanic Confederation, Mayence, and Luxembourg, it is contended that it would have been more prudent to place between the Sarre and the Rhine, at a few days' march from Paris, a small state than a great one—a sovereign inoffensive from his weakness, than a power of the first order. Would it not have been wiser, it has been asked, to have thrown Prussia on the flanks of Bohemia, than upon the frontier of France? Would it

not have been better to have created more rivalry between that power and Austria, by multiplying their points of contact in Germany, and by removing her further from France, to have afforded increased facilities for a future alliance.

To all this, it is answered, however, that Talleyrand really effected more by the course of negotiation which he pursued. He succeeded, as is admitted, in sowing division between the allied powers, and brought Austria and England to the joint determination to repulse the pretensions of Russia and Prussia, even by force of arms, if that extreme measure should be necessary. He signed, with Lord Castlereagh on the part of England, and Prince Metternich on the part of Austria, on the 5th January, 1815, a secret treaty of alliance, in which the eventuality of a war with the other powers was contemplated, and he had obliged, by his pertinacity, Prussia to limit her claims to a third of Saxony, and Russia to give up a part of the grand duchy of Warsaw.

The policy of M. Talleyrand was, by establishing an alliance within an alliance, to separate permanently Austria and England from Russia and Prussia, and to restore to France her political importance, by augmenting her influence in proportion as he succeeded in breaking up the coalition of the four great powers. He was on the point of accomplishing this, when all his projects were scattered to the wind, and Europe, filled with amazement and alarm by the arrival of the intelligence of the landing of Napoleon at Frejus, and his rapid march on the French capital. The moment this was announced in Vienna, the sovereigns and their representatives assembled; all division disappeared, absolute unanimity was restored, and Napoleon was denounced as under the ban of all Europe.

The session of the Congress was a period of universal festivity at Vienna. Scenes of such magnificence and splendour had never before been witnessed in the capital of the Germanic empire. The theatrical performances, the masked balls, at which crowned heads mingled indiscriminately with the crowd—laying aside for a moment the ceremonial restraints which separate sovereigns from the herd of mankind—the singularity of the costumes, and

the variety of manners, created at Vienna a species of enchantment. It was on this occasion that the Prince de Ligne uttered the well known *mot*—"the Congress dances but doesn't walk." During these festivities, Talleyrand maintained a constant correspondence with Louis XVIII., and often gratified the love of anecdote and personal gossip which distinguished that monarch, by passing before him in review, all the political personages who figured in these scenes, and narrating the gallantries of the masked balls. In one of these secret despatches, designed only for the royal eye, the diplomat describes, with infinite humour, the mysticism of the Emperor Alexander on his knees in the cabinet of Madame Krudener, the *bonnes fortunes* of M. Metternich, and the amours of Lord Castlereagh. At one of the most brilliant of these balls, he describes the King of Prussia allured from room to room by a black domino; the Emperor of Austria in an Hungarian costume, with a flowing peltisse; King Maximilian of Bavaria in the uniform of a colonel, which he wore with distinction in the service of Napoleon. The colossal figure of the King of Wurtemberg was ill-disguised in a domino resplendant with gold; his Majesty was flirting with the Duchess of Oldenberg, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, who was disguised as a grisette. The King of Denmark and Prince Metternich chatted in the embrasure of a window, wrapped in magnificent dominos. But it was Eugene Beauharnois that more especially fixed Talleyrand's attention, who employed special agents to watch and report his movements. The earnest and frequent conferences during the evening, between him and the Emperor Alexander, were a source of lively disquietude to the plenipotentiary of Louis, and were duly reported by him to his sovereign.

Talleyrand said nothing about his own costume on these occasions, which drew from Louis XVIII., the sarcasm—"M. de Talleyrand n'a oublié qu'une seule chose, c'est de nous faire savoir quel était son costume à lui, car il en a de rechange."*

Murat had still contrived to occupy the throne of Naples, and, in fact, had

representatives at the Congress. Talleyrand directed all the efforts of his genius to bring the allied sovereigns to a determination to restore the Bourbon family, and depose the brother-in-law of Napoleon. With this view, he had a long secret conference with the Emperor Alexander, which, though long denied, has now ceased to be disputed. In this conversation, Talleyrand earnestly entreated the Czar to consent to a declaration against Murat, promising him in return to withdraw all opposition to his views upon the grand duchy of Warsaw. The Emperor, at last, was induced to give a sort of general compliance. Armed with this, Talleyrand next made overtures to Prince Metternich, but was immediately met by the answer, that the Emperor of Austria was already connected with Murat by treaties, and that any declaration against him might be attended with consequences which would embarrass the court of Vienna, and compel it to send into Italy troops which might be wanted in other quarters. M. de Talleyrand next addressed himself to Lord Castlereagh, saying, that he thought a frank and unanimous declaration of the great powers of Europe against Murat, would render any recourse to arms unnecessary." The Duke of Wellington, who at that moment had succeeded Lord Castlereagh at the Congress, answered, "that England did not wish to see the crowns of Naples and Sicily on the same head."

As we have said, Talleyrand found his projects for the final territorial settlement of Europe, in its relations with France, suddenly and unexpectedly foiled by the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the flight of Louis XVIII. to Ghent. He did not hesitate, as the plenipotentiary and minister of foreign affairs of Louis XVIII., to give his immediate and cordial co-operation and assent to all the measures and declarations directed against Napoleon, and even to draw up some of these documents with his own hand. It is true, that in all these proceedings Napoleon, personally, was carefully separated from France as a nation; and those French subjects who shared in these hostile proceedings, by this reservation, intended to escape the

* "M. de Talleyrand has forgotten only one thing, that is, to tell us what character he appeared in himself, for he is well provided with changes of costume."

false position of waging war against their country. This has not, however, protected Talleyrand from severe censure among his countrymen for the part he played on this occasion.

Although it is certain, that after the return of Napoleon from Elba, all the great powers of Europe would have combined as they did to crush him, and that Talleyrand's participation in the measures which resulted in the catastrophe of Waterloo, had no real effect in promoting or accelerating that disaster to the French arms, yet all the French authorities of eminence, even those who are disposed to take the most favorable view of his character, deplore his share in these transactions. They cannot see how, under any circumstances, a Frenchman can be exculpated from aiding to bring about an invasion of France by foreign hosts. "There are sentiments," says Mignet, "which are above all question; there are principles which are above all rights, and more real than all systems. The sentiment which awakens the love of our country, the principle which forbids us to provoke against it foreign arms, are among these. The independence of the country is an object paramount above the powers of government or the interests of parties. Neither the grievance of exile, nor the ardour of convictions, nor the force of attachments, nor the bitterness of hatred, can justify us in neglecting this first of duties. To separate our country from the government which rules it, to say that we attack the one to deliver the other, is no excuse. These subtle distinctions lead to the ruin of states. A nation which has not the right to choose its government, has no longer independence. Besides, can we always be certain, that the war which is directed against the government of a country, will not be turned against its territory, and after having attacked its freedom of choice, will not turn itself against its greatness? The wounds that we thus inflict on the country are deep, and no one can say that they will not be mortal."

It is contended on the other hand, in his favor, that Talleyrand had no reason to expect that the allied powers would again take the field for any other purpose than to replace Louis XVIII. on the throne, and in the effective exercise of the government. He

wished to avail himself of the catastrophe of the Hundred Days, to obtain for France stronger and more numerous guarantees for her liberties. He wrote frankly and boldly to Louis XVIII. from Vienna, demonstrating all the errors and all the faults of the government of the Restoration in 1814, such as relinquishing the national cockade (the tricolor); the unwise restrictions imposed on the securities offered by the charter; the exclusion of the constitutional party from all public functions which were conferred, without almost an exception, on Royalists; the ignorance and mal-address shown in subjecting the country to the immediate administration of men who, having grown up as emigrants, were strangers to the ideas and the sentiments of the nation, and who therefore spread alarm among established interests, and excited universal hatred; and above all, he blamed the system of governing without an accordant and responsible ministry.

When he returned from Vienna and joined the King at Mons, after the catastrophe of Waterloo, he acted in conformity with these principles. The estimation in which his services, not to France only, but to Europe, were held at that moment, is sufficiently manifested in a letter addressed by the Duke of Wellington to the King, in which he affirmed that his Majesty stood in absolute need of "a counselor of enlightened understanding and practical capacity; that M. de Talleyrand seemed to him to be the only person capable of comprehending the difficult position in which the House of Bourbon was placed in regard to France; that without presuming to name to his Majesty those whom he ought to take into his council, he felt it to be important to his Majesty's interests, that he should remove from around him advisers who were viewed with aversion by the French people."

Notwithstanding the intrigues of the ultra-Royalists, countenanced and fostered by the Count d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X.) directed against Talleyrand personally, and the hostile feeling which his diplomatic proceedings at Vienna had excited in the mind of the Emperor Alexander against him, the good sense of the representatives of the chief powers, united with the sheer necessity of the restoration, restored him to the head of affairs.

At this time, Fouché, who, being at the head of the police, kept up a secret communication with the Duke of Wellington, sent an agent to the head quarters with a letter, containing assurances, that although the army was discontented, and the chambers hostile, yet, if the charter were re-established, and accompanied by constitutional guarantees, all would be prepared for the entrance of the king at the end of three days. The duke, on receiving this, handed it to Talleyrand, who happened then to be with him. The latter replied verbally to the messenger—"Let all apprehensions be appeased; we have already decided on the adoption of the course recommended; we are here ready to pledge ourselves to it: this is Sir Charles Stuart, ambassador to his Britannic Majesty; this Count Pozzo di Borgo, ambassador from the Emperor of Russia; and I, Prince Talleyrand, am Minister of Foreign Affairs and plenipotentiary of his majesty Louis XVIII."

The high position assigned to Talleyrand in the royal councils, was displeasing to the Emperor Alexander on more than one account. He had frustrated the ambitious projects of the Czar at the Congress at Vienna. His old predilection in favour of the English alliance, was now become so manifest, as to give a distinctive character to his policy, and a significance to his elevation to the highest post in the French cabinet. This was a source of further discontent to his imperial majesty. Moreover, the Emperors of Russia and Austria had not yet arrived at the head quarters of the allies, and the result of the day of Waterloo conferred upon the Duke of Wellington an almost omnipotent voice in the councils of the restored monarch. It was this voice, as we have observed, which raised Talleyrand to the head of affairs, in spite of the opposition of the king's brother, the heir presumptive to the crown. This predominance of English influence was another source of jealousy on the part of the two emperors. They were therefore hastening to Paris, at the moment we now refer to, and were met at Nanci by Count Pozzo di Borgo, escorted only by a few squadrons of light cavalry. The cautious diplomatist expressed his surprise that their majesties would expose their per-

sons, in a hostile country, under such circumstances. Alexander replied—"We are going in all haste to Paris. We are not informed of all that is going on there; and the little that we do know does not please us." On these accounts, the tact of Talleyrand, which never failed, even in circumstances of much greater difficulty, at once suggested the necessity of propitiating the Emperor Alexander, in the constitution of the cabinet. However decided his leaning might be towards an alliance with England, he could not close his eyes to the fact, that Russian forces had already covered part of the territory of France, and that they would be daily augmented in number. He therefore resolved to introduce into the cabinet two statesmen, who must be, personally, highly acceptable to the Czar. To M. Pozzo di Borgo, who, although he had entered the service of Russia, was a native of Corsica, and therefore a subject of France, he offered the portfolio of the home department; and the Duke de Richelieu, also loved and respected by Alexander, was placed at the head of the royal household, in the place of M. de Blacas, an ultra-Royalist, who had resigned.

This artful policy, however, could not be carried into practical effect, without much caution and circumspection. After all the recent humiliations suffered by the French arms, and with the recollection of Moscow still vivid in the public mind, to instal a Russian general in the hotel of the Minister of the Interior, and to place under his authority the whole domestic government of the country, was a proceeding which could not be attempted without some danger. He therefore resolved to provide another occupant, *ad interim*, for the ministry designed for M. Pozzo, and an opportunity of executing his purpose was not slow to present itself.

M. Pasquier, now the president of the Chamber of Peers, was, so early as the period we refer to, a person of high political consideration. He came from Paris to the chateau of Arnouville, where Louis XVIII. was waiting, preparatory to his entry into the capital, to offer his advice against any violent reactionary measures, and in favour of a prudent deference to public opinion on the part of the king. As he was leaving the royal chamber, Talleyrand followed him, and seized

the opportunity of a conversation.—“I will take you in my carriage, M. Pasquier,” said he, “I wish to have some conversation with you. I am going to the Duke of Wellington, to make the final arrangements for the formation of the cabinet, and for the public entry of the king into the capital. I reckon upon you as one of the cabinet. You shall choose your office. Our principles are—unity of political views—the most honourable peace which can be effected—the evacuation of the French territory by the allied armies, giving them an indemnity—no reaction—no other reference to the past, except to allow the regulated course of justice with regard to the most prominent actors during the Hundred Days. I must not conceal from you that Fouché is to enter the cabinet. He is necessary.”

M. Pasquier, answered—“I know the services that Fouché has rendered, and the motives of gratitude which the Royalists must feel towards him, for all that has passed within the last three months; but never forget that he, whose office it is to watch others, will require to be most carefully watched himself.”

Talleyrand replied—“The matter is settled. The Duke of Wellington has made a formal demand to that effect of the king, and we cannot now retrace our steps. But for yourself—choose your office—you are indispensable for us, and the king desires your services.”

M. Pasquier named the Ministry of Justice.

“Very well,” promptly replied Talleyrand, “it is agreed, but it is indispensable that for the present you should fill the Ministry of the Interior also.”

M. Pasquier remonstrated at the double responsibility, especially at a moment so critical, with the provinces in a state so unsettled.

“You will not long have the trouble,” answered Talleyrand. “I will only ask you to remain in the Ministry of the Interior until the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, with whom I want to have a personal conference, for we must make some concession to him.

The same evening the ministry was completed.

The practical effects of the counsels of Talleyrand, and the influence he exercised over the mind and conduct

of Louis XVIII., in spite of the aversion with which that monarch regarded him, are now matter of history. The proclamation of Cambria, in which the faults of 1814 were acknowledged, and pledges given to repair them, was of his dictation. He suggested also the ordonnance issued the same day in which the charter was liberalised; the age at which a candidate became eligible to the representative chamber was reduced from forty to twenty-five; the number of deputies, previously limited to two hundred and sixty-two, was increased to three hundred and eighty-five; the initiative of laws was conceded to the chamber, which before was confined to the crown; members of the Legion of Honour were admitted to the Electoral Colleges, and the age qualifying an elector to vote, was reduced to twenty-one. While he thus gave a more democratic character to the representative chamber, he required that the peerage should be hereditary, with the view of securing more effectually its independence.

But this revival of the liberal spirit, and the concession of the ideas of the revolution, were not destined to be permanent. Louis XVIII. had not long resumed his place on the throne, when the party of the emigration threw off their temporary disguise of moderation and compromise. Talleyrand was also decided in his estimate of the generosity and disinterestedness of the foreign powers, which had now, for a second time, cantoned their troops in the capital, planted their cannon on the quays and bridges, and bivouacked in the Champs Elysées. They professed to have come, not to make war on France or its people, but to expel the military dictator who was placed over the country by the army. Once in possession of the capital, these promises were broken, and these generous professions forgotten. The works of art were taken out of the Louvre, and sent back to the places from whence they had been obtained by former conquests. It was demanded by a diplomatic note, dated 20th September, 1815, that the territory which had been ceded to France the preceding year should be now surrendered; that the King of the Netherlands should resume the territory that formerly belonged to Belgium; that Savoy should be surrendered to the King of Sardinia; that France should surrender

the forts of Condé, Philippeville, Marienburg, Givet, Charleroi, Sanelouis, and Landau; that the fortifications of Huningen should be razed; that France should pay a contribution of thirty-two millions sterling, of which eight millions were to be applied to the construction of forts in the territory lying adjacent to the French frontiers; that, moreover, she should pay thirty millions sterling, as an indemnity for the losses occasioned by the various wars of invasion she had carried on in Europe since the Revolution; and, finally, that a foreign army of an hundred and fifty thousand men, maintained at the expense of France, should occupy the northern part of the kingdom for a period of seven years.

M. Talleyrand remonstrated in the most indignant spirit against these conditions, which he pronounced to be oppressive and insulting—an unworthy abuse of the advantages gained by measures, in which the king and his friends were induced to accept the aid of the allies, and in which Talleyrand himself co-operated, on the faith of the assurance, that the war was against Napoleon, and not against France. He denounced such proposals, therefore, as a flagrant breach of faith on the part of the allies—as an act of unparalleled and unjustifiable oppression towards France—an unworthy and unwise manifestation of a vindictive spirit on the part of Europe. In his diplomatic note of the 21st September, he demonstrated, that such terms could only be imposed in virtue of the rights of conquest, and that these rights, by the confession of the allies themselves, had no existence in the present case. “Conquest,” said Talleyrand, “can only be made where war has been waged against the possessor of a territory—that is to say, over its sovereign, the right of possession and sovereignty being identical. But when war is waged against one who has unlawfully usurped a throne, with a view of restoring this country to its legitimate sovereign, there can be no conquest—there is only the restoration of the territory to its rightful owner. Now, the allied powers treated the late enterprise of Bonaparte as an act of usurpation, and regarded Louis XVIII. as the real sovereign of France. They have made war in support of his rights, and

they are, therefore, bound to respect them. They have recognized this obligation in the declaration which they issued on the 13th, and the treaty which they signed on the 25th March, in which they have recognized Louis XVIII. as an ally, leagued with them against a common enemy. If conquest be inadmissible against a friendly power, it is *à fortiori* impossible against an allied sovereign.”

“We live,” added Talleyrand, “at an epoch, when, more than at any former period, it is important to confirm the world in its confidence in the word of kings. The sacrifices now demanded from his most Christian Majesty would weaken that faith, after the declaration in which the allied powers announced that they took arms only against Bonaparte and his adherents; after the treaty, in which they pledged themselves to maintain, in their full integrity, the stipulations of the treaty of the 30th May, 1814, which cannot be maintained if the integrity of the French territory is violated; and after the proclamations of their generals-in-chief, in which the like assurances are given.”

He entreated them to reflect that France would never cease to seek the recovery of that of which she must always believe herself to have been unjustly deprived; that she would impute as a crime to Louis XVIII. those cessions of territory which would be regarded as the price paid by him for foreign aid; that they would operate as a continual obstacle to the re-establishment of the government of the Restoration; and finally, that they would destroy that European equilibrium, to establish which had cost so many efforts, by the extent of territory which France ought to possess, the necessity of which could not then be denied, since it had been admitted in the territorial arrangements made the year before.

This appeal to the public law of Europe and the faith of engagements, as well as to considerations of high policy, availed nothing against the excited passions, and the irrepressible thirst for vengeance which prevailed at that moment. In 1814, the claims and remonstrances of Talleyrand were sustained by the Emperor Alexander. The opposition and personal hostility of that sovereign were, however, now raised to a high pitch by the success of

Talleyrand in thwarting his ambitious designs at Vienna, and still more at the Treaty of the 5th January, conducted by Talleyrand between England, Austria, and France, against Russia and Prussia.

Four days after receiving the note, declaring the demands of the allied powers, and three days after he had sent the answer above quoted, Talleyrand resigned. He was driven from office by the intemperate excesses of the party of the Restoration, and the unbridled exactions of the invading powers. He quitted the government because, instead of enlarging and consolidating the liberties of the people, it gave way to an immoderate spirit of reaction; because, instead of maintaining the integrity of France, as settled in 1814, it permitted unresistingly its dismemberment; because, instead of delivering the country from the presence of the invader, a permanent foreign garrison was established in it. He quitted power, in a word, because he would not consent to promote the violence of the counter-revolutionary party, nor to sign treaties which he regarded as an humiliation to his country. He resigned office on the 24th of September, 1815, two months before the final signature and ratification of a treaty which cost France eighty millions sterling, and deprived her of more territory than she had gained in 1814.

The last interview of Louis XVIII. with Talleyrand and his colleagues, which led to the reignation of the cabinet, is too characteristic of the subject of this notice to be omitted here.

When Talleyrand perceived in the manner of the king, and the movements within the chateau, that a secret intrigue was in progress, directed against him in the royal cabinet, he decided at once that he would bring the matter to a crisis. With this view, he caused a new diplomatic note, an *ultimatum*, to be prepared by his secretary, M. Labernardière, designed to be transmitted to the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers, in case it should receive the royal sanction. He presented himself, accompanied by the principal ministers, his colleagues, with this note to the king. After the note had been read by Talleyrand, Louis XVIII., without commenting upon it, much less proceeding to correct or alter it, as was his invariable

habit, commenced a general conversation on the state of the negotiation, and the mutual relations of the allied powers. He observed that he was aware of the impossibility of disuniting the four powers, now more closely allied than ever, and that no resource remained but to have recourse to the friendly aid of the Emperor Alexander. "Are you, then, gentlemen," continued the king, "in a condition to adopt such a course with any prospect of a favourable result?" Talleyrand, easily perceiving the drift of this question, answered without hesitation, that neither himself nor his colleagues were personally agreeable to the Czar, and that such a proceeding as that proposed by his majesty would be attended with great difficulties on their parts. This answer seemed to give great relief to the king, who did not dissemble his satisfaction, and added—

"I can easily believe, gentlemen, what you tell me. The Emperor of Russia has not concealed from me the fact, that if I had entrusted the direction of my government to other hands, the most favourable conditions would have been granted to me, and that he would himself have protected the interests of France in the councils of the allies, especially against the exactions of Prussia, which was most pressing in her demands."

"In that case," Talleyrand promptly answered, "I entreat your majesty to allow me to withdraw from your councils, that your majesty may be free to place your confidence in more worthy hands."

The Duke de Dalberg and Baron Louis also tendered their resignations.

The King resumed—"You see how I am constrained by circumstances. I thank you for your zeal. You are all free from blame, and nothing prevents you from remaining unmolested in Paris."

The indignation of Talleyrand was excited to an unusual pitch by the last expression, proceeding from one who had been raised by his personal zeal and abilities to the throne of one of the greatest nations of the globe. He replied with a warmth which seldom marked his words or gestures—

"I have had the good fortune to render your majesty such services as are not likely to be forgotten, and I know not what should render it necessary for me to leave Paris. I will re-

main here, and shall be only too happy if your majesty's advisers may not follow a course which may compromise your dynasty, and peril the country."

The king affected not to attend to these words, and uttering some common-places of royal courtesy, brought the audience to a close.

On leaving the king, Talleyrand, highly excited, observed aloud to his colleagues—

"We have been tricked. The intrigue has long been planned."

The retirement of Talleyrand was a source of infinite relief to Louis XVIII., who, notwithstanding all he owed to the great diplomatist, never could conquer his antipathy towards him. The continual presence and predominant influence of an understanding so superior was more than Louis could endure. He complained, accordingly, to his more intimate friends, of the sway which Talleyrand exercised, rendered only more intolerable by the perfect courtesy of manner and respectful deference with which it was accompanied. The king complained that the minister had a way of tendering advice which gave it the effect of command. He would place a report or an ordonnance on the table before Louis, and would merely say to him—"I assure your majesty that this is quite indispensable."

The king signed, but champed the bit. One day being unable to repress his vexation at his ascendancy, he said to one of his favourites—

"M. Talleyrand has hitherto had all the tricks, but I have reserved my trumps for him."

When the opportunity occurred, he accordingly lost no time in playing his trumps, and winning the trick.

On his retirement, besides receiving an autograph letter of thanks from the king for his services, he was appointed to the highest court dignity, not connected with the political administration—that of Grand Chamberlain, an office which he formerly held under the Empire. The salary of this splendid sinecure was an hundred thousand francs, equivalent to four thousand pounds sterling. This act of justice was forced upon Louis XVIII. by the Duke de Richelieu, who succeeded Talleyrand as Premier. The king was strongly averse to it. The minister, however, plainly foreseeing the disgust and indignation which so signal an act

of royal ingratitude would excite at home and abroad, declared to his majesty that M. Talleyrand could not be dismissed like any other minister, considering the vast services he had rendered to the House of Bourbon in 1814, and that no less a reward was due to him. The Duke of Wellington, also, seeing with unmixed regret the injustice and ingratitude contemplated towards one who had been the source of such great benefits, interfered for the same purpose.

Talleyrand reposed in the splendour of his sinecure, and enjoyed, in his magnificent hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, all the social pleasures and high consideration with which his great reputation, historic recollections, brilliant wit, and ample wealth, surrounded him. His office was the highest dignity of the court. Being asked one day in what his functions consisted, he replied, smiling—

"In the first place, I am privileged to put on the panels of my coach a coat of arms, consisting of two gilt keys, crossed just like his holiness the Pope. In the next place, it is I who have the honor of handing his shirt to his majesty. This is an honor which I only yield to princes of the blood royal, or legitimate sovereigns. At the solemnity of the coronation, I draw the boots on his majesty, and put on his tunic. Thus, you see, I limit myself to the royal toilet. But all this is confined to the coronation, and we shall not have one under this reign."

Although M. Talleyrand thus spoke with a tone of levity of his functions, he nevertheless adhered with singular tenacity to their most minute observances; none of his prerogatives were permitted to become dormant. He never was absent from the Royal table, where he assumed his seat of honour behind the king's chair. On these occasions it was the pleasure of Louis to inflict on such of his household as did not enjoy his personal favour an incessant series of petty annoyances, by word and look. All this Talleyrand bore with the imperturbable serenity of manner which characterised him. He never forgot his position, or compromised his dignity. He loved to appear on all public occasions in the discharge of the ceremonials of his office, as if to throw into oblivion his real disfavour in the chateau; and it

was no small delight to him to count among the persons subordinate to him the Duke de Richelieu, one of the first gentlemen of the chamber, who succeeded him as President of the Council of Ministers.

When Talleyrand would return to his hotel, from these state observances, he never failed to indemnify himself for the self-control he was compelled to exert. There he was the centre, round which assembled the most distinguished members of the constitutional opposition. He did not scruple to make the government of the Restoration, of which he was the founder and creator, the victim of his most bitter *bon-mots*. As a member of the opposition, in the Chamber of Peers, he delivered only two speeches, one against the censorship of the press, and the other against the Spanish war. These produced an effect, which was so much the greater because of the rare occasions on which he addressed the Chamber. Talleyrand, however, was not a great parliamentary orator. The Chamber was not the arena in which he shone. His *mots* uttered in the salons will be repeated when his most successful efforts in parliament will be forgotten.

The revolution of July, and its consequences, soon recalled Talleyrand from his retirement, and brought him once more, and for the last time, on the great stage of European politics. With his usual instinctive sagacity, he foresaw the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons. When the events which immediately preceded that catastrophe were developing themselves, the agitation on the Bourse was extreme, and speculation assumed vast proportions. A *coup d'état* had long been expected, and financiers left no effort untried to gain the earliest and most correct information of the movements of the Cabinet and the Chateau. The emissaries of the great bankers besieged all the avenues of the throne. The sacred functionaries of the church were not left untried, and the gold of commerce was directed to elicit the disclosures of the confessional. Those who had the ear of the ministers were subsidised. It has since become known, that in one instance a great financier, who had risen to wealth under the Empire, and under the Restoration, had actually executed articles of agreement before a notary, to pay fifty thousand francs

for the rough draft of the intended ordonnances, provided it were delivered to him before their publication. The fifty thousand francs were actually paid, and the speculator played with his expected success for the fall. Rothschild, notwithstanding his influence, and extensive sources of information, was mistaken, and operated for the rise, at the moment when the country was on the brink of a revolution. The Cabinet was, in reality, divided, and Rothschild rested his faith on the minority. Although the ministers were unanimous as to the necessity for the ordonnances, and as to the right of the crown to issue them, they were divided as to the time at which the measure should be executed, and Rothschild acted on the faith of those who were of opinion that it ought to be postponed for several weeks. On the night of the 25th July, Talleyrand sent for one of his intimate friends, whose fortune was largely involved in the funds, and informed him, that in the course of the day he had gone to St. Cloud, to seek an audience of the King, to confer with him on the subject of the apprehensions entertained by England, to which proceeding he had been, doubtless, prompted by the English embassy, of which, as well as the British Cabinet, he had the confidence. He was not allowed to see his Majesty. The familiars of the Chateau managed matters so, that he was obliged to return to Paris without the audience which he sought, and, from what he had observed, he had no doubt that the crisis was imminent. "Jouez à la baisse," said he to his friend—"on le peut." His friend did so, and was successful.

It may easily be imagined with what interest the retired minister and diplomat, and the chief actor in all the great revolutions of the last half century, observed the progress of the "émeutes" which ended in the expulsion of that dynasty, in the overthrow of which, in 1790, and the restoration of which, in 1814-15, he had so great a share. On the day of the 29th July, after the troops of the line had manifested their indisposition to fire upon the people, and the Swiss mercenaries had been repulsed in the courts of the Louvre and the Place du Carrousel, a general retrograde movement, marked by much disorder, took place, and the armed force retreated, pell-mell,

through the garden of the Tuilleries, the Rue de Rivoli, the Place Louis XV., now called the Place de la Concorde, towards the Champs Elysées and the Barrière de l'Etoile. Talleyrand, in his salon, in which formerly sate the allied sovereigns, listened to the confused noise. His valet, impelled by irresistible curiosity, ventured to open one of the double casements which look upon the Place and the garden. "My God, Monsieur Kaiser!" exclaimed his more cautious master, from the inner extremity of the sumptuous apartment, "what are you about?—are you going to expose the hotel to be pillaged?"—"Fear nothing," responded M. Kaiser, "the troops are in full retreat, but are not pursued by the populace." "Indeed!" observed Talleyrand, with a contemplative air; and, walking slowly to the magnificent time-piece, which formed part of the ornaments over the fire-place, he paused, and added in a solemn tone—"Take a note, that on the 29th of July, 1830, at five minutes past twelve, the elder branch of the Bourbons ceased to reign in France."

In the proceedings of the Three Days Talleyrand took no share. It was a question between the government and the people, and Talleyrand was no tribune. Had sovereigns been parties to the affray, he would have been called to take a prominent part. But, as matters stood, he was hostile to the dynasty, and unsuited to the populace. When, however, soon afterwards, the throne, vacated by the unfortunate Charles X., was offered to the Duke of Orleans, that personage would not venture to act in so important a matter without the counsel of the Hotel de St. Florentin. On the 31st July, at eight o'clock in the morning, a deputation from the Chamber of Deputies presented itself at the Palais Royal. M. Sebastiani, on its arrival, entered the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, and informed him of its arrival. The moment was critical, and even the prudence and sagacity of Louis Philippe did not inspire him with sufficient self-reliance to prompt him to an independent decision on the course to be adopted. A crown was proffered to him and his posterity—a gift not to be lightly rejected. On the other hand, Charles the Tenth, the direct descendant and representative

of a line of kings—the acknowledged and legitimate sovereign of France—was still within a few leagues of Paris, with an army of twelve thousand men, devoted to his orders. This sovereign, the crown torn from whose head was now offered to the Duke of Orleans was, moreover, the near relative, the kind friend, and even the benefactor of the duke. The duchess, a conscientious and amiable lady, recoiled with undissembled pain and disgust from what appeared an act of baseness and ingratitude; not to mention the danger attending it, in the contingency of any reaction or relaxation on the part of the populace, which had obtained a momentary success. The difficulty of the duke, amidst these conflicting considerations, was extreme. The inconveniences of a premature acceptance of the crown on the one hand, and the hazard of letting it slip from his brows by a formal refusal on the other hand, cruelly embarrassed him. Being, however, urgently pressed by the deputation, he solicited a few minutes' delay, that he might obtain counsel in so important an emergency, and withdrew with M. Sebastiani to his cabinet. Shut up there, the duchess trembling with apprehension at his side, as well as Madame Adelaide, his sister, who had already, under the same roof, witnessed the drama of the great Revolution, he decided on taking the counsel of the safest and most sagacious living adviser. With this purpose he despatched M. Sebastiani to the Rue St. Florentin with a verbal mission, to obtain the counsel of the great diplomat. When M. Sebastiani arrived at the hotel, he was instantly ushered into the dressing-room of Talleyrand, who was then at his toilet. His valet being dismissed, and the object of his visit being briefly stated by the envoy from the Palais Royal, Talleyrand paused for a moment with an air of meditation—but it was only for a moment—when he raised his eye to the messenger, with his usual apathetic manner, and said—"QU'IL ACCEPTE."

Ten minutes after this, the Duke of Orleans re-appeared from his cabinet in the salon, where the deputation waited, and with promptitude of manner, and an air of decision, signified his acceptance of the sovereignty of France.

The proclamation was drawn up, and signed on the spot, and on the same day was published in Paris.

LEGAL EDUCATION.*

THAT "there is no royal road to learning" is an ancient adage. True, as applied to the generality of subjects within the range of the human intellect—most true with respect to Law. "Nil magnum est, sine labore," was the maxim of the ablest and the most accomplished lawyer that ever sat on the woolsack. Avowedly and resolutely, with earnest and devoted spirit, did this great man work out his share of our common destiny, leaving to those who follow in the same career a bright example to cheer and guide them in their rugged and toilsome path.

To become a thorough lawyer, "one must live like a hermit, and work like a horse," is, we fear, but too true a description of the difficulties which beset those who would aspire to eminence, in this profession, and the histories of these men who have attained distinction afford a convincing proof of the justness of this observation. A study confined, for the most part, to the acquisition of difficult and minute details—requiring, in order to gain a thorough mastery of the subject, the most incessant and vigorous exercise of the intellect, must necessarily be one of extreme difficulty; and considering all this, it is a somewhat curious fact, that while to the members of almost every other profession, abundant opportunities are afforded for acquiring a proper and scientific knowledge of its details, we leave the young aspirant for the honours of the bar to flounder almost in a vast wilderness—a labyrinth, without a clue. We wonder much what would our Continental jurists say?—The Russian, whose course of preliminary studies occupies six years; the German, who is under the necessity of a seven years' application to the learning of his profession; the Frenchman or the American—all of whom have to undergo a most searching and trying ordeal—what would be the amazement of these men could they be got to understand (of which we entertain some doubt) that all that is required in these countries to establish

a man in a position, than which, in the whole circle of human affairs, there is none more arduous—where the life, the liberty, or the fortune of a fellow creature may be committed to his hands—is the mastication of a certain number of dinners eaten at certain periods, and the course continued for a definite number of years.

"The science of jurisprudence," says Edmund Burke, "is the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, contains the collected reason of ages—combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns."

The paths which approach this science are of course beset with innumerable difficulties, and although we hold with Lord Eldon, that they are to be overcome but by labour alone, we are yet, we confess, unable to discover any rational cause why these difficulties, enormous as they are, should be increased, and why that toil should be multiplied a hundred-fold, in consequence of the complete and total want of some sound system of legal education, which, without decreasing the wholesome amount of labour absolutely essential for implanting in the mind the principles and the rules of an abstruse science, would yet have the effect of making the amount of labour employed go further, and be more profitable in the acquisition of knowledge.

We are glad to see that this subject has at last attracted, in this country, the attention of sensible and competent men. Previous attempts had been made, not, however, calculated, in our opinion, to effect the desired object, such systems must carry with them the impress of the authority of men of eminence and consideration in their profession, in order to possess the confidence of the public. The notice of the public will be attached to the pamphlet upon legal education, by Mr. Joy, a copy of which is now before us. We know the writer to be a man well qualified in every respect for fulfilling

* "Letters on the present state of Legal Education in England and Ireland." By H. H. Joy, Esq. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1847.

the task he has undertaken. An accomplished and an able lawyer himself, his opinion, upon such a subject, is worthy of the attention of those whose duty it is to produce a more healthy, as well as a more elevated tone in both branches of the profession. Nothing can, in our opinion, be more efficacious for this purpose than the introduction of a sound and comprehensive system of legal education.

In fact, the time has come when it can no longer be dispensed with. It is necessary not only that those who are actually at the Bar, but that every well-educated gentleman in the community should have some competent knowledge of that particular science which more or less affects all his dealings in life. Law ought no longer to be a mystery, save to the initiated; and every man should at least have a sufficient knowledge of its principles to guide him in the every-day transactions of life, as well as to enable him to form a just idea of the qualifications of those to whom, at present often in utter ignorance, he intrusts the conduct of affairs of the greatest magnitude—suffering alas! but too often by the carelessness or the incompetence of the practitioner he has selected.

“There can be no doubt,” says Lord Campbell, “that those men who are eagerly bent upon study will improve themselves; they will be self-taught, and will conquer all disadvantages; but serious inconveniences arise from there not being better instruction provided for those who are to practise as advocates. In the present want of system, a great deal of time is wasted by the student, from his being left entirely without a guide to his own researches, discoveries, and exertions. However eminent men in all public departments have been already produced at the bar, such men would have been equally great if they had had a regular legal education, and many of them would have performed these duties in a still more distinguished and satisfactory manner, while many of those who have acquired high offices, by their abilities and their interest—being deficient in legal acquirements—have not performed the duties assigned to them at all in a manner as well as they would have done, if they had been more particularly and more systematically educated.”

And, in addition to this, we have the evidence of Lord Brougham, who observes:—

“That although many men learn law very accurately, and even profoundly, by their own studies, they would learn it better—at all events they would learn it easier—and save themselves a great deal of fruitless labour in acquisition—if they had the benefit of a learned and skilful professor, accustomed to teach, and who was versed in the didactic art, which a person may be very ignorant of, and yet be very well acquainted with the subject which he teaches.”

These, with other authorities of equal weight, are cited by Mr. Joy, in order to establish what no one, we should think, will be adventurous enough to deny—that a comprehensive system of legal education would be attended with many advantages to the law-student; and we fully agree with him in his idea of what should be its main object. It ought “to be to guide the young student through the labyrinth which law presents to the uninitiated, and to establish legal principles systematically in the mind; to ground him, as a lawyer, in the knowledge of principles, as distinguished from a mere mechanical collector of cases.” He would not confine this course of education to instruction in one branch of the profession alone, holding that this has a national tendency to narrow and contract the mind, but have it extended equally to common law and equity.

There is an argument which some have advanced, to which, however, in our opinion, it is idle to listen; that because our present system has produced distinguished men and able lawyers, they see no reason to change it. That men have attained to eminence in spite of this system, we are by no means disposed to deny, but the argument goes no farther; any one who turns over Lord Campbell’s “Lives of the Chancellors” will see that many of those distinguished men owed much of their learning, and consequently their advancement to the system of readings, meetings, and exercises, which were then established at the Inns of Court, so that the period of time which has produced the eminent men who have sprung from this latter system, has been of no long duration. What was the practice in the time of Sir Edwd. Coke, as cited from his third reports, by Mr. Joy:—

“Now for the degrees of law, as there be in the universities of Cam-

bridge and Oxford divers degrees—as general sophisters, bachelors, masters, doctors—of whom be chosen men for eminent and judicial places, both in the church and ecclesiastical courts; so in the profession of the law there are most men, which are those that argue readers cases in causes of chancery, both in terms and grand vacations. Of most men after eight years' study, or thereabouts, are chosen utter barristers; of these are chosen readers in Inns of Chancery; of utter barristers, after they have been of that degree twelve years at least, are chosen benchers or ancients, of which one that is of the pensive sort reads yearly, in summer vacation, and is called a single reader and one of the ancients, that had formerly read, reads in Lent vacation, and is called a double reader; and commonly it is between his first and second readings about nine or ten years; and out of those the King makes choice of his Attorney and Solicitor-General, his Attorney of the Court of Laws and Licences, and Attorney of the Duchy; and of those readers, are sergeants elected by the King, and are, by the King's wish, called "*ad statum et gradum servientis ad legem*;" and out of these the King electeth one, two, or three, as please him, to be his sergeants, which are called the kings sergeants of sergeants—are by the King also constituted the honourable and reverend sages and judges of the law.

"Each of the houses of court consists of readers—above twenty; of utter barristers, above thrice so many; of young gentlemen—about the number of eight or nine score who there spend their time in the study of law, and in commendable exercises fit for gentlemen—the judges of the law, and sergeants, being commonly above the number of twenty, are equally distinguished into the higher and more eminent houses, called Sergeants' Inn. All these are not far distant from one another, and altogether do make the most famous university in profession of law, only or for any one human science that is in the world; in which houses of court and chancery, the readings and other exercises of the laws therein continually used, are most excellent and behoofful for attaining to the knowledge of these laws."

We are sorry to confess the fact, but it is notorious to the community at large, that the Irish bar, whether as regards the qualification, the talent, or the education of its practitioners, has greatly deteriorated within the last fifty years. Ask any old lawyer, and he will tell

you what, with every allowance for his Nestor-like predilections, is but too true, that the bar of Ireland is not what it used to be, nor are its practitioners of the present day at all equal to the associates of his earlier years. Talent will always find its level in every profession, and we should be most unwilling to shut the gates of advancement in the face of any man, however humble his origin, who is disposed to climb the difficult ladder which leads to professional eminence, but among the host of evils which tends to lower the character of the profession there is a class of men thronging at present to the bar of this country, who innocent of any desire to attain professional distinction, are perfectly satisfied with snatching at, and doing in a slovenly and clumsy manner, if they can do it at all, the elymosynary business which is afforded to them by their relations. In fact it is notorious, that almost every solicitor in any tolerable practice shoves his son to the bar, often wholly uneducated, with no other knowledge of his profession than the miserable practice of his father's desk can supply. They have an ambition to see their son a counsellor, and a counsellor he accordingly becomes, inheriting, by descent, declarations which he draws, we presume, instinctively, and deriving his daily nutriment from orders to compute.

In due process of time, the counsellor's parent is gathered to his fathers—he departs to that realm

"Where dead attorneys go!"

and another son reigns in his stead, keeping up, at the same time, the business of the office, and his brother, the counsellor, who, jogging on from year to year, signs his declarations, and moves his motions of course, without a thought, a wish, or a capability for performing any thing else.

There is another class of men, also, who encumber the avenues to success; they begin by being apprentices to solicitors, then they become solicitors themselves, and having acquired a certain knowledge of the routine business, as well as an extensive professional connexion, the grub is transformed into the butterfly, and the attorney is metamorphosed into a full-blown barrister. Now all these, with several other

matters, which are equally prejudicial to the character of the profession, but which want of space prevents us from noticing at present, have the unfortunate effect of lowering the character of the Irish bar, and every sober-thinking, educated man, who knows the gross extent of these evils, as well as the vast amount of business disposed of altogether by patronage such as we have glanced at, must be well aware that a sweeping and thorough reform is essential. We would, therefore, adopt the most stringent mode, not of excluding these classes from the profession, but of compelling them to undergo a sound system of legal education, at the close of which there should be a most searching examination—the passing of which should alone be a sufficient test of their qualifications and competency. We would not permit any one to be called to the bar without being submitted to this test. We do not, therefore, by any means agree with Mr. Joy, “that a compulsory public examination is to be deprecated, as an essential preliminary to admission to the bar.” Is this profession alone to be excluded from the benefit of a test, of which every other possesses the advantage? Is the advocate to be the only man in the community of whose competency to perform his duties we do not require a satisfactory test—he to whose cool skill and clear intellect are entrusted, in infinite variety, every complicated question which can affect the prosperity, the rights, the liberty, and the life of man? The omission of one word in a settlement has been known to cost a family their estates. A case came within our own notice lately, which must, of course, be known to many of the profession, where a property, amounting to several thousand a-year, passed from the hands of an amiable and estimable nobleman, solely because there was a technical informality in the instrument which conveyed it.

“Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

Can these things be? and is it to be tolerated that we go blundering stupidly and unconcernedly onward, without caring, by correcting the errors from which they have had their source, to secure ourselves against their recurrence.

It is observed, in a legal periodical, cited by Mr. Joy—

“In the two numbers of Drury and Warren’s reports, *tempore* Sugden, comprising in all thirty-four cases, no less than nine are on the construction of deeds. In the third volume there are six cases, and fourteen in the second. With such abundance of natural talent, the disadvantage to which Irish conveyancing appears liable seems mainly to arise from defective legal education.”

Now, it appears that within a period of fourteen years, there have been upwards of nine hundred and fifty students called to the Irish bar, and of these there are at this moment seven hundred practising barristers. There are not less, we are told, than sixteen hundred licensed attorneys. Surely it is high time that some step should be taken by the legislature for the purpose of mitigating this hydra-headed—this monstrous evil. What becomes of these practitioners? They prey upon each other. Mean and disreputable practices are resorted to in both branches of the profession for the purpose of procuring business. Solicitors get up trumpery or disgraceful actions; barristers (we are ashamed to say it) take briefs upon speculation—take half fees, and are glad to get them—and sometimes work without fees at all. Queen’s counsel—men of standing in their profession, who ought to be men of character—take guinea fees upon declarations. We have heard of one practitioner of the outer bar who unites in himself both branches of the profession, performing with equal facility the respective functions of each. He receives his instructions from the client—he makes out his own brief—he pays himself his own fee; and all for the ridiculously small sum of a guinea. Are such practices to be tolerated? The educated gentleman, a few rare specimens of which are still to be seen in the Hall of the Four Courts—he who has had the benefit of an enlightened university education, and has thoroughly mastered the difficulties of his profession, comes now to the bar, and by whom does he see himself surrounded. Too proud, with too much self-respect to stoop to such practices, what chance of success has he against such competitors as these, who work like moles in the dark? He

sickens at the contact—he is disgusted with the arts which he sees others use, and at length, after years thrown away in pacing the weary round of that hall, whose flags have worn out so many hopes, he who might have been an ornament to his profession, leaves it in disgust.

Such, it is notorious, we know it, are some among the many causes which at this moment operate prejudicially against the Irish Bar, and lower the class of men who are competitors for its business and its honours; and although we differ from Mr. Joy in one or two points he has laid down, and we do so with some hesitation, we are, nevertheless, of opinion that he has conferred a great public benefit by calling the attention of the community to the subject of his book. Nothing will have so salutary an effect as a sound, comprehensive system of education, which ought, however, to be followed by a rigorous examination, not a voluntary one. This is an ordeal through which the classes to which we have alluded ought to be made pass, and it would have the effect of sweeping away the hordes of political speculators and hungry adventurers, which now throng the avenues of the profession; although Mr. Joy does not go so far as we do, he is, nevertheless, in the right track. In his seventh letter he says:—

“There are reasons for preventing the indiscriminate increase of the bar which do not apply to other professions. This seems to be well understood in foreign countries. The only check, however, which in a free country ought to prevail is, the check of education. It is the interest of the public that this check should exist in a profession with such responsibilities, such influence, so wide a command of public and official situations, and to which property, liberty, and life are daily and hourly intrusted, often without appeal, whatever errors or unfaithfulness there may be in the protection of the rights committed to its members. It is the interest of the public that it should be confined, so far as the moral check of education can confine it, to its legitimate professors, as distinguished from the large and increasing class that belong to it only in name, and which has incalculably weakened its public and moral influence, and created a distrust in the public mind, which it requires no little effort to remove.”

Mr. Joy cites one or two authorities for the purpose of proving his proposition that voluntary examination would be a sufficient test, as for instance:—

“It would be necessary to fix the standard of examination either too high or too low. If we fix it at such a height as to test the stronger spirits there destined for the higher departments of business, then we should shut out of the profession all those men, who though but of moderate abilities are yet quite sufficient for the execution of a large portion of what may be termed the heavy routine business of the bar; and again, voluntary examination will answer all the purposes of establishing a public distinction between those who have made proof of their ability, and those who have shrunk from it, provided the examination be made really a severe test. It will not exclude from the profession the men of labour, but of moderate ability, who, as a working mass, are most useful, though individually not remarkable; nor will it exclude those who though possessed of talent or strength either cannot or will not develop it in early life. It will supply the existing deficiency of a legitimate means of making those known to the profession who do possess and can early exert brilliant abilities, without attempting to stigmatize others; and it will bring forward the bold and ambitious without deterring the retiring and over modest, who may yet beneath their crust of shyness conceal abilities of a high order.”

Now one moment's consideration will show, that there is nothing in this which would have the effect of obviating the evils of which we have just complained. What is essentially requisite in this country is, a sufficient test of the qualifications of the men who come to the bar. If the examination were voluntary merely, the hordes of incompetent adventurers, of those depending upon the support of their own connexions, would be by no means diminished, and, until they are so, we need never expect to see the Irish bar what it ought to be, either as regards the qualifications or the character of its practitioners. There are some observations in a recent number of the “Jurist,” which so fully bear out the opinion we have formed, with reference to the necessity of a compulsory examination, as a test, previous to admission to the bar,

that we trust we shall be pardoned if we extract them at length :—

“ We confess that we have observed with regret, the reluctance of the Inns of Court to enforce upon the candidate for admission to the bar, the acquisition of some legal knowledge. It is difficult to perceive upon what grounds the present practice can be supported. It is, we believe, said, that the nature of a barrister's employment, the public manner in which it is exercised, and the intervention between the advocate and the client, of a competent judge, in the person of the attorney, render a preliminary test unnecessary ; and without it, those only who are competent, will be employed as advocates. But why should the public, or rather, the litigating portion of them, be obliged to ascertain from amongst a crowd of persons, all bearing the same insignia of learning, those who indeed possess it, and those who have only its semblance—what coins are of true metal, and what of false. Rather is it the duty of the state, or in the present care of those to whom the state has delegated its authority, to present to its subjects, for their choice, in matters of such grave import as are intrusted to an advocate, those only who must, in some degree, be presumed to be competent for the task. But admitting that ultimately the character of each individual barrister is fairly and accurately ascertained—and when we do that, we are granting what is far from the fact, why should not this be facilitated by selecting the subjects for public experiment ? It is said that the attorney will ascertain the fitness of the counsel : but how is he told so in the first instance ? either he must personally know the untried man—a state of things, which, if it were possible, would be far from desirable, or he must run the risk of a mistake, and peril his client's interest in the choice of the advocate. Both these evils may be almost avoided by the adoption, not of an examination merely, through which all must pass, but of one by which the various degrees of proficiency would be made apparent ; the public would have afforded to them some clue to guide their choice, and the unknown and friendless man of talent, who may now wait hopelessly for an opportunity of trying his powers, would have afforded to him one way at least of emerging from his obscurity.

“ From the ranks of the bar are chosen numerous officers, judicial and otherwise ; so much so, indeed, that the phrase, ‘ a barrister of seven years' standing,’ has become proverbial. The confining the

choice of officers to any particular class, can only be justified on the ground of its peculiar fitness for the discharge of its duties. How is this fitness learned ? What is done to make the barrister of seven years' standing more fit for his office than any other person ? Nothing. He may have observed the forms required by the Inns of Court—forms, which have long ceased to have any meaning attached to them—without having ever seriously perused a single legal work, or during his attendance at a pleader's or conveyancer's chambers, extended his studies beyond the columns of a newspaper, donned the wig and gown, and fluttered for a time about the courts ; thence retiring to more congenial pursuits, with which to while away the probationary term ; after which, if he chance to have friends, he may obtain one of those places for which the legislature has declared them qualified. Those are the men whom such an examination would keep away from the bar, or if they did come, they would be obliged to acquire some knowledge.

“ We think the honour of the bar and the interest of the public require that some test of fitness should be required—in no other profession, we believe, is it wanting.”

In the justness and truth of these observations we most fully concur ; and, we are moreover of opinion, that there is nothing like a public *visa voce* examination for sounding the depths of a man's knowledge—his answers will continually suggest fresh questions—and so the actual amount of his information upon any given subject will most easily be ascertained. With reference to the objection which has been so strongly urged against the policy of a compulsory examination, that country gentlemen and persons of consideration who now come to the bar for the purpose of becoming qualified to fulfil their respective duties in life, would, by this means, be deterred from doing so, we have only to observe that they can have the full benefit of the education, lectures, &c. ; and if, having had the advantage of these, they are found unable to pass the ordeal, there is no great harm done after all. It is not from such a class that the ornaments of the profession have ever been derived. They have conferred no lustre upon it ; and if they seek to obtain additional position by becoming enrolled in its ranks,

it is not fair that they should not require the distinction without having to work for it. There is also a quality most pre-eminently useful at the bar, which public examinations would not only develope but encourage—readiness and presence of mind, as well as a facility in giving utterance to the thoughts. Many men have experienced most painfully, in after-life, the consequences of a deficiency in this valuable quality, which a little early experience and practice could scarcely have failed to supply.

We are informed by the Chief Remembrancer that the benchers of the King's Inns have a property, consisting of seventy-four thousand five hundred and ninety-nine pounds, in the funds, besides two thousand odd pounds in bank, and an annual rental of more than two hundred a-year. They are the persons to whom the state has delegated its authority in these matters. They have an unlimited power to compel the student to go through any preparatory ordeal upon which they decide. Into their hands has the trust been committed of educating the bar of this country. Have they fulfilled, with ample and increasing funds at their command, that trust?—have they ever done anything towards improving the intellectual condition of that profession to which they belong? We fear they have not. We hope their inertness will not continue. We warn them that public attention is awake; and should they hesitate any longer to apply some portion of those large revenues at their command to the purposes of education, the country will demand that the state should resume the control of those funds which they have wilfully neglected to apply to their legitimate destination.*

It appears that while the expenses incidental to a call to the Bar of England amount to nearly one hundred pounds, while an outlay of nearly three hundred pounds is involved in a call to the Scotch Bar, the only fees payable in this country, exclusive

of stamp duty, are about thirty-eight pounds eighteen shillings. We see no reason why this should be. Mr. Joy proposes that the students' fees should be increased about eighteen pounds; and we quite agree with him. This increase, would, of course, assist in defraying the salaries of competent professors, none of whom ought to have less than three or four hundred guineas a-year, which would make it worth the while of able and experienced lawyers to undertake the duties.

The plan of education which Mr. Joy proposes is in effect almost similar to that which has been introduced into the English Inns of Court. He suggests, however, in addition, that the two law professorships which at present exist in Trinity College, should be made available for a course of lectures between the period of taking the degree of bachelor and that of master; one in general jurisprudence, the other in the law of real property and criminal law. That a certificate of attendance on one course of lectures in each of these subjects, as well as examinations in them, should be required by the benchers previous to admission to the bar, independently of the more particular and practical courses connected with the Inns of Court of England and Ireland.

That after these preliminary studies at the University, two years should be devoted by students for the Irish Bar to study and attendance on lectures in law and equity, and examinations in England; and that a certificate of attendance upon two courses of lectures in each year—of which conveyancing should be one—should be essential to admission to the bar. He suggests that these two years of attendance upon lectures in the University should precede the course of education now being adopted in England; and that the benchers in this country should require certificates of the student's attendance upon each previous to his being called to the bar. The system of education which has lately been adopted in

* The first move in the proper direction we have heard of is, the opening of the Law Library at an earlier hour. We believe it is now open from 8 o'clock a.m. until 6 p.m.; and while we are upon this subject we venture to express a hope that they have had the consideration to make an increase in the salary of the Assistant Librarian, proportionate to the additional labour which has devolved upon him. They could not possibly employ a portion of the large funds at their command better.

the Middle Temple, promises to be very effective as far as it goes. A lecturer has been appointed for the purpose of giving lectures in jurisprudence and civil law; and two exhibitions have been established for the benefit of those students who shall exhibit the greatest proficiency in these studies; no student for the future to be admitted to the bar, who had not attended these lectures, which consist of three terminal courses, and each of these courses of twenty lectures. The first course to take place between the first day of Hilary term and the end of March; the second between the first day of Easter term and the 1st of July; and the third between the 26th of October and the 24th of December in each year.

An annual examination of students is to be held previous to their admission to the bar, which, however, is not to be compulsory, but for the purpose of encouraging the attendance of men, and of affording them an opportunity of becoming advantageously known, and acquiring distinction, lists are to be published, containing the names of those students who have acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner, as well as of those whose answering has been distinguished by its marked superiority.

For the purpose of encouraging good attendance at the lectures, as well as answering at the examination, two prizes, of one hundred guineas each, are proposed for the competition of those who, having attended at least three terminal courses of lectures, shall have made the best examination.—This is all excellent as far as it goes. The period during which the system has been at work is not, of course, sufficient to test its efficacy, or to enable us to pronounce any decided opinion upon its merits. We are of opinion that these prizes will be most efficacious in promoting a diligent attendance at the lectures, as well as an incentive to the industry of those who are possessed of but slender means. We can discover no sufficient reason why a similar system should not be adopted at the King's Inns in this country—why prizes should not be offered—and why an attendance at lectures, both here and in London, should not be enforced. There is one portion of this plan which we consider

most advisable—that having reference to the publication of lists containing the names of those students whose answering has been successful, as well as of those who have obtained honours, thus affording to the student, at once, a direct incentive to industry and application, and at the same time, a guarantee, that these shall not have been opened in vain, for the client will thereby be afforded a sure index to direct him to the advocate to whose abilities he may entrust his cause, and many a man will be saved from the agonies of hope deferred, and the miserable mortification of waiting through a course of weary years for business which never comes.

The observations of Mr. Joy upon this point, are pregnant with good sense and ability:—

“The student would thus enter upon the profession, ripe to undertake its duties, conscientiously and adequately, and would be likely, in a very short time, to meet with employment; his usefulness and competency would immediately be developed. According to the present usage, a lad of one or two and twenty years is called to the bar, and idles away term after term, and year after year, in the gossip of the hall, or reading at random in a law library, without assistance or encouragement. Such time as is not spent in the hall, or in miscellaneous reading, is passed in picking up, in an irksome attendance on the courts, detached arguments, or judgments upon cases, following one another in rapid succession, quite unconnected, and leaving a confused impression of legal points and principles, which he finds it impossible to reduce to any definite theory, or to arrange in his mind with reference to future use. If some good-natured client or favouring attorney, who thinks more of bringing his young kinsman into notice than of consulting the interests of his client, gives him employment in court, and if he is thus forced prematurely into business, he loses the chance of ever becoming a sound lawyer. His previous education is but a skeleton—his information has been acquired at random—he has no scientific knowledge of the principles of law—his reading has not been directed by any experienced head—he has gone over such books as accident suggested—he has seen nothing of practice—all he can do is to make himself up for the case he has to deal with, and so on for the next; and thus he goes on from case to case, congratulated by his less success-

ful young friends, until when it is too late to methodize his knowledge, or to master law as a science, he sees his companions, who employed their years of studentship under a learned and experienced member of the profession, who guided their reading, and explained what they read, and developed the rules, principles, and science of the law, turn out superior scholars—more useful members of the profession—more steadily employed—and more likely to receive and to keep to their places as leaders at the Bar.”

These are the observations of a man of sense and experience, who has fully considered the subject upon which he writes, and we hope that this pamphlet may have the effect of attracting the notice of the legislature, as well as of the profession, to this important subject.* The character of the profession will be raised; the standard of ability will be elevated; men will no longer seek to obtain employment by the mean and unworthy arts which are at present adopted; business will be distributed through its legitimate channels; men will no longer seek it—like Lord Chancellor Jeffreys—by getting drunk with attorneys; and the Irish bar will become again what it was once—the resort of educated gentlemen, competent to discharge the responsible duties of an arduous profession. We shall conclude these observations upon this subject, which we have been obliged to curtail much more than we intended, by making one more extract from Mr. Joy's book, which breathes a spirit that cannot be too much commended:—

“Amongst the indirect consequences of systematic and united education of the bar, particularly in Ireland, extending over four or five years—the bringing together and encouraging the mutual communication of thoughts and feelings between students of different religious persuasions, is one which might have a most happy effect. It is so much the habit for those so circumstanced to be educated at separate schools, and they

mix so little together, when they happen to be at the same college, that they come to the bar almost strangers to each other. Nothing would tend more to better or kinder mutual feeling than being associated in the same classes during the four or five years proposed to be devoted to professional education, attending the same lectures, taking part in the same examinations, reading and conversing together on the same books, and gradually learning to appreciate in one another qualities which neither, perhaps, gave the other credit for possessing; and gradually softening down the doubts, distrust, and prejudices formerly cherished, from mutual unacquaintance. This may be done in merely professional education, without any compromise of those all-important opinions, whether in politics or religion, which early education may have implanted. From ignorance of one another, each is habituated to consider the other, in his own mind, in the false colour which party spirit sheds over every object; mutual distrust is the consequence, and is continually undermining the amenities of social intercourse, and indirectly affecting the character, and moral effect, and combined action of professional life. Familiar intercourse, at that period when life's cup runs sparkling to the brim, and feelings are fresh and unchilled by the experiences and disappointments of after years, is the first means of correcting those prejudices, and enabling men to do justice to one another. As intercourse increases, at a period when worldly interests and prospects of gain or ambition do not mutually interfere, they learn that neither talent nor virtue is peculiar to any party, and that men may differ on many and most important questions, and yet each be sincere, each trustworthy, and each retain his own opinions upon revealed truth. If conversation should occasionally turn upon such questions, each will learn what the other's views really are, and the grounds of them; and they will then have an opportunity of knowing them as they *are*, not as they have been misrepresented. They will learn the habit of stating each other's opinions fairly, which, even in professional life, as it respects the argument of an adversary, gives an intellectual, no less than a moral superiority.”

* Since this paper has been in type we are informed that these letters have had the effect which we would naturally have expected. At a meeting of the Benchers it has been resolved that some prompt measures shall be taken, and the introduction of a system similar to that proposed by Mr. Joy has been recommended.

ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA.—NO. III.

WE promised, at the close of our last article, to lay before the reader, on the earliest opportunity, some native historical poems of high interest. In our present paper we shall commence the fulfilment of this promise, by presenting him with two specimens of such productions, for literal translations of which we are indebted to the celebrated Irish scholar, Mr. Eugene Curry. Of our own versions we shall say nothing, except that we believe they will be found, upon comparison with the originals, to possess the merit of fidelity—a merit, we admit, occasionally of a very questionable kind in translations.

Our first poem—the following—was originally written by Donall O'Mulconry, as an Inauguration Ode to Torlogh, the son of Teige O'Brien, who became the O'Brien, and entered into possession of the Lordship of Thomond, in the year 1468. The reader will observe that although formally addressed to this Chieftain, it opens with a rather long invocation to the palace of Kincora, and elsewhere speaks of the same palace in the third person, while the O'Brien himself is not apostrophised until towards the latter stanzas; but these irregularities of composition are by no means of rare occurrence in our native poets.

On the Inauguration of the O'Brien, A. D. 1469.

I.

Oh, great Kincora! 'tis my grief
To gaze upon thy crumbling walls
And chambers lone!
The O'Briens now forget their Chief,
And dwell, alas! in other halls,
To him unknown!

II.

Of yore, at royal Brian's call,
The hundred kings of Banba's isle
Would throng thy rooms;
But now how strangely changed is all!—
Thy glories, O, majestic Pile,
Are turned to glooms!

III.

House of the Drinking-horns of old,
Where Chief and Bard with sword and lyre,
So often met,
Wouldst thou thus mourn all unconsolated,
Were Morrogh or his regal sire
But reigning yet?

IV.

Were Donogh of the Glossy Hair,*
Round whom the Fergus' warriors thronged,†
To-day to see

* Donogh was, after the battle of Clontarf, the second son of Brian. He procured the death of his elder brother, Teige, in 1022, and, after the decease of Malachy, assumed the sovereignty of Ireland, but subsequently abdicated, and retired. The place and period of his death are not known with any degree of certainty.

† The Dalcassians and others.

This thy desertion and despair—
 Would he behold thee robbed and wronged
 Thus ruefully ?

v.

O, Rath of many a household train,
 Once Teige and Torlogh* dwelt in thee,
 With all their bands,—
 And well did they and theirs maintain
 Thy pomp and power, and keep thee free
 From alien hands !

vi.

But, House of Brian, Gift-bestower,
 Those truly noble friends of thine
 Are lying low ;
 Thy generous champions live no more,
 And thou, alas ! art left to pine
 In lonely woe.

vii.

Great Gioll-Barr-meidt† of high renown,
 Dunlaing,‡ too, of the Blood-red spears,
 And Owen Mor,
 Were three who, ere the sun went down,
 Upheld thy state and strength for years,
 Once proud Kincore !

viii.

Did these yet breathe, or hadst thou even
 But still the Corcobaskian host,§
 Thou couldst not fall ;
 Thou wouldst not now droop thus bereaven,
 Though all the Ui-Tail chiefs were lost
 Beyond recall !

ix.

Could Donchuan,|| who so loved thee, see
 The desolated wreck thou art
 This woeful night,
 What grief were his—what agony !
 I doubt me if his anguished heart
 Could bear the sight !

* Sons of Brian.

† A Scottish prince, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf. He fought under the banner of Brian.

‡ Dunlaing O'Hartigan, a Dalcassian chief, and one of the body-guards of Morogh, the eldest son of Brian. Dunlaing also fell at Clontarf.

§ The Corcobaiscinnns were the inhabitants of those localities now known as the baronies of Moyarta, Clonderalaw, and Ibrickane, in the county of Clare. At the period of the battle of Clontarf, these territories were occupied by the descendants of Ailill Baskeen, son of Conaire Mor, King of Ireland, then represented by the O'Donnell family, the head of which, Donall, was killed in the engagement ; and in the thirteenth century the heritage of the title devolved on the Mac Mahons, who remained in possession of it down to the time of the Cromwellian wars.

|| Brother of Brian, and ancestor of the O'Kennedys. He was killed at Clontarf.

x.

Brave Donall* of the Ensanguined swords,
 Conaing,† and Ki-an Mac Mulloy,‡
 The Valorous,—
 Three of thy gallant household lords,
 How would they weep, but not for joy,
 To see thee thus!

xi.

But what avails it now to dwell
 Upon the glories, long since fled,
 Of those great men?
 Nought! though their names are still a spell,
 And Erin ne'er shall see, I dread,
 Such hosts agen!

xii.

Still, royal Rath, wherein, long since,
 King Brian reigned, the conquering son
 Of Kennedy,
 Another host, another Prince,
 Shall win thee what may yet be won,
 Shall rescue thee!

xiii.

Too long, Kincora, dost thou abide
 A sad sepulchral solitude—
 Look cheerier now,
 And cast thy weeds of woe aside;
 Thy glory shall shine out renewed,
 Thou Lone One, thou!

xiv.

New guards, new bards, new clansmen come;
 Comes hither Torlogh, son of Teague,
 To hold his court:
 They make thy palace-halls their home,
 A brilliant Band, a mighty League,
 Oh, once-proud Fort!

xv.

The wide-renowned Dalcassian camp
 Shall there assemble, clan by clan,
 Ten thousand strong!
 Methinks I hear their clangorous tramp,
 As, like the warriors of the *Tain*,§
 They march along!

* Donall Mac Eivin, a Scottish prince, of the clan Leoid of Ara, who also fell at Clontarf.

† The son of Donchuan.

‡ Prince of Iveagh, in the county of Cork, and the husband of Brian's daughter. The O'Mahonys of Cork are at present his representatives.

§ The *Tain*, viz., the *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, or Pillage of the cows of Connaught. The allusion is to a preying which took place about the beginning of the first century, in Cuailgne, in Louth, by the forces of Connaught and their allies, headed by the celebrated Queen Meave, and which resulted in a ten years' war.

XVI.

And in the van, the first, the best,
 The boldest swordsmen Erin boasts,
 Shall there be seen,
 The well-trained Warriors of the West,
 The choice and flower of Thomond's hosts,
 Attired in green!

XVII.

And from the East, from Ara, and
 From yew Cliach, with brow elate,
 Shall come to thee
 A second brave and green-clad Band,*
 Luxuriant branches of the great
 O'Brien Tree!

XVIII.

The bright Basgenian legions, too,
 In glittering show and silken sheen,
 Shall seek the van—
 Intrepid smiters!—fierce though few—
 Our warlike island hath not seen
 A nobler clan!

XIX.

The proud and prosperous Clan-Cullain,†
 Who ne'er were known to faint or fail
 In Danger's hour,
 Will muster there in strength amain,
 Each, panoplied in dark-blue mail,
 A human tower!

XX.

And Corcomroe, as long foretold
 By holy priests and prophet-seers,
 Shall also yield,
 To swell thy ranks, a phalanx bold,‡
 And armed with blood-bedabbled spears,—
 Men for thy field!

XXI.

Within thy walls shall soon appear
 O'Brien of the Drinking-horns—
 And thou, so long
 Given up to silence dead and drear,
 Shall all thy nights and all thy morns
 Resound with song!

XXII.

Why long we so for Tara's Hall?
 The Man from whom Prince Torlogh springs
 Esteemed it not;

* Viz., the O'Briens of Ara, or Duharrow, in Tipperary, and their adherents.

† Viz., the Mac Namaras, a powerful and princely family of the Delcassians.

‡ This phalanx was composed of the O'Conors of Corcomroe, and the O'Loughlins of Burren.

By him whose memory none recall
 Without a tear, the First of Kings,
 'Twas left forgot !

XXIII.

We make, we Bards, no slight account
 Of Tara's lofty eminence
 And olden worth—
 But, loftier is Kincora's Mount—
 All Erin's rallying-point, from whence
 All tribes went forth !

XXIV.

Then, wherefore, even for Tara's Pride,
 Should Torlogh leave the House he loves ?
 O ! in the dawn,
 To hear how sing, each Summer-tide,
 The birds that haunt its bosky groves
 And sun-lit lawn !

XXV.

Kincora, Brian's rich domain,
 Looks downward on the daisied vale
 And dark ravine ;
 Looks forthward also o'er the plain !—
 Kincora !—House of bridling ale
 And beaded wine !

XXVI.

The Shannon, King of Erin's Floods,
 For ever tolleth, as a bell,
 Its love to thee ;
 While round thee bloom those walnut-woods,
 So rich in copse and bowery dell,
 And flowery lea !

XXVII.

A-west, the Maige, now gleaming bright,
 Near Mumhain's hills—now dark and hid—
 Serenely flows.
 O ! well might Finn of old delight
 To hold his royal revels 'mid
 Such scenes as those !

XXVIII.

Who glances north shall next descry
 The lands of Magach's* sons—wood, wave,
 Plain, hill, and glen ;
 While Limerick's Harbour greets him nigh.
 Famed city ! worthiest of the brave
 Memonian men !

XXIX.

And looks Kincora towards the East ?
 Its warriors will, I trow, anon !
 The tributes due

* Magach was one of the ancient Queens of Connaught.

From Leinster-men too long have ceased—
 The South must raise them for the Son
 Of King Boru !

xxx.

O, Domicile of Erin's Kings !
 The war-steeds foam upon thy heights ;
 They foam and snort !
 No tongue, no harp, no bard that sings,
 Dares measure Tara's regal rights,
 With thine, Great Fort !

xxxi.

To Finn Mac-Cool, the Warrior-seer,
 On these green heights was once revealed
 A wondrous tale—
 Finn, who, through many a stormful year,
 Stood forward as the Tower and Shield
 Of Inisfail !

xxxii.

With hound and horn and crimson spear
 He one day drave his prey along
 Those hills and slopes ;
 But still from noon to eve the deer
 Outstripped his royal hunting throng,
 And mocked his hopes.

xxxiii.

The darker hours drew on apace ;
 So, when the sun declined beneath
 The waves a-west,
 Finn ceased a while the bootless chase,
 And stretched him on the mountain heath,
 And sank to rest.

xxxiv.

Then, in the visions of the night,
 To him was Erin's fate foreshown—
 He dreamed he saw
 A palace on Kincora's height,—
 A monarch, too, before whose throne
 All bent in awe.

xxxv.

He glanced around him. At a feast
 Sate silken Dames and Chiefs in steel ;
 Rich music's mirth
 Rang loud :—when, suddenly, all ceased.
 He felt the palace rock and reel,
 Then—fall to earth !

xxxvi.

Again he looked :—King, Chiefs, Dames, arms,
 Were gone ;—crushed lay the golden throne ;
 And, woe-the-while !
 Strange hosts of steel-froked knights in swarms
 Tore up the lowest foundation-stone
 Of that proud pile !

XXXVII.

Anon, a change came o'er his dream.
 Fierce Battle stalked in iron might
 Throughout the land.
 Thick lay the slain, till every stream
 Ran red with blood all day and night
 On either hand !

XXXVIII.

It was the glowing eventide :—
 A light flashed from the west afar ;
 And swiftly came,
 Careering up the mountain-side,
 A serried phalanx, like one star
 Of purple flame !

XXXIX.

And, heading this combined array,
 A CHIEFTAIN rode, whose headlong course
 Nought could withstand.
 With giant might he upheld the fray,
 And drove the invading foreign force
 From Erin's land !...

XL.

Soon as the ruddy morning brake
 Finn published this to all his bands ;
 The Fenian Lords,
 And, with prophetic power he spake—
 (Let him who reads and understands
 Weigh well his words !)

XLI.

" The mystery of the dream," said he,
 " I thus unveil:—in after-time
 A Chief shall rise—
 King Brian, son of Kennedy,
 A mighty Prince, of soul sublime,
 Great, brave, and wise.

XLII.

" Long prosperously this King shall reign ;
 His golden throne shall stand in fair
 Kincora's hall ;—
 But, woe-the-day ! he shall be slain,
 And, four-fold misery and despair !
 His house shall fall !

XLIII.

" And, tenfold woe to Innisfail !
 A people shall o'errun her lands,
 Bad, fierce, and strong.
 And Fate shall overcome the Gael
 By crafty councils, ruffian hands,
 And fraudulent wrong !

XLIV.

"And Tara and Kincora both
 Shall lie through centuries desolate ;
 And Force and Guile
 Shall tower to a gigantic growth,
 And alien Tyranny and Hate
 Shall rule the isle !"

XLV.

But Erin's life-blood yet is warm,
 Yes! in this world of joy and woe
 God wills that Bloom
 Should chase Decay, and Sunshine Storm ;
 And Freedom's torch at length shall glow
 Through Erin's gloom !

XLVI.

So, too, spake Fífin :—"A Chief," he said,
 "Of Brian's line shall yet appear,
 Whose mighty arm
 Shall raise the land as from the Dead,
 And drive afar, like hunted deer,
 The Stranger-swarm !

XLVII.

"Long after Brian's day and sway
 A Nut shall grow of dazzling gold
 Upon his Tree !" —
 Thus far the Seer. O, Turlogh ! say,
 Say, stalwart Chief, do I behold
 That Nut in thee ?

XLVIII.

O, Ralleann's King,* of lineage high,
 How may I hope that Victory's wreath
 Shall deck thy brow ?
 Lo! glancing up, I still descry
 The Spoiler on the hills of Meath ;
 But, where art thou ?

XLIX.

O! should we not remember, We,
 Clontarf's great Day ? If Men will dare—
 And we are Men !—
 They will be and they must be free !
 Can we not conquer *here*, as *there*,
 And now, as *then* ?

L.

O Prince! beware the pent-up Wrath
 Of long-borne Serfdom ! Let its flood
 Sweep Battle's plains,
 Even as the Storm sweeps Ocean's path !
 I know that Teige's and Turlogh's blood
 Burn in thy veins !

* Ralleann lay in the south-west of Munster, and was one of the ancient seats of the monarchs of that province.

LI.

Yield, yield it vent and scope, even though
 It bear down mountains in its way!
 Should not the blood
 Of Cas Mac Conall* freely flow
 To win back Erin, in this day,
 Her nationhood?

LII.

Chief of the Flowing Locks! thy rights
 Are clear as Noon! Rememberest thou
 Sabina, sprung
 From King Conn of the Hundred Fights!†
 How would she blush to see thee now,
 With heart unstrung!

LIII.

O, Hero of the Sharp Grey Sword,
 Where breathes thine equal, south or north?
 We look to thee
 To take thy place as Erin's Lord,
 And lead the brave Gadelians forth
 To Victory!

LIV.

Thou art the King of Banba's Kings,
 For, lo! her orchards, meads, and groves
 Bloom bright all day,—
 And Plenty waves abroad her wings;—
 Signs these that bounteous Heaven approves
 Thy royal away!

LV.

Warm winds waft fragrance round our shores;
 Gold fruit, from boughs o'erladen, lies
 Among fair flowers;
 Ships crowd our ports with choicest stores;
 The seas are calm; we have genial skies
 And gentle showers.

LVI.

The grass teems under the bright scythe;
 The hills are ploughed even to their tops.
 Why should not we
 Rejoice, then? Why not sing as blithe
 As the young throstle in the copse?
 WE ARE NOT FREE!

LVII.

Thou, Turlogh, of a kingly race,
 Mayest now retrieve, redeem, restore,
 This fallen land!

* It is from Cas, the son of Conall, that the Dalcassians derive their origin. The Earl O'Brien, the hero of our poem, was the twenty-eighth chieftain in descent from this great prince.

† King of Ireland from A. D. 125 to 142. His daughter, Sabina, was the wife of Oilioll Olum, king of Munster, from whom the O'Briens derive their descent.

Up, then, and recognise thy place,
And bare the Avenging Sword once more,
And take thy stand!

Our second poem embodies a Panegyric on the life and achievements of Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, and son of the Earl James Butler, who died in England, in 1545. Thomas received his education in England, but subsequently came over to Ireland for the purpose of taking his father's place. He was the champion of Queen Elizabeth's power and interests against all her opponents in Ireland, but more especially against the great, but unfortunate, Geraldines of Desmond. He died in 1614, at a very advanced age. The idea of the poem would appear, if we may judge from the opening stanzas, to have been suggested by a sight of the Earl's banner, hung up, after his death, in the seignorial hall.

The Panegyric of Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond,

WHO DECEASED A. D. 1614.

I.

I greet the Earl's high Flag with blended feelings
Of pride and sorrow for the illustrious Dead—
Broad-waving Flag, rich-bordered, crimson-red,
Which oft amid the battle-trumpet's pealings
Flashed panic through the foe.

II.

The variegated Banner, often planted,
With its resplendent Cross, that Shield of Shields!
The Dragon of a hundred gory fields,
Far-travelled, Talisman, charmed and enchanted
From harm or overthrow!

III.

Within thy walls, O fair and famed Kilkenny,
Droops now THE HATCHMENT, stirless, deathlike, lone.
Yet, oh, what life it witnessed years ago!
What fierce campaigns—what marchings long and many!
What nights and days of blood!

IV.

In combat after combat o'er the island,
How rose and flamed that Ensign year by year,
Illuming, meteor-like, the CHIEF's career,
Through darkling glen and over purple highland,
And lighting plain and flood!

V.

And never through Dishonor or Disaster,
Long as it fluttered o'er the Lord of Thurles,
Was that proud standard lowered! No hand unfurls
To-day a Banner whose renown is chaster,
And purer from all stain!

VI.

How shall I chant that Conqueror always glorious?
For THOMAS BUTLER ever scorned to yield,
Though piles on piles of Slaughtered heaped the field;
His burning bravery bore him on victorious.
He could not—He, be slain!

VII.

And hence his name of *Dubh**—to show that pallor
 Ne'er tinged his cheek ! He earned it well one day
 As conqueror in an all but hopeless fray—
 He, Earl of Gowran, earned it by his valour,
 And hardihood of soul !

VIII.

The powerful Shane O'Neill, even on his own lands,
 He met in Battle's shock, and overcame ;
 And then, alas ! for Kinel-Owen's fame !
 Drove every head of cattle off all townlands
 That owned O'Neill's control !

IX.

In green Momonia, over hosts uncounted,
 He gained the brilliant victory of Athmaine.
 There, where the wan moon mourned o'er piles of Slain,
 He took the Earl of Deele, though armed and mounted,
 Prisoner upon the field.

X.

Bunratty twice, where War's tremendous thunder
 Had many a time been blent with showers of blood—
 Clare Castle twice, and once, too, Proud Clonrood,
 He took by force of arms, to all mens' wonder—
 For none dreamed these would yield.

XI.

But how recount exploits that none may number ?
 Where breathes to-day his peer among the Bold
 Of Erin ? In his frame, of iron mould,
 There burned a soul that ne'er knew sloth or slumber,
 And lived but 'mid alarms !

XII.

Throughout all populous Thomond, nowhere tarrying,
 He marched, a Living Wrath, with fire and sword ;
 He spared not cot or castle, serf or lord,
 Despoiling, slaughtering, burning, wasting, harrying,
 Where'er he turned his arms.

XIII.

That ancient castle in Ulidia, Lifford,
 That first of Munster's fortresses, Dunloe,
 Which long frowned forth defiance on each foe,
 Succumbed to his arms ! O ! nought withstood him—cliff, ford,
 Bridge, or embattled wall.

XIV.

Askeaton Castle, which his troops bombarded,
 He took by assault, but vaunted not the feat ;
 The Limerick men might die, but not retreat ;
 And, where he attacked, the fort was weakly guarded,
 And could not chuse but fall.

* Dark.

XV.

The far-famed Carrickfoyle, a noble stronghold,
Glin Castle, also, fell before the shocks
Of his artillery ! Both seemed firm as rocks,
But no defence, no fortalice could long hold
Out against James's son !

XVI.

O, woe for the Mac Donnells there assembled !
Woe for the warlike son of Sorley ! These
He scattered far, like leaves before the breeze—
Heroes who never had shrunk back or trembled
Where fame was to be won !

XVII.

What more ? Undauntedly he next assaulted
The granite-buttressed Castle of Glenarm,
Displaying a heroism that well might warm
The coldest breasts, and kindle to exalted
Aspirings even the Base !

XVIII.

The O'Neills of Scotland, clans of lineage olden,
Inspired by God, with more of pride than grief,
Vowed faith and fealty to this conquering Chief,
Whom Glory seemed to circle, as a golden
Halo the sun's bright face !

XIX.

In Glenkonkeen his troops had store of pillage ;
In Glenmalure they preyed both bosk and byre ;
Again they ravaged, both with steel and fire,
The lands of Erris, plain, and vale, and village,
Sparing no tribe or clan !

XX.

To devastate, by plundering and by reaving
The whole of Ulster, bally, bawn, and lea,
The Earl took shipping on the stormy sea ;
A grand exploit !—worthy a King's achieving—
Worthiest of this great man !

XXI.

He wasted all the townlands of O'Reilly,
O'Reilly of the Sharp and Shining Spears.
Alas !—for this, the cause of shrieks and tears
Neath many a roof, I praise not over-highly
Even Thomas Dubh this day !

XXII.

He plundered the rich country of O'Malley,
Scattering, as rapidly as falcon flies,
Woe and dismay, panic and wild surprise,
Through all its districts, town, and vale, and valley.
It was no schoolboy's play !

XXIII.

Through Burren, Beare, and Brefney next he carried
 His vengeful and all-conquering arms—and those,
 Though many a native Chief rose up to oppose,
 Of every single head of kine he harried,
 This Prince of high renown !

XXIV.

He wrapped in flames all Ossory and Ealy.
 Woe is my soul for both of them !—and woe,
 O, fourfold woe is me for Aherlow !
 This, too, he burned, for none of them were leally
 Affected towards the Crown !

XXV.

Broad Limerick's lands, in one short night and morrow,
 This hero ravaged, bearing off sixteen
 Great preys, with scarce a halt or pause between !
 Cause this of loud laments and bitter sorrow
 To woman, man, and child.

XXVI.

By him was humbled, for the first and last time,
 The pride of Kenry and of Connelloe.
 Their Lord was absent. Had he dreamed a foe
 Was playing among his lands at such a pastime,
 Wrath would have driven him wild !

XXVII.

Eascreevey and the mouth of the Bann Water,
 And every territory round the twain,
 He plundered of their cattle, gold, and grain ;
 And fearful and unsparing was the slaughter
 He wrought in each and all.

XXVIII.

Moyliny's lands he pillaged without measure ;
 He sacked the Routes of the Smooth Sandy Shores ;
 He rifled, too, the Oriers of their stores,
 And stripped the wealthy Ards of all their treasure—
 Cottage and castle-hall !

XXIX.

How shall I tell what galley-loads of booty,
 Enough, in sooth, to sate a King's desire,
 He carried off, triumphant, from Kantyre,
 And Mann, that Island of the Streams of Beauty,
 Though both disclaimed his right !

XXX.

He overcame and brought beneath subjection
 All Kerry ; and, by blows that none could strike
 Besides himself, anon subdued alike
 The Chiefs of Desmond and their disaffection—
 Such was his matchless might !

XXXI.

His troops and booty over Cashan River,
 Albeit its billows foamed in crested sheen,
 He safely brought, as though there had but been
Just wind enough to make the beech-reeds quiver—
 A skilful Pilot he !

XXXII.

There was not one green glen in all Duhallow,
 One wood or hill-side that he left unscoured ;
 And where the fortresses of Muskery towered
The trampled fields that year lay flayed and fallow,
 A rueful sight to see !

XXXIII.

Well have I followed James's son so far : my
 History next finds him in Clan Gibbon's land,
 But that shrewd people purchased out of hand
A peace from him and his redoubted army—
 Theirs were, I trow, the gains !

XXXIV.

Still battling, still invading ; tireless always ;
 Dividing spoil in Ranalagh to-day ;
 To-morrow in the Decies : then away
To prey and devastate amid broad Galway's
 Peaked hills and ample plains—

XXXV.

Now firing wooded Leix, and then returning
 With store of pillaged riches—then, perchance,
 In Munster's valleys, quickening his advance
Into Iveah ;—reaving, slaughtering, burning,
 Destroying tower and keep—

XXXVI.

This day in Donegal, in fair Cloghstacken—
 The next in Sligo of the Pastures Green ;
 The third day at the Cairn of O'Glaiveen—
So spent the Earl his time, and scorned to slacken
 His progress even for sleep !

XXXVII.

Not one heath-mantled mountain far or near in
 The island—not a harbour—not a rood
 Of tufted ground in grassy glen or wood,
Remained unsearched by him throughout all Erin,
 For plunder day by day !

XXXVIII.

Nonsparing Chief ! He did not leave unwasted
 One acre of Lagenia's fertile plains,
 Or Ulster's, or Momonia's fair domains ;
With soul that seemed all fire, he ever hasted
 Onwards to wreck and prey !

XXXIX.

What pen shall paint the dreadful devastation
 He wrought o'er Meath's and Connaught's plains and downs?
 He scaled their hills, destroyed their towers and towns,
 And wrapt their woods in one wide conflagration!
 O! but his heart was wroth!

XL.

His fierceness overbore all opposition.
 I know not if ere long there could be found
 A single Chief, renowned or unrenowned,
 Who had not promised the Great Earl submission,
 And vowed him faith and troth!

XLI.

O, mighty Thomas! terrible and awless!
 There was not one rude, predatory horde,
 Whom he pursued not, both with gun and sword.
 He expelled and slaughtered all, to the last lawless
 Marauder south and north.

XLII.

Yet scarce had this triumphant Prince of Nobles
 Deceased, before the land he left forlorn,
 Alas! unhappiest land! again was torn
 By fierce dissensions and distracting troubles,
 That burst like wildfire forth.

XLIII.

Oh! cause for sadness and unceasing sighing!
 The very heart within my bosom bleeds
 To think that he whose high heroic deeds
 I have here but glanced at, should to-day be lying
 Low, low, among the Dead!

XLIV.

But glanced at? Even so! for, in truth, I name not
 A tenth of his achievements! But what need
 Of more, where all are similar to read?
 Whose was the country that he overcame not,
 Or held him not in dread?

XLV.

There was not, far or near, one Chieftain hostile
 To England's power on whom he brought not woe
 And spoliation, ruin and overthrow.
 Well might the Sovereign deem the land a lost isle
 When Thomas lived no more!

XLVI.

He was, to sum up all, unmatched in power, an
 Intrepid warrior and judicious Chief,
 Long shall his foes remember with fierce grief
 That conquering, that relentless Earl of Gowran,
 Whose death I so deplore!

ETCHINGS OF ITALY.

LUGANO—COMO—MILAN—THE LAST SUPPER—THE BRERA—THE LAZZARETTO—MANTUA AND CREMONA—VERONA—THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE—PAVIA—VENICE—THE "PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO"—THE DOGE'S PALACE—"MARINO FALIERO"—THE LIDO—VENICE BY MOONLIGHT.

He who has descended from the inhospitable summits of the St. Gothard into the valley of the Ticino must recall with pleasure the sensations which every one experiences on beholding, for the first time, the sunny plains and the soft outlines of an Italian landscape; and when, having ascended the road which leads towards Lugano, he looks back upon the picturesque town of Bellinzona, backed by the snowy Alps, the contrast between the savage grandeur of the latter and the soft beauty of the smiling valley, is even more striking than before. There is a repose, a tranquillity, a satisfaction, in Italian scenery which we would vainly look for among the more stupendous and amazing works of creation. We are oppressed and awed by the former; our feelings are those of a man endeavouring to grasp some grand idea, which dazzles and overpowers him. We have met many who have been disappointed at the first view of the Alps, of Mont Blanc, and yet, after a second or third visit, they have returned more and more impressed with these wonders of God's creation. The same phenomena will lead us to the same conclusion in the material world as in the mental constitution of man. The vast works of creation convey to us certain ideas which, like those of the omnipotence and eternal existence of a Creator, are too grand to be comprehended at a single glance, until time and habit has matured our conceptions, and taught us the true relation of things. He who has ascended Mont Blanc, and knows that the dark spot which he had so often gazed on from the valley is an enormous rock, has gained an idea of immensity which he never could have acquired without such research. Yet there is something fatiguing in the contemplation of this unvarying grandeur, this sombre magnificence. We rush from cloud-capped Alps, and brawling torrents, and gloomy pine woods, to scenes more soothing, more congenial to the mind seeking peace and tran-

quillity, as we turn from the loud sounding din of Homer's battles, to weep with Andromache, or to wander with the Mantuan bard along the banks of Mincius. And it is in that land of poetry and love, that clime where the luxuriance of nature is only surpassed by the brilliant development of genius and the lofty conceptions of man, where nations have struggled for sovereignty, where the Carthaginian well nigh witnessed the death-pang of his mortal enemy, whence sprung those legions who overcame the world, there it is that we learn to appreciate all that is beautiful and generous among mankind.

LUGANO.

It was a beautiful evening, when having parted from the dirty hostess of Lugano, with many regrets on her side, we embarked on the lake, in one of the large flat boats used for the conveyance of passengers and merchandize. The sun was just sinking below the hills, having left a warm glow on the unclouded sky, and the dark blue shades of evening were stealing softly over the mountains. Not a sound was heard except the plash of the oars, as we moved slowly along, or the song of some fisherman, returning to his home, beneath a white cliff, which peeped out from between the vines. The sides of the lake were bordered with picturesque villas, campaniles, and white rocks, all surrounded by luxuriant foliage, and glistening in the moonlight.

COMO.

A pretty walk from Porlezza, along a road bordered by fruit-trees, beneath which merry groups of children were collecting the produce, leads to the sides of the Lago di Como. The diversity of objects which present themselves along the shores of this enchanting lake—the magnificent villas of the Italian nobility—the soft outline of the hills, clothed with olive myrtle and vines, through which the

frequent chapel rears its white bell-tower—the beautiful promontory of Bellagio, crowned with terraces and gardens, all form a scene well worthy of the pencil of Claude, or the glowing imagination of Manzoni. Those who have read that author's graphic descriptions, will derive a new interest from scenes which he has depicted with such truth and beauty, yet which defy the power of painting or genius, fully to do them justice. They appeal to the feelings, to the senses, which they captivate by a power peculiarly their own; and the languor of the mid-day repose, when scarce a sound but the "*tenuis susurrus*" of the grasshopper is heard, not a stir in nature, except a lizard glancing among the stones, the deep glow of an Italian sunset, or the colouring of its sky, can never be realized even by the finest conceptions of the artist, or the most brilliant imagination of the poet.

MILAN.

It was late, and the moonlight alone guided us, as we sought the cathedral of Milan, that famous structure reared by the piety or the superstition of centuries. There it stood, graceful and majestic, every statue and column reflecting back the soft light. Often had we viewed it by day, and paced its glorious interior, while the sun's setting rays poured a yellow light down the marble pillars, and the solemn chant of the vespers, mingled with the swelling tones of the organ. There is something peculiarly solemn in the evening ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church, when the deep monotonous chant resounds through the aisles of some vast cathedral, and the few lights glimmering at the altar, but heighten the increasing obscurity, and impress with the idea of unknown vastness. And when the night comes on, let him who had marked the sun's last rays mingling with the deep colouring of the painted windows, stand beneath the vast shadow of that magnificent Duomo, when every glistening spire points upwards to the dark vault of heaven, and he may depart, assured that seldom has a more glorious tribute been offered by mankind to attest a true and eternal creed.

THE LAST SUPPER.

There is an old, dirty, unpretending building in Milan, once a convent, afterwards used as a barrack by the French, who have always assimilated their ideas more to the church militant, than the church triumphant, and often shewed their considerate attentions to the monastic order, by easing them of any superfluity they might possess. Within this convent is a large room unpromising in appearance, which yet contains one of those monuments of genius or inspiration so long appreciated by an admiring world—the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The colours are fast fading from the wall, and in a few years nothing, perhaps, will remain but the remembrance of this glorious painting. Nothing—for although many have been the attempts to reproduce it, and thousands of copies profess to give a true idea of the original, yet like many other things, they fall far short of their professions. The world will at length learn that there are a few things which cannot be copied—which defy imitation, being themselves inimitable.

Such are those great monuments of man's creative power, which, as they assimilate the creature nearer to the Creator, so in our imperfect state are few and far between, as palm trees in the desert, from whence centuries may date, and which successive generations may long despair to equal. The colouring of this famous painting has been often renewed, which circumstance may excite a similar question to that concerning the celebrated ship *Argo*, whether any portion of the original exists. But the expression of the Saviour's countenance, the lofty majesty of his brow, the melancholy yet commanding look of Him who grieved at the treachery of Judas, yet resigned himself to his fate, these remain to attest a master hand—a noble spirit, which derived from the highest sources of inspiration. It might seem as if the artist had caught one gleam from above, one heavenly glance, and fixed it there, the material realization of his own inspired thoughts. Such is genius, true and immortal. It seeks no meretricious greatness, no satisfaction except that of having accomplished its task, fulfilled its mission. Regardless of interest, forgetful of the world, it asks

not, but commands the homage of an admiring universe.

THE BRERA.

It was the season for the exhibition of modern paintings when we visited the Brera, and the more sober productions of antiquity were thrust into the shade beside the gaudy creations of the present schools of painting. We are not of those who have no eyes or ears for any thing which does not smell of the antique, although we have our doubts whether the world is ever likely to surpass the paintings of Raphael or the poetry of Homer and Milton. We can discover some trace of genius in the creations of Dannecker, or even of our own Landseer and Burton; and yet the humiliating fact is evident to even a superficial observer, that few works of modern art can bear a comparison, either in purity of ideas or style, with those of a less civilized but less material age. The reason is plain. The instruments are the same, the opportunities even greater, but the spirit is wanting. The generality of modern artists work to gain worldly wealth or applause. Like the orators of Juvenal, they are content if they fill their pockets, or shake the benches with acclamations. Such is not the spirit from which great and glorious works emanate. Those who still command the admiration of each succeeding age, were men whom no inferior motives actuated—who, absorbed, possessed as it were, by one grand idea, toiled until they had brought it to perfection. They felt that sooner or later an admiring world would do them justice. Enslaved by no servile imitation, they sought no borrowed gleam of light, but dared, like Prometheus, to snatch the flame from heaven. Such were Dante and Raphael, our own Shakespeare and Milton. The same age produced the same spirit, and that spirit reared those magnificent structures, and brought forth those glorious monuments of genius, the goals and boundaries of European civilization.

THE LAZZARETTO.

He who would realize to himself a tale of suffering such as the annals of history have seldom paralleled, should read that fearful description of the plague at Milan, given by Manzoni,

and then visit the Lazzaretto, the scene of so many tragedies of that eventful time. Outside the gate of the city is a low range of buildings, surrounded by a stagnant ditch, and enclosing a small square where the rank grass grows, the picture of misery and desolation. A small chapel rises in the midst, where those who had survived that awful visitation might return thanks for their deliverance. A few of the buildings are tenanted by some miserable poor, and around the pillars which support the porticos some parasitical plants have twined, as if to mock by their presence the general decay. Scarcely could five hundred persons be accommodated there with comfort, yet during the famine which preceded the plague, twelve thousand destitute beggars were cooped up in that narrow space, until they had bred the seeds of infection which, when released, they dispersed all through the city. At no period of history, not even during the plague at Athens, when famine and war, added to the calamity, has such a picture of suffering mingled with heartless recklessness and degrading superstition been presented to the world. The rapid spread of the infection, after the procession of the relics of Saint Borromeo, might have taught them to look to a higher power for support in their calamity. Yet the senseless persecution of the anointers showed that a dreadful scourge was yet needed to convict them of their errors. And dreadful was that scourge. The sun glared upon the devoted city with withering and baneful heat, the breath of the pestilence alone fanned their burning brows, the cloud hung above their heads; but no refreshing shower descended from its bosom,—their ground was iron, and their sky brass. At length the cloud burst, the waters poured down in welcome streams, the sun shone with a genial light; but those waters rushed through deserted streets; the light streamed through palaces now only tenanted by the dead. Famine and pestilence had done their work, and the prince and peasant lay side by side in the grave—that great leveller of mortality.

The phenomena of the plague have been in general very similar, as if to mark it peculiarly as God's scourge upon an offending nation. There is

one remarkable coincidence, however, which proves, in one instance at least, the similarity of the symptoms in different countries. We allude to the custom which still exists in Italy of saying "*salute*," and in Ireland "*God bless you*," when any person has sneezed. In Hibernia, where Paddy must have a reason, right or wrong, for what he does, this expression is merely considered as a pious invocation against the fairies. But in Italy, and especially in Milan, which may be called, "*par excellence*," the City of the Plague, that custom has been handed down as a tradition of that fearful visitation. Sneezing, as mentioned also by Thucydides, *σνιγναι*, has always been a premonitory symptom of the plague, and thus the graphic description of the Athenian historian finds a witness yet to attest the truth of his narrative among the streets of Milan and the wilds of Ireland.

MANTUA AND CREMONA.

It is seldom that the reality surpasses those glowing images which the imagination is ever ready to supply, especially among scenes long present to the mind. Those who read with delight the beautiful rural descriptions of the Mantuan bard, might well suppose that his childhood was nurtured amidst all that is picturesque or striking in nature, such scenes as might fill the fancy and awaken the enthusiasm of the youthful poet. And yet the place of his birth is destitute of any of those features which constitute either grand or picturesque scenery. But Virgil was not alone the poet of Mantua, but of Italy, of the world, and of Rome, the world's mistress. And those who have visited that enchanting clime must be more impressed with the fact, that the Italy of the present day is still the land of which the Roman sang. Here the vine-dresser yet prunes his vines, and plants the alternate rows. Here, beneath the same cloudless and genial sky, the weary peasant seeks shelter from the noontide heat under the spreading beech or widowed elm; and some Arcadian beauties may yet be realized, not in that form in which they have been travestied by the imagination of our ancestors, when interesting shepherdesses in silks and brocades were pursued by lovesick shepherds, through clipped par-

terres and formal avenues. We can still imagine the dulcet sounds of the lute, the flocks collected from the summer heat, *sub pendente rupe*, while the hum of bees and the chirp of grasshoppers, *rumpunt arbusta cicada*, alone break the complete stillness and repose of an Italian noontide. It is the burlesque of nature, not nature herself, which is ridiculous, and excites the laughter of mankind. Whatever vicissitudes and changes a country may undergo, although many and different may be her masters, yet the bulk of her population, her peasantry, seldom change, but preserve the same characteristics from age to age. They are the children of the soil; all their sentiments and ideas partake of the scenes amidst which they live, and the air which they breathe. The English peasant of the present day is the true descendant of the Saxon who fought at Hastings; the Greek who disdained the Turkish yoke is not unworthy of his fathers who bled at Marathon; the Swiss dreams yet of Sempach and Morgarten; and the Italian, quick, fiery, and intelligent, might yet, beneath the eagles of another Cæsar, avenge the injuries of his fallen race.

VERONA.

The road from Milan to Verona passes by the Lago di Garda, a fine expanse of water, the roar of whose waves giving it the character of an inland sea, mark it as the "*Benacus*" of Virgil, *Fluctibus ac fremitu assurgens marino*. We found accommodation in a large hotel, formerly a palace belonging to some proud signior of Verona, and gloomy enough, although spacious. However, we had reason to be thankful that our lodging was not in an ancient building, now a pothouse, but said to have belonged to the Capulets. It does not at all agree with our ideas of a signiorial residence, and unfortunately for the story, the only balcony where Juliet could have stood (if she ever stood there at all) looks into a narrow, dirty street, which entirely destroys the romance. Indeed both this house and the tomb of Juliet (which bears a striking resemblance to a horse trough with a lid upon it) seems to have been invented for the peculiar benefit of the valets de place, a lively and inventive race, who de-

serve to be supported for their ingenuity in being able to give a different version, and to assign different localities to the same story. However, the stone trough answers all the purposes of romance, and sundry chips of it are deposited annually, by sentimental travellers, in their cabinet of curiosities. Consequently, it matters little whether a wall round the garden which contains this interesting relic is the very one which Romeo leaped over, according to some veracious guides, or whether he scaled another somewhere else, it being perfectly optional, as the showman liberally remarked, for those to choose who have paid their money, with this slight difference, that whichever they shall select is sure to be the wrong one.

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

Whence comes this dark and gloomy structure, the relic of days gone by, of generations long passed away. Blackened by age, its vast proportions seemed piled by Titan hands. Like the scathed and blasted trunk of some mighty oak in the forest, it stands forth alone, claiming no kindred with the scenes around, in solemn solitude, the witness of a long extinct, though not forgotten race. There is something peculiarly strange and mysterious about these ancient structures which Rome has bequeathed to the world, the monuments of her power. Never have we been so impressed with the consciousness of her might, as when standing beneath the dark shadow of this shattered and ruined memorial. It might seem that the mighty genius of the empire still brooded over, and shadowed it by his vast wings. We feel ourselves awed as if by the presence of her, the tutelary guardian of the seven hills, whose mysteries were inscrutable, whose name never was uttered by lips profane. The form of this majestic ruin is still perfect, the stone seats remain, but much has yielded to time and decay. Some of those who seek a subsistence by selling relics and prints, have established themselves in the "vomitoria" beneath, like rats in a deserted barn. Thus generations have lived and died beside these mighty relics of a conquering race, scarcely con-

scious of their presence, with little sympathy for their fate; yet where shall we find a grander realization of the vast conceptions of that indomitable will which once subdued the world, than among those ruined memorials, the last legacy of Imperial Rome.

PAVIA.

The road from Milan to Pavia is uninteresting, passing through low marshy grounds. A detour should be made to visit the Certosa, a magnificent ecclesiastical structure, rich in tombs and offerings, the fruits of the piety of the middle ages, when men compounded with heaven by giving up what they could no longer enjoy. The façade is composed of alternate squares of black and white marble, like a chess-board, and presents rather an Oriental appearance. As appropriate ornaments of a Christian church, they have inserted heads of Alexander the Great and some Roman Emperors, better suited to a temple of Bacchus. The interior is very gorgeous, containing two richly-carved tombs, one of Galeazzo Visconti, who certainly deserved to be well buried, as the people had been made so happy by his death. The side chapels contain some rich marbles brought from Asia and the Levant, and the interior of the roof is of a beautiful aquamarine colour. There is little interesting in Pavia except the tomb of St. Augustine in the cathedral. The town has quite a deserted appearance, realising little that importance which it once possessed, when Francis fought the memorable battle beneath its walls. There is small interest in viewing the battle-field of an age when tactics were little known, and a charge of chivalry decided the day. It was not, perhaps, from mere motives of ambition that the monarchs of France so often asserted their right of conquest in Italy. Their policy was probably deeper than that which proceeded from the desire of fruitless aggrandisement; but it was in Italy the contest should be decided. There was the battle-field—the struggle for the balance of power, a principle which, if not fully understood in theory, was yet often the secret motive for expeditions apparently rash and unproductive.

VENICE.

We remember a long time ago, when in our childhood every plantation was deemed a forest, every stream a river, before railways and engineers, and Commissioners of the Board of Works, had marred the beauties of the woodland, and driven away the "*genii loci*," the tutelary nymphs of grot and fountain, we remember having listened with delight to tales of fairy rings and dances, of enchanted lakes, whence rose by magic power, glistening pinnacles, and splendid towers, adorned with all the creations of a glowing imagination. Long had we deemed that such glories existed only in the fancy of the aged peasant, and never had we expected to see them realized, until one evening, when the setting sun was spreading its last rays through a veil of mist, rising from the waters, we saw through that vapoury medium the very material realization of our childish dreams. There were domes and pinnacles, lofty "*campaniles*," and marble palaces, glistening through the mysterious veil of golden mist, and built apparently on the shifting foundation of the waters; and scarce a sound was heard as we glided noiselessly along beneath the shadow of the palaces, through dark canals, where the moon in vain endeavoured to penetrate, until we emerged at length into the broad bosom of the "*Canal Grande*," the principal thoroughfare of Venice.

THE "*PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO*."

We must apologize to our readers for the small amount of that information, which (as tourists) we feel ourselves bound to give the public, concerning the various accidents and hair-breadth escapes which we encountered on our road, how dear M—— was detained with a cold, and F—— nearly broke his neck in a ditch; these, and other remarkable occurrences, such as our interview with the Prince of N——y, and our interesting debate upon the Corn Laws with the Count of P——ski, who apparently knew as much about the subject as most Irishmen know about the Repeal of the Union, we shall leave to those favoured individuals who shall undertake (according to the present fashion) to publish our memoirs and corres-

pondence. But following our original intention of hurrying our reader at once "*in medias res*," we shall enter the "*Piazza di San Marco*," and place ourselves opposite to the Church. It is early, yet the rays of an Italian sun are darting down an intolerable heat; every one looks wearied, and on all sides is heard the incessant cry of "*acqua*," accompanied by the tinkling of the apparatus of the water-sellers. The gondoliers lie stretched asleep in their boats, and the only individuals who preserve the semblance of activity are the waiters of the "*cafés*, who hurry continually to and fro to supply the wants of their various customers. There is a peculiar charm about Venice, arising from the varied scenes which it presents to the stranger. There the Greek, and Turk, the Jew, and Frank, the sturdy boatmen of the Adriatic, and the wandering minstrel of Lombardy, meet beneath the colonnades; then above all is the Church of St. Mark, with its Eastern domes and marble columns, for which every clime has been ransacked. There is the Doge's palace, the slender columns and rounded arch bespeaking a Saracenic origin, while its massive solidity, and the gigantic "*campanile*" frowning above it, recall the thoughts to the dark materialism of the West. Let us enter the gorgeous portico beneath the celebrated horses of St. Mark, and having trod upon the stone which marks where an Emperor knelt, let us survey the interior of the Church, redolent with eastern perfume. A dim light is shed around by the few lamps at the altar, where the priests are officiating, and the smoke is rising from the censers. A religious gloom pervades the whole, but it lacks the majestic simplicity of the Duomo at Milan, the severe grandeur of our own St. Paul's. There is magnificence; but it is that of the Indian pagoda, glittering with marble and gems—not such as calls forth the spontaneous tribute of admiring devotion. We are dazzled, but not impressed; and it is a relief to the aching sight to exchange the solemn gloom for the broad light of day. Many a recollection is renewed by the sight of that piazza. Many a scene recurs to the memory, fraught with the triumphs and disgrace of the Queen of the Adriatic. Again, we seem to behold the crowd

of merchants—of traders from the distant East—of those who had welcomed her palmy days, when the wealth of India poured into her ports. From so many recollections which throng upon the mind, let us select two scenes (it is enough) of her triumph and her disgrace:

“It is a glorious afternoon, and all Venice is poured forth beside her quays, where resounds the busy hum of merchandize, and upon her canals, alive with a thousand gondolas. And now a crowd has collected to view a stranger bark, whence descend three knights, the flower of the western chivalry. The cross embroidered on their mantles denotes the object of their mission—it is to seek the aid of the republic against the Saracen. A few days have passed away, and the people are assembled in the piazza, and again those knights are before them, beneath the shadow of the winged lion; and their heads are bare, and beside them stands the blind old chieftain, bearing the banner of the republic; and a few words are uttered, of entreaty and supplication, to the sovereign multitude, and then the sounds of approbation are heard—the voice of thousands shakes the drooping banners—their arms are grasped—their galleys are manned, and the fiat of Venice decides the doom of Constantinople.”

These were glorious times—the age of Italian freedom. Now let us reverse the picture.

Once more the piazza is filled by an anxious crowd; but the triumph of power, the joy of success is no longer there. The fire of enthusiasm—of patriotic zeal—no longer animates their expressive countenances; their faces are bent downwards; they wait in mournful expectancy of some melancholy pageant, prepared by violence and oppression; and high above their heads floats the banner of the House of Hapsburgh—high on those masts, once the pride, but now the monuments of the disgrace of a nation. And a proclamation is read, which asserts the stranger's claim to those gorgeous palaces, and the thunder of artillery mingles with the acclamations of a few hirelings, and Venice has fallen—a base compromise of French expediency with Austrian ambition.

There are those who deem railways, and pensions, and patched-up palaces, a sufficient compensation for the loss of liberty—who affect to praise the

paternal administration of Austria, and extol the present tranquillity of a people when compared with the stormy scenes of national freedom. Such political theorists consider the feelings and motives which actuate mankind as of no value in their material calculations. But there is that which treasures can never buy, the loss of which no benefits can compensate. It is the spirit of a free-born nation—the consciousness of independence—which elevates and sublimates the man; it is the fire of patriotism, from whence spring (as the mystic Iacchus amidst the raging flame) that soul which animated the strains of Petrarch, Dante, and Tasso. Italy may yet boast her railroads, her harvests and luxurious clime, but never shall those strains recall aught but ruin and disgrace—never shall the light of native genius beam on her land, until her sons have learned, by bitter experience, that freedom is their last and noblest blessing—until the spirit of liberty again descends to raise their hearts to high and glorious deeds.

THE DOGE'S PALACE.

Beside the Church of St. Mark, extending to the water-side, is the magnificent palace of the Doge. After ascending a splendid marble staircase, down which rolled the head of the ill-fated Marino Faliero, the stranger is conducted through a spacious hall hung with portraits of the doges, and paintings illustrative of their deeds, among which those of Dandolo are justly conspicuous. Here are many bronze statues, and other trophies, brought to Venice after the siege of Constantinople. The historian and artist have reason to be thankful that the previous capture of that city by a Christian host diffused the monuments of learning and art over Europe, before the barbarity of the Turk had completed the work of desolation. After having visited the hall of the Council of Ten, and looked down the chink where was once the famous lion's mouth, an aged “cicerone” conducted us to the dungeons. Some of them were beneath the level of the canal; and very moist, slimy, unpleasant places they are, admirably calculated as the winter residence of a toad, but not agreeable quarters for a prisoner. Many a tragedy, we have no doubt,

was consummated in the dark waters of the narrow canal, which flows beneath the Bridge of Sighs, and between the palace and the prison. There is one step in a passage leading to a part of the prison, where the words of Dante, "*Lasciate ogni speranza,*" might well be applied, as those who passed that fatal bound never returned. The Bridge of Sighs spans the narrow canal, which, as it has been sighed and sung about by so many poets, both fledged and unfledged, since the time of Byron, we shall dismiss for the present with the single remark, that the proximity of the prison and palace is more the characteristic of Oriental despotism than of the free institutions of Europe. This is one among the many similarities which may be traced in comparing the Venetian government, its spirit and institutions, with the unchanging dogmas and tyranny of the East.

"MARINO FALIERO."

In the hall of the Doge's palace, among the portraits of the chief magistrates of the republic, is a frame covered by a black veil, beneath which is inscribed the name of the ill-fated Marino Faliero. Independent of the charm which genius has thrown over his history, there is a mystery attached to his fate which might well arrest the attention of the historian. Was he, indeed, worthy of the infamy entailed on the name of a traitor to his country? Or did he fall a victim to the jealousy of that secret tribunal who dreaded any invasion of their privileges? Was it because he dared to assert more liberal principles than those consistent with the safety of an oligarchy—because he dreamed of a power founded on the love of the people, that he fell a sacrifice to a conspiracy, the nature of which resembled those hatched in the seraglio of an eastern despot. These are questions difficult to decide; yet, we may find a history somewhat parallel to that of Marino Faliero in the annals of Sparta. The constitution of that celebrated republic resembled, in many respects, the oligarchy of Venice. In both there was the larger and smaller council; the head magistrate, with limited power, chosen from and jealously watched by a small body of the nobles. Hence arises the similarity between the fate of Marino

Faliero and of Pausanias, the celebrated leader at Plataea, who was afterwards accused of treachery, and punished with death, by a conspiracy of the nobles. Both had endeavoured to engage the affections of the multitude by the offer of a more liberal form of government; both were betrayed, and became the victims of a party whom they could not subdue. The guilt of Pausanias was probably better established than that of Marino Faliero, but the similar fate of both may prove the remarkable coincidence between some of the principal institutions of Venice and the republic of Lycurgus.

THE LIDO.

There is a long narrow strip of land forming a kind of natural breakwater, which protects Venice from the Adriatic. It might seem to a spectator, when beholding the city beneath from the summit of the campanile in the Piazza, that were it not for this little promontory, a violent tempest might bury palaces and churches beneath the waves. It is a desolate spot, destitute of vegetation and partly covered with the sand borne by the sea-breeze. There are a few tombs scattered about, marked with Hebrew characters, denoting that they belong to that race long proscribed in Europe, the children of Israel. But, after the confinement of a Venetian life, it is pleasant to find a small strip of ground, by which you may ascertain the utility of those members called legs, with which man has been endowed, the advantages of which an inhabitant of Venice might be inclined to call in question. In fact, although it is possible to walk through the whole city, by taking circuitous routes, passing bridges like staircases, &c., yet it is infinitely more agreeable and convenient to take a gondola, especially as the gondolier may sometimes act as your "*cicerone*," and enable you thus to dispense with a "*valet de place*," a tiresome kind of animal, who talks of nothing in Venice but of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. There is another sight, however, to be seen at the Lido, which should not be omitted in the catalogue of its attractions. It is the sunset, when the luminary descends like a ball of fire into the Adriatic. We might almost imagine that the waters hissed

when it apparently touched their verge. There is nothing to interrupt the view, sea and sky are suffused with a brilliant crimson glow, and the sun descends (in classical phrase) into the bosom of Oceanus, or to use the words of our own poet—

"One unclouded blaze of living light."

BYRON.

VENICE BY MOONLIGHT.

Would you wish to realize to yourself the glories of an age long gone by, to evoke the memories of the past, and summon the mighty dead to people a scene of ancient days—look not to revive those recollections beneath the broad and garish light of day, when the hurry of business of man's material pursuits, interrupt and chase away the laboured thought. But when the vulgar—the "*ἡ πολλοί*," the "ignobile vulgus," who turn into bed to sleep away their supper, have disappeared—when the full moon looks down over dome and tower, and all that shocks the imagination by day, all the contrast of splendour and wretchedness, of former grandeur and splendid misery, is thrown into the shade; when nothing is abroad to disturb the meditations of him who, reckless of colds and night air, ventures forth to enjoy the evening breeze; then it is that the spirit shakes off its earthly trammels, and soars far into the regions of thought. It was our last evening in Venice, when, having escaped the crowd still lingering on the Piazza, we took our gondola, and passed along by the broad stream of the "Canal Grande." The light gleaming in the pure vault of heaven, was reflected back from magnificent churches and palaces, many retaining but a semblance of their pristine splendour. Not a sound was heard, but the buzz of the musquito, or the gurgle of the water beneath the oar of the gondolier, and the many boats which passed us, dark and noiseless, added more to the mysterious character of the scene. Away with those who would banish romance and enthusiasm from this world of ours—who would reduce everything to their dull material notions, their day-books and ledgers—who mix up Shakespeare and cabbages, a reminiscence from Dante and a cure for corns. With

such there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. There are many of this description to be met with—of those who could not stop to behold a splendid sunset, because dinner was waiting, and the soup would be cold, and who are afraid to venture out in the evening lest they might catch rheumatic gout. The question naturally arises, why did they undertake such a perilous exploit as leaving their fireside, and well-aired sheets, to encounter damp, and indigestion, and cold on the continent. Let us leave them to their unenvied ease, and glide slowly beneath the shadow of the Doge's Palace, and view the domes of St. Mark glistening beneath the vault of night. How often, in her palmy days, have the throngs of giddy revellers paused, enchanted by the beauty of the spot, while the thousand gondolas glanced by, filled with the votaries of pleasure, and echoing with the strains of Tasso! These were times when Venice was indeed Queen of the Adriatic, enthroned upon her isles, rising like the Cyprian goddess from the waters. How changed is the scene! how gone the beauty! Her merchants are beggars, pensioned by the charity of Austria—her sons the subjects of a stranger—her commerce decayed—her spirit broken. How different from the time when she dared to stand almost single-handed against the banded powers of Europe! The Bucentaur lies rotting in the deserted docks, once filled with shipping, the admiration of Europe. Her palaces are falling to decay—many a broken column and fallen capital attests the perishable nature of human greatness. A stranger inhabits her halls, and insults her fallen majesty. But away with these gloomy reflections, they suit not such a scene as this—the beauty of the midnight hour. Let us summon the recollections of chivalry and romance to our aid—let us people the solitude, and wake its pristine life within the withered frame. It is not the thought of what she is, but of what she has been, which should influence our spirit, when passing by so many scenes of ancient glory. Not thus did the Roman muse, when he paused amidst the ruins of fallen Carthage. He sat, indeed, upon a broken column, his eye rested on the ruined temple, the

fallen arch; but he regarded them not, his thoughts were far away—he held communion with those of ancient time, the spirits of the mighty dead. He thought of when the Carthaginian shook in his iron grasp the gates of the seven-hilled city—when the legions were mowed down by the African sword, and Rome trembled for her empire. He thought of the last struggle of expiring patriotism, when women and children rushed to the fight, and the astonished foe quailed before the determination of despair.

Had Venice perished like Carthage, her beauty might indeed have been more defaced, her buildings less worthy of the admiration of the stranger; but her name should have been a watchword of freedom to remotest ages, her death-knell had waked a chord of sympathy in every patriot's heart. Again, we see the triumphant march of the Crusaders, the gonfalon of the republic, waving on the towers of Zara and Constantinople—the return of her victorious fleets, when the setting sun had witnessed the defeat and shame of Genoa. These are memories which incite to great and glorious deeds; would that they had availed her to add one more laurel to her unpolluted brow, would that she had known, when hope was

gone, to descend again into the waters from which she rose, her flag unstruck, her honour unsullied.

Venice, farewell! long would we linger beside thy waters, charmed by the spell attached to the memory of an age coeval with the brightest scenes of Italian glory, the age of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of Dante and Tasso. Thine has been a mysterious career; thou hast been the witness alike of a falling and a rising empire. As the prophet of old, thou hast stood between the dead and the living—a connecting link in the chain of centuries, between tottering Rome and the vigorous growth of modern Europe, between the Hun and the Frank, Attila and Napoleon. Thy architecture, thy institutions, the spirit and manners of thy people, all attest the two-fold nature of thy destiny, as placed between the old and new civilization, sharing in the characteristics of both, uniting the immutable dogmas, the despotism of Oriental unity with the changes and revolutions of the West. We leave thee with regret; for never shall we look on a fairer scene—a scene so full of teeming recollections, so pregnant with the memory of bright and varied fortune, as that which we now gaze upon, beneath the brilliant moonlight of an Italian sky.

BAILEY'S FESTUS.*

THE greater the circumference of man's mental achievements, the more vast he finds the inner boundary of what he has not achieved. We know it is a favourite argument with those of our own time who would excuse the characteristic lack of great and original works in imaginative literature, that genius is at a disadvantage—that its efforts are anticipated by earlier efforts—that it has *cometoo late*. But this is only an excuse. It may salve the vanity of one or another disappointed aspirant to think so, but will never hold with the broad and liberal speculator on man's intellectual nature. Vast tracts of thought have, it is true, been landed upon, seized, reclaimed, and become for ever the possession of others. But the continent is as boundless as ever; and it is only to plunge into the forest with half the energy of original enterprise, to find the plains, and the waters, and the mountains of vaster regions spread before us in their unexplored solitude and sublimity.

No doubt, genius must now be instructed. To dare is not enough. To know all that may be known, must precede the plunge into the unknown. The territory wrested from nature by man must be traversed, and the experience of its population mastered, before the desert can be made productive by human labour. Nay, more—the information thus acquired must form the groundwork and suggest the direction of further enterprise. It must be predetermined what to aim at, and what to avoid; how to grapple with difficulties—how to improve advantages. The chivalrous adventurer of bygone ages, with whom the only impelling motive was the vague restlessness of his own spirit, and the only guide the stars of heaven, must now be succeeded by those who, fired by the same energy of purpose, and confiding with the same implicit reliance on the same exalted influences, own a great and intelligible object, and possess an elaborate and accurate chart.

Hence the avenues to success are perhaps less direct than they originally were. Spirits which might have arrived at its shrine when it was approached by a single step, may flag in the toilsome march of preliminary preparation; but GENIUS, that annihilator of difficulties, will only gain strength by opposing obstacles, rejoicing when it finds itself alone at the confines of that great tract, to reach which has been too much for minor celebrities, and within whose depths the footsteps of human imagination are still as untraceable as ever.

In this view we are aware we differ from some able critics, Jeffrey in particular, who deem it impossible—or so improbable as to amount to a practical impossibility—that any future genius will be found sufficiently vast to create, that is, to originate poetry, or *poiesis*, with the full grandeur and effect of those old masters of sacred and profane inspiration who found the tracts of human thought a solitude, and the waters of the great deep of the imagination moved over by the sole pinion of the Spirit of God. That man can make a Garden of Eden of the scored surface of arable land, or find the majesty of the “much-crowded main” in the crowded channel across which commerce ploughs its smoky way, from a brick-and-mortar wharf on one shore to a fishing-quay on another, is not to be reasonably expected. But these enthusiasts for the past forget, that poetry does not deal with limitable materials—that the sides of Parnassus are only cultivated to a certain elevation—that its steepes and its pinnacles are yet unreclaimed for the appropriation of genius, and that if it only commence the work from the superior limits of man's present domain, it will find the soil as virgin as at first, and each terrace reclaimed more sublime even than those appropriated by the energy of antiquity.

To assert that originality—that high characteristic of genius—is displayed

* Festus: a Poem. By Philip James Bailey. Fc. 8vo. London: William Pickering.

in the general conception and design of the remarkable poem before us, were to imply that there is any intelligible design whatever perceptible throughout it, which would be a mistake. As a whole, Festus is to the general reader as complete an enigma as Hamlet is to an unpoetical mind, or Faust to an unmetaphysical one. And the difference appears to be this: that whereas the English and the German poet sought each to convey to less imaginative or less philosophical temperaments something which was clear to his own superior intellect—each partially failing and partially succeeding in his object—the author of Festus has included the mystical in his original plan, and admitted from the first an *esoteric* meaning, which he is hopeless—or regardless—of rendering intelligible to others. This appears to us to be the clue equally to his beauties and his defects, as far as the general design is concerned. Where mysticism—might we not call it mystification?—enhances the force of certain conceptions, and is the natural concomitant of certain lofty inspirations, there the poet has his triumphs: just as the judicious painter will wrap a cloud around the summit of a mountain, leaving it to the imagination to give it what altitude it pleases, and which is generally the *major imago* of the true. But where strong and foreground effects are to be produced—where human action and human passion have to be depicted, and the mind or heart smitten with a palpable stroke of nature, there the genius of Mr. Bailey is found wanting. We are put off with a hint, a glance, a whisper, an echo, a dream. Fanciful obscurity is substituted for energetic, earnest life. Panting to place one foot on the solid ground, we graze the shore, to be floated off again on heaven-reflecting but fleeting and unsubstantial waters.

Mr. Bailey has therefore failed in producing a work which can ever interest the public mind. No grand outlines mark it out for notice at a distance; no earnest and specific purpose explains the elaboration of the details, or the vastness of the scale. It is a pyramid of mental labour, great in itself, and suggestive of greatness in the builder, but uncommensurate with any discoverable exigency, and therefore, incapable of converting our wonder into interest and admiration.

Let us give Mr. Bailey the benefit of his own statement. In the course of the poem he puts into the mouth of his hero an account of its object, nature, and pretensions. He says:—

“It has a plan but no plot.”

And adds, as his reason:—

“Life hath none.”

But the intelligent reader will not be slow to see that the admission condemns him, whilst its grounds are anything but a justification. Life in the abstract, indeed, has “no plot;” but every individual life, in retrospect, and historically, has. A single actual biography is a drama, on the model of which all constructed ones are framed. And it is the consciousness of this dramatic truth of nature in the breasts of us all, that enables us to go along with the creations of the poet who is faithful to her, and allow fiction to usurp the interest, and engross the sympathies of reality.

Mr. Bailey’s “plan” consists solely in the design of aiming at The Good, and evincing the power of virtue over evil, and truth over falsehood. Within these extreme limits he wanders without aim or restraint; beating up, as it were, against the wind, and keeping to no particular point of the compass, content if after each tack he be found to have gained somewhat in his course towards “the final consummation of all things.”

The considerations offered above will sufficiently explain the history of the poem—its flattering reception by the most highly-gifted and competent judges, coupled with the almost complete indifference of the public. And it is additionally proper that we should exhibit this; for in making our extracts we cannot avoid presenting such beauties to the reader as without some explanation would render the present position of the poet and his work altogether unaccountable.

Even to say what the “poem” of Festus is, is difficult. It is dramatic in its form, consisting of scenes, though undivided into acts or other greater divisions. Its length is inordinate, extending to upwards of *thirteen thousand lines*. The scenes wander from heaven to earth—from earth on “the surface,” to earth in its centre—

thence to a Platonic sphere of purified existence—thence to “hell!” One scene is designated as “space”—another, “anywhere”—another, “elsewhere!”—the final theatre of action being the “heaven of heavens!” The personages introduced are in keeping with these scenes; they consist of every class of being—from the Father omnipotent, the Trinity, the archangels, angels, and other superior intelligences—man, and woman, in all their classes, grades, and varieties,—to depraved and inferior orders, the infernal spirits, their rulers, and finally to the master spirit of evil! This, it will be allowed, is range enough in time, space, and degree!

Festus, the hero, is a pure abstraction. True, he is in every part borrowed, even to the very name, from the *Faustus* of the German poet. But in every part—including the name—only half borrowed. The characters are to each other in fact, (to borrow a technical phrase) as the names. But, unfortunately, the parts left behind in the appropriation are those which were, perhaps, the most essential to be retained. The link which holds the abstraction of Goëthe to human nature, and consequently to human hearts, is precisely that dropped by Mr. Bailey. He has grasped at the shadow, and lost the substance.

To illustrate this negative proposition is beyond our power. It could not be done otherwise than by presenting the poem at full length. But no one can rise from its perusal without admitting its truth. The body is wanting to the spirit. Festus is formless and featureless as a cloud, even in his grandeur and beauty. He is the projection of an unseen reality on amagic screen.

The Lucifer, too, who is a blended image of the Mephistopheles in “Faust” and the Tempter in Byron’s “Cain,” wants the characteristic fiendship of both one and the other of these evil creations of the poets. The Lucifer of Mr. Bailey appears, as in Job, and as in “Cain,” before the throne of the Almighty, with a like request—

“God.

What wouldst thou, Lucifer?

LUCIFER. There is a youth
Among the sons of men I fain would have
Given up wholly to me.

God.

He is thine,

To tempt.

LUCIFER. I thank Thee, Lord!”

He accordingly proceeds, in pursuance of the divine permission, to play his part, and work upon the mind of the mortal student. He finds Festus full of unearthly longings; sighing for the embraces of spirits, and the communion with things of other worlds, or the inanimate existences of this; full, too, of mingled cavils and credulities; of vague scepticism and objectless worship. Festus calls upon the elements in succession to respond to his aspirations; but in vain. Much beauty enters into these his invocations. The following passage is contained in the address to the air; describing, with grace and power, the effects of that element:—

“Now,
So light as not to wake the snowiest
down
Upon the dove’s breast, winning her
bright way
Calm and sublime as Grace unto the
soul,
Towards her far native grove; now,
stern and strong
As ordnance, overturning tree and
tower;
Cooling the white brows of the peaks of
fire,—
Turning the sea’s broad furrows like a
plough,—
Fanning the fruitening plains, breathing
the sweets
Of meadows, wandering o’er blinding
snows,
And sands like sea-beds and the streets
of cities,
Where men as garnered grain lie heaped
together;
Freshening the cheeks, and mingling oft
the locks
Of youth and beauty ’neath star-speak-
ing eve;
Swelling the pride of canvas, or, in
wrath,
Scattering the fleets of nations like dead
leaves;
In all, the same o’ermastering sightless
force,
Bowling the highest things of earth to
heaven,
And lifting up the dust unto the stars;
Fateful, confounding reason, and like
God’s
Spirit, conferring life upon the world,—
Midst all corruption incorruptible;
Monarch of all the elements!”

The following words of Lucifer are a key to the main incidents of the poem:—

"LUCIFER. Peace, peace!
All nature knows that I am with thee here,
And that thou need'st no minor minister.
To thee I personate the world—its powers,
Beliefs, and doubts, and practices.
FESTUS. Are all
Mine invocations fruitless, then?
LUCIFER. They are,
Let us enjoy the world!"

Then it is that the mortal and immortal spirits mix with men and women. Characters come and go before this binary system of moral being, much in the manner of their presentation to Goethe's linked intelligences. It is superfluous to criticise a plot so palpably appropriated from another; but the reader must bear in mind what we have already intimated, that whereas the German has brought his metaphysical hero in contact with, and to be an actor in, *one* intelligible and pathetic fable, Mr. Bailey throws before *his* a succession of disconnected and shadowy images, committing the fatal error of clothing the earthly or real personages he introduces, in that mystic garment which should have been worn as a contrast, and exclusively, by those intended to adumbrate metaphysical existences.

Clara loves Festus. She is the embodiment of woman. All the re-entrant angles of the feminine soul are described to a degree. Festus loves Clara; saliently, as a man. But he is hurried off to other contemplations. He must know the world. He meets a student, and discusses with him the internal constitution of humanity:—

"FESTUS. The heart is formed as earth was—its first age
Formless and void, and fit but for itself;
Then feelings half alive, just organized,
Come next,—then creeping sports and purposes,—
Then animal desires, delights, and loves—
For love is the first and granite-like effect
Of things—the longest and the highest:
next
The wild and winged desires, youth's saurian schemes,
Which creep and fly by turns; which kill, and eat,

And do disgorge each other: comes at length
The mould of perfect matchless manhood—then
Woman divides the heart, and multiplies it.
The insipidity of innocence
Palls: it is guilty, happy, and undone.
A death is laid upon it, and it goes—
Quits its green Eden for the sandy world,
Where it works out its nature, as it may,
In sweat, smiles, blood, tears, cursings, and what not.
And giant sins possess it; and it worships
Works of the hand, head, heart—its own or others—
A creature worship, which excludeth God's:
The less thrusts out the greater. Warning comes,
But the heart fears not—feels not; till at last
Down comes the flood from Heaven; and that heart,
Broken inwards, earthlike, to its central hell:
Or like the bright and burning eye we see
Inly, when pressed hard backwards on the brain,
Ends and begins again—destroyed, is saved.
Every man is the first man to himself,
And Eves are just as plentiful as apples;
Nor do we fall, nor are we saved by proxy.
The Eden we live in is our own heart;
And the first thing we do, of our free choice,
Is sure and necessary to be sin."

Lucifer urges these reflections to their infidel limits. But Festus reasons in his own way, and arrives at the conclusion that the sooner we are fit to be *all mind*, the better. "Blest," he says—

"Is he whose heart is the home of the great dead,
And their great thoughts. Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind—arrest, and search,
And shake it—bow the tall soul as by wind—
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current—turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing,—glorious,
But momentary, madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal!"

But the Tempter must shew his *patient* things beneath the surface of things. Accordingly he takes him to the centre, to "the fire-crypts of the world." Thence the pair make a visit to an *earthly metropolis*; and thence again are borne together to "another and a better world," where the Muse of Poetry is met and accosts them. The reply of Festus to the celestial personage is certainly eminently beautiful. We cannot bring ourselves to mutilate it:—

"Festus. Poets are all who love—
who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths
is love.

There was a time—oh, I remember well!
When, like a sea-shell with its sea-born
strain,

My soul aye rang with music of the
lyre;

And my heart shed its lore as leaves
their dew—

A honey dew, and throve on what it
shed.

All things I loved; but song I loved in
chief.

Imagination is the air of mind;
Judgment its earth, and memory its
main;

Passion its fire. I was at home in
Heaven;

Swiftlike I lived above; once touching
earth,

The meanest thing might master me:
long wings

But baffled. Still and still I harped on
song.

Oh! to create within the mind is bliss;
And, shaping forth the lofty thought,
or lovely,

We seek not, need not Heaven: and
when the thought—

Cloudy and shapeless, first forms on the
mind,

Slow darkening into some gigantic make,
How the heart shakes with pride and
fear, as heaven

Quakes under its own thunder; or as
might,

Of old, the mortal mother of a god,
When first she saw him lessening up the
skies.

And I began the toil divine of verse,
Which, like a burning bush, doth guest
a god.

But this was only wing-flapping—not
flight;

The pawing of the courser ere he win;
Till, by degrees, from wrestling with
my soul,

I gathered strength to keep the fleet
thoughts fast,

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And made them bless me. Yes, there
was a time

When tones of ancient song held eye
and heart—

Were the sole lore I recked of: the great
bards

Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own mas-
ter land,

And they who in the holy book are
deathless,—

Men who have vulgarized sublimity,
And bought up truth for the nations;
parted it,

As soldiers lotted once the garb of God;
Men who have forged gods—uttered—
made them pass:

In whose words, to be read with many
a heaving

Of the heart, is a pow'r like wind in
rain—

Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden
days,

Did leave their passionless Heaven for
earth and woman,

Brought an immortal to a mortal breast;
And, like a rainbow clasping the sweet
earth,

And melting in the covenant of love,
Left here a bright precipitate of soul,

Which lives for ever through the lives
of men,

Flashing, by fits, like fire from an
enemy's front—

Whose thoughts, like bars of sunshine
in shut rooms,

Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to
light—

Who make their very follies like their
souls;

And like the young moon with a ragged
edge,

Still, in their imperfection, beautiful—
Whose weaknesses are lovely as their
strengths,

Like the white nebulous matter between
stars,

Which, if not light, at least is likeliest
light,—

Men whom we build our love round like
an arch

Of triumph, as they pass us on their
way

To glory and to immortality:
Men whose great thoughts possess us
like a passion

Through every limb and the whole
heart; whose words

Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain
air;

Thoughts which command all coming
times and minds,

As from a tower a warden,—fix them-
selves,

Deep in the heart as meteor stones in
earth,

Dropped from some higher sphere; the
words of gods,

And fragments of the undeeded tongues
 of Heaven.
 Men who walk up to fame as to a friend
 Or their own house, which from the
 wrongful heir
 They have wrested, from the world's
 hard hand and gripe,—
 Men who, like Death, all bone, but all
 unarmed,
 Have ta'en the giant world by the throat,
 and thrown him;
 And made him swear to maintain their
 name and fame
 At peril of his life—who shed great
 thoughts
 As easily as an oak looseneth its golden
 leaves
 In a kindly largess to the soil it grew
 on—
 Whose rich dark ivy thoughts, sunned
 o'er with love,
 Flourish around the deathless stems of
 their names—
 Whose names are ever on the world's
 broad tongue,
 Like sound upon the falling of a force—
 Whose words, if winged, are with an-
 gels' wings—
 Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
 And make our eyes bright as we speak
 of them—
 Whose hearts have a look southwards,
 and are open
 To the whole noon of nature—these I
 have waked
 And wept o'er, night by night; oft pon-
 dering thus:
 Homer is gone; and where is Jove?"

Fresh interests are now introduced.
 At a festive entertainment we meet
 a new character—Helen—loving Festus,
 and loved, though less ardently,
 by him. He sweetly sings the reason
 of his less-absorbing worship:—

"FESTUS. I cannot love as I have
 loved,
 And yet I know not why;
 It is the one great woe of life
 To feel all feeling die:
 And one by one the heartstrings snap,
 As age comes on so chill;
 And hope seems left that hope may cease,
 And all will soon be still.
 And the strong passions, like to storms,
 Soon rage themselves to rest,
 Or leave a desolated calm—
 A worn and wasted breast;
 A heart that like the Geyser spring,
 Amidst its bosomed snows,
 May shrink, not rest—but with its
 blood
 Boils even in repose.
 And yet the things one might have loved
 Remain as they have been,—
 Truth ever lovely, and one heart,

Still sacred and serene—
 But lower, less, and grosser things
 Eclipse the world-like mind,
 And leave their cold dark shadow where
 Most to the light inclined.
 And then it ends as it began,
 The orbit of our race,
 In pains and tears, and fears of life,
 And the new dwelling-place.
 From life to death—from death to life
 We hurry round to God,
 And leave behind us nothing but
 The path that we have trod."

Festus is again rapt to a "world of
 spirits." He visits Helen on his re-
 turn, and she questions him:—

"HELEN. Where hast been?
 FESTUS. Say, am I altered?
 HELEN. Nowise.
 FESTUS. It is well.
 Then in the resurrection we may know
 Each other. I have been among the
 worlds,
 Angels and spirits bodiless."

Her curiosity is only stimulated; and
 Festus begins to recount some of the
 wonders he has seen. The nervous
 sensibility of the female is alarmed
 lest he should have gained such privi-
 leges through forbidden means:—

"Was it with wand and circle, book
 and skull,
 With rites forbid and backward-jabbered
 prayers,
 In cross-roads or in churchyard, at full
 moon,
 And by instruction of the ghostly dead,
 That thou hast wrought these wonders,
 and attained
 Such high transcendent powers and
 secrets?"

The reply of Festus allays, though it
 does not completely remove, her appre-
 hensions. He tells of the wonders he
 has witnessed, and the momentous
 truths he has heard. The spirits, too,
 of good and evil, are portrayed with
 a vigour and a grace which makes us
 regret our limited space for extract.
 Helen and the student question him
 farther of his own experiences, his life
 and pursuits. He says he met a poet
 once:—

"He was a friend of mine;
 I knew him well; his mind, habits, and
 works,
 Taste, temper, temperament, and every
 thing;
 Yet with as kind a heart as ever beat,

He was no sooner made than marred.
 Though young,
 He wrote amid the ruins of his heart ;
 They were his throne and theme :—like
 some lone king,
 Who tells the story of the land he lost,
 And how he lost it.

STUDENT. Tell us more of him.

HELEN, Nay, but it saddens thee.

FESTUS. 'Tis like enough :
 We slip away like shadows into shade ;
 We end, and make no mark we had
 begun ;

We come to nothing, like a pure intent.
 When we have hoped, sought, striven,
 and lost our aim,
 Then the truth fronts us, beaming out
 of darkness,

Like a white brow, through its over-
 shadowing hair—

As though the day were overcast, my
 Helen !

But I was speaking of my friend. He
 was

Quick, generous, simple, obstinate in
 end,

High-hearted from his youth ; his spirit
 rose,

In many a glittering fold and gleamy
 crest,

Hydra-like to its hindrance ; mastering
 all,

Save one thing—love, and that out-
 hearted him.

Nor did he think enough, till it was
 over,

How bright a thing he was breaking, or
 he would

Surely have shunned it, nor have let
 his life

Be pulled to pieces like a rose by a child ;
 And his heart's passions made him oft
 do that

Which made him writhe to think on
 what he had done,

And thin his blood by weeping at a
 night.

If madness wrought the sin, the sin
 wrought madness,

And made a round of ruin. It is sad
 To see the light of beauty wane away,

Know eyes are dimming, bosom shrivel-
 ling, feet

Losing their spring, and limbs their lily
 roundness ;

But it is worse to feel our heart-spring
 gone,

To lose hope, care not for the coming
 thing,

And feel all things go to decay with us,
 As 'twere our life's eleventh month : and
 yet

All this he went through young."

That poet loved. Here is the beauti-
 ful description of the beloved one :—

" Her heart was all humanity,
 Her soul all God's ; in spirit and in form,

Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly
 pink
 Of seashells, the world's sweetest tint,
 as though

She lived, one half might deem, on roses
 sopped

In silver dew ; she spake as with the
 voice

Of spherul harmony which greets the
 soul

When at the hour of death the saved
 one knows

His sister angels near ; her eye was as
 The golden pane the setting sun doth
 just

Imblaze, which shews, till Heaven comes
 down again,

All other lights but grades of gloom :
 her dark,

Long rolling locks were as a stream the
 slave

Might search for gold, and searching
 find.

The poet's mind is next painted :—

" FESTUS. All things were inspira-
 tion unto him :

Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, soli-
 tude,

And crowds and streets, and man
 where'er he was ;

And the blue eye of God which is above
 us ;

Brook-bounded pine spinnies where spi-
 rits flit ;

And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
 Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jing-
 ling bells ;

Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-
 cheeked load ;

And the blood-coloured tears which yew
 trees weep

O'er churchyard graves, like murderers
 remorseful.

The dark green rings where fairies sit
 and sup,

Crushing the violet dew in the acorn
 cup,

Where by his new-made bride the bride-
 groom sips,—

The white moon shimmering on their
 longing lips ;

The large o'erloaded wealthy-looking
 wains

Quietly swaggering home through leafy
 lanes.

Leaving on all low branches as they
 come,

Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest
 home.

Summer's warm soil or winter's cruel
 sky,

Clear, cold and icy-blue like a sea-eagle's
 eye ;

All things to Him bare thoughts of
 minstrelsy."

The student seeks to know what the poet did:—

"FESTUS. He wrote a poem.

STUDENT. What was said of it?

FESTUS. Oh, much was said—much more than understood;

One said, that he was mad; another, wise;

Another, wisely mad. The book is there.

Judge thou among them.

STUDENT. Well, but, who said what?

FESTUS. Some said that he blasphemed; and these men lied To all eternity, unless such men Be saved, when God shall raise that lie from life,

And from His own eternal memory : But still the word is lied; though it were writ

In honeydew upon a lily leaf, With quill of nightingale, like love-letters

From Oberon sent to the bright Titania, Fairest of all the says—for that he used The name of God as spirits use it, barely,

Yet surely more sublime in nakedness, Statuelike, than in a whole tongue of dress.

Thou knowest, God! that to the full of worship

All things are worship-full; and Thy great name,

In all its awful brevity, hath nought Unholy breeding in it, but doth bless

Rather the tongue that utters it; for me,

I ask no higher office than to fling My spirit at Thy feet, and cry Thy name

God! through eternity. The man who sees

Irreverence in that name, must have been used

To take that name in vain, and the same man

Would see obscenity in pure white statues."

The student asks advice as to the cultivation of his own talents. It is given with the grace and tact of a Hamlet:—

"FESTUS. Many make books, few poems, which may do

Well for their gains, but they do nought for truth,

Nor man, true hard's main aim. Perish the books,

But the creations live. Some steal a thought,

And clip it round the edge, and challenge him

Whose 'twas to swear to it. To serve things thus

Is as foul witches to cut up old moons Into new stars. Some never rise above

A pretty fault, like faulty dahlias; And of whose best things it is kindly

said, The thought is fair; but, to be perfect, wants

A little heightening, like a pretty face With a low forehead. Do thou more

than such, Or else do nothing."

And he is instructed that the poet must judge of himself by a high standard:—

" — he must weigh himself as he Will be weighed after by posterity ;

After us all are critics, to a man. Write to the mind and heart, and let

the ear Glean after what it can. The voice of great

Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all

Word-music; and great thoughts, like great deeds, need

No trumpet. Never be in haste in writing.

Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,

Not art's; a fountain's, not a pump's. But once

Begun, work thou all things into thy work ;

And set thyself about it, as the sea About earth, lashing at it day and night.

And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it

As thorough as the fossil flower in clay. The theme shall start and struggle in

thy breast, Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,

Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection!"

At length the truth is divulged:—

"STUDENT. Say, did thy friend Write aught beside the work thou tell'st

of? Nothing.

FESTUS. After that, like the burning peak, he fell

Into himself, and was missing ever after.

STUDENT. If not a secret, pray who was he?

FESTUS. I."

We cannot follow our author much farther at the length we have done.

And indeed, the scenes which succeeded are so mystically extravagant, that it would be no easy task either to con-

dense or explain them. Lucifer himself, it seems, follows the example of the "sons of God" in the antediluvian chronicle, and becomes enamoured of a daughter of earth—Elissa. A period of unknown duration passes over: within this period the tempted is first borne by the tempter into infinite space, then down to the regions of the damned; and appears once more on earth, to describe to Clara, his first love, with a somewhat prolix tediousness of iteration, the details of his supernal and infernal expeditions. Dramatically considered, there can be but one opinion as to the nature of these repetitions; but it is necessary to remember that the metaphysical and moral "design" is carried forward throughout. There is a forward march of the mind in the circling uniformity of the plot, just as the vast progression of our planetary system co-exists with the monotony of the orbital motion of the bodies it consists of. And hence an additional proof of the justness of our preliminary remark, that a poem, assuming, however vaguely, the dramatic form, must conform to dramatic proprieties, in order to avoid offending the reader at every deviation from them.

We scarcely care nakedly to state the sequel of Elissa's history. When we next find her, she seems to have forgotten the existence of the being to whom she had vowed eternal fidelity, and to be wholly and devotedly enamoured of—Festus himself! who, on his side, as completely and madly returns her passion! At the end of a glowing love-scene, Lucifer enters—is repudiated with horror by Elissa—denounced by Festus; and then, with a single breath, Lucifer lays the maiden a lifeless corpse at her lover's feet! Yet in the very next scene Festus appears calm, and argues with the fiend in a strain which certainly discloses no outward symptoms of passion, rage, or vengeance!

The end approaches. Festus sits, a king, throned above all nations. The lovers and friends of his earlier days throng to his footstool and to his arms. Lucifer is there, and urges his temptations. The summit of earthly ambition is attained; and yet Festus is found overwhelmed with doubt, horror, and dread—longing, yet fearing, to die. The scene changes. Lucifer

appears once more before the Almighty to signify his triumph; but is dismissed to Hades, to wait the divine will during the earth's sabbath. Into that millennial sabbath we are also conducted, and there we find (it were hard to say with what colour of justice) the now purified Festus present. He is borne by an archangel to Hades, there to be shewn the humiliated spirit of temptation grovelling as low as before he had insolently towered. Of the new earth Festus is once more an inhabitant—one of the quick at the final judgment. His place is assigned him (unaccountably again) among the saved;—and the poem closes with a revelation of the "Heaven of heavens," in which the glorified Festus joins for ever in the great Hallelujah chorus of praise to the God and Father of the universe.

Whether one whose last words in the "unrenewed" earth were of blasphemy almost—at least of doubt and despair; whose abhorrence of himself was coupled with no confident trust in the merits of the Saviour of sinners;—whose experience of life had only seemed to show him the power of death, and the impotence of good, as far as regarded himself; whether one, we say, thus "unredeemed" in the scriptural sense of the term, could justly be finally floated, as it were, by some influence outside himself into a blessedness such as is reserved for the saints of God alone,—is a question which the poet must settle with the Universalists. We seek not to raise a discussion here, our business being with the poet as a poet and a dramatist. In the latter capacity it will be conceded that he is unsuccessful; he has not only aspired too high, and attempted too much, but he has been unskilful and incompetent within the usual range; and would probably as signally fail in a five-act play of ordinary length, and on an ordinary subject, as he has in his present monster-drama of "Life, Death, and Immortality."

But, as a Poet, we think we have shown with equal clearness of proof, that Mr. Bailey has achieved a success—a success of no ordinary magnitude. In richness of imagery and aptness of illustration, we venture to affirm that he has no competitor in modern times. His learning is profound and various, and lies beneath many an expression

carelessly thrown over it, and needing the raising of the hand to exhibit it fully. Of the poetical spirit he is full to overflowing. The beauties of nature, art, and character, clasp him with mingled radiance like a rainbow; and the influence of an exalted morality touches and tinges every thing which passes before him, till the scenery he paints glows with the heavenly warmth of an Italian sunset. Can we deny to emanations such as these the designation of POETRY? To do so, were to decide the question as to the final departure of the muse to heaven; for Genius itself may despair, if Mr. Bailey bereft his title to a place in its temple.

We confine ourselves, it will be seen, to the general question of the author's ability. The right is reserved to us of making our comments and cavils freely. It would not be worth while to go into particulars, were the merits not so dazzling as to throw the defects into strong relief. The greatest and most pervading of these is *prolixity*; and, perhaps, of all the mistakes into which a poet—especially a dramatist—can fall, this is the most fatal to popularity. Sublimity may be too astronomical in its times and distances. The sun itself fatigues the eye in climates where the day is six months long. Festus is, according to the calculations of ordinary human patience, interminable. It would cut up into a dozen readable poems. Nay, more, the dose of prolixity is in too many instances administered in the least palatable way—by *repetition*. We should be glad to have it ascertained by any one who would undertake the Herculean task, how often “the stars” are introduced as an image. We stopped after counting *five hundred*; and a large section of the poem was to come. Young himself, moving amongst them as his acknowledged theme, was more judicious. He occasionally drew a kindly veil over their glories, and let us feel their absence, in order to render their re-appearance more welcome. The Great Constructor of the universe himself has made allowance for the monotony of brilliancy; and withdraws his fires periodically from the vision of mortals. But Mr. Bailey keeps up his “starlight” unwinkingly from first to last, and spares us not a nebula in a single sentence or scene throughout.

If we were inclined to follow the example of the wits, with Pope and Swift at their head, who fell foul of poor Blackmore, and paraded his “Bathos” catalogically, we might make an amusing list of objects to which the heavenly bodies are likened; but such studied ridicule is beside our purpose. Our aim is to point out faults, not to expose the delinquent.

There are striking instances, too, strange to say, of a bad and even vulgar taste, sparingly scattered, it is true, but visible to the minute observer. Will the reader believe that a man is made to say to Lucifer, when he has avowed himself the devil—

“I think you are.
You look as if you lived on buttered
thunder!”

Yet, alas! it is a true bill. And even his hero is found uttering the following atrocious “conceits:”—

“FESTUS. Love is the art of hearts
and heart of arts.
Conjunctive looks and interjectional
sighs
Are its vocabulary's greater half!”

Young had the fault of hugging an image till he squeezed it into the ludicrous. Every one remembers Johnson's attack upon him for his comparison of the collection of souls to judgment at the sound of the trumpet, with the gathering of bees into a hive to the music of pots and kettles. Scarcely less objectionable, though not quite so unprecedented, is the following image:—

“High o'er all height, God gat upon His
throne.
Downward he bent: and as a grain of
sand
He lifted up our globe. Then from His
hand,
As 'twere in pity, bowled the ingrate
sphere,
Which rushed like ruin down its dark
career.”

Some mistakes (and these are rarest of all) exhibit inattention to, or ignorance of, scriptural facts. Lucifer speaks of

“Eden, where life was *toilless*, and gave
man
All things to live *with*, nothing to live
for.”

The truth being, that God placed man in the garden expressly "to keep it and to dress it;" exhibiting thereby the necessity, even in Paradise, of an object and an occupation to the completeness of human felicity.

There is a good deal of happy word-coinage issued by Mr. Bailey. He sometimes, however, passes a piece which we hesitate to admit as current. Festus, in an amorous mood, speaks of the gifts of nature as conferred for a sole purpose—that of administering to sensual gratification. "These ears," he says, were given me "to list my loved one's voice;"

"These lips to be divinized by her kiss."

The ear of taste revolts from the discordant novelty.

We shall end our short catalogue of objections with pointing to a metrical impropriety—for it can scarcely be called a solecism—which modern English writers are found very commonly to commit; we mean that of separating the syllables in which the two vowels *i* and *o* follow each other. Tennyson has frequently done it, at least in his earlier poems; and the practice is common in the "Cockney" as well as the "Yankee" school. It is wrong. No eminent or correct writer has ever countenanced it. We shall adduce two instances from the same page; and frequent examples occur:—

"'Tis enough
That I believe thee always ;—but would
know,
If not in me too curious to ask,
How came about these miracles ?"

And a little farther on—

"This mastery
Means but communion, the power to quit
Life's little globule here, and coalesce
With the great mass about us."

Enough, however, of this minute criticism. It is, after all, but analyzing the very small residuum left after the process of sublimation. The general thoughts, sentiments, and diction of the poets come off pure even after such tests, and flow into our hearts in their full refinement and strength. Admitting that some of the brightest of them (to use another of the author's own favourite images), are somewhat *nebulous*, and present no disk, still criticism itself must feel the power of the "starlight" it stands beneath, and in many instances acknowledge that the faintness or confusion arises rather from its own limited powers of vision, than from the want of grandeur and beauty above him. It should be borne in mind that our quotations have been made throughout rather to explain the story than illustrate its beauties; and no attempt has been made to marshal the array, so as to give an undue estimate of the general merits of the poem. Mr Bailey must be held the first of our living poets, as far as imagination is concerned. The same causes, it is true, which, at a period more favourable to the reputation of a bard, precluded Shelley from popularity, have operated, and will operate, in the case of this author. The very richness of the imagery has concealed the presence of those great landmarks of human interest which are known and recognized by every one. The heart cannot force its way through so rank a vegetation of beauty. It becomes entangled; then fatigued; and ends by refusing its sympathy where it admits its homage to be due. Hence, we repeat, Mr. Bailey (at least as he stands connected with Festus), will never be popular; but he will always command the respect of the educated and refined scholar, and claim the admiration of those hearts which are strung to respond to the higher harmonies of the poetic nature.

THE SONG OF THE FAMINE.

Want! want! want!
Under the harvest moon;
Want! want! want!
Thro' dark December's gloom;
To face the fasting day
Upon the frozen flag!
And fasting turn away
To cower beneath a rag.

Food! food! food!
Beware before you spurn,
Ere the cravings of the famishing
To loathing madness turn;
For hunger is a fearful spell,
And fearful work has done,
Where the key to many a reeking crime
Is the curse of living on!

For horrid instincts cleave
Unto the starving life,
And the crumbs they grudge from plenty's feast
But lengthen out the strife—
But lengthen out the pest
Upon the fœtid air,
Alike within the country hut
And the city's crowded lair.

Home! Home! Home!
A dreary, fireless hole—
A miry floor and a dripping roof,
And a little straw—its whole.
Only the ashes that smoulder not,
Their blaze was long ago,
And the empty space for kettle and pot,
Where once they stood in a row!

Only the naked coffin of deal,
And the little body within,
It cannot shut it out from my sight,
So hunger-bitten and thin;—
I hear the small weak moan—
The stare of the hungry eye,
Though my heart was full of a strange, strange joy
The moment I saw it die.

I had food for it e'er yesterday,
But the hard crust came too late—
It lay dry between the dying lips,
And I loathed it—yet I eat.
Three children lie by a cold stark corpse
In the room that's over head—
They have not strength to earn a meal,
Or sense to bury the dead!

And oh! but hunger's a cruel heart,
I shudder at my own,
As I wake my child at a tearless wake,
All lightless and alone!
I think of the grave that waits
And waits but the dawn of day,
And a wish is rife in my weary heart—
I strive and strive, but it won't depart—
I cannot put it away.

Food! food! food!
For the hopeless days begun;
Thank God there's one the less to feel!
I thank God it is my son!
And oh! the dainty winding-sheet,
And oh! the shallow grave!
Yet your mother envies you the same
Of all the alms they gave!

Death! death! death!
In lane, and alley, and street,
Each hand is skinny that holds the bier,
And totters each bearer's feet;
The livid faces mock their woe,
And the eyes refuse a tear;
For Famine's gnawing at every heart,
And tramples on love and fear!

Cold! cold! cold!
In the snow, and frost, and sleet,
Cowering over a fireless hearth,
Or perishing in the street.
Under the country hedge,
On the cabin's miry floor,
In hunger, sickness, and nakedness,
It's oh! God help the poor.

It's oh! if the wealthy knew
A tithe of the bitter dole
That coils and coils round the bursting heart
Like a fiend, to tempt the soul!
Hunger, and thirst, and nakedness,
Sorrow, and sickness, and cold,
It's hard to bear when the blood is young,
And hard when the blood is old.

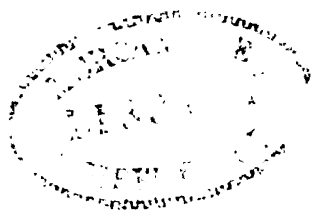
Death! death! death!
Inside of the work-house bound,
Where maybe a bed to die upon,
And a winding-sheet is found.
For many a corpse lies stiff and stark—
The living not far away—
Without strength to scare the hateful things
That batten upon their prey.

Sick! sick! sick!
With an aching, swimming brain,
And the fierceness of the fever-thirst,
And the maddening famine pain.

On many a happy face
To gaze as it passes by—
To turn from hard and pitiless hearts,
And look up for leave to die.

Food! food! food!
Through splendid street and square,
Food! food! food!
Where is enough and to spare;
And ever so meagre the dole that falls,
What trembling fingers start,
The strongest snatch it away from the weak,
For hunger through walls of stone would break—
It's a devil in the heart!

Like an evil spirit, it haunts my dreams,
Through the silent, fearful night,
Till I start awake from the hideous scenes
I cannot shut from my sight;
They glare on my burning lids,
And thought, like a sleepless goul,
Rides wild on my famine-fevered brain—
Food! ere at last it come in vain
For the body and the soul!



AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES OF THE KINGDOM.*

Resources of the kingdom? What are they? Wherein do they consist? How far have they been efficiently developed? How far have they been squandered? To what extent can they supply the thirty millions of human beings who are dependant on them, with the necessities and comforts, and luxuries of life, with all that the ordinance of God, or the caprice of man has pronounced to be indispensable? What and how great is their capability of further development, and what is the likelihood of their outstripping or keeping pace with, or falling short of, the wants and necessities which they are given to supply? These are at all times considerations of the utmost importance; but at the present season, when the condition of the country, its hopes, its prospects, its sufferings, is the all-engrossing subject of every human heart, these considerations are pressed upon us with peculiar force. Not that we at all purpose now to re-enter upon the subject of the dread infliction with which it has pleased the Almighty to visit this land: in a recent number we expressed at great length, and with much consideration, our views as to the extent of the calamity, the means for alleviating its pressure, and the duties and responsibilities of the state. Having thus done so, having so far discharged our duty, we can have no inducement to recur to it again. The subject is a painful, an intensely painful one, it is one upon which men must feel too deeply to write or to talk unnecessarily. But the occasion may be a fitting one for calling the attention of our readers to the general and ordinary resources of the kingdom, to the means which the in-

habitants of these countries have heretofore possessed, and (after the present visitation shall have passed away) will, we trust, henceforth possess, for satisfying their most urgent wants and desires; and for this purpose we have selected from the multitude of publications with which our table is crowded (increased ten-fold by the present emergency) two statistical works which have been published in the ordinary course, and have no special reference to the peculiar, and, we trust, temporary exigencies of our present condition.

Mr. McCulloch is now long and favourably known to the British public as a statistical writer; but unhappily for his own reputation, and for the cause of learning, he has become equally notorious as a pretender in the science of political economy. We would be at a loss to say whether he has done more of harm or of good in his generation—it would be as far from our power as from our inclination to deny that he has exhibited an unrivalled facility in bringing together, and in arranging, a countless multitude of statistical facts bearing on, or connected with, all the great interests of trade, commerce, navigation, finance, &c., in which these countries are so vitally interested. Witness the number of editions through which his admirable commercial dictionary (a book which should be in every one's possession) has already passed; witness the excellent publication now before us—his “Account of the British Empire”—which has already reached its third edition; and we are bound further to add, that the ease and brevity of his style, so admirably suited to the subjects with which he is dealing, is no whit inferior

* A Descriptive and Statistical Account of the British Empire, exhibiting its Extent, Physical Capacities, Population, Industry, and Civil and Religious Institutions. By J. R. McCulloch, Member of the Institute of France. Third Edition, corrected, enlarged and improved. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

† Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory, for the year 1847. Dublin: Alexander Thom. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

to the industry with which he has collected the materials of his volumes, and the clearness with which he has arranged them. On the other hand, we cannot but feel that much of the obloquy which has attached to a most valuable study—that of political economy—is attributable to the wrong-headedness which Mr. McCulloch has uniformly and invariably displayed in every one of his conclusions on this science, and to the perverse stolidity with which he persists in not seeing, or not acknowledging his errors, when refuted and exposed; it surely is altogether too ridiculous for Mr. McCulloch, in this, the third edition of his “British Empire,” to go out of his way to reiterate the absurdities that he gave to the world some twenty years ago—that absenteeism is perfectly innoxious to Ireland—that taxation is eminently beneficial, irrespective of the objects on which it is expended, and such like.

The other volume which is before us—“Thom’s Irish Almanac”—is unquestionably one of the most remarkable publications of the day. It has now reached the fourth year of its existence, and is, beyond all question, the very best almanac that the world has ever seen, and we confess that we are wholly unable to suggest any improvement that it admits of. As all our metropolitan readers are perfectly familiar with the work, any description of it would be to them wholly useless; and indeed to describe the contents of an almanac would be little short of giving a transcript of the whole book; but for the information of such of our friends abroad as may not yet have fallen in with it, and for the credit of our city in the sister kingdoms (all the great commercial cities of which are, by the way, most miserably deficient in this particular—the London Directory was recently a subject of complaint in the House of Commons), we may as well mention some of the particulars which are contained in this volume, which has been justly pronounced by the *Quarterly Review*, “to contain more information about Ireland than has been collected in one volume in any country.” This work contains, then, besides the calendar, parliamentary, postage, conveyance, banking, and Dublin directory, the medical, educational, agri-

cultural, literary, and scientific institutions, all of which are most complete, and admirably arranged, with every facility of reference; a complete navy and army, and Irish militia list; the Irish peerage and baronetage; the only complete ecclesiastical directory which is to be had for all the religious establishments in Ireland, containing lists of the clergy of every denomination, and their appointments in Ireland—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other denominations. In that part of the work which is called the County Directory, it contains not only the names and addresses of the lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants, magistrates, and public functionaries, but a complete though succinct account of the county itself—its history, soil, geology, public institutions, value of properties, population, division of farms, stock of cattle, parliamentary representation, and every description of statistical information which could be possibly required for a complete knowledge of the resources and circumstances of the county. We have, besides, nearly a hundred pages devoted to the more general statistics of Ireland—its revenue and expenditure, trade and commerce, crime, poor laws, fisheries, &c.; a history of the failure of the potato crop in 1845 and 1846; an estimate of the quantity, and value of the loss; of the value of Indian corn required to supply the deficiency, and of the measures which were adopted by government to meet the emergency; lists of patents for inventions; statistics of poor law unions, and an index to the statutes passed in last session of parliament, with an analysis of the provisions of such as affect Ireland. As to the accuracy of the work, we have the authority of Mr. McCulloch himself in the volumes now before us; for on the subject of lunacy in Ireland, and also on the subject of medical charities, we find him referring for his information to “Thom’s Dublin Almanac.”

We do not, of course, pretend to say that the statistical information contained in the volumes now before us is exempt from error. It was Mr. Canning, we believe, who said that there was nothing more fallacious than figures except facts, and unquestionably there was but too much truth in

the observation. The science of statistics is comparatively young amongst us, and mistakes must be expected, not merely in the figures and facts that are collected, but still more so in the general deductions that are drawn from them. The spirit of our people—that of the English more particularly—fits us less than perhaps any nation in the world to be the subject of accurate statistical investigation; the eminently commercial character of the sister kingdoms makes every inquiry into the condition and circumstances of individuals peculiarly odious, and, consequently, in very many cases difficult of attainment; but loath as the Englishman is, on grounds of policy, to disclose the state of his circumstances, he is still more indisposed to do so from the native bias and constitution of his nature; shy, reserved, domestic, retiring—shall we say sullen—the Englishman feels any inquiry into his condition as an invasion of his privacy—an infringement of the first lesson he has learnt—that his house is his castle—that as no rude hands dare enter that sanctuary, so neither should any prying eyes; and he reluctantly hearkens to those reasons of public policy by which he is induced to submit to having his private concerns chronicled. This disposition pervading the entire people, makes the attainment of sound statistical information a matter of peculiar difficulty in this country. Other nations have had no such difficulty to encounter. We know, for example, that in ancient Rome, every five years, each Roman citizen gave in to the Censor an accurate account of his fortune and his family, with their ages and occupations; that this return was made on oath, and that the penalty of a false return was the forfeiture of the offender's entire property. The same return was made throughout the provinces before the provincial governors; but this publicity has ever been hostile to the temperament of a commercial state. Adam Smith tells us of the citizens of Hamburg in his day, who, being assessed by an income tax, deposited, each of them in the treasury, the amount of his tax, but calculated by himself; and adds, that there never was occasion to suspect that any man abused the trust which was reposed in him; the tax was fully and

freely paid, but the publicity would have been odious. Where interest, then, combines with the strong impulses of natural disposition to withhold the exposure of men's private concerns, it is little to be wondered at that statistical science has been of slow growth; and as statisticians, to rank as such at all, must have some theories to broach, some doctrines to startle us with, it is but little extraordinary on what a very meagre foundation of facts they will rear the most wonderful conclusions: thus Sir Francis D'Ivernois tells us, that if we had a column giving the relative ages at which children die in different countries, it would indicate the comparative happiness of the subjects, and consequently the relative merits of the governments; and Mr. Watt, in his "Vital Statistics of Glasgow," published some few years ago, tells us, that he has found out that the prosperity of the laboring classes is infallibly indicated by the numbers of births of twins, a conclusion in which he deems himself to be triumphantly confirmed, by finding that in one year of great prosperity, there were in Glasgow actually two cases of *twins*: we are confident that very many of the opinions which are to be met with, not only in the writings of professed statisticians, but in general circulation in society, though not so comical as this doctrine of Mr. Watt's, have fully as little foundation in fact. There is one very general source of error—namely, the habit of arriving at general conclusions with regard to the condition of the country at large, and the relative position of its several classes by reference to the money prices of commodities, or the money value of their income, instead of considering the quantity and quality of the commodities themselves, which enter into consumption, and estimating the income of the several members of the community, in the command which they have over such commodities. To estimate the advancing or declining condition of our foreign trade by reference to the value, the mere money value, of our exports and imports, would be a most fallacious test. And so of the produce of the soil, or of the factory; so of the wages of the laborer or the rental of the landlord. The true object to be considered—the real end of all economical exertion—is the

increase of the quantity of the various articles which minister to our happiness, and the *value* of commodities give us no notion whatsoever of this amount. There is no proportion whatsoever between the differences in the value of any given article at different times, and the differences in its supply. We open, for example, any of the list of prices which Mr. M'Culloch's book supplies us with—say that of wheat—and we find that in 1817 the price was 97s. the quarter; in 1827, 58s. 6d. the quarter; and in 1835, 39s. 4d. the quarter; but we would be greatly in error if we were to infer that there was not half the supply of wheat in 1817 that there was in 1835, because the price was more than twice as high, or that it was in 1827 one-fourth short of what it was in 1835. We are not, of course, about to embarrass our readers with any considerations of the currency, or of the other manifold and various agencies by which value and price are affected. There is, however, one exceedingly simple principle, the truth of which will be at once acknowledged, and which will convince any one at a glance how hopeless must be the endeavour to form any conclusion whatsoever as to the relative abundance of a commodity at different times from any differences in its price: it is this—that in all wealthy countries, such as Great Britain, the rise in price of any necessary or essential comfort of life, which a deficiency in the supply occasions, must always be in a greater proportion than the supply is deficient—if the bread of the country was diminished by one-half, the price would infinitely more than double. Now it has been attempted by many persons to lay down a general rule, a graduated scale, which should express the degree in which any given deficiency of supply will raise the price, but such attempts must be always ineffectual. If there was but one article of human consumption, and the demand for it was constant and unvarying—in such case, indeed, the price must vary exactly in the inverse ratio of the supply; but where there exists a countless variety of objects of human desire, each of them engrossing, in ordinary seasons, a certain amount of the purchasing power of the country, the effect of the supply of any one im-

portant commodity being deficient, is that all the wealth which, but for this deficiency, would have been applied to the purchase of articles of lesser necessity, is now appropriated to the purchase of this important commodity which is scarce—articles of mere luxury or taste are given up, or the consumption of them diminished, in the endeavour which every man makes to command his former supply of the necessities of life; and all the wealth which was formerly applied to what were comparatively superfluities, is now applied to the purchase of the substantial comfort, which is limited in its supply. Each man retrenches in the use of that which he can most readily give up, and brings the amount which he has thus saved from one portion of his expenditure, to compete with his neighbour in the market in the purchase of that which all find to be indispensable. Thus it is that the rise in price of any article is proportioned not only to the deficiency in its supply, but further, to the degree in which it is a necessary of life, and also to the habitual expenditure of the community upon articles of less importance. An article of prime necessity, as food, may, if the supply be reduced enough, engross the whole wealth of the country; while the same reduction in the supply of any mere superfluity will hardly affect its price at all; rather than pay at a higher rate for it, men will give up the use of it altogether. As then it would be perfectly impossible to estimate, or to express the various degrees in which different articles are desired by mankind, or to form any opinion whatsoever as to the proportions in which the general income of the country is at different times applied to the purchase of the several articles of consumption, so it must be manifestly impossible to form any judgment as to the fluctuations in the supply of any article from the mere fluctuations in its price; and any inference respecting the absolute condition of the people, or the substantial resources of the kingdom, based upon considerations of mere *value*, must ever be fallacious.

It is obvious, upon these principles (and it is a truth which should not be lost sight of at the present time), that the argument which is urged against an interference with the price of provisions, founded upon the identity

of interest between the seller and the purchaser, is obviously unsound.

But to proceed to our immediate object. The population of the United Kingdom, including the contiguous islands in the British seas, we may take to be about twenty-eight millions and a-half. The only mode, of course, in which the amount can be ascertained (with any pretension to certainty) is by a general census, and it will be in the recollection of our readers, that in the year 1841, such an enumeration of the people was taken, and the precise return then made represented the total population of the United Kingdom and the adjacent islands as amounting to 27,019,558. This was made on the 6th June, 1841, and Mr. M'Culloch, having ascertained the rate of increase in the years previous to 1841, calculates the sum which this would amount to in the five years subsequent, and adding it to the numbers then ascertained, comes very near the truth, we make no doubt, in estimating the population of the United Kingdom in June, 1846, at 28,470,558, or, in round numbers, at twenty-eight millions and a-half. We thus take rank, in point of numbers, as the fourth of the European powers—Russia, Austria, and France being before us. We have increased to this great amount from being about sixteen millions in 1801, the first time that any general census was taken; and (if we can trust the enumeration made at the period), we are now become four times as populous as we were at the beginning of the eighteenth century. How, then, are we to get food for this vast multitude? What, above all, are our internal resources in this particular? What breadth of land have we available for the sustenance of our people?

The area of England and Wales, like everything else connected with the statistics of the country, has been a subject on which great diversity of opinion has existed, it having been variously estimated at from twenty-nine to forty-seven millions of acres; that which was given by Mr. Young, and adopted by Mr. Pitt in his estimate as to the produce of the income tax, was 46,916,000 acres. According to the statement in an appendix to the Irish Poor Inquiry Commission, the area of England and Wales would be about thirty-seven millions of acres,

and the table which is given by Mr. M'Culloch, which represents in one column the statute acres by actual measurement of each county, and in a parallel column the statute acres according to the details of parishes and hundreds, as given in population returns of 1831, shews a variance of nearly a quarter of a million of acres between the two results; the total, according to the aggregate measurement of the counties, is thirty-two millions and a quarter. Mr. M'Culloch, however (p. 226), seems to think that the extent of England and Wales should be taken at thirty-seven millions of acres, a result which we presume that he arrives at from a correction of Dr. Beeke's calculation, in his tract on the income tax (page 5). As this estimate agrees with the statement in the Appendix to the Irish Poor Inquiry Commission, it is that which, in this conflict of opinion we may, perhaps, most safely assume to be correct. The variance which encounters us here at the very outset, on a subject apparently admitting of such ready determination, when the wealth and machinery of a great government, and all the mathematical and engineering skill of the present age might be brought to bear upon it, will illustrate the extreme danger of reposing too readily, as most persons are wont to do, in results which are based, or professed to be based, on statistical calculations; in very many cases the utmost that we can hope to arrive at is an approximation to the truth.

In Ireland we have been much more fortunate in respect to the admeasurement of the country, for, so far back as the time of Cromwell, we had a survey made by Sir William Petty of the lands which were forfeited in the rebellion of 1641, which is known as the Down Survey. This is a work of extreme accuracy, and has long been allowed as an authority in our courts of law; it, however, was but partial in its character, as it hardly included any portion of the province of Connaught. Mr. M'Culloch gives us a curious incident connected with those maps: that Sir William Petty, having made copies of them for his own use, and shipped them to England, the vessel was captured by a French privateer and brought to France, where they now are, lodged in the Royal Li-

brary of Paris. A great number of the originals which remained in Ireland, were much injured or totally consumed by fire. We now, however, have still more authentic data, as to the extent of the country, furnished to us by the Ordnance Survey, and from it we learn that the total area of Ireland amounts to 20,808,271 acres.

As to Scotland, we are even more at a loss to form anything approaching to a correct estimate of its extent than we were with regard to England. There is no authentic survey whatsoever, and the extreme irregularity of its surface and outline baffles every effort at mere conjecture; the calculations, which are founded upon Arrowsmith's map, and given by Mr. McCulloch from the General Report of Scotland, give the total extent at about nineteen millions of acres. Taking, then, England to contain thirty-seven millions of acres, Ireland twenty-one, and Scotland nineteen, we have a total for the United Kingdoms of seventy-seven millions of acres.

Now, beyond all doubt, a very considerable portion of this is not only uncultivated but irreclaimable. We can hardly hope that any amount of industry or agricultural skill will make the heights of Ben Nevis available for the sustenance of man. But if we find it to be a matter of no small difficulty to determine, with any degree of accuracy, the actual extent of the country, how shall we venture to say what portion of it is cultivated or neglected, or how much of it is wholly irreclaimable? We cannot at all concur in the principle of a distinction which we find made in a table which is given by Mr. McCulloch, in which we find a certain portion of the waste lands of Ireland is set out as improvable for cultivation, and nearly double the amount as improvable only for pasture. The table was compiled by Mr. Griffith for the Land Occupation Commission. We conceive that, in the present backward condition of agricultural skill, it is altogether too rash to say that any soil, which will support vegetation at all, may not, by an improved mode of culture, be made efficient for the production of any crop whatsoever. We know that formerly it was believed that wheat could be profitably grown only upon stiff clayey soils, so much so, that they are generally known as

"wheat lands;" but now since the introduction of bone dust as manure, and of the turnip husbandry, the light, sandy soils of such counties as Norfolk are most profitably employed in the growth of wheat. Whether there may not be on our western coasts a considerable tract of country which, from the extreme humidity of the climate, and the consequent difficulty of saving the crop, may not render the tillage farming an unprofitable or, at least, a hazardous occupation, we will not stop to inquire; but we cannot but deem it to be altogether premature, in the present state of agricultural knowledge, to take on ourselves to say that such and such land will grow food for man, and such other land will never produce anything but the herbage for animals. A great portion of the sands of Norfolk, which some short time back were rabbit-warrens, not worth two shillings and sixpence per acre, were rendered arable by being coated over with marl, in which that county abounds. Without, then, taking on ourselves to say what extent of reclamation the lands which are at present uncultivated may admit of, we may, when speaking of the extent of land which is already cultivated, take notice of the estimate which has been formed of what portion is admittedly susceptible of some degree of improvement. In this particular, as in the general admeasurement, we have, in the Ordnance Survey, and in Mr. Griffith's calculations, a more perfect and trustworthy source of information as regards Ireland than anything which is supplied to us as to either England or Scotland. We learn from these sources that the cultivated lands of Ireland amount, in round numbers, to thirteen millions and a-half of acres; but as this embraces the towns, we may set down the actual extent of soil which is now available for food in Ireland at thirteen millions of acres, and to this must be added three millions and a-half of acres which are pronounced to be reclaimable. In England, as Mr. McCulloch computes, about twenty-nine millions of acres are cultivated, and in Scotland only six millions and a half. It is generally believed (but for this we have no certain data whatever) that there are in England and

Scotland at least ten millions of acres at present, almost wholly unproductive, but which are perfectly reclaimable; assuming, then, this estimate to be correct, and adding the different items together, we will have the total of cultivated and reclaimable land in the United Kingdom available, for the sustenance of its people, of sixty-two millions of acres—sixty-two millions of acres to support a population of twenty-eight millions and a half, including, of course, children and infants, or about two one-sixth acres to every individual in the United Kingdom.

Now, how far is this quantity of land sufficient for the support of the population? In such an inquiry as this, the object to be sought for is not, what is the present actual acreable yield of food for man, but what, and how great is the capacity of production in the soil, if it be judiciously appealed to. Backward as is our agricultural knowledge, rude as is our actual husbandry, yet both the theory and practice of agriculture are unquestionably advancing, and we are beginning to feel, and to acknowledge, that there exist capabilities in the soil of our country which, if developed, would support a much greater population, in comfort and abundance, than now exist on it in struggling and in scarcity. Until these improvements shall have been generally adopted—until we shall have set ourselves to develop the agricultural resources of the United Kingdom, with as much spirit and earnestness as has been de-

voted to the promotion of its manufacturing industry, we must, at least in this our portion of the United Kingdom, be obliged frequently to resort to the wretched, the mournful expedient of encouraging the emigration of our people. We know no more humiliating position for a great empire like England to be placed in, than that of being obliged to encourage the emigration of her people—no more culpable position than that such necessity should be occasioned by her own neglect of making fit provision for them at home. But although the capacity of production is the more important subject of inquiry, at a time when such capacity is gradually expanding itself, yet it may not be uninteresting to see what conjectures have been made as to the actual present production of the soil of the country. On this subject we learn from Mr. M'Culloch, that "no effectual means have ever been set on foot for getting accounts of the extent of land in tillage and in pasture, and of the proportion which one sort of crop bears to another, or of the numbers and value of the different breeds of cattle, horses, &c. In reasoning on these subjects, therefore, we have nothing but the researches of a few meritorious individuals and analogies to trust to. Under such circumstances, precision is not to be expected; a rough average is all that can be looked for." The results of this rough average, as to tillage land, Mr. M'Culloch gives us in the following tables:—

IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Crop.	Acres in crop.	Produce per acre.	Total Produce in quarters.	Seed one-seventh of produce.	Produce under deduction of seed.	Price per quarter.	Total value.		
Wheat ..	3,800,000	4	15,200,000	2,171,429	13,028,571	50	£	s.	d.
Barley ..	1,500,000	4	6,375,000	910,714	5,464,286	30	32,571,427	10	0
Oats and Bye ..	2,500,000	5	12,500,000	1,785,714	10,714,286	20	8,196,429	0	0
Beans and Peas	500,000	3½	1,875,000	267,857	1,607,143	30	10,714,286	0	0
Potatoes, Turnips, and Rape ..	2,000,000	{ £7 per acre }	2,410,714	10	0
Clover ..	1,300,000	{ £7 per acre }	23,100,000	0	0
Fallow ..	1,500,000	{ £7 per acre }
Hops ..	50,000	{ £15 per acre }	750,000	0	0
Gardens ..	150,000	{ £15 per acre }	2,250,000	0	0
Total	13,300,000		35,950,000		30,814,286		£79,982,857	0	0

IN SCOTLAND.

Crops.	Acres in crop.	Produce per acre	Total produce in produce.	Seed one-seventh of produce.	Produce under deduction of seed.	Price per quarter.	Total value.	
						s.	£	s. d.
Wheat ..	850,000	3½	1,325,000	175,000	1,050,000	48	2,520,000	0 0
Barley ..	450,000	4	1,800,000	257,143	1,542,857	28	2,159,999	16 0
Oats ..	1,300,000	5	6,500,000	928,571	5,571,429	20	5,571,429	0 0
Beans and Peas	50,000	3	150,000	21,428	128,572	30	192,856	0 0
Fallow	100,000							
Potatoes ..	200,000	{ £7 per acre }	7,700,000	0 0
Turnips ..	450,000			
Clover ..	450,000			
Flax ..	5,000	{ £15 per acre }	75,000	0 0
Gardens ..	35,000	{ £15 per acre }	525,000	0 0
Total	2,300,000		9,675,000		8,292,856		£18,744,286	16 0

IN IRELAND.

Crops.	Acres in crop.	Produce per acre.	Total produce in quarters.	Seed one-sixth of produce.	Produce under deduction of seed.	Price per quarter.	Total value,	
						s.	£	s. d.
Wheat ..	450,000	3	1,350,000	225,000	1,125,000	46	2,587,500	0 0
Barley ..	400,000	3½	1,400,000	233,333	1,166,667	26	1,516,667	2 0
Oats ..	2,500,000	5	12,500,000	2,083,333	10,416,617	20	10,416,667	0 0
Potatoes ..	2,000,000	{ £6 per acre }	12,000,000	0 0
Fallow	300,000							
Flax ..	100,000	{ £15 per acre }	1,500,000	0 0
Gardens ..	15,000	{ £12 per acre }	180,000	0 0
Total	5,675,000		18,250,000		12,708,334		£28,300,834	2 0

With respect to the annual produce of pasture and woodland, Mr. McCulloch is obliged to admit "that the details are too numerous, and too loose to admit of their being brought forward with much confidence." His estimate is:—

FOR ENGLAND AND WALES:—

Cattle	1,200,000 at £12 each	£14,400,000
Calves	200,000 at £3 each	600,000
Sheep & Lambs	6,800,000 at £1 10s. each	10,200,000
Wool	300,000 packs at £12 each	4,200,000
Hogs and Pigs	555,000 at £1 16s. each	1,000,000
Horses	200,000 full grown, annually produced, at £15 each	3,000,000
Poultry, eggs, rabbits, deer, &c.		1,344,000
Meadow and grass for work and pleasure		
horses		13,000,000
Milk, butter, and cheese		12,000,000
Wood		1,750,000
Total		£61,614,000

For Scotland we are without any particulars, but Mr. McCulloch makes a calculation by "taking the extent of

pasture land and wood land, exclusive of heaths and wastes, &c., at 2,500,000 acres, and estimating its produce to be worth £3 per acre, its total value will be £7,500,000, but to this has to be added the value of about 13,000,000 acres of mountain pastures, heaths, and waste lands, estimated at about £1,500,000. Hence, the total annual value of the land produce of Scotland will be—

" Value of crops and gardens	£18,744,286
" " Pasture and woodland	7,500,000
" " Uncultivated land and waste	1,500,000
Total	£27,744,286

The calculation for Ireland is, "that there is 7,600,000 acres of pasture land, worth about 50s. an acre, making a gross sum of £19,000,000, and to this may be added the further sum of £1,000,000 for the annual produce of waste land and woodland. Thus we will have—

" The value of crops and gardens	£78,300,834
" " Pasture land	19,000,000
" " Uncultivated land	1,000,000
Total	£98,300,834

The summary of the annual value of the agricultural produce of the United Kingdom is thus given by Mr. M'Culloch:—

ENGLAND:—	
Crops and Gardens	£79,992,857
Grass and Woodland	61,614,000
	£141,606,857
SCOTLAND:—	
Crops and Gardens	£18,744,286
Grass and Woodland	9,000,000
	£27,744,286
IRELAND:—	
Crops and Gardens	£28,300,834
Grass and Woodland	20,000,000
	£48,300,834
	£217,551,977

We are perfectly conscious that the preceding tables can, after all, be very little satisfactory to our readers, when the inquiry is as to the actual supply of food which is raised within our shores. The expression of such important items of human consumption as potatoes, turnips, and garden produce, by their value, not by their quantity, is an illustration of the inconvenience which we have already pointed out of such a mode of estimating the industrial products of the country. And even though we had potatoes and turnips returned in these tables by their acreable yield, we yet would be almost as far as ever from ascertaining the amount of human sustenance. Suppose that we take potatoes, with Mr. M'Culloch, as ranging from eight to ten and twelve tons an acre, and turnips at from five to fifteen tons an acre (and an exceedingly high range we would say that this would be—we should suppose six to eight tons as coming much closer to the acreable yield of potatoes); but if we were to take these or any other quantities, and add them to the weight of wheat, oats, and other grain crops annually produced, it is obvious that we would still have a most important qualification to make in our calculation, namely, the relative degree of nutritive power in each kind of crop; for example—Sir Robert Kane, in his excellent work on the industrial resources of Ireland, gives a table exhibiting the

quantity of actually nutritious material derived from an acre of land, from which he infers, that turnips and carrots yield from five to seven times the actual quantity of nourishment that the corn crop gives, and that potatoes and clover yield twice as much; that is, that potatoes will only yield double the actual amount of substantial nourishment, although the positive weight of produce will be eight or ten times greater. We think, however, we may safely say that an acre of potatoes will sustain three times as many persons as an acre of wheat, or of oats; such was Adam Smith's opinion.

Next, as regards animal food, we find from Mr. M'Culloch (page 499) that the horned cattle of England and Wales were estimated by Mr. Young, in 1799, at three millions and a half. To this number he conceives we should add one million for the increase up to the present period, and another million for the cattle of Scotland, giving us thus a total of five millions and a half of horned cattle in Great Britain. The census for Ireland, in 1841, ascertained (as we have seen) the horned cattle of this country to amount to 1,863,116. "The common estimate is, that about one-fourth of the entire stock is slaughtered annually," which would give us 1,870,000 head of horned cattle annually brought into consumption in the United Kingdom. Then, as regards sheep, the number of sheep and lambs in England and Wales, as estimated by Mr. Luccock, in 1800, was 26,148,463, of which 6,803,721 (or about one-fourth of the whole) were slaughtered annually—and such we must believe to be the present number; for we learn from Mr. M'Culloch, that although the weight of the sheep, and the weight of their fleece in these countries has considerably increased since the period of Mr. Luccock's calculation, that there has been no positive increase in their numbers since that time. In Scotland, Mr. M'Culloch estimates the sheep at three millions and a half; and the Irish census for 1841 gives us a return of 2,106,189. As the gross numbers are not supposed to have increased, we cannot, of course, increase the annual number slaughtered; the increased weight of the carcasses supplies, in a great measure, the deficiency which the increasing numbers of the consumers

would otherwise have occasioned; taking, then, the former proportion, that of a fourth of the whole, as annually slaughtered, we have a consumption of about 8,000,000 a-year. As to pigs, we are supplied with very little information by Mr. McCulloch; this description of stock occupies a very subordinate position in England—inferior not only to the unnaturally high position which this animal occupies in the domestic economy of this country, but much lower than we conceive it is justly entitled to. In England pigs are only considered valuable so far as they consume the offal, waste, grains, and other refuse of the farm, or of the mill or distillery. Mr. McCulloch, consequently, gives us no estimate of the number of these animals in England. We have, however, already seen that he estimates the annual produce at 500,000 in England. As we may assume, then, that their numbers in England are stationary (certainly they are not increasing), we may say that the annual produce represents the annual consumption, and that England contributes 500,000 pigs to the annual supply of the country. The Census Commissioners have reported 1,500,000 as the whole stock of Ireland. Take it that one-fourth of these are annually slaughtered, and adding this quantity to what we have just taken as the consumption of England, we would have 875,000 pigs for England and Ireland, or say one million of pigs annually consumed in the three kingdoms.

We need do no more than remind our readers of the vast increase which is made to the main articles of human subsistence which we have enumerated, by the produce of the garden, and various other sources of supply. Thus, in the article of cheese alone, we have in one county, Cheshire, 100,000 cows supplying cheese, which, at the rate of 3 cwt. for each cow, amounts to 15,000 tons of valuable nutritious food from this one county alone. And surely it would be impossible to speak of the food of the people, without adverting to that unexplored store-house in the bosom of the deep, which teems with countless myriads of inhabitants, admirably adapted for our support, and yet (in this country at least), how shamefully, how scandalously neglected! We can give no-

thing like a return of the quantity of fish consumed in the United Kingdom; but something like an estimate of their value and importance to the maintenance of our people may be formed from the following extract, which we find in Mr. McCulloch's first volume, p. 625:—

“In the year 1829, there were only ten fish-merchants in Birmingham, but since the opening of the various railways which now communicate with the town, the number has increased to forty, exclusive of several dealers of smaller note, who reside in the suburbs. The quantity of fish consumed has increased in the same ratio, and in round numbers is estimated thus:—

		Tons.		Population.
In 1829	..	400	..	150,000
1835	..	1,000	..	160,000
1840	..	2,500	..	180,000
1845	..	3,910	..	200,000

Turn, then, from this representation of the importance of the fisheries to the support of our people, and read the following extract from an excellent paper read by Mr. J. C. Deane, at one of the meetings of the Royal Dublin Society in the early part of this year, and let those who are responsible, whether it be individuals or the state, blush for their neglect—let them, at this season of unparalleled dearth, tremble for their responsibility:—

“The quantity of fish which we use for our home consumption (in Ireland) is very great; and I may say, almost all the cured fish we consume is imported from Scotland, to whom we have long been steady and well-paying customers. Of this, some idea may be formed when I tell you, that the supply of herrings yearly furnished by Scotland to us is very nearly equal to that which she exports to the rest of the world besides. From April 1844 to 1845, she sent us cured herrings to the extent of 120,293 barrels, many of the contents of which were probably taken from our own seas, cured by her, and sold to us. Scotland, not blessed with the same advantages which we possess in soil or climate, derives a large revenue from the industrious prosecution of her fisheries; while Ireland, with land, and good land too, in waste, capable of raising grain in abundance, and having fisheries, just as productive, if not more so, neglects them, and suffers them to be used for the enriching of others.”

But if there be some difficulty in estimating the present produce of the kingdom, there cannot be the slightest hesitation in admitting that our resources are daily expanding—that new sources of wealth are constantly presenting themselves—that new modes of developing the pursuits on which we have hitherto been engaged are constantly being discovered—that elements of riches and prosperity which have long been neglected, are now appreciated and appealed to—that materials which had been regarded as valueless, or worse than valueless, as cumbrous, and in the way, are now, under new modes and new appliances, become promotive of the comfort and well-being of the people. Of these most important and most gratifying truths, the volumes now before us afford us unquestionable testimony. It is quite impossible, in a notice of this kind, to convey to our readers anything at all of the confidence in the resources of the empire which the perusal of Mr. McCulloch's work inspires—all the great sources of wealth within the kingdom appear literally inexhaustible—appealed to for centuries as they have been—they have supplied millions upon millions of our race with all the substantial requirements of existence, and yet there they are to this day seemingly unencroached upon, mocking, as it were, the efforts of man to wear down the provision which has been ordained for this people—presenting, daily, fresh store-houses from whence to supply the increasing wants of our rapidly-increasing numbers. But greater even than in these unlimited treasure-houses does our reliance rest, upon the evidence which we trace all through these volumes of the increasing skill, the untiring energy, the restless spirit of improvement, needing but to be well-directed, which is evinced by the bulk of the population of the sister kingdom. It will be recollected, that in a notice of this kind we are strictly confined to topics relating merely to material wealth. We are most anxious not to be misunderstood when on this point, or to be taken to say that either in the vast accumulation, or in the untiring pursuit of wealth, which are among the great features of these kingdoms at the present day, we have fixed, or are securing the essential elements

of national greatness or prosperity. We never have been in the number of those who would claim for the races that occupy these countries an unquestionable superiority to all other nations. We are satisfied that in many respects we might borrow with advantage from our continental neighbours. We cannot conceal from ourselves that, considering our vast advantages in religion, in government, in security from those constant and harassing wars to which all central Europe has been exposed, that we are very far indeed below the position which we should have occupied, and have lost opportunities, both for power and for good, which we might most beneficially have exercised. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that other nations are rapidly outstripping us—that England—ay, England—is falling in the scale of nations. Let any one contrast 1815 with 1847, and ask himself fairly, does England now occupy that proud position in the scale of nations that she then commanded. The cause of this decline we would be anxious to enter on, but feel that we are precluded from doing so by the nature of this notice. How much of it is suggested by this single sentence of Mr. McCulloch's, "In England, no public or general provision has ever been made for the education of the great bulk of the people." An annual grant of Council, which has risen from £30,000 to £100,000 within the last six years, is all that has been done towards this vital object—a sum not equal to one five-hundredth part of the revenue of the country, is all that is devoted by the national exchequer towards the instruction of the people of England, an object which ought only to be second to the efficient maintenance of our external and internal security. The experience of centuries has taught us that we cannot entrust the relief of our poor, with all the immediate urgency of their claims, to the resources of voluntary charity; and will we venture to expect, in defiance of all past experience, that the education of the people can be entrusted to the same precarious source.

We say that the neglect of the education of the people is a crying sin. It is a duty which is imposed on the state by every consideration, whether political, moral, or economical. Political

cally, because we have broken down those ancient prejudices which served them in a great measure in the stead of education, and must supply them with instruction as the only compensation; morally, that we may rescue them by the teaching and attractions of learning, from the seducements of dissipation; economically, that by a fitting industrial education, we may enable them rightly to apply to, and efficiently develop the sources of wealth which we have at our command.

We are told, indeed, of great proficiency in mechanical skill—of many and valuable improvements in machinery having been made by mere artizans; and that this is so to some extent, we have no doubt—that from the unceasing companionship with his untiring fellow-labourer, machinery, our labourer must acquire considerable intimacy with his working, we make no doubt. The saying of Lord Bacon is at the same time, brought forcibly to our mind, “That in the infancy of states arms flourish—in its maturity, arms and letters for a short time—in its *decline*, commerce and the mechanical arts.” But the pursuit in which education is most needed, and could be most readily communicated, the progress of which, in proportion to that of other branches of industry, has been the slowest, and yet, which convinces us by the success of what has been done of its unbounded capacity for further development, is, strange to say, that very pursuit which is most attractive and most important to man,—the cultivation of the soil. And this brings us to the second branch of our subject: what it is possible to accomplish by a judicious application even of the modes of husbandry which are already known. This is abundantly testified in the volume now before us:—

“The farms in the wolds and moorish districts of Lincolnshire are very extensive. Large tracts, which, at no very distant period, were entirely covered with heath and gorse, or were all but worthless, are now in the highest state of cultivation, and yield the finest crops. In proof of this we may mention, that the extensive tract of country stretching from Canwick, near Lincoln, to Swayfield, was formerly a dreary moor without house or habitation: to such a degree was this the case, that, in the mid-

dle of the last century, a light was exhibited on a tower at Dunstan, seventy feet high, on this moor, to guide travellers at night along this pathless waste. This deserted tract is now one of the best cultivated in England, the farms into which it is divided having so rich and so finished an appearance, that they seem rather to be farmed by landlords, as an example to others, than, as is really the case, by tenants farming for profit, and paying high rents. In other parts the improvement has been equally great, and many thousands of acres, which, at the date of Arthur Young's last report (about forty years since), were occupied as rabbit-warrens, are now in the highest state of cultivation. This extraordinary improvement has been principally brought about by the liberal use of the bone manure. The turnip husbandry is here prosecuted on a larger scale than in any other part of England—a single farmer (Mr. Dawson, of Withcall, near Louth,) has usually about 600 acres in turnips.”

Again, of Norfolk, naturally a very poor country, consisting of a light sandy loam:—

“Previously to the reign of George the Second, the largest portion of the north-west part of the county, which is now the most improved, consisted of wastes, sheep-walks, and warrens of very little value. These were converted into highly-productive lands, by enclosing, marling, and the aid of turnip husbandry.”

And so again, of East Lothian, and many other places which our space prevents us from extracting an account of. But indeed it is needless to multiply instances, to convince every man of ordinary observation, of the great capacity for further development which the soil of the country admits of. Much has been done by many enclosure acts for adding to the amount of land which can profitably be cultivated; very nearly four thousand enclosure acts have been passed from the reign of Queen Anne to the present year; and the quantity of acres which were enclosed, from 1790 to 1832, are estimated by Mr. McCulloch at upwards of five millions and a-half, and the produce of this vast accession of land he conceives to have been five-fold. But the great increase which has been made to the produce of the soil, and the source (so far as we know at present) to which we must look for

a still more extended field, is in the drainage of the land, and the alternate system of cropping. We are supplied with very few particulars on the subject of drainage by Mr. McCulloch; he mentions, with regard to Ireland, what we all must admit, that until of very late years, hardly anything was done in the way of draining: latterly, however, a great improvement has sprung up among us in this respect; prizes are given for the best drained farms; landlords are paying in very many cases a proportion, in some, the whole of the expenses of draining their estates; insisting, as of course they should, that such drainage shall be conducted as they direct or approve of; and although we know some instances in which these intentions of the landlord have been resisted, actually resisted by the tenant, from some undefined apprehension of some covert purpose of advantage to be taken of him by the landlord, yet we find few, if any, farmers in Ireland who will hesitate to acknowledge the service that is so rendered to the soil. In the absence of any particulars as to Irish drainage in Mr. McCulloch's work, we take the liberty of extracting the following passage from Sir Robert Kane's excellent book:—

“That the advantages derivable from effective drainage are fully appreciated by our agricultural proprietors, is shown by the fact that, although the powers and the regulations of the Board of Works are yet but little understood by the public, there had been applications and surveys instituted between August, 1842, when the act passed, and April, 1844, for the drainage of 48,293 acres of land liable to flood. The estimated cost of thoroughly draining these lands amounted to £129,811, or £2 13s. 6d. per acre. The expected increase in the annual setting value of the lands amounted to £16,489, or about 13 per cent. on the capital invested.

“A feature in these drainage operations which deserves notice, is the amount of employment which they afford. Of the £129,811, estimated above as the expense of these operations, it is calculated that £96,000 would be expended in labour alone; and not being necessarily limited in time, the operations of each district could be executed by the labourers of the district when agricultural occupation was most deficient.”

This last paragraph is eminently deserving of attention at the present season. On referring to Mr. Thom's book, we find the list of applications to the Drainage Commissions under the 5th and 6th Vic. c. 89, by their fourth report, dated in 1846, comprized upwards of 140,000 acres, the estimated cost of reclaiming which was £793,000. Can it be possible that in this year of unparalleled pressure, when the country is visited by an infection, the like of which, in the impressive language of Lord Lansdowne, he prayed to God might never visit the world again, as he knew that such had never visited it before; when the proprietors are wholly unable to make the necessary advances; when there will be a demand for a permanently-increased supply of food to take the place of the more abundant crops which have failed us; and when the unavoidable poor-law which is now permanently imposed on us, will be, at the very least, for some years four shillings in the pound on the poor-law valuation of the country—can it be possible that at such a season, and with such prospects—with such present deficiency, and such future requirements—the imperial exchequer will close its coffers, and withhold the grant of a sum which, if applied to carry out the purposes of these applications, would go far in mitigating the present distress, and would so materially contribute to insuring the future produce of the country? Surely it cannot be.

But it is important to see whether, in these districts of Great Britain which exhibit so rapid an advance in husbandry, there be any causes at work to which this improvement is referable—whether beyond the accident of an enterprising and encouraging landlord, acting by his general influence and example, there be any practices prevailing through all these improved districts so universally, that they may reasonably be conceived to contribute materially to this improvement, if not wholly to occasion it. We conceive such are to be found. We find, universally, in all the districts of Great Britain which have exhibited the most rapid improvement, the existence of leases. To this we ascribe a most important influence on agricultural prosperity,

although, strange enough, we are obliged to say, that we conceive their action on the improvement of the country to be in a directly opposite direction to that which Mr. McCulloch ascribes to them. He conceives it is by the certainty which the tenant thus enjoys (that he will reap the fruits of his labour) that leases stimulate the farmer's exertions. We believe that it is by the certainty of the termination of his interest in a certain limited period, that he is spurred on to exertion. Nothing, we are satisfied, and freely admit, could by possibility operate more prejudicially to the agricultural improvement of the country than any apprehension on the mind of the tenant that he should be unjustly deprived of the fruits of his outlay and his industry. If such injustice were of common occurrence, we would most unquestionably say that the security which the tenant derived from his lease was the very first step to an improved state of things; but the case is not so—the instances are very rare, indeed, where the tenant, who pays his stipulated rent regularly, is deprived of his farm before he has enjoyed it for a sufficient time to reap fully all the advantages of his capital and skill. Were it otherwise, the farmers of England would not have continued without leases, as the greater number of them are, down to the present time. No; but it is because he knows that, in practice, he never will be removed while he continues to pay his rent; that the habit of not giving leases works much of the ill which accompanies the perpetuities with which we are familiar in Ireland. The farming leases which are given in England are generally for seven or fourteen years; the first term is probably too short; it can hardly enable the cultivator to reap the full advantage of his outlay. We must no doubt bear in mind that it is the practice of English landlords to give possession to the tenant of his farm, fully appointed with barns, store-houses, and dwelling-house, all well and sufficiently fenced and hedged; his outlay is consequently altogether insignificant in comparison of that which is required of the tenant with us; nevertheless, we conceive that seven years is altogether too short a tenure for the farmer, and would say that the Scotch have approximated much more closely

to the reasonable term, by fixing it, as their custom is, at nineteen years; a term which has been selected in order to allow of three courses of a six-shift alternation, with a year over. In a note to Mr. McCulloch's edition of Adam Smith, we find the late Mr. Oliver, of Loch End, one of the most intelligent farmers in the empire, giving his opinion decidedly in favour of the nineteen years' lease:—

"The tenure under which we hold," he says, "gives us perfect security that we shall reap the full benefit of our outlays, at the same time that the certainty that our interest in the land will cease at the expiration of nineteen years, prompts to a vigorous and instant execution of the necessary improvements."

As one most important step, then, towards the improvement of the agricultural interest, we emphatically call upon the landlords of Ireland to abolish that system, as ruinous to themselves as to their tenantry, of granting those interminable leases which are so common amongst us. What could possibly be invented more certain of encouraging the very worst treatment of the soil, than the habit of letting on three lives or thirty-one years; some of the lives most generally survive the term of years; in fact the lives is the tenure that is looked to, the years are but as a security in the event of the lives failing by any mischance. Here, then, is every possible encouragement held out to mismanagement; the years run out, and the lives are getting old; it would be gross providence to incur any great outlay on such a holding; it may be daily expected to fall into the landlord, it becomes the tenant's interest to rack the soil to the uttermost, to seize on whatever produce may be for the instant most profitable, as he knows not the moment his interest may terminate—the land is worn out and exhausted, corn crop after corn crop is taken from it, it continues under this most ruinous treatment, incapable of improvement itself, and an example of the most wretched husbandry to everything about it; an effectual hindrance to the spread of improved practices; until at last it returns to the landlord, at the dropping of the last life, so completely out of heart, that it exhausts the whole capital of the succeeding ten-

tant in the endeavour to bring it into anything like working condition.

But the long tenures of this country, in addition to objections to which Mr. Oliver shows they are liable, that, namely, of fostering slothfulness, and encouraging procrastination, are further objectionable, as being the great encouragement to sub-letting, that most fertile source of agricultural backwardness. If the lease be short, it will obviously not be for the interest of any one to sub-divide the farm, the tenure will be too soon brought to a close; but when the lease is for a long term, the farmer to whom it was made acquires, by sub-division, a provision for his sons and sons-in-law, and by sub-letting he acquires a tenantry of his own; he affects the habits, and apes the manners of his betters; instead of cultivating the land by his own exertion and with his own capital, he leases it out to the poorer classes, as deficient in capital as in skill, and mayhap converts what he holds in his own hands into pasturage; he keeps his dog and his gun certainly, perhaps his hunter; he breeds his horse or two, and persuades himself that, by showing him off after the hounds, he is engaged in his legitimate business; he seeks, for want of employment, to obtain some of the small receiverships in which the country abounds, and thus adds to his money, and brings himself somewhat into contact with the upper classes; but all this while, the farms which he sub-let are being gradually sub-divided, from the necessity of an increasing population—a pauper tenantry, without skill, industry, or capital, are growing up on the estate, and when the original farm falls into the landlord's hands, he finds it overrun with an incapable multitude, whom the whole rent would not support for a quarter of a year. As one of the innumerable instances with which we are all familiar, it is in evidence before Lord Devon's commission, that on an estate of Lord Palmerston, which was let some sixty or seventy years ago to six tenants, for three lives or thirty-one years, on its lately falling into the present landlord, two hundred and eighty tenants were in occupation of it; and the whole rental would not support this multitude for two months. Most wofully will the system of long leases fall upon the

holders of land, now that a poor-rate, rendered unavoidable by the circumstances of the country, is about to come into operation—now that the legislature have declared that the destitute poor *must* be provided for.

But not only are the leases short in the most successful of the agricultural districts of Great Britain, but they almost universally impose upon the tenant a prescribed mode of cultivation. On the Holkam estate, in Norfolk, the same course of cultivation has been enforced for very many years. Mr. M'Culloch tells us, that "in East Lothian, Berwickshire, Northumberland, and all the best cultivated counties, leases invariably contain regulations in regard to the rotation of crops, and the proportion of the farm to be applied to culineferous crops, green crops, grass, &c." This surely is a custom which ought to be introduced into this country. Restrictions upon trade are for the most part anything but beneficial; but the reason they are not so, is because that the interest of the person who is directly concerned in the profit (in mercantile engagements for example) most frequently instructs him in what course is most advantageous, and is the strongest incentive that can be applied to him to induce him to follow it; but so long as the landlords of the country who impose the obligations, are better informed than the tenant who is to carry them out, so long must the practice of prescribing peculiar modes of culture be a beneficial one, and one peculiarly to be desired in so backward a country—one so wholly averse to improvement as our own.

The next characteristic that we find common to all the improving agricultural districts, is, that the farmers are possessed of abundant capital. "The prosperity of agriculture in all countries, ancient and modern," says Mr. Oliver, "has always depended, and ever must depend, on the capital possessed by the actual cultivators of the soil." The capital of a farmer is, of course, great or small in proportion to the extent and to the requirements of the farm which he undertakes. In every country the original capital, whether engaged in agriculture, or in any other industrial pursuit, must necessarily have been but trifling; by skill, industry, and frugality, it accu-

mulates; but as its increase in agriculture must greatly depend upon the development of the capabilities of the soil, nothing can impede its accumulation, or prevent its successful application, so much as the habit of farmers undertaking a greater quantity of land than their capital is equal to. The proportion that should exist between capital and the extent of the farm, it would be difficult to lay down with accuracy—much must depend upon the quality and nature of the soil, the courses that it admits of, the condition that it is in when the tenant goes into possession, and many other considerations; but it may be said, that without from £8 to £10 or £12 for every acre, it is utterly hopeless that anything like efficient cultivation can be attained. The rapidity with which agricultural capital has accumulated in parts of this kingdom, is strongly illustrated by comparing the present condition of the Scotch and many of the English farmers, with the following opinions of Edmund Burke, himself an eminent agriculturist, and, like most other truly great men, passionately devoted to the pursuit; in his “Thoughts and Details on Scarcity” we read:—

“In most parts of England which have fallen within my observation,” he says, “I have rarely known a farmer who to his own trade had not added some other employment or traffic, that, after a course of the most unremitting parsimony, and labour, and persevering in his business for a long course of years, died worth more than paid his debts, leaving his posterity to continue in nearly the same equal conflict between industry and want, in which the last predecessor, and a long line of predecessors before him lived and died.”

When we contrast Scotland, and part of England at the present day, and the amount of agricultural capital which is there accumulated, with these opinions coming from such a man—a man no less unbounded in his knowledge than startling in his foresight, we feel that we could have no more forcible admonition addressed to us, never to despair of the resources of our country, or to distrust its capabilities being equal to any demands which could by possibility be made upon them. When the amount of the farmer's capital is, then, of such vital

concern to us all, nothing can be more ruinous than any practice which has the effect of reducing this capital just at the time when he most needs it, namely, when he is entering on his farm; the custom, consequently, of letting lands on fine, is most justly condemned by Mr. McCulloch; it is a practice which, he tells us, is hardly now known at all in England, and which, by reason of the strict law of entail which prevails in Scotland, has been pronounced illegal in that country. A very general practice which prevails now in parts of Ireland, and those too which are most rapidly improving, is very much of the same ill-tendency, that, namely, of imposing a condition on the tenant, that he shall erect a dwelling-house of a suitable description on his farm. Where the lease is, as it ought to be, for a short term of years, this is virtually tantamount to a fine. In twenty-one, or even thirty-one years, the house is little worse of the wear, and falls in to the landlord, to increase by so much the value of the farm for his succeeding tenant. Unquestionably, it would be better for all parties, that the landlord should, as in England and Scotland, take on himself the erection of a suitable dwelling-house for his tenant; it would leave the tenant his capital available for the right cultivation of the soil; it would increase the produce, and improve the agriculture of the country; and the benefit to the landlord, in the improved condition of his farm, would be at the least equal, if not much greater, than in the mere possession of a dwelling-house on an unimproved farm.

The next feature which we find common to all the improved agricultural districts both of England and Scotland, is the alternate system of cropping. It is needless to quote instances in illustration or confirmation of this. It is now universally acknowledged, that without a judicious alternation of crops, varying with the nature and qualities of the soil, that it is impossible to develop the resources of the land. It were needless to dwell upon the simple principles by which the necessity for an alternation of crops is established. To Sir Humphry Davy, and other eminent chemists who succeeded him, both French and English, these principles owe their disco-

very, and they now are generally acknowledged by us all. That each crop is composed of particles, abstracted either from the earth, the air, or water; that these original elements enter in various proportions into different descriptions of produce; that the consequence of a succession of the same crop on the same soil, is to abstract completely from that soil the peculiar elements which enters most largely into the composition of such crop; that on the contrary, by sowing some other seed, the earth will recover from the atmosphere, or the rains, or the plants thus grown on it, the elements which have been so largely abstracted from it; that thus, by the mere alternation of crops, the land is invigorated, without the inactivity of lying idle in fallow, the produce of the earth is increased, and the variety of its products extended. It must be quite unnecessary to dwell upon this subject; we are satisfied that its truth and importance is acknowledged by every man of intelligence throughout the empire, and that many, very many of the landlords of Ireland, who see their estates wasted before their eyes, by the wretched system of farming which prevails with us, for the most part, would gladly encourage and enforce the improved system; but they in too many cases cannot. They have given perpetuities—or what, so far as they are concerned, amounts to perpetuities—to their tenants; they have parted with all control over their own property, and when occasionally a farm does fall in, it is so cumbered with a poor, dejected tenantry, whose immediate subsistence is the great pressing object of their lives, who understand not or care not for anything which deserves to be called improvement, that it requires more energy and steadiness, forbearance and capability, than falls to the lot of most men to insist upon such a sweeping reformation in their habits and management, as the introduction of a totally new system of agriculture would amount to. As to effecting anything in the shape of agricultural improvement in this country by the mere force of example, we wholly despair of it. It must be stimulated, urged on, constantly enforced by the landlord, or it never will gain ground among us. Even in England,

mere example has little or no influence. We read in Mr. McCulloch that—

“What is well-known and systematically practised in one county [of England] is frequently unknown or utterly disregarded in the adjacent districts; and what is to every unprejudiced observer evidently erroneous and prejudicial to the land, is in some quarters persisted in most pertinaciously, though a journey of not many miles would open to the view the beneficial effects of a contrary practice.”

He tells us that it is estimated that one-tenth of the arable land in England is lost by fences. He tells us, too, that throughout the south and west of England, in light and sandy soils, nothing is more common, even at the present day, than to see, very frequently, as many as five horses ploughing, all yoked in a line. Now, when we recollect that a driver is necessary where there is more than two horses, the increased expense of such a mode of ploughing would appear most obvious; and when we bear in mind that a horse will consume the produce of one acre in six that he tills, that he will eat as much as eight men, it is equally plain that the provision for the people of the country is most materially lessened by this most injudicious practice. When example, then, has had so little influence in England, will the landlords of Ireland venture to rely upon its action with us, and will they not rather, in every possible instance, by clauses as to management in leases, or whatever other mode may be found practicable, insist upon their estates being turned, by judicious culture, to the best advantage for themselves, their tenantry, and the people of the country for whose sustenance the land is provided.

Mr. Sharman Crawford, a gentleman whose character and experience makes him the very first authority on subjects of this nature, enters into a calculation of the produce of the arable lands of Great Britain, supposing them to be cultivated on a regular system of husbandry. It occurs in his “Defence of the Small Farmers of Ireland,” which is the very best economical pamphlet concerning Ireland that we ever fell in with. Although Mr. Crawford’s calculations are so

admirably clear as to defy misapprehension, we yet are precluded by our limits from giving them insertion: he takes two-fifths of the arable land to be in corn crops, one-fifth in green crops (as potatoes, turnips, beans, &c.), and the remaining two-fifths in clover and other grasses, for the feeding of animals; and the result is—

	Tons.
Total animal food and butter	1,000,000
Total vegetable food.....	47,519,996
Total weight of human food	48,519,996

But Mr. McCulloch has a sovereign panacea for every agricultural difficulty—an abracadabra which is to unlock, in their inmost recesses, the sources of agricultural fertility, and to bring forth an amount of luxuriance such as the world has never yet witnessed. This magic charm, which is alluded to in almost every page of Mr. McCulloch's book that is at all connected with agriculture, as though he feared the most cursory reader should ever chance to take it up without learning the potent spell, is the consolidation of small farms. Let farms but run from four hundred to six hundred acres, or five hundred at a medium, and Ceres will revel in the earth again, and the golden age will be restored. The most favoured districts of the kingdom are yet much short of what Mr. McCulloch requires in this respect. In the northern counties of England the average size of the farms is two hundred and eighty-seven acres. This does not satisfy Mr. McCulloch. Still less does the average size of the farms of the whole of England, which he estimates at about one hundred and sixty, to one hundred and seventy acres. As to Scotland, he does not give us any exact calculation; the land occupied by tenants, he says, is worth £5,200,000—the number of tenants, according to the census of 1841, being 54,873, it follows that each pays about £95 a-year rent. This, however, includes every description of land which it is worth while to apply to any purpose of production whatsoever, whether of tillage, or those extensive sheep walks of the Highlands which are let in the gross, without any acreable rent ascertained, running along the skirts and the sides of the mountains—the average acreable rent for all this (not in-

cluding holdings under one acre) appears to be about six shillings, which would leave the average size of all the farms in Scotland at about three hundred acres. Such farms, consequently, as are of the same character with the farms of England and Ireland, and can alone enter into the comparison, ordinary tillage or pasture lands, must rate at a much lower average than three hundred acres. In Ireland, the average size of farms above one acre appears, by the census return of 1841, to have been about twenty-nine acres. "These returns," says Mr. McCulloch, "set the smallness of the farms in Ireland in the most striking light; they show that of a total of 658,309 holdings of more than one acre, only 48,312 exceeded thirty acres." Such, then, being the size of the farms throughout the kingdom, the productive powers of the land are, in the judgment of Mr. McCulloch, and many other competent authorities contracted and ruinously enveloped by reason of the undue sub-division of the soil.

This is, beyond all doubt, a subject of the very utmost importance to entertain right views upon, and we do not affect to disguise from ourselves that it is also a subject of no ordinary difficulty. Although it appears to us to be altogether absurd to ascribe to the consolidation of small farms all the influence which Mr. McCulloch attributes to it, and to look upon the question as one that does not admit of a particle of doubt, we cannot conceal from ourselves that many eminent authorities, and much plausible reasoning, may be produced on behalf of the large farms; it may be said to be the prevailing theory throughout the whole of Scotland; we never were in company with a Scotch agriculturist yet, who did not introduce it as the doctrine of all others which he delighteth to dwell upon, and perhaps no small portion of Mr. McCulloch's zeal in the matter may be referred to his national sympathies. He argues (supported by the authority of Arthur Young and Mr. Wakefield) that the large farms must give the greatest scope to improvement; that they allow of the division of labour being carried to the farthest extent; and that they provide constant occupation for the farmer himself, and for every person who is engaged on them; differing in this

respect from the small farms, where, except in seed time and harvest, there is no sufficient employment, and where, consequently, habits of indolence and sloth are unavoidably contracted. This last reason, that of affording constant occupation for every one employed on them, and chiefly as affording full employment to the farmer himself for the whole of his time, is the argument that we have ourselves heard most frequently advanced by intelligent Scotchmen in behalf of their favourite system. As this is an argument which has considerable weight with skilful and practical men, it is certainly deserving of attention; but after all (so far as concerns the farmer himself), to what does it amount but simply to this, that the man whose capital does not enable him to take a large farm must encounter all the inconvenience of a small one; that if his circumstances do not allow him to enter upon a field where his whole time can be advantageously occupied, he must perforce content himself with a more restricted sphere of action; this, we conceive, is an inconvenience of his birth or position, it is one of the inequalities of advantage which occur in every position and situation of life; and on what principle is it that the agriculturist should be debarred from engaging in such a farm as his capital warrants him in entering on, because, forsooth, that farm is not sufficient to employ all his time? is there any imperious obligation on the human race that the whole of their waking hours should be engaged in the pursuit of gain? or if a man feels within him a predilection for a particular occupation, if he has energy, and industry, and liking, to concur in ensuring him success and a competent livelihood, is he to be debarred from exercising these qualities for his own behalf?—is he to be told that he must engage himself as steward to some proprietor, as overseer to some wealthy farmer, because indeed that his capital is only equal to undertaking a farm of some sixty or a hundred acres, and that if he engages in this, he will be a part of his time idle; because he must spend a part of his time in attending on the silent workings of nature, his mighty fellow-laborer; because, that such is unavoidably his position, he is by this new system forcibly expelled from a pursuit to which he is inclined,

and forcibly sentenced to some occupation which he hates; but to be sure he has the satisfaction of being able to spend his whole time at it. We have asked Scotchmen of considerable intelligence and experience, whether they ever knew an instance of a laboring man rising to the position of a holder of land, and found that the cases were so few as to justify us in saying that it can rarely if ever occur. One most intelligent and efficient agent, who had charge of great estates, told us that in his whole experience he knew of but one such instance, and in that case the person to whom he referred, had previously realised £1500 capital, by jobbing in cattle. The consequence of this system is, that the rural districts of Scotland are gradually becoming dispeopled, their hardy sons are driven from the soil to which they gladly would have applied themselves, and forced into the widely-extending and manufacturing districts of Scotland, or driven, with their enterprise and industry, to transfer these inestimable qualities to another land. We believe, and are convinced, that this system, if persevered in—if carried out universally throughout both kingdoms, will be ruin, perfect ruin to the country; its cruelty and tyrannical injustice ought of themselves to be sufficient to arrest the evil. There does exist—it is idle to deny it—there does exist in mankind an affection for the soil and for agricultural pursuits. The noblest and the best have felt and manifested this affection most. Watch the small farmer of a holiday, and see if his course does not lie towards his “bit of land;” and though it be but to pull up a weed, or throw aside a stone, his delight is in lingering about the spot on which his industry is exercised. Does any other occupation present a similar feature, or anything at all like it; and is it humane—is it just—that the great mass of the people should be forcibly excluded by this new fanciful theory from a branch of industry which they are thus created with a preference and with a capability for? What title can the proprietors of land produce to justify them in such a course? We are precluded, by the nature of this article, in which we would avoid all political discussion, from entering upon, as we could desire, the eminently unconstitutional

tendency of this doctrine of consolidating the small farms of the country. We take it, that there is no one who has given ever so slight a consideration to the nature of our constitution, who will not acknowledge how mainly its chief and most valuable institutions are based and supported on a tone of public opinion which has been transmitted to us from remote periods—one which the circumstances of the times naturally gave rise to it, but which could never have grown up amongst us spontaneously under our present circumstances and relations—and equally impossible will it be to deny that the agricultural interest, with its associations, its permanence, and its social tendencies, has been the connecting-link whereby this original phase of opinion has been handed down to us. Abolish this tone of public feeling, and you overthrow the institutions which it supports. Let the agricultural interests become but disproportioned to the other great interests of the country, and the public opinion is revolutionized. It is not for us here, as we have said, it is not within the scope of this notice to enter into any comparison of the agricultural and other pursuits on the character and condition of a people—that the difference in their effects is enormous, no man will venture to deny; but we have said enough to indicate how complete a revolution would be wrought, if Mr. McCulloch's desire of cutting up England into farms of 500 acres were carried out. He would have the twenty-nine millions of acres which constitute the arable land of England divided among 58,000 farmers, but 58,000 persons and the proprietors to support the agricultural interests of England against the other active, restless, encroaching interests of the country; every other man working on the soil is to be a cottager, with perhaps a small patch of garden, but wholly unqualified to obtain political influence, or to exercise it if it were extended to him. We cannot here enter further into this branch of the subject, and the host of considerations which it brings along with it; the system is pregnant with political evil, it is one which we are convinced it behoves every man who has his country at heart to resist. There was a great deal both of good

sense and of good feeling in the Act which was passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, "against those greedy and covetous persons who keep a great quantity of land in their hands, from the occupying of the poor husbandman."

But if the advocates for the large farms have their wishes carried out, and the agricultural labourers of the kingdom are reduced to that number which will find constant employment all the year round, say five men for every hundred acres, or twenty-five men for each of these farms, where, we would ask, is the extra labour to be sought for which is required in seed-time, and in harvest; is the corn to shed upon the ground, or the hay to rot upon the field, for want of reapers, and mowers, and hay-makers, and will twenty-five men supply all these, besides doing the ordinary work on farms of five hundred acres, cultivated on the alternate system of cropping; or if they are sufficient for the extra work, must not most of them be unemployed at the other seasons of the year, when the demand for agricultural labour is comparatively insignificant; the problem is one which it is impossible to solve, to provide namely, that where the amount of employment fluctuates, a given number of labourers shall have full and constant occupations at all seasons of the year, and yet be sufficient for the extra-work at those seasons when the demand increases. All this difficulty, however, of supplying the unavoidable fluctuations in the demand for agricultural labour can be abundantly, and, so far as we see, can only be provided for by a number of small holdings, which, while they go far towards supporting their owner and his family, leave him yet sufficient time and inclination to add to his income, by occasionally hiring out his labour. That this deficiency of agricultural labourers is no imaginary evil, we have abundant evidence in the annual emigration of the Irishmen to England. We know that in Cambridgeshire, last year, the greatest possible alarm prevailed, by reason of the late arrival of the Irish reapers; there were no labourers in the country to save the harvest—but for the arrival of the Irish the whole must have been lost; and on the banks of the Mississippi great crops of maize are constantly lost or thrown open to herds of swine,

for want of hands to cut it and draw it home. How, then, this most formidable difficulty is to be provided for by the advocates of consolidation of farms, they have never yet condescended to inform us, and we confess that we are wholly unable to conjecture. Neither, with every respect for the writings of Mr. Young, can we at all see the force of his reasoning, when he supports his statement, that large farmers contribute most to improvement, and that these improvements can only be carried out by large and opulent farmers, asking us—

“Where is the little farmer to be found who will cover his whole farm with marl at the rate of 100 or 150 tons per acre, who will drain all his land at the expense of £2 or £3 per acre, who will pay a heavy price for the manure of towns, and convey it thirty miles by land carriage,” &c.

We cannot at all see why a man with but ten acres of land should not accomplish all these purposes of improvement as effectually as a man with ten hundred acres; the difference is simply this, that it will cost the man who farms one hundred acres, one hundred times as much; it will require one hundred times a greater amount of capital to cover with marl, or to draw manure, or to drain his larger farm, than the small farmer will require; but why the small farmer, a man with capital proportioned to his farm, should not drain his ten acres for £30, as well as the large farmer will drain his one thousand acres for £3000, we are wholly at a loss to conjecture. There is no force whatsoever in the argument. But even in Mr. McCulloch's own volumes we are furnished with most striking evidence of the great inexpediency of large holdings, for, on looking over his separate notice of each of the English counties, we invariably find that *pauperism is uniformly greater in these countries in which he tells us that the farms are large, and vice versa*, that pauperism is less in these countries where the holdings are small.

We would not, however, be misunderstood. We are very far indeed from advocating the wretched system of sub-division into acres, and half acres, which prevails in this country. We are convinced that Mr. McCulloch

is perfectly right in attributing a great portion of the miserable condition of the Irish people to this melancholy system; we believe that it has led to the crowding of the people on the soil in numbers much too great, not by any means for its *capacity* of production, but for its *present productiveness*, in numbers which would be perfectly insignificant, if even the improved agricultural processes which are already known were generally adopted, but which, from the culpable neglect of improvement, from a perfect disregard of every opportunity, are, in many places greatly in excess. This excess will of course in Ireland be much increased by the inadequacy of grain crops to take the place of the potato, in supplying subsistence for the people; it will make the present population fully one third more redundant, as compared with the provision that is made for them. In time, we have no doubt whatsoever, but that the agriculture of the country, stimulated by the present emergency, must improve; and we are also convinced that its improvement will be in some districts much facilitated by reason of the reduction in our numbers which will be occasioned by the emigration that is now forced upon us—we say by the emigration that is forced upon us, for thankful as we are for having any such outlet in this season of affliction, we cannot look upon the stream of human beings that is now flowing from our shores without feelings of deep distress. The very last resource that a country should ever adopt is that of emigration—the very last mode of providing for a people is by getting rid of them. Within our shores they might have been the sources of our wealth and of our strength; there lives not the man whose labour, if well disciplined and directed, would not produce more than his own consumption, and the common stock is so much impaired by every working man who is drawn from it. We acknowledge that, circumstanced as we now are, we have no alternative—the remedy is a desperate one, but it must be endured. Great has been the neglect, great is the responsibility falling on those who have occasioned the need for it; but let us resolve vigorously, and bestir ourselves actively, that the like reproach

may not befall us again. Meantime, let us maintain the cause of the small farmers; we would gladly see many, very many large holdings scattered over the face of the country; we believe that it is eminently for the interests of agriculture that there should be such, but let them not be to the exclusion of the small holdings; let us have thousands and tens of thousands of the people of the United Kingdom enjoying their six, eight, ten, or twelve acres of land, as their capital may be suited to it; they have unanswerable practical support in the great success of Belgium and the other continental states where they have been encouraged; they will cultivate more closely, and more productively than the large farmer; they will add to the might of the empire, politically, socially, and economically; they will go far in preserving it from mendicancy, that most fruitful source of corruption—and they will save the nation from

the woe that is denounced against those “who add field to field, until there be no place, that they may be alone upon the earth.”

In treating thus of the resources of the kingdom in the important article of food, we have made no mention of that portion of the supply which is derived from abroad—this we may take occasion to allude to when speaking of the import trade of the country; it is sufficient to say at present, that up to this season of famine, all that we have in any year derived from abroad has been wholly insignificant, when looked upon as a means of providing for our people. The importation of grain in 1846 was very much above the average, and yet the whole amount, including meal and flour, was only equal to five millions and a-half of quarters of grain, or about a bushel and a half for every inhabitant of the kingdom; but, as we have said, we may allude to this subject briefly again.

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IRISH BALLAD POETRY.*

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captives, and weep."

So sung the minstrel of Erin, awaking with a master's hand the chords of that lyre, whose strains are now familiar as household words in every quarter of the civilized world—fraught with the very soul of song—breathing an inspiration caught from the green hills of Ireland. Alas! those beautiful stanzas were only too prophetic of the future fate of our unhappy country. 'Tis even so: in the darkest day of her long life of tribulation, when the hopes of hearts that but a year ago throbbed with the wild pulses of life's prime, lie crushed and broken—when the thousand fire-sides that were thronged then with careless and laughing faces, are cold and cheerless now, their occupants tossing on stormy seas—tired wanderers in strange countries, seeking the means of life they cannot find at home, their thoughts still teeming with the memories of better times—still turning towards the old country, where their fathers' ashes are, but which shall be a place of refuge no more for them; or happier far, having found in the shelter of the grave from their heavy labours an eternal rest. Alas for Ireland! her heart is heavy with sorrow; and it is impossible to think of her melodies, which have ever been connected with her joys or her griefs, without these mournful reflections arising—reflections rendered still more melancholy by the

thought that when nature is bursting from her long sleep—when other countries are smiling with promise, this joyous season can bring but little hope to us. Yes—even in this glad and happy time, when the green corn is bursting from the earth, blessed with the sunshine and the shower of spring—when holy nature, with a lavish hand, is scattering abroad her joyous gifts upon fertile lands, here it is only upon desolate homesteads and barren fields that the light of her smile can fall now. Sweet spring! the time of love—the time when in warm pulses the life blood glows and dances—when youth and beauty thrill with thy mysterious influence. Youth and beauty, what are ye now! The pride and the vigour of lusty manhood are broken; she whose smile was his light of life, has faded like a dying flower; the joyous melody that welled from the happy heart is stilled by the wailings of grief over the unburied dead. Youth and beauty! The wan mother strains to her breast her helpless child—

"The babe to whom her breast yields no relief"—

the fountain is dry." Alas for the sufferings and the sorrows of our country! But in the hour of her desolation she is tuneful still; and well indeed may they who have rivetted those indissoluble bonds which have linked our destiny to theirs—well may they, moved to pity

* "Specimens of the Early Native Poetry of Ireland, in English Metrical Translations, by various hands; with Historical and Biographical Notices, by Henry R. Montgomery, &c. &c. Dublin: James M^oGlashan." 1847.

by sorrow which they cannot lighten, and misfortune they are unable to mitigate, although powerful has been the sympathy of England towards her afflicted sister, and munificent her assistance, well may they

"Pause at the song of their captives, and weep."

But let us turn from the dreary page in the history of Ireland which lies before us now, and gazing down the dim vista of the future, indulge in the hope—may it not be a visionary one—that better and happier days are yet in store for our afflicted country. There is one light which shines amid the gloom, and we hail its cheering ray with a satisfaction and a delight not easy to express. The mind of Ireland is becoming educated; a taste for the cultivation of her literature and history is daily on the increase; people are no longer quite absorbed in the stormy pursuits of politics. Men of elegant and refined taste—men of an ability and intelligence of which any country might justly be proud, have been for years devoting their talents and their energies to the task of fashioning the public mind—to the noble and the inspiring pursuit of making a literature for Ireland. How they have succeeded, in founding at least a national school of poetry, the volumes which it is now our most agreeable duty to notice, afford most abundant proof.

After centuries of neglect and of oblivion, an attempt was made, several years ago, by Mr. Hardiman, to rescue from the obscurity in which they were mouldering, some remains of the ancient literature of Ireland; and this timely interposition, with the consequent efforts of his fellow-labourers and successors, have had the effect of rescuing some of the most beautiful fragments of Irish poetry from the inevitable oblivion to which they would otherwise have been consigned; and we believe that to a series of papers on these volumes, in our own pages,* from the pen of Mr. Ferguson, who has been one of the most distinguished labourers in the field of Irish literature, the success of a movement which is now gaining such rapidly increasing popularity is mainly to be attributed. It may seem invidious to select one from many others distin-

guished also by ardour and zeal, but we think it only due to this gentleman that the world should be made aware that it was by the efforts of his accomplished pen that public attention was, in the first instance, directed to those lights of Irish song, whose beams might otherwise have gone down unnoticed in the cheerless sea of oblivion and neglect. A host of others have since followed in his track; but ere we enter upon the discussion of their respective merits, it is only fair that his claims to the honour of being the leader of this movement, should be publicly and satisfactorily adjusted.

The origin of song, as well as of that description of poetry more properly designated as ballad, may be traced to a very remote period—the expression of a sentiment attached to a melody, as contradistinguished from the recital of actions of love or of warfare, being the principal distinction between the two branches.

The passion for the latter species of poetical composition seems to have been transmitted by the stern Romans to the natives of that country which is still, *par excellence*, termed the land of song, and that the ballad was not unknown to them at a very early period, indeed, we have the evidence of many authorities of weight to prove. But the number of lyric pieces of great excellence, written in

"That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,"

which are yet extant, is very considerable. There is a species of these smaller lyrics, composed, it is thought, for the purpose of being sung to the dance at carnivals, which are called canzonets, that are of very superior merit indeed. Lorenzo de Medici, Pulci (to whom Lord Byron confesses himself so indebted for the model of that ottava rima which he afterwards learned to yield with such admirable facility), Politian, and many other great Mæcenases of the fifteenth century, are said to have been distinguished by their ability, not only as composers, but even as singers of these songs, which are very nearly the ballads of the present day.

The provençal minstrelsy of France is derived from a source equally ancient—the troubadours—an order

* "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," April, August, October, and November, 1834.

which included in its ranks kings and kaisers, dukes and earls, and many other personages of high distinction, were, perhaps, the founders, but certainly the most distinguished cultivators of this refined art—the jongleurs—whose appellation some curious antiquarian has derived from “ongles” (the nails), because we suppose these gentlemen, when under the influence of the “divine afflatus,” and hard up for some form of expression, had recourse to the usual relief in such cases, of biting their nails—united the instrumental performance with the vocal art; or somewhat similar to the duties of that class of our Irish bards, known by the denomination of *Orfidigh*. The old French melodies chanted by these erratic minstrels were called *lais*—an epithet apparently of doubtful derivation; the Latin extraction of *lessus*, or lamentation, assigned to it, by no means solving the difficulty, for many of these compositions were of the most sportive and amatory description. The Emperor Frederick Barbarosa and our lion-hearted Richard were, as it is well known, members of this illustrious order—distinguished by the fair as well as the brave—for many ladies of the highest caste were included in its ranks.

The famous court of love, of which the beautiful Countess of Champagne was the learned chief—we presume chief justice—and whose judgments, called “*arrêts d’amour*,” became so celebrated, was composed of sixty ladies of rank, all members of the same learned and joyous profession. There is a case on record of an appeal against a judgment of this fair functionary, which came before the Queen of France. Counsel learned in the law were heard on both sides; but the result was, that the decree of the court below was affirmed with costs, her majesty exclaiming, with considerable energy, “God forbid that I should meddle with a decree of the Countess of Champagne!”

What a glorious profession was this uniting in one the now rival branches of love, of law, and of song—when the sweet judges rewarded the pleader’s art with a peacock’s feather, or a kiss—(how numerous in these pleasant times, more so perhaps than at present, must have been the members of the junior bar). We should willingly, although in the full tide of practice,

exchange our existence now for professional employment then. Lawyer as we are, we would willingly exchange the benign approval with which the Chief Justice of the Queen’s Bench listens to our arguments, for a smile from the rosy lips of that fair arbitress, and right willingly would we give the heaviest cause in which we were ever retained in the Court of Chancery here, for a brief in that court of love. But to return to these heroes of romance, their life was spent in journeying about from castle to castle, where they always found the warmest welcome. Rich vestments, rare repasts, and bright smiles ever awaited them; and several of the order, by reason of their superior excellence in the tuneful art, were admitted to the rank of knighthood. The works of many of these ancient minstrels are still extant. “The old Poem of the Knight of Curtesy and the Lady of Fayel” is a tolerable specimen of the class. It is a simple history of the unhappy fate of Rayoul Chatelain de Coucy, who lived in the age of Thibaut, King of Navarre. The Lord of Fayel, unfortunately for the Chatelain, happened to be possessed of a most beautiful wife, with whom the troubadour fell passionately in love. The lady returned his affection. The green-eyed monster of Fayel grew, therefore, desperately jealous, and the Chatelain thought it would be the most prudent plan for him to go and cure his love by a little fighting in the Holy Land. He received, however, a fatal wound at the siege of Rhodes, and his dying injunctions to his faithful squire were to the effect, that he should

“Bear his heart to his mistress dear.”

The squire fulfilled his lord’s behest, but upon drawing near the castle of Fayel he was met by the worthy signeur, who flew into a terrific passion, and deprived him of his precious burthen, which the old savage was brute enough to have cooked and served up for the dinner of the countess: and having enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her partake largely of this dainty, he had the ill-nature to inform the poor lady what it was she had just eaten. She coolly informed him, however, that it was so delicious she should never eat any thing else, and, rising from the table, went to the window, from which she precipitated herself,

and was killed on the spot. The curious reader will find this affecting episode detailed at full length, in verse, in the "Ancient English Historical Romances," by Mr. Ritson.

Spain, famous to this day for her songs and ballads, appears also to have held a high position, at a very early period, among the lands of song, for the excellent skill of her minstrels. The most ancient of her ballads, known at the present day, are "Las Coplas de La Zarabanda,"—songs full of expression and humour, commonly sung at convivial assemblies. They are almost similar to the "Canzone a ballo" of the Italians, and were, doubtless, composed for a similar purpose. The profession of minstrels in Spain was also divided into different orders, each of which had assigned to it the performance of a distinct duty. The institution of this order was clearly derived from France, for we are informed that in the fourteenth century the king of Arragon, having dispatched ambassadors to France for this purpose, was furnished with two troubadours of rare skill from the College of Toulouse, who instructed the rising generation of Spain in the cultivation and improvement of "La Gaia ciencia," an appellation adopted from the minstrelsy of France.

But ancient as was the origin of minstrelsy, in other and adjoining countries, to none of them does Ireland yield in regard of antiquity. The institution, of the celebrated order of Irish Bards unquestionably took place at a period nearly five hundred years before the Christian era. "Innisfail, or the Isle of Destiny," as our country is called in some of the oldest ballads, after having been the prey of the Fomorians, the Belgians, and the Tuatha de Danans respectively, was invaded, about 1015 years before Christ, by the Milesians, a colony of the Iberian Spaniards, who settled in this country, from whom are descended the ancient Irish kings. It is to this invasion that the beautiful lyric of Mr. Thomas Moore refers. As it is not in many of the collections of his works, we shall give it for the benefit of our readers:—

"They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail in their good ships gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
Oh, where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave—
Thus sung they, as by the morning's
beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

"And lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As tho' in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light in the wave was seen.
'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail,
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While bending to heaven, the warriors
hall
That home of the brave and free.

"Then turned they into the eastern
wave,
Where now their day-god's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave,
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on the isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod."

It appears that when the Danans had possession of the island, Ith, a Spanish prince, a visitant of the country, was slain. The kinsmen of this prince, eight in number, then invaded the country, for the purpose of avenging his death. Having encountered shipwreck, five of the number were lost. The survivors landed, at the head of a considerable army, and conquered the Danans in a pitched battle, at Tailten, in the county Meath. These three brothers afterwards founded the order of Irish bards, and from them are descended the Heremonian, Heberian and Irian lines of Irish kings.

That the Celtic nation, however, had songs amongst them, we have the evidence of Posidonius, who says, that in making war they carried with them table companions, who celebrate the praises of their masters, and these men they call bards. By no nation and in no country was the order treated with so much distinction as by the ancient Irish. The profession was one both of dignity and of emolument; it was hereditary, enjoyed by the most illustrious families, and grants of land were bestowed upon its members.

* This little ballad, which is unquestionably one of great beauty, is given in a collection of Irish national poetry, the selection of the pieces contained in which evinces much taste

Their songs were of such great value, that they were usually preserved in the depository of the records of the kingdom. And we are sorry to be obliged to state, and we fear the story is nevertheless true, that our tutelary saint, St. Patrick, in his zeal for the religion he was about to establish, burned nearly eight hundred volumes of the most ancient of these Pagan songs.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to cast a rapid, cursory glance at the history of Irish literature, prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion; at which period, we are informed, by the "*Annals of the Four Masters*," many of the most distinguished bards lived. The bardic order was an office of considerable honor. Its duties were, to preside over the interests of literature, history, and religion; and the candidate was obliged to undergo twelve years of probationary education in one of the Druidic colleges, before he was thought competent to fulfil the duties of his order. Once admitted, he passed the remainder of his existence careless and free, like the bachelor in the old song; land was allotted to him; his person was deemed sacred; he became one of the most honoured and revered members of the community, being distinguished by a dress of plaid, the colours of which, with the exception of a single stripe, were similar to those worn by royalty. The duties of this office were afterwards separated into four branches—the Brehon had the task of framing, and perhaps of administering, the laws, which, set to the music of his harp, were doubtless conveyed through a much more agreeable medium than at the present more enlightened age; the *Filea*, or chief bard, who used to march in the front of battle, in flowing robes, with a golden harp, to animate the troops; the *Seanchie*, whose office was, for the most part, of an antiquarian nature; and the *Orfidigh*, whose functions were solely instrumental.

The great Irish orator of the age may not, perhaps, be aware that he had a namesake, who lived in the fifth century, from whom, if he is able to trace his pedigree, the descent may in some manner account for the rhetorical beauty by which that right honorable gentleman's speeches are distinguished. Sheil, or in the Latin

Sedulius, was one of the most distinguished of his order, and besides his works in his native tongue, some beautiful poems, written by him in the purest Latin, have still survived.

About this period, the bardic order had increased to such an extent, and had become so formidable to the native princes and the nobility, by their uncontrolled licence and audacity, that measures were contemplated for the purpose of checking their power and reducing their numbers. It was even proposed that the order should be abolished altogether, but the influence of St. Columba procured an adjustment of the differences; and, by a proper regulation of the abuses which had crept in, he obtained for them a reinstatement into their ancient privileges and immunities. Dallan was the most remarkable poet of the ninth century; he seems to have derived his chief renown from an attempt made by him, at the instigation of the Prince of Breifne, to obtain possession of a celebrated golden shield, called the *Dubh-giolla*, which was then in the possession of Aodh, King of Orgiall. This worthy monarch's callous heart, however, proved insensible to the charms of song: the ode which the bard recited for the occasion was ineffective; and we are told that King Aodh refused to reward the minstrel with anything except gold and silver, or precious gems. We wonder if the bards of the present day would have been quite so hard to please. But the minstrel, baffled in his object, returned to the Prince of Breifne in a very disconsolate and discontented state.

The last of the Pagan bards whom it is necessary for us to mention, was Torna Egeas, the chief bard of the kingdom, some of whose poems are still extant. Of these, the most remarkable was a dirge composed upon the death of two princes of whom he was the preceptor—of Corc, king of Munster, and Nial the Great, who derived this soubriquet from the number of princes from whom he had obtained hostages. A warrior of renown, he defeated the Picts, invaded the Roman territories, and after a successful descent upon the coast of Brittany, he returned, bringing with him a youthful captive (well known to our countrymen by the name of St. Patrick), who

was destined by Providence to convert the land of his captivity to the Christian faith. The stormy career of the conquering Nial was terminated abruptly at Liege, where he fell a victim to the enmity of one of his own followers, and was slain in a sudden quarrel.

One of the most beautiful of the ancient bardic odes is the lament of Torna for his chieftain's death, translated by Mr. Ferguson, and selected in the "Ancient Poetry of Ireland," by Mr. Montgomery. The spirited and glowing versification of this piece, with the beautiful and touching expressions of sorrow, will remind the reader of some of the finest stanzas of that master of ballad poetry, Sir Walter Scott. Although it is rather in anticipation of our plan, we cannot resist the temptation of presenting it to the reader's notice as we proceed :—

"My foster-children were not slack ;
Corc or Neal ne'er turned his back ;
Neal, of Tara's palace hoar—
Worthy seed of Owen More—
Corc, of Cashel's pleasant rock,
Con-cead-caha's honored stock.
Joint exploits made Erin theirs—
Joint exploits of high compeers ;
Fierce they were, and stormy strong ;
Neal, amid the reeling throng,
Stood terrific ; nor was Corc
Hindmost in the heavy work.
Neal Mac Eochy Vivahain
Ravaged Albin, hill and plain ;
While he fought from Tara far—
Corc disdained unequal war.
Never saw I man like Neal,
Making foreign foemen reel ;
Never saw I man like Corc,
Swinking at the savage work ;
Never saw I better twain,
Search all Erin round again—
Twain so stout in warlike deeds—
Twain so mild in peaceful weeds.

"There the foster-children twain
Of Torna—I who sing the strain—
These they are, the pious ones,
My sons, my darling foster-sons !
Who duly every day would come
To glad the old man's lonely home.
Ah ! happy days I've spent between
Old Tara's Hall and Castle-green !
From Tara down to Cashel ford,
From Cashel back to Tara's lord.
When with Neal, his regent, I
Dealt with princes royally ;
If with Corc perchance I were,
I was his prime counsellor.

"Therefore Neal I ever set
On my right hand, thus to get

Judgments grave, and weighty words,
For the right-hand loyal lords.
But, ever on my left-hand side
Gentle Corc, who knew not pride,
That none other so might part
His dear body from my heart.
Gone is generous Corc O'Yeon—woe
is me !
Gone is valiant Neal O'Con—woe is
me !
Gone the root of Tara's stock—woe
is me !
Gone the head of Cashel rock—woe
is me !
Broken is my witless brain—
Neal, the mighty king, is slain !
Broken is my bruised heart's core—
Corc, the Righ More, is no more !
Mourns Lea Con, in tribute's chain,
Lost Mac Eochy Vivahain,
And her lost Mac Lewry true—
Mourns Lea Mogha ruined too !"

The most accomplished bards succeeding these we have just mentioned, were the learned Bishop Feich—whose remarkable poem is, of course, familiar to every lover of Irish antiquarian lore—Columcille, Dallan, and Seanchan, several of whose poems are to be found in Mr. Hardiman's collection. Many of these pieces, the learned author tells us, afford incontestable proof—as well by their construction as by their versification—that their origin has been derived from the ancient songs of the Pagan bards.

The melodies of Ireland were, about this period, hushed by the war-cries of the Danes ; but notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, that skilful and truly learned poet, Maolmura Miles, found an audience ready to appreciate his minstrelsy. The bard who has not inaptly been styled, in the "Annals of the Four Masters," the Virgil of Ireland, succeeded him ; and then, among a host of others of inferior note, the harps of the bards, Mac Giolla Caoimh and Eochy O'Floin, awakened the tuneful echoes of their native mountains. Mac Liag, their successor—who was secretary and biographer of the Irish monarch, Brian—was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014. His songs, full of tenderness and exquisite pathos, are filled with wailings for the untimely death of his sovereign. O'Mulconry—who lived in the twelfth century, and whose songs have been handed down to us in the Book of Lecan—with O'Cassidy, the abbot of Ardbracken, in Meath—an ecclesiastic dis-

tinguished for his piety and erudition—and O'Dun, chief bard to the prince of Leinster—whose poems are to be found in the Book of Ballymote, and other ancient Irish manuscripts—bring us down to the period when the invasion of Henry II. silenced, for a space, the melodious strains of the Irish bards, who appear to have always been very obnoxious to the conquerors, probably for reasons equally potent with those which influenced the “ruthless king” to exterminate the Welsh minstrels. It appears to have been the policy of the conquerors to lessen, as far as they possibly could, the numbers of those who sung of the ancient glories of their country, who mourned over her oppressions and wrongs, or stimulated, by passionate appeals, their suffering fellow-countrymen to fresh deeds of courage and of resistance. Though the voice is mute—though the harp is broken—though the hand that swept, with a master's skill, its tuneful chords, is now long-forgotten dust, these strains of patriotism and of genius—the sweet songs of our native land—have lived through the storms of war, the destructive influence of time, and the rage of persecution, and are handed down to us as perfect and imperishable as when they first burst, fresh and glowing with impassioned eloquence, from the minstrel's heart.

The bardic race were most flourishing under the reign of Ollam Fodhla, the great Irish legislator; by whom were founded those halls of Tara, which have been immortalized by Moore. “No music,” says an ancient MS. quoted by Mr. Hardiman, “then delighted the people more than each other's voices—such peace and concord reigned among them, that their voices sounded sweeter than the warblings of a melodious harp. The name of the place owing its origin to its fame for harmony, Te-mur, or Tara, signifying the hall of music.”

Royne File, the next bard of any celebrity, whose name has reached us, was of royal lineage; and Fer-ciartne, the panegyrist of the Irish law-giver, with a few others of inferior note, bring us down to the period of the founding of the order of the Red Branch Knights, of whom the most remarkable were Conal Cearnagh, the master; Cuchullin; Naoise, Anile, and Ardun, the three sons of Usmoth.

This was about the commencement of the Christian era, and the island was then agitated by a revolutionary movement against the Brehons, who, invested as they were with an undue proportion of judicial influence, became so tyrannical and overbearing, that their total expulsion was nearly determined on, when Corcoran, one of the provincial monarchs of the day, prevented matters being carried to such an extremity by a timely reduction of their numbers.

In the tenth century, under the reign of the great Brian Boru, the people of Ireland, long harassed by the invasion of the hordes of Danes and Northmen, seem to have got a brief respite from persecution—peace and tranquillity were restored, and literature flourished under his mild but vigorous sway. The invaders, however, daily increased in power and numbers; and at length, seizing a favourable opportunity, they attacked the stout old monarch, then in the eighty-third year of his age, in great force.

Overpowered by numbers, and baffled by treachery, the last illustrious scion of Irish royalty, was slain at the battle of Clontarf; and we are sorry to say that in the varied collection before us, with the one exception we have already mentioned, we cannot discover any elegiac stanzas upon the death of this accomplished monarch worth selecting. We cannot avoid thinking that this speaks very little for the gratitude or the ability of these, of the rights of whose order King Brian Boru was the most illustrious champion.

The harp of this monarch was sent to Henry VIII., and by him given to the Marquis of Clanrickarde; it was afterwards presented by Mr. Conyngnam to the museum of Trinity College, where it now remains. It is thus described in a work quoted by Mr. Montgomery:—

“It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally; the extremity of the uppermost arm, in part, is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal, set in silver; and under it was another stone, now lost. The buttons, or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm are the arms, chased in silver, of the O'Brien family—the bloody hand supported by

lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf-dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding-board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding-holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes; consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts around which it was joined, are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist."

From the death of this great monarch until the English invasion, the history of Ireland presents a melancholy repetition of scenes of foreign persecution and domestic feuds.

"While their tyrants joined in hate,
They never joined in love."

Chieftains rebelled against their princes, and were deserted in turn by their own retainers; and the whole island afforded a gloomy picture of bloodshed and strife. In an atmosphere so uncongenial, the muses languished; and in melancholy wailings, the Irish minstrels found a vent for the sorrow which oppressed their hearts. Driven, as we are informed, by the sword of the invaders, from the haunts of men, they sought for a temporary refuge, in caves and mountains, which echoed with their plaintive melodies. At this period, the whole character of their melodies underwent a complete alteration—a spirit of mournfulness and sorrow took possession of them.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as well as in the preceding one, the profession of bard, from the legislative enactments passed against it, began to sink in public estimation. The coolins, or long flowing locks by which its members were distinguished, were abolished by an act of parliament; and it was further ordered that no Irish minstrels or rhymers be messengers to desire any goods of any man dwelling within the English pale, upon pain of forfeiture of all their goods, and their bodies to be imprisoned during the king's will.

Spenser, who ought to have known better, at all events who ought to have possessed some compassion for his brethren of the tuneful art, recommended their complete extirpation:—

"There is," he says, "amongst the Irish, a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their rithmes; the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made informers in the mouths of all men. They are for the most part, so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose out themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most cold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rithmes—him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow. Thus evil things being decked and attired with the gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive and carry away the affection of a young mind that is not well stayed, but desirous of some bold adventures to make proof of himself. For being (as they all be) brought up idly, without awe of parents, without precept of masters, and without fear of offence—not being directed nor employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them; for a young mind cannot rest if he be not still busied in some goodness; he will find himself such business as shall soon carry away all about him; in which, if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those bards and rithmers do, for little reward, or a share of a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent and half mad with love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and pointed show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself, as of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life of spoils and robberies, one of their bards in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milksops that were brought up at the fire-side, but that most of his days be spent in wars and valiant exercises—that he did never eat his meal before he had won it with his sword—that he lay not all night sluggin in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness—that the day was his night, and the

night his day—that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but where he came he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers—that his music was not the harp nor lays of love, but the cries of people and clashing of armour; and, finally, that he died not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death."

And then Mr. Spenser had the cool impudence to add—

"I have caused divers of these poems to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is a great pity to see so abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

The genius of song was, however, too deeply seated in the Irish heart to be obliterated by the penal enactments of the Saxon, and notwithstanding the persecution of the race, a strain of rare and exquisite beauty would burst forth from some weary worn minstrel. Amongst them are those verses called "the Coolin," written, it is supposed, upon that occasion when the tyrannical edict went forth from the Saxon, which prohibited the national decoration of the coolin, or flowing ringlets, in which our bards so much prided themselves. It is translated by Mr. Ferguson, and some of the stanzas are of very great beauty:

"Oh, had you seen the Coolun
Walking down by the cuckoo's
street,
With the dew of the meadow shining
On her milk-white twinkling feet.
Oh, my love she is, and my coleen
oge,
And she dwells in Bal'nagar;
And she bears the palm of beauty
bright
From the fairest that in Erin are.

"In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her
cheek,
Bright beauty dwells for ever
On her fair neck and ringlets sleek.
Oh, sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,

Or the blackbird in the greenwood
singing
Farewell to the setting sun.

"Rise up, my boy—make ready
My horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel
Where she walks on the green hill
side;
For ever since our youth were we
plighted
In faith, troth, and wedlock true;
Oh, she is sweeter to me nine times
over
Than organ or cuckoo!

"Oh, ever since my childhood
I loved the fair and darling child,
But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love de-
filed:
Oh, my woe it is, and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the coleen bawn of my early
love
Is torn from my heart away.

"Sweet and youthful treasure,
Be constant still and true,
Nor for want of herds and houses
Leave one who would ne'er leave
you;
I'd pledge you the blessed Bible,
Without and eke within,
That the youthful god will provide for
us
Without thanks to kith or kin.

"Oh, love, do you remember
When we lay all night alone
Beneath the ash in the winter storm,
When the oakwood round did groan;
No shelter then from the blast had we,
The bitter blast or sleet,
But your gown to wrap about our
heads,
And my coat around our feet."

There were few bards of much note until towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, when Lugad O'Clery, of Tyrconnel, O'Connellan, O'Ryan, and others lived. The only composition extant, the work of any of these is the song by Malmury, son of the bard of Tyrconnel, upon witnessing the ruins of Donegal Castle, which was destroyed by the celebrated Hugh Roe O'Donnel, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

This chieftain had, it appears, at a very early age, been kidnapped by Sir John Perrot, the lord deputy, who had him carried off in a ship laden with Spanish wine, which he sent into Lough

Swilly, for the purpose of inducing the young chieftain to come on board. The plan was successful; he was carried off, and thrown into the dungeons in Dublin Castle, whence he escaped after a few years' confinement. He was, however, taken again, and a second time succeeded in effecting his escape, and, returning to his native country, was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and by his warlike talents and indomitable energy, proved himself the most formidable enemy which England ever possessed.

Of the merits of the ode to the Ruins Donegal Castle, we shall enable our readers to judge. It is translated by Mr. Mangan.

" TO THE RUINS OF DONEGAL CASTLE.

Oh, mournful!—oh, forsaken pile!—
What desolation dost thou dree!
How tarnished is the beauty that was
thine ere while,
Thou mansion of chaste melody.

Demolished lie thy towers and halls—
A dark, unsightly earthen mound
Defaces the pure whiteness of thy shining
walls,
And solitude doth gird thee round.

Fair Fort!—thine hour has come at
length;
Thine older glory has gone by.
Lo! far beyond the noble battlements of
strength
Thy corner-stones all scattered lie!

Where, now, O rival of the gold
Emania, be thy wine-cups all?
Alas! for these thou now hast nothing
but the cold,
Cold stream, that from the heavens
doth fall.

Above thy shattered window sills,
The music that to-day breaks forth,
Is but the music of the wild winds from
the hills,
The wild winds of the stormy North!

How often from thy turrets high,
Thy purple turrets, have we seen
Long lines of glittering ships, when
summer-time drew nigh,
With masts and sails of snow-white
sheen.

How often seen, when gazing round
From thy tall towers, the hunting
trains—
The wood-enlivening chase—the horse-
man and the hound—
Thou fastness of a hundred plains!

How often to thy banquets bright
We have seen the strong-armed Gaels
repair,
And when the feast was over, once again
unite
For battle in thy bass-court fair!

Alas! for thee, thou fort forlorn—
Alas! for thy low, lost estate—
It is my woe of woes, this melancholy
morn,
To see thee left thus desolate.

From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own brave
And far-famed sovereign, came the
blow!
By him, thou lonesome castle on the
Esky's wave,
By him was wrought thine overthrow!

Yet not because he wished thee ill,
Left he thee thus bereaven and void,
The prince of the victorious tribe of
Dalach still
Loved thee, yea thee whom he des-
troyed!

He brought upon thee all this woe—
Thou of the fair-proportioned walls—
Lest thou shouldst ever yield a shelter
to the foe—
Shouldst house the black, ferocious
Gauls.

It is a drear—a dismal sight—
This of thy ruin and decay—
Now that our kings, and bards, and men
of might,
Are nameless exiles far away!

Yet better thou shouldst fall, meseems,
By thine own king of many thrones,
Than that the Gaels should rear around
thy streams
Dry mounds and circles of great stones.

But be thus fated to destroy
Thy shining walls, will yet restore,
And raise thee up anew in beauty and
in joy,
So that thou shalt never sorrow more.

By God's help, he who wrought thy fall
Will reinstate thee yet in pride;
Thy variegated halls shall be rebuilt
all,
Thy lofty courts, thy chambers wide.

Yes! thou shalt live again, and see
Thine forts renewed!—thou shalt out-
shine

Thy former self by far, and Hugh shall
reign in thee,
The Tirconnellians' king and thine."

We do not know, in the whole com-
pass of ballad poetry in any language,

a more beautiful and touching composition than this. The simplicity and the exquisite pathos of some of its stanzas are incomparable. With what melancholy tenderness does the poet linger over the glories of the past. Weeping above the place left unto him desolate, how rises before his mind's eye, in glowing colours, "the pride of former days," when the banner of his chieftain floated from those towers, now mouldering in the dust—when the old halls rang with the revelry of lusty wassailers—and he himself, the most cherished guest of all, charmed from the golden wires the very spirit of melody—

"Scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er his aged brain."

Those regal towers, so often assailed by the foeman's wrath in vain, which survived the storms of war, and the more deadly hand of time, laid low in the dust by their master's hands—painful thought—and then mournful, and more mournful still the wailings of his grief, as he muses upon the fate of its mighty inhabitants, its kings, its men of might, nameless and forgotten exiles, far away—dismal sight, the ruin of that embattled portal-arch to him; but far better fallen thus, than by the hands of the fierce invader. Who should lay its glories low save he who called them into life? In this solitude of night, with face upturned to the bright starry sky, the happy olden time steals over him, and the voice of his lamentation comes welling from the minstrel's heart, equal in beauty and kindred in spirit: but we think translated with more power is the "Ode to the Ruins of Timoleague Abbey," by Collins, or O'Cullane, a bard of the seventeenth century. Though not a professed bard, several beautiful pieces composed by him are still extant. He was a native of Cork, a county which is rather famous for the excellence of her sons in the tuneful art, and descended from the ancient tribe of the O'Cullanes, who were lords of the town of Castlyon, in that county. The young O'Cullane having, at a very early age, evinced considerable poetic powers, he was carefully educated, being destined for the clerical profession. He incapacitated himself, however, for the exercise of the duties of his sacred office, by entering into the

holy estate of matrimony, and finally settled down as a schoolmaster at Skibbereen, where he died about the year 1816. Timoleague, or the cell of St. Molaga, was an ancient abbey, situated in the south of Munster. The silver stream of — sweeps by its venerable ruins, which consists now of a large choir, with an aisle, one side being a square cloister, arcaded, and a platform in the middle, which leads to several large rooms, one of which was a chapel, another a chapter-house, the third a refectory. Between the choir and the aisle stands a handsome Gothic tower, seventy feet in height; near it are two old monuments of the O'Cullanes and of the Lords de Courcy.

We would willingly linger longer in the realms of ancient song, for after all it is in them we trace the true characteristics of the Irish nature—their wild aspirations after freedom—their tender and passionate yearnings for love, and their melancholy musings in the scenes of former greatness and splendour; but our space compels us to be brief, and upon some future occasion we may have an opportunity of returning to the subject, which we cannot, however, close without a short notice of the life and writings of Carolan. Descended from the ancient Milesian race, this distinguished bard, the last of his order, was born at Newton, in the county of Meath, about the year 1670. Deprived, while yet a boy, of the blessing of sight, he found solace in his harp, which became his constant companion. Near his father's house, we are told by Mr. Hardiman, was a rath, which one of the old legends of the country had assigned as a court to the queen of the good people. Here he used to remain, for hours together, stretched listlessly in the sun. He was often observed to start up suddenly, as if in a fit of ecstasy, occasioned, as was believed, by the preternatural sights he witnessed. It happened, in one of these raptures, that he called hastily upon one of his companions to lead him home. He sat down, his fingers wandering rapidly over the wires,

"An uncertain warbling made,"

and in a little time he played and sung the air and words of this sweet song, addressed to Bridget Cruise, the object of his earliest attachment. This was said to have been his first production. So beautiful and so captivating

was the strain, that it was attributed at once to fairy inspiration. It was said that he related the vision which he saw ; but, overcome by terror, he entreated his friends never to ask him to repeat it. As we feel assured our readers will not be satisfied, after this account, without the song itself, we give them the following version, translated by Mr. Furlong :—

“ Oh ! turn thee to me, my only love,
Let not despair confound me ;
Turn ! and may blessings from above
In life and death surround thee.
This fond heart throbs for thee alone,
Oh, leave me not to languish ;
Look on those eyes whence sleep hath
flown,
Bethink thee of my anguish.
My hopes, my thoughts, my destiny,
All dwell—all rest, sweet girl, with thee.

“ Young bud of beauty, for ever bright,
The proudest must bow before thee ;
Source of my sorrow and my delight,
Oh ! must I in vain adore thee.
Where, where through earth's extended
round,

Where may such loveliness be found ?
Talk not of fair ones known of yore—
Speak not of Deirdre the renowned,
She whose gay glance each minstrel
hailed ;

Nor she whom the daring Dardan bore
From her fond husband's longing arms ;
Name not the dame whose fatal charms
When weighed against a world prevailed :
To each some fleeting beauty might
fall—

Lovely, thrice lovely might they be,
But the gifts and graces of each and all
Are mingled, sweet maid, in thee.

“ How the entranced ear all fondly lingers
On the turns of thy thrilling song—

How brightens each eye as thy fair white
fingers

Fly lightly o'er the chords along.
The noble, the learned, the aged, the
vain

Gaze on the songstress, and bless the
strain.

How winning, dear girl, is thine air ;
How glossy thy golden hair.
Oh, loved one, come back again,
With thy train of adorers about thee ;
Oh ! come, for in grief and in gloom we
remain—

Life is not life without thee.

“ My memory wanders, my thoughts
have strayed,
My gathering sorrows oppress me—

Oh ! look on thy victim, bright peerless
maid,

Say one kind word to bless me.

Why, why on thy beauty must I dwell,
When each tortured heart knows its
power too well ;

Or why will I say, that favoured and
blessed

Must be the proud heart that bore
thee ?

Oh ! dull is the eye, and cold the breast
That remains unmoved before thee.”

Many years of the bard's life were spent at Alderford, the seat of the MacDermot Roe family, where it is related that whenever he wished to retire from the noise and the bustle of company, he would direct his attendant to provide him with a pipe and a chair, and lead him to the garden, then remaining for hours absorbed in thought, he would at length pour out some of those incomparable melodies which have become the delight of the world. By nature, of a gay and lively turn, his society was eagerly sought after by most families of distinction. Ulster, we are informed, was the only province of Ireland which was not honoured by the poet's visits, but the tastes and habits of the Scotch and English settlers there were by no means suited to him ; the lively sallies and joyous temperament of the Milesian colonists were more to his taste. Indeed, we have every reason to fear that the habits of this glorious old wandering minstrel were as distasteful to the thrifty, money-making natives of Ulster, as theirs were to him ; for there can be but little doubt that his famous song of “ Whiskey the Potion” afforded by no means an untrue criterion of the predisposition of the bard. He seems to have been a careless, jolly sort of blade ; and an anecdote, related by Mr. Ferguson, we believe, on the authority of Walker, affords an incontestable proof of his manner of life.

“ It is said that Carolan came one day, during the period of a certain vow of abstinence he had made to a friend, whom he entreated to gratify him with a smell of his bottle ; the instant he put it to his nose, the neck was put between his teeth, and its contents rapidly making their way to his interior. He laid hold of his harp in an extatic conception just then dawning upon his fancy, and began the modulation of his delightful air, the ‘ Receipt for Drink-

ing,' which, with its words, he had completed by noon on the following day." The Planxties of Carolan are well known to all lovers of song, but besides these we are indebted to him for many strains of exquisite melody and tenderness. His "Thomas Burke," "Isabel Burke," and "Planxty Burke," composed for a family of that name, near Castlebar; his "Rose Dillon," "Peggy Browne," and "Roger Palmer," with a host of others too numerous to mention, possess singular attractions for all those who have a partiality for the charms of national song. Like many others who go forth into the busy world, full of brilliant aspirations and lofty hopes,

"Yearning for the large excitement which the coming years would yield,"

and return again without one hope fulfilled, or one object of ambition gratified, Carolan came back to Alderford, the home of his old friend MacDermot, to die. He was received with affectionate sympathy and kindness, and here, in the year 1732, the last of the Irish bards calmly breathed his latest sigh. Shortly before he died, he called for his harp—

"O'er the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made."

But acquiring a momentary vigour, he played his "Farewell to Music" in strains of such rare and touching pathos, as to draw tears from all present. When his death was known, it is related that upwards of sixty clergymen, of various denominations, a number of gentlemen from the surrounding counties, and a vast concourse of country-people, assembled to pay respect to the memory of their bard. All the houses in Ballyfarm were occupied by the former; the harp was heard in every direction. The wake lasted four days. On each side of the hall was placed a keg of whiskey, which was often replenished. On the fifth day, all that could die of Carolan was brought forth, and interred in the chapel of Mac Dermot Roe, at the east end of the old church of Kilonan. With him close the annals of ancient Irish song; and, until the brilliant genius of Moore arose, Ireland was without a poet. The "Remains" of Carolan have been very ably and beautifully translated by Mr. Furlong, who seems to have evinced, in the execution of his

work, a very considerable portion of taste as well as poetic ability. Scattered through these volumes of Irish songs, are several pieces from the pen of this gentleman—of so high an order of merit as to lead to the belief, that had he lived, he would have added much to the poetical reputation of this country. There are some stanzas from his pen in Mr. Hardiman's collection, of such remarkable beauty, that none of our readers will feel aught but pleasure if we extract them here. They were written after the death of a gentleman, in whose counting-house he had passed the early years of his life:—

"Oh, if the Atheist's words were true,
If those we seek to save,
Sink, and in sinking from our view,
Are lost beyond the grave!
If life thus closed, how dark and drear
Would this bewildered earth appear,
Scarce worth the dust it gave;
A tract of black sepulchral gloom—
One yawning, ever-opening tomb.

"Blest be that strain of high belief—
More heaven-like, more sublime,
Which says that souls that part in grief,
Part only for a time!
That far beyond this speck of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
There spreads a brighter clime;
Where care, and toil, and trouble o'er,
Friends meet, and meeting, weep no more!"

We cannot afford greater space to the consideration of the ancient ballads of Ireland. We have already dwelt upon them and upon their authors in a manner proportionate to their beauty and their importance, holding as we do, with Father Prout, of Watergrass-hill, that the true character of a people, the most genuine expression of natural taste, and the unadulterated spirit of a country must be sought for in its songs. Their effect is to create and cherish a love of country; the soul is linked to the associations of home; and in the old sweet familiar cadence of song, the patriot's heart recognizes an influence as true as it is imperishable. In regard to the manner in which Mr. Montgomery has executed his task, which is professedly that of preserving in an accessible collection gems of ancient song, hitherto scattered in works not easily had, we can only speak in terms of approbation—avowedly a compila-

tion from the labours of others, the author has brought to bear upon his task both industry and research. There may possibly be a little too much minuteness of detail, and of narration of dry historical events, for the taste of the general reader, but we are not disposed to find fault. And as to the extracts which have been selected, we are free to confess, that in their selection and arrangement is displayed a very high order of ability. If we cannot always command success, it is ever commendable to deserve it. The object of this collection of fragments of Irish poetry is most praiseworthy. To familiarize the public mind with the glorious effusions of national genius, is a nobler ambition. The pulse of patriotism beats with a bolder throb beneath the influence of song. The recollections of former times and of departed glories become part of our daily thoughts; they mingle in our dreams; and who is there that can tell what a powerful influence the beautiful associations connected with our literature may have, in tranquillizing and correcting the discords which agitate the nation's heart, in inspiring us with lofty and generous thoughts, and in causing us to direct the entire energies of our nature to labouring to promote the true interests of our common country.

But we are forgetting that we have two other volumes of ballad poetry yet, awaiting our fiat—one the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," edited by Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy; and another, the "Book of Irish Ballads," by Mr. M'Carthy, intended, as the author says, to form a sequel to the volume we have just mentioned.* We are unwilling to institute comparisons, when the object of the authors is so commendable; but we are bound to say that the palm, if given to any, must be accorded to Mr. Duffy. We think, in the selection and arrangement of the pieces contained in his volume, he has evinced the very highest degree of poetic taste. Indeed we have seldom seen a book with so little pretension, containing a more choice collection of poetical gems. In the belief—and we think it is not unlikely to prove a true one—that a national school of poetry is about to spring up amongst us, Mr.

Duffy is of opinion that such models as he has selected will be of countless value to our young writers, in forming their taste, and attracting their studies in a profitable direction. And we quite agree with him that such ballads as are contained in his book ought—nay, must—exercise a powerful influence upon the public mind. A people, confessedly of passion and of impulse, easily swayed by the tones that speak to its feelings, will learn to love ballads racy of their native soil—which people the green hills of their country with beings of a by-gone day, treasure her legends, give to each mountain and old thorn-tree some nameless and imperishable charm; and link the heart of the reader to the indissoluble associations, which the love of home and of country produces. This volume does not profess to deal with the old bardic songs of Ireland at all, and accordingly no specimens of that class upon which the labours of Mr. Hardiman and others have been employed, are given.

"Another class," says Mr. Duffy, "remained—our Anglo-Irish ballads; the production of educated men, with English tongues but Irish hearts. From this the greater part of our materials has been drawn; and we trust it will appear that in them, in the few street ballads, not written to sell, but from the fullness of the heart, and in our adequate translations from the Irish, we possess a popular poetry, less ancient and precious, but not less instinct with the spirit of the country, than the venerable minstrelsy of England and Scotland."

In the foremost rank among the cultivators of this class of poetry, stands, we think, Mr. Ferguson. Old Christopher North, with his usual sagacity, many years ago uttered, *ex cathedra*, his opinion of the poetic power of this gentleman, who was then but a wanderer in those fields of poesy in which he has since culled the fairest flowers; and in uttering the prophetic dictum with reference to the "Forging of the Anchor," which had appeared in *Ebony*, "that this was a gentleman of whom the world would one day hear more," he exhibited a remarkable proof how accurate was his poetic diagnosis. Mr. Ferguson has "not unbeseeemed the

* "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland. Edited by Chas. G. Duffy." Dublin: J. Duffy. 1846.

"The Book of Irish Ballads. By D. F. M'Carthy." Dublin: J. Duffy. 1846.

promise of his spring," which these remarkable verses exhibited. The world has heard of him: while yet but a young man he has already gained what was the utmost limit of Byron's ambition—he has made himself a name to be remembered in his land's language. We do not think his poems possess the tenderness of Gerald Griffin's, or the polish of Crofton Croker's, but they unquestionably display more graphic

power and vigour; they have more breadth and originality than the writings of either of these gentlemen. He has a keen perception of the beautiful and the true, and an immense power in transferring his own impressions to the reader. What, for example, can be more exquisite than the ballad of "Anna Grace." We feel every stanza of it.

"THE FAIRY THORN."

- " 'Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep;
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep.'
- " At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.
- " They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:
- " And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.
- " The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.
- " The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never carolled bird like them!
- " But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.
- " And sinking, one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.
- " For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old White-thorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

* This ballad made its first appearance in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for March, 1834.

" They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

" Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosom's beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

" Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

" They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws ;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause :

" For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze ;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes,
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

" Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below ;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

" Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—
They pined away and died within the year and day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again."

We think this ballad one of the best he author has ever written. There is great melody and sweetness in the versification, and an originality and freshness of thought breathing through the whole, which is quite exhilarating. He seems to us to have succeeded perfectly in the management of the ballad stanza, which is, perhaps, as difficult, or more difficult, than any other in the whole range of the rhyming art. We question if Mr. Ferguson could equal Sir Walter Scott in scenes of vigorous and forcible description, such as are to be found in the minstrelsy of the Scottish border, but he fully comes up to that great master of ballad poetry in that description of writing of which the "Fairy Thorn" is a specimen. Let us contrast it with a piece likewise of legendary song, by Mr. Croker, and we think there are few of our readers, of any taste at all, who will not give the laurel to the author of "The Fairy Thorn."

"CORMAC AND MARY.

" She is not dead, she has no grave,
She lives beneath Lough Corrib's
water,
And in the murmur of each wave
Methinks I catch the songs I taught
her."

Thus, many an evening on the shore
Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly,
Still wildly muttering o'er and o'er,
She lives detained by spells unholy.

Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives alien to heaven,
Nor will it know a second birth
When sinful mortals are forgiven.

Cold is this rock, the wind comes chill,
And mists the gloomy water cover ;
But oh, her soul is colder still,
To lose her God—to leave her lover !

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet one white wave came gently curl-
ing,

And as it reached the shore, arose
Dim figures, banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd,
Through each thin form a moonlight
ray shone,
While spear and helm in pageant proud
Appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
Their trackless way with antic capers,
And curtain clouds hang over head,
Festooned by rainbow-coloured va-
pours.

And when a breath of air would stir
That drapery of heaven's own wreath-
ing,
Light wings of prismy gossamer
Just moved and sparkled to the
breathing.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
Swelling in silvery chimes of sweet-
ness,
To sound of which this subtle throng
Advanced in playful grace and neat-
ness.

With music's strain all came and went
Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision,
Now rising in wild merriment,
Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ save her soul," he boldly cried,
And when that blessed name was
spoken,
Fierce shrieks and fiendish yells replied,
And vanished all—the spell was bro-
ken.

And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
Freed by his word from power of
færy,
To life, to love restored once more,
Young Cormac welcomes back his
Mary."

These stanzas unquestionably pos-
sess great beauty, and display con-
siderable artistic skill; but to our mind
they have neither the beauty, the sim-
plicity, nor the exquisite melody of
"The Fairy Thorn." That is the pro-
duction of a man of genius—the other
of an elegant and tasteful versifier;
possessing prettiness more than origi-
nality of thought, and a sweetness and
facility of versification rather than the
burst of melody which comes fresh and
gushing from the heart. How power-
ful is the dreamy effect of that stanza,
describing the silence of the silvery
haze—

"That drinks away their voices in echoless repose."

Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty" is
exquisitely drawn, but she does not
come near "Anna Grace":—

"She sleeps; her breathings are not
heard
In palace chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.

"She sleeps; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly pre-
st; She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."

These verses are unquestionably of
exceeding beauty; but are they equal
to "The Fairy Thorn?" We trow
not. How exquisitely the author de-
scribes the solemn awe of the maidens
as the enchantment steals over their
spirits, like

"The falcon's shadow sailing across the open shaw."

And when their companion, full of life
and love, and beauty, is drawn silently
away from among them by the unseen
power, and their terror is too great to
allow them even to look, they can only
feel the nameless presence, and

"They feel their tresses twine with her
parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling as her head
withdraws;
They feel her sliding arms from their
twined arms withdrawn
But they dare not look to see the cause."

In the collection edited by Mr.
Duffy, those from the pen of Mr.
Ferguson are undeniably the best.
In the "Book of Irish Ballads,"
edited by Mr. M'Carthy, we are in-
clined to think that the productions
of Mr. Duffy are superior to those of
the other contributors, who have been
pressed into the service, with the excep-
tion, perhaps, of some of those to which
we have already alluded, by Griffin and
others, which are to be found in this
volume also.

The introduction, by Mr. M'Carthy,
to this volume, although by no means
equal in point of information or ability
to that which prefaces Mr. Duffy's vo-
lume, is cleverly written; and we can-
not too sufficiently recommend his ad-
vice to young writers to avoid the
"used-up" common places of the Eng-
lish literary market, but rather to cul-
tivate the literature of their own coun-

try—to treasure her legends—eternalize her traditions—people her scenery, and ennoble her superstitions. What can be more beautiful, for example, than the verses of Gerald Griffin, called “The Wake of the Absent,” which embody the custom of our peasantry, who, when any member of the family has been lost at sea, or dies away from home, celebrate his obsequies, as if the dead body was present :—

“THE WAKE OF THE ABSENT.

“The dismal yew and cypress tall
Lave o’er the churchyard lone,
Where rest our friends and fathers all
Beneath the funeral stone.

In holy ground they sleep,
Oh, early lost ! o’er thee
No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
No stranger bend the knee.

Mo chuma, lorn am I.
Hoarse dashing rolls the salt-sea wave
Over our perished darling’s grave.

“The winds, the sullen deep that tore,
His death-song chanted loud—
The weeds that line the clifted shore
Were all his burial shroud.

Nor friendly wail and holy dirge,
And long lament of love ;
Around him spared the angry surge,
The curlew screamed above ;
Mo chuma, lorn am I.
My grief would turn to rapture now,
Could I but touch that pallid brow.

“The stream-torn bubbles soonest burst,
That earliest left the source—
Buds earliest bloom are faded first
In nature’s wonted course.
With guarded pace her seasons creep
By slow decay expire ;
The young alone the aged weep,
The son alone the sire.
Mo chuma, lorn am I,
That death a backward course should
hold,
To smite the young and spare the old.”

This is a truly national ballad—magnificent and pathetic in its ideas and its imagery ; and the following one, by Mr. McDermott is fully equal to it. Indeed, there is scarcely to be found in Mr. McCarthy’s collection a finer composition than

“THE IRISH EXILES.

“When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
The glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and mirth ;
When friends, long absent, tell low-toned their joys and sorrows o’er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more ;
Oh, in that hour t’were kindly done, some woman’s voice would say—
Forget not those who ’re sad to-night—poor exiles far away !

“Alas for them !—this morning’s sun saw many a moist eye pour
Its gushing love with longings vain the waste Atlantic o’er ;
And when he turned his lion-eye this evening from the west,
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his couched crest,
But not to share his glory there, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles far away !

“It was—oh, how the heart will cheat !—because they thought beyond
His glowing couch lay that green isle of which their hearts were fond ;
And memory brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And, though each breast poured many a thought that filled it like a sigh,
’Twas then—’twas then—all warm with love, they knelt them down to pray
For Irish homes, and kith and kin—poor exiles far away !

“And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid ;
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the while he prayed ;
And then the student’s pallid cheek flushed red as summer rose,
And patriots’ souls forgot their griefs, to weep for Erin’s woes,
And oh ! but then warm vows were breathed that, come what might or may,
They’d right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles far away !

“Then oh ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,
Like gushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies—
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine ;
Oh, don’t these old familiar tones, now sad and now so gay,
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles far away !

"But heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these strains—
Tired wanderers, who sought repose through Europe's battle-plains!
In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down in storms,
They fell, and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered forms.
No shroud but glory wrapped them round; no prayer nor tear had they,
Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles far away!

"And might the singer claim a sigh; he, too, could tell how tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore his heart's best hopes were lost:
How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear;
And pined to walk the river-side, to youthful musing dear;
And pined with silent, yearning love, amongst *his own* to stay—
Alas! it is so sad to be an exile far away!

"Then oh! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
The glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and mirth;
When friends, long absent, tell low-toned their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more;
In that bright hour perhaps, perhaps, some woman's voice would say—
'Think, think on those who weep to-night—poor exiles far away!'"

While we possess among us men who can write like this, we need never despair of creating a national literature for Ireland. We have trespassed already so largely upon our limits, as well as upon the attention of our readers, by the copiousness of our extracts, that we almost doubt if we should have ventured to add another; but we do feel most strongly assured that if there were any one sceptical upon the subject of the beauties of Irish literature, he has been ere now converted.

We have devoted so much space to the discussion of these volumes, that we have not more than a corner remaining for the consideration of the "Irish Popular Songs,"* with the originals, edited by Mr. Walsh; and we have already dwelt so much at length upon the productions of the bards—whose compositions, for the most part confined to those of the seventeenth century, this collection contains—that any very elaborate notice is unnecessary. The translations are written with taste and spirit; and although there is a slight want of elegance evident in the

composition of some of them—possibly the result of an over-anxiety to render the translations as literal as possible—this little volume is by no means unworthy to take its place beside its three companions; while the juxtaposition of the Irish originals with the translations will render it a valuable help to students of the Irish language.

We are fully aware that we have by no means done ample justice to the many beautiful pieces scattered throughout these volumes—indeed it was scarcely possible, within the narrow limits of a single paper; and in turning over the pages we see many which we had marked for extract, but which we are reluctantly obliged to pass over or reserve for some other opportunity.

Upon the whole, these volumes do infinite credit to the genius and the taste of the writers of the day; and we hail their appearance as affording abundant promise that the literature of Ireland shall yet assume the position to which it is well entitled among the nations of the world.

* "Irish Popular Songs, with English Metrical Translations, and introductory Remarks and Notes, by Edward Walsh." Dublin: James McGlashan. 1847.

ANOTHER EVENING WITH THE WITCHFINDERS.*

SOMERSETSHIRE was, all that century, vexed with witchcrafts above other English counties. Or it may be that more of these works of darkness were brought to light there than in any other districts, owing to the good fortune of that shire in numbering a Hunt among its justices, and a Glanvil among its clergy. The former worshipful person, as we learn from his reverend fellow-helper in the good work, kept by him his "Book of Examinations of Witches," fairly written out, which, says our F. R. S., "contains the discovery of such an hellish knot of them, and that discovery so clear and plain, that perhaps there hath not yet any thing appeared to us with stronger evidence to confirm the belief of witches. And had not his discoveries and endeavours met with great opposition and discouragement from some then in authority, the whole clan of those hellish confederates in these parts had been justly exposed and punished." This hint gives us a glimpse of the length to which prejudice was got already in that time. No doubt, the "some then in authority," whom the ex-royal chaplain charitably forbears to hand down, by name, to the reprobation of posterity, looked on Robert Hunt, Esq. as a living proof that it is possible to be an old woman, without being a witch. In spite, however, of these impracticable people, Somersetshire got tolerably well weeded of its grannies. In 1658, a certain Jane Brooks was executed at Charde Assizes, for bewitching Richard Jones, son of Henry Jones, of Shepton Mallet, a boy of about twelve years of age. Brooks had not the grace, like Style, to confess her guilt; however, she made amends for this by not dying in gaol, and thereby "preventing execution," as the latter did. The way in which she wrought her evil will on the boy was by giving him an apple, and stroking him down the right side, after which, with an hypocrisy which crocodiles might envy, she shook hands with him, and bid him good night. The effect was, that he was presently seized

with a pain in that side on which she had stroked him; and the next day, having roasted her apple, and eaten about half of it, he became "extreamly ill," and was some time speechless. As soon as he was somewhat come to himself, he told his father of what had happened him with Jane Brooks: the father took an opportunity, as soon as possible, of scratching Brooks, so as to draw some blood from her, upon which the boy immediately got well; but, about a week after, meeting Alice Coward, Brooks's sister, the latter said to him, "How do you do, my honey?" and thereupon he fell ill again.

After this, the boy had frequent fits, in which he cried out that Jane Brooks and her sister appeared to him; and, as in Style's case, he described their dress, &c., exactly as was verified by the constables who went to the house of these sisters at such times, on purpose to try how far the boy's allegations were worthy of credit. At one time, a certain Gibson, a cousin of Jones's, made a stroke with a knife at the place where the boy said he saw Brooks, whereupon the boy cried out, "Oh, father, Coz Gibson hath cut Jane Brooks her hand, and 'tis bloody." The father lost no time in repairing, with Gibson and the constable, to the witch's house, and found her with her hand newly cut and bleeding.

One of the most unequivocal proofs of the boys having been bewitched by Brooks, was the effect her eye, and still more her touch, had upon him. Even in the justice-room, and in the awful presence of Mr. Hunt, a look from her on more than one occasion rendered him speechless, when beginning to give his testimony against her. But the manner in which he was affected by her touch was so curious, that we must give the account of it in Mr. Glanvil's own words:—

"On the next appearance at Shepton, which was on the 17th of February (1657), there were present many gentlemen, ministers, and others. The boy fell into his fit upon the sight of Jane Brooks, and lay in a man's arms like a

* See our number for July, 1847.

dead person; the woman was then willed to lay her hand on him, which she did, and he thereupon started and sprang out in a very strange and unusual manner. One of the justices, to prevent all possibilities of legerdemain, caused Gibson and the rest to stand off from the boy, and then that justice himself held him. The youth being blindfolded, the justice called as if Brooks should touch him, but winked to others to do it, which two or three did, but the boy appeared not concerned. The justice then called on the father to take him, but had privately desired one Mr. Geoffrey Strode to bring Jane Brooks to touch him at such time as he should call for his father, which was done, and the boy immediately sprang out after a very odd and violent fashion. He was after touched by several persons, and moved not, but Jane Brooks being again caused to put her hand upon him, he started and sprang out twice or thrice as before. All this while he remained in his fit, and some time after; and being then laid on a bed in the same room, the people present could not for a long time bow either of his arms or legs."

It is unnecessary to point out the completely mesmeric character of this case: the cataleptic state of the patient, and the *rapport* subsisting between him and his tormentress, are too marked to escape the recognition of any one that has but dipped into Townsend or Colquhoun. His continually seeing the two hags (Brooks and her sister) about him, is another clear indication of a somnambulous state, in which both they and he were involved. When they appeared to him, their hands were cold, their eyes staring, and their lips and cheeks looking pale; in other words, their appearance was that of ghosts, showing that their haunting of the boy, like their resorting to the witch-sabbaths, was without the body. A more enigmatical circumstance is, that at one of their visits they put a twopenny piece into his pocket, which one does not immediately see how, in their disembodied condition, they carried with them. And yet this is not more difficult to conceive than that the devil, being a spirit, should convey material cakes and roast-meat from one place to another; which Mr. Glanvil finds easy to account for, on the supposition (common, as he observes, to the Platonical and Christian antiquity) that spirits are not destitute of a subtle corporeal vehicle, which places them

in communication with the world of matter. For the rest, the twopenny piece was no phantom; it was shown to every one that came to the house, and had the remarkable property, that when it was put into the fire and heated, the boy would fall ill, but as soon as it was taken out, and cold, he would be again as well as before.

Many times a noise was heard in the boy like the croaking of a toad, and some were aware of a voice within him, saying, "Jane Brooks, Alice Coward," twelve times in about a quarter of an hour. On one occasion he was seen to rise up from the ground, and to mount to a good height in the air, till he passed over a garden wall, and was carried a length of more than thirty yards, when he fell, and lay insensible for a time. On coming to himself, he declared that Brooks had caught him up by the arm, and carried him through the air in this fashion. More than once he was found in a room by himself, his hands flat against a beam that traversed the ceiling, and his body suspended in such a manner that his feet were about a yard from the ground. At such a times he was in a profound stupor, and would hang there as if held on by a magnetic force to the beam, a quarter of an hour together. When consciousness returned, he told those who found him, that "Jane Brooks had carried him to that place, and held him there."

These vexations continued, with little intermission, from the 15th of November, 1657, the day the boy was bewitched, till the 10th of March following, the day Brooks was sent to gaol. From that time he had no more fits. Brooks was executed the 26th of March; Coward had been sent to gaol with her sister, but it does not appear what was done with her afterwards. This story, Mr. Glanvil thinks, is good evidence of the being of witches; and he professes himself curious to know, what kind of proof the Sadducee, if not satisfied with it, would expect. Here are, as he points out, the testimonies of sense, the oaths of several credible attestators (some of them clergymen), the nice and deliberate scrutiny of quick-sighted and judicious examiners (Mr. Hunt among the rest), and the judgment of an assize upon the whole. "And now," concludes Mr. G., unanswerably enough, "the security of all our lives

and fortunes depends upon no greater circumstances of evidence than these. If such proof may not be credited, no fact can be proved, no wickedness can be punished, no right can be determined, law is at an end, and blind justice cannot tell how to decide anything."

Another of those hardened and impenitent witches, who to the last persisted in denying their guilt, was Julian Cox, who was tried at the Summer Assizes at Taunton, in 1663, before Judge Archer, and, being found guilty, was executed within three or four days, without any confession of the fact.

The witchcraft of which Julian Cox was accused was, that, having threatened a maid-servant who had denied her an alms, that she should repent it before night, this maid was indeed before night taken with a convulsion-fit, and, after the fit was past, she saw Julian Cox following her, and cried out to the people in the house to save her from Julian. A black man also came with Julian, and these two tempted the maid to drink something that they offered her, which she refused, affirming that she defied the devil's drenches. This having continued a whole night, the maid the next night, when she went to bed, took with her a knife, with which, when Julian and the black man again came with their potion, she stabbed Julian, and wounded her in the leg. And one forthwith riding to Julian's house, and forcing the door, found her dressing a fresh wound in her leg, to which the knife the maid had used, on trial, fitted exactly. There was blood also found upon the maid's bed.

The next morning Julian appeared to the maid in the house-wall, and offered her great pins, which she was forced to swallow. And all the day the maid was observed to convey her hand to the house-wall, and from the wall to her mouth, and she seemed, by the motion of her mouth, as if she ate something. Up to this time, the people of the house (who appear to have been of an unusually sceptical turn of mind), seeing nothing, thought all this might be the maid's "phancy," and did not much mind it. But towards night she began to complain of being intolerably tormented by the pins in all parts of her body; where-

upon she was undressed, and these pins, to the number of thirty, came out at different parts of her body, the points foremost. They were great pins, were afterwards produced in court, and Mr. Glanvil himself handled them.

Here was evidence enough to satisfy any jury of that century and county. Nevertheless, Julian Cox was not moved to confession. Nay, she alleged that she had even refused the offer of being a witch, which had many times been pressed on her by the devil. And she related how that "one evening she walked about a mile from her own house, and there came riding towards her three persons upon three broomstaves, borne up about a yard and a-half from the ground. Two of them she formerly knew, which were a witch and a wizard that were hanged for witchcraft several years before. The third person was a black man, who tempted her to give him her soul, or to that effect, and to express it by pricking her finger, and giving her name in her blood in token of it." On these terms he promised her revenge against all who offended her; but, according to her own account, she did not consent to the proposal.

But, notwithstanding this plausible account of her resistance to the solicitations of the tempter, evidence was given which placed it beyond all doubt that Julian Cox was a witch. The first witness called to prove this was a huntsman, who swore that he was out with a pack of hounds to hunt a hare, and, not far from Julian Cox's house, he started one. The hare, being hard run by the dogs, and almost spent, made towards a great bush, upon which the huntsman ran to the other side of the bush, to take her up; but as soon as he laid hands on her, it proved to be Julian Cox, who had her head grovelling on the ground, and her globes, as he expressed it, upwards. She was quite out of breath with the run: the dogs came up in full cry to recover the game, but, having smelt at Julian, they left off, and hunted that day no more.

Another witness swore that, having gone in to smoke a pipe of tobacco with Julian Cox, he saw "a monstrous great toad betwixt his legs, staring him in the face," upon which he threw

down his pipe, and went home. But, being arrived at his own house, and proceeding to smoke a pipe, the same toad appeared betwixt his "leggs." He cut it in several pieces, but, as often as he returned to his pipe, the toad was there again. He tried to burn it, but it was not to be burnt, the fire being, in all probability, its native element. At last he took a switch, and beat it, when, after running several times round the room (he still pursuing it with correction), the toad "cried and vanished, and he was never after troubled with it."

A third witness proved that Julian Cox bewitched his cattle, by writing or scoring upon the ground as she passed by the place where they were a-milking; upon which the beasts went mad, and some ran their heads against the trees, and most of them died speedily. And he being advised to cut off the ears of the bewitched beasts, and burn them, as a sure method of finding out the witch, did so; but while they were burning, Julian came to the house, raging and scolding; and, going to the fire, she plucked out the ears that were burning, and then was quiet.

A fourth witness saw Julian Cox fly into her own chamber-window in her full proportion; which, in a woman then seventy years old, was, to say the least, nimble.

It was, at Judge Archer's suggestion, tried in court whether the accused could say the Lord's prayer; and it was found that she could not say, "And lead us not into temptation," though this was repeated to her near half a score of times, she being directed to follow him that repeated it, word for word. But she always said either, "And lead us into temptation," or "And lead us not into no temptation." However, the judge let the jury know that this was not legal evidence against her, and they should not suffer it to influence their verdict, but be guided solely by what had been deposed by witnesses upon oath. Which was quite enough, and, as we said before, the jury found her guilty, and she was hanged.

We must here remark on a point of correspondence between the maid bewitched by Julian Cox and the much-talked-of Maria Moerl, the "*Estatica of Caldaro*." Maria declared that

"hideous black men" stood before her, and presented her with pins, needles, pieces of glass, &c., which they compelled her to swallow; and many eye-witnesses testify that these objects came in great quantities, not only out of her mouth, but also out of her head, her breast, and other parts of her body. Here, again, is a remarkable feature of resemblance between a case of "theomania" and one of "demonomania."

There is also a point of correspondence to be observed between the case of Julian Cox and that of Jane Brooks—namely, that both these witches were wounded in the body by strokes given to their astral spirits—for we assume it was in their astral spirits they appeared to the victims of their sorcery.

To illustrate this point, Mr. Glanvil relates a story of an old woman in Cambridgeshire, whose astral spirit coming into a man's house (as he was sitting by the fire) in the shape of a huge cat, and setting herself before the fire, not far from him, he stole a stroke at the back of it with a fire-fork, and seemed to break the back of it, but it "scambled" from him, and vanished he knew not how. But such an old woman, a reputed witch, was found dead in her bed that very night, with her back broken, "as I have heard," says our author, "some years ago credibly reported."

The reader knows, of course, that the astral spirit is that principle, in man and the lower creation, which forms the connecting link between the material and the immaterial—the body and the soul. It is more intimately related, however, to the soul than to the body, and is capable of being separated from the latter, but not from the former: hence it serves the soul as a vehicle, in which she can go about, when stript of her corporeal envelopment, either by death or a state of ecstasy. Thus, in all apparitions, both of *ghosts* and *fetchees*, it is the astral spirit that is seen. And the form in which it is seen is that in which the soul at the time imagines herself; now human, now bestial; now in this habit, now in that; as the witches Brooks and Cox appeared in their ordinary shape and attire, and that old woman of Cambridgeshire in the likeness of an animal which is a long-recognized minister of the powers of darkness.

That the wounds given to these witches in their astral spirits should take effect upon their material bodies, is not so incomprehensible a thing as it might seem to a hasty observer. For, when Jane Brooks appeared to the boy Jones, she did it by the force of her imagination, being transported, as in a dream, to the place where he was; and so also of Julian Cox and the old woman of Cambridgeshire. The consciousness they had of being in the presence of those to whom they appeared was that of a vivid dream: their return from a visit to the object of their persecution was the awaking out of a state of entrancement, into which they had thrown themselves by means used in their incantations. Now, we have many examples that persons, having in their sleep dreamed of being wounded, found real wounds in their bodies when they awoke. Thus Anna Katharina Emmerich, a Tyrolean nun, had in her youth a vision of one, who offered for her choice a wreath of flowers and a crown of thorns. She chose the latter, and pressed it with enthusiasm on her head, but on coming to herself, found her brows wounded and bleeding, as if this picture of her phantasy had been real. But this is a matter, for the explanation of which we must refer the reader to a former number of this Magazine.*

Come we now to Scotch witches.

About the 18th of October, 1677, Sir George Maxwell, of Pollock, was taken ill, and had great pain and torment, the seat of which was in his right and left sides. This continued until December, when, suspicion lighting upon one Janet Mathie, reputed a witch, her house was searched, and a waxen image found, in a little hole in the wall at the back of the fire, with pins sticking in its sides, corresponding to the seat of Sir George's pains. Upon this, Janet Mathie was taken into custody, and the pains in a great measure left Sir George; but in January, 1678, they returned upon him in greater force than before; whereupon the house of John Stuart, son to Mathie, was searched, and in his bed-straw an image of clay was found, with pins in like manner stuck in it, and im-

mediately Sir George had an alleviation of his sufferings.

In consequence of this, John Stuart and Annabil Stuart his sister, were arrested; and, these two being induced to make confession of their practices, a mystery of iniquity was unveiled, worse, if possible, than that of which John Knox had purged the "land o' cakes" in the preceding century.

First, Annibal, or Annabil Stuart confessed that, in the time of harvest, she being then fourteen years of age, "or thereby," a black man came to her mother's house, and announced himself to be the devil, and proposed to her to give herself up to him, and she should not want anything that was good. Which proposal being backed by her mother with the promise of a new coat, and by one Bessie Weir, who enjoyed a place of some trust in the devil's service, she consented to it, and gave herself up to the said devil, "putting one hand to the crown of her head, and the other to the sole of her foot." Hereupon the devil gave her a familiar spirit, whose name was *Enippa*, and, in token of the bargain, nipped her arm, which was sore for half an hour. After this, she was embraced by the devil, and (contrary to all reasonable expectation) found him cold.

Some time after, a meeting of witches was held at her mother's house, and at this meeting were present the black man, Annabil Stuart, and Janet Mathie her mother, Bessie Weir, Margaret Craig and Margaret Jackson. And these witches made a waxen *effigies* for Sir George Maxwell, and turned it on a spit before the fire, repeating the mean while, "Sir George Maxwell! Sir George Maxwell!" This was in October, 1677, just before Sir George was taken with his first illness. In December, as we have seen, Janet Mathie being apprehended and the *effigies* found, the knight's torment abated; but, in January, another meeting of witches was held, at John Stuart's house, to which Annabil Stuart was summoned by Bessie Weir, and here an *effigies* of clay was made, and pins stuck in the breast and sides

* January, 1845, p. 82, "Of the Nightmare."

of it, the intention of which was to take away Sir George Maxwell's life, for his apprehending of Janet Mathie. At this meeting the devil was present in black clothes and a blue band; he wore also white handcuffs, with "hogers," and his feet were cloven.

John Stuart, brother to Annabil, declared in his confession that he "did envy against Sir George Maxwell for apprehending Janet Mathie his mother;" and that on the 8rd January Bessie Weir came to him late at night, and advertised him that there was to be a meeting at his house next day, and that the devil, under the shape of a black man, Margaret Jackson, Margaret Craig, and the said Bessie Weir, were to be present. The next night the devil came accordingly, after Stuart was in bed, and called him quietly by his name; upon which he, Stuart, got up, put on his clothes, and lighted a candle. Then the witches above-named came flying in at the gable window. The business of the evening began with John Stuart's initiation into the hellish mysteries, which was effected by his putting one hand on the crown of his head, and the other on the sole of his foot, renouncing his baptism, and giving himself up wholly to the black man. In recompense of this gift, the devil promised that he should not want any pleasure, and that he should get his heart filled on all that did him wrong: a familiar spirit was given to him at the same time, which he was to call on by the name of Jonas. The initiation completed, Sir George Maxwell's affair was brought on the *tapis*, and the devil demanded the consent of all present to the measures to be taken for afflicting that gentleman. All giving their consent, the clay *effigies* was made, the women fashioning the trunk, and the devil furnishing the parts in which a more artistic hand was required, as the head and arms: pins were then thrust into the breast and sides of it, as related in Annabil Stuart's confession; and, while all this work was going on, John Stuart held the candle. Annabil came in during the making of the *effigies*, not at the window, but the door, and having stayed some time, went away again by the same mode of egress: the older witches flew out at the window.

John Stuart describes the diabolical costume in the same terms as his sis-

ter, black clothes, with a bluish band and handcuffs, and "hogers," on the legs, without shoes. He observed one of the black man's feet to be cloven, and says his voice was "hough and gousty," whatever that is.

Margaret Jackson also confessed her share in these villainies. She had been forty years the devil's, having devoted herself to him by the same form as the others, renouncing her baptism, and putting one hand to the crown of her head, and the other to the "soal" of her foot.

The name of the spirit placed at her command was *Locas*. Among other things, she confessed that, about the 3rd or 4th of that same January, awaking in the night, she found a man to be in bed with her, whom she supposed to have been her husband, though her husband had been dead twenty years, "or thereby," and that the man immediately disappeared: and this man, who disappeared, was the devil. Which we think a very pretty Scotch version of the mythos of Cupid and Psyche.

With respect to the making of the *effigies*, and how the devil was dressed, this witch gave a similar account to those of the two Stuarts. The three declarants agreed in stating that the name of the devil, who "compeired in the black man's shape," was *Ejoall*. Bessie Weir was officer to the witch-meetings; her familiar spirit was named *Sopha*; Janet Mathie's was *Landlady*, and Margaret Craige's, *Rigerum*.

In both cases of the finding of the *effigies*, Sir George had relief of his pains before he was informed of the discovery, a proof that the amendment was no work of imagination. The witches were tried at the assizes in Paisley, February 15th, 1678. Mr. Glanvil is silent as to the result of the trial; but justice, no doubt, was done. A point on which one would have liked information is, whether the Knight of Pollock got well; but here we are left in a painful state of uncertainty. What first brought the ill-will of these witches upon him was an offence he had given to Bessie Weir, by not "entering her husband to his harvest service." Bessie, naturally, could not forgive this, and the rest of the "sodality" were bound to espouse her quarrel.

Are there no Bessie Weirs in Ireland? We confess, were we a member of a relief committee this summer, we should never feel inconveniently warm of a night, without conceiving a suspicion that some conclave of old women was toasting us in effigy before the slowest of possible fires; especially if we were conscious of ever having been instrumental in spoiling the game of any poor fellow, who had hoped, by the help of "rations," to get over the hard times without breaking in on his little deposit at the savings'-bank. But, happily, Irishmen (at least now-a-days) are too religious to have any dealings with the man in "black clothes and a little band;" and, in the sublime piety which is peculiar to them, would a thousand times rather riddle your body with bullets than your *effigies* with pins, and roast you in your own skin than in a proxy of wax. However, it was not always so, as we shall show before the end of this paper.

But, before leaving Scotland, let us cast an eye on that famous trial, held in 1590, by which the practices of John Fien, Agnes Sympson, and other warlocks and witches their confederates, against the life of the sagest of British Princes, were happily brought to light. Fien heard the devil preach in a kirk, in the pulpit, by candle-light, the candles burning blue; and it will be satisfactory to our evangelical friends to know that the devil preached in a surplice. Also, in a chapter of witches, he (Fien), as well as the others present, kissed the devil's bottom at parting. After this he heard the devil again preach in a pulpit in a gown—showing an advance of Protestant feeling in a certain place, which our Puseyite friends will know what to think of. At the end of the sermon, the devil pointed his hearers to graves, that they should open them, and dismember the "corps" therein; which done, incontinently they were transported without words.

Fien related, among other things, that he himself lay dead three or four hours, and was carried to many mountains, and, as he thought, through the world. On which subject, consider what Novalis says—

"We dream of journeys through the universe—is not the universe, then, within us? The depth of our own spirit

we know not. Inwards goes the mysterious way: within us, or nowhere, is eternity, with its worlds; within us are the past and the future?"

The great object of Fien and his accomplices, in their sorceries, was to drown the king (James the First), by raising a storm during his voyage to Denmark. The storm was raised by a simple process enough, namely, that of casting a cat into the sea; but it does not seem to have been a common cat, for it was delivered to the witches by the devil himself, who instructed them to cry "Holla!" when they first cast it in. Another thing Fien did was, to raise a mist when the King was on his way back from Denmark, by getting Satan to cast a thing like a football, or wisp, into the sea; the effect of which was, that a vapour, or reek arose, and his majesty had, in consequence, a narrow escape of being cast upon the coast of England. It would seem that the powers of darkness had a foreboding of the damage this sapient prince would one day do to their empire, by letting in daylight upon the black secrets of "Demonologie."

Other feats of John Fien's were his opening locks by blowing on them; his "raising four candles on the luggs of an horse, and another on the top of the staff of his rider in the night, that he made it as light as day; and the man fell down dead at the entering within his house at his return home;" and his "embarquing in a boat with other witches, and sailing over sea, and entering within a ship, and drinking good wine and ale there, and sinking the ship when they had done, with the persons in it." We say nothing of his kissing the seat of Satanic honour again, after another conventicle of witches.

From the confession of Agnes Sympson we give the following extract:—

"Item, Fyled and convict for sameckle (so much) as she confest before his Majesty, that the devil in man's likeness met her going out in the fields from her own house at Keith between five and six at even, being alone, and commandit her to be at Northbervick-kirk the next night. And she past then on horseback, conveyed by her goodson, called John Couper, and lighted at the kirkyard, or a little before she came to it, about eleven hours at even. They danced along the kirkyard, Geilie Dun-

can plaid to them on a trump, John Fien muscled led all the rest, the said Agnes and her daughter followed next. Besides, there were Kate Grey, George Moillis's wife, Robert Greirson, Katharine Duncan, Bessie Right, Isabel Gilmore, John Graymaill, Duncan Buchanan, Thomas Barnhill and his wife, Gilbert Macgil, Joh. Macgil, Katharine Macgil, with the rest of their complices, above an hundred persons, whereof there were six men, and all the rest women. The women made first their homage, and then the men. The men were turned nine times widdershins about, and the women six times. John Fien blew up (open) the doors, and blew in the lights, which were like mickle black candles sticking round about the pulpit. The devil startit up himself in the pulpit, like a mickle black man, and every one answered 'Here !' Mr. Robert Greirson being named, they all ran hirdie girdie, and were angry ; for it was promised he should be called Robert the Comptroller, *alias* Rob the Rowar, for expriming of his name. The first thing he demandit was, if they kept all promise, and been good servants, and what they had done since the last time they had convened. At his command they opened up three graves, two within and one without the kirk, and took off the joynts of their fingers, toes, and neise, and parted them among them, and the said Agnes Sym普森 got for her part a winding-sheet and two joynts. The devil commandit them to keep the joynts upon them while (until?) they were dry, and then to make a powder of them to do evil withal. Then he commandit them to keep his commandments, which were to do all the evil they could. Before they departed, they kiss'd his breech. He had on him ane gown and ane hat, which were both black ; and they that were assembled, part stood and part sate. John Fien was ever the nearest the devil at his left elbow ; Graymaill kept the door."

Doctor Thompson, in his notes to Salvarte, gives some particulars of this case, not mentioned by Mr. Glanvil, and taken from the confession of a certain Agnes Tompson, whether an *alias* of Sym普森 or not we do not know. Tompson stated that she and the other witches

"Went altogether by sea, each one in her riddle or sieve, with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way, to the kirk of North Berwick, in Lothian, where, when they had landed, they took hands and danced, singing all with one voice—

"Commer goe ye before, Commer goe ye,
Gif ye will not goe before, Commer let me."

Giles Duncane did go before them, playing said reel on a Jew's trump, and the devil met them at the kirk."

This appears to have been a different excursion from that to which the confession given by Mr. Glanvil relates, when Agnes Sym普森 "past (to North Berwick) on horseback, conveyed by her goodson John Couper ;" though on that occasion, too, the witches, on arriving, observed the solemnity of dancing along the kirkyard, while "Geilie Duncan," who seems to have had a permanent engagement in that way, "plaid to them on a trump." We should like to know something about that kirk of North Berwick. What was the particular recommendation that made the devil select its pulpit for his homiletic exercises ? What sort of man was the minister ? What was the state of religion in the parish ? And were the congregation, when they came together in the kirk on "Sabbath," sensible of a prevailing odour of brimstone ?—but this they might be from various causes.

Agnes Sym普森's confession is famous, or deserving of fame, for having converted King James from a previous scepticism as to witches and witchcraft to an earnest faith in the same. Some of the particulars confessed appearing to the sagacious prince a little improbable, he questioned Agnes in private, and on points calculated to put her preternatural knowledge to the proof. But when the witch "declared to him the very words which had passed between him and his queen on the first night of their marriage, with their answers to each other," he "wondered greatly," as no wonder he should, "and swore by the living God, that he believed all the devils in hell could not have discovered the same."

We were not a little shocked to learn from Mr. Glanvil that Agnes Sym普森 was in the habit of using "long scriptural prayers (which, it seems, she did not say backwards) and rhymes, containing the main points of Christianity." Just the description, the reader perceives, of what is called, in our own times, a serious person. To find an individual of this stamp sitting under the ministry of the devil is not only unexpected, but alarming, and

leaves one doubtful what to think of the religious world. But this is a subject we had rather not dwell on: we pass, therefore, to some other peculiarities of this witch; such as, her skill in diseases, and power of foretelling the patients whether they should die or recover; her taking sick people's pains and ailments upon herself for a time, and then passing the sickness to a third person (which, as we have heard, was done also by a woman with a familiar spirit at Oxford, in 1834); her manner of invoking her devil, "Elva, come and speak to me," whereupon he came in the likeness of a dog; her dismissing him, after business done, by the *formula*, "I charge thee to depart, on the law thou livest on;" her sailing with others in a boat to a ship, where the devil caused her to drink good wine, she neither seeing the mariners, nor the mariners her, after which the devil raised a wind, whereby the ship perished; her baptizing, and using other ceremonies upon a cat, to hinder the queen's coming into Scotland; and her raising a spirit to conjure a picture of wax, for the destroying of Mr. John Moscrop.

After citing all which things, Mr. Glanvil very pertinently asks, "But for a perverse caviller, or crazy sceptick, what is it that will satisfy them?"

We hinted, a couple of pages back, that the Irish conscience was not always so scrupulous as it happily now is, on the point of meddling with an enemy's health otherwise than by natural means. In proof of this, we now adduce the case of Florence Newton, of Youghal, who was tried for witchcraft, at the Cork assizes, in 1661.

The particular charge against Newton was the bewitching of Mary Longdon, maid-servant to John Pyne, in Youghal. This Mary Longdon had been asked by Newton to give her a piece of beef out of the powdering-tub; to which the maid replied that she could not give away her master's beef. At this the other was very angry, and said, "Thou hadst as good have given it to me;" and so went away grumbling.

About a week after, the maid, carrying a pail on her head, met Florence Newton, who came up to her, and embracing her in so violently affectionate a manner, that she threw down

the pail off her head, kissed her, and said, "Mary, I pray thee, let thee and I be friends, for I bear thee no ill-will, and I pray thee bear me none." A few nights after this, she saw a veiled woman standing at her bedside, and a little old man by her, in silk clothes; and this man took the veil from the woman's face, who then appeared to be Goody Newton. Then the man spoke to Mary Longdon, and would have had her promise to follow his advice, and she should have all things after her own heart; to which she answered that she would have nothing to say to him, for her trust was in the Lord.

About a month after this, she began to be taken with fits, in which she vomited pins, needles, and other such things. In these fits her muscular power was so prodigious, that three or four men could not hold her. During her paroxysms, she saw Florence Newton, who stuck pins into her arms; and these pins were seen by those about her, as in the case of Elizabeth Hill. She was also carried about in a strange manner, and deposited in the most inaccessible places, upon lofts and in chests, and sometimes among the roof-timbers of the house, where she could not be come at but with a ladder. She was further pelted, as she went up and down, by invisible hands, with small stones, which, after hitting her, would fall to the ground, and vanish away; and, many times, when she was reading in a bible, the bible was struck out of her hands into the middle of the room, and she herself seized with a violent fit. In her fits, they sometimes laid two bibles on her breast, which were immediately flung with violence to the farther part of the room, or thrust between the two beds the maid lay upon.

It was found that when the witch was put in irons, the bewitched got well. Does this indicate a magnetic rapport, which the iron diverted?

On the trial, after the maid had given her evidence as above, Florence Newton peeped at her between the heads of the bystanders, and, shaking her manacled hands at her with an angry air, said, "Now she is down;" which words were scarcely spoken when the maiden fell to the ground like a stone, and had a most violent fit, biting her arms, "shreeking" out in

a hideous manner, and struggling with such a superhuman force, that it was scarcely possible, in a full court, to get people enough to hold her. And this having lasted about a quarter of an hour, she was taken with a vomiting, and brought up crooked pins, straws, and wool, in great abundance; all which time Florence sat pinching her own hands and arms. At last the court, remembering what the maid had said of her having been quite well so long as Florence was in bolts, demanded of the gaoler if the prisoner was in bolts or no; to which it was answered that she was not, but only manacled. Upon this, order was given to put on her bolts, and no sooner was this done—Florence crying out she was killed, she was undone, she was spoiled—than the maid was well.

A witness having deposed that the accused could not say the Lord's Prayer, she desired the court to hear her say it. But leave being given her to try, she left out the words, "And forgive us our trespasses;" which having done on four different attempts, the court appointed one near her to teach her those words. But it was in vain, for she either could not or would not say them, pleading in her excuse that she was old, and had a bad memory, and could not help it.

It was deposed by several witnesses, that Florence herself, being questioned about Mary Longdon, denied having bewitched the girl, but acknowledged that she might have "overlooked" her, and at the same time she fell down upon her knees, and prayed God to forgive her for wronging the poor wench. She added, however, that there were others in Youghal who could do these things as well as she, such as Goody Halfpenny and Goody Dod, and it might be one of them that had hurt the girl. But afterwards a method was used to put her guilt past denial, which was as follows:—A tile was taken off the prison, near the place where the witch lay, and brought to the house in which the maid lived: here it was put into the fire till it was red hot, and then something belonging to the maid was taken and dropped upon it. Hereupon the witch was tormented and vexed in a grievous manner, and had no relief until what had been dropped upon the tile was consumed. The experiment being over,

Florence was interrogated again, how she came to hurt the maid? And now she confessed that she did it by kissing her, and forthwith fell upon her knees, and desired God to forgive her. Yet even at this time, being challenged to say the Lord's Prayer, she could not say, "Forgive us our trespasses."

She confessed while in prison that her familiar came to her in the shape of a greyhound; and some of the watchmen that were in the room with her when he came heard the door shaken, and a noise as if something with a chain were running up and down the room, but saw nothing.

The mayor of Youghal at that time seems to have been a wise man, for he got a boat to "try the water experiment" upon Goodies Newton, Halfpenny, and Dod, but was prevented by Newton's admitting that she had "overlooked" the girl.

Not content with her villainy towards Mary Longdon, and towards three aldermen's children of Youghal, whom she kissed so that they shortly after died (which was deposed by the mayor on her trial), Florence Newton, while in prison, in the month of April, 1661, bewitched one David Jones to death, by kissing his hand through the grate of the prison, in recompense for his endeavouring to teach her the Lord's Prayer.

This poor David Jones had conceived a curiosity to see whether any cats or other creatures went in at night to Florence through the grate of her window; and for this purpose he invited a certain Francis Beseley to watch with him a night before the prison. Beseley agreed, and at night they went thither. David Jones spoke to the witch through the grate, and asked her how it was she could not say the Lord's Prayer, to which she answered she could. He then desired her to say it, but she excused herself by the delay of memory through old age. Then Jones began to teach her, but his pains were thrown away.

Upon this, Jones and Beseley being withdrawn a little from her, and discouraging of her not being able to learn this prayer, she called out to Jones, and said "David, David, come hither! I can say it now." Beseley would have dissuaded Jones from going to her; nevertheless he went, and Florence began the prayer, but broke down, as be-

fore, at "Forgive us our trespasses." Hereupon David renewed his endeavours to teach her, which she took so thankfully that she told him she had a great mind to have kissed him, did not the grate hinder, but desired she might kiss his hand. The simple man gave her his hand through the grate, and she kissed it, and towards break of day the two men went home.

Poor David, on coming into his house, told his wife he was sure Florence Newton had bewitched him, "for she hath kist my hand," said he, "through the grate, and, ever since she kist my hand, I have a great pain in that arm, and I firmly believe she hath bewitched me, if ever she bewitched any man." To which his wife answered, "the Lord forbid." But it turned out to be as David had said; for from that time he continued restless and ill, complaining exceedingly of a great pain in his arm for several days together; and at the end of the seven days, he said that the pain was come from his arm to his heart; and thereupon he took to his bed, and in about fourteen days he died, having all the time cried out against Florence Newton, and said she had him by the hand, and was pulling off his arm, and that he laid his death on her.

We do not learn whether Florence Newton suffered the condign penalty of her crimes, but we must say it was anything but justice to Ireland if she did not.

But, of all the cases of witchcraft related in Mr. Glanvil's book, beyond all question that which happened at Mora, in Sweden, in the year 1669, is the most notable. The sorceries practised in this place became so notorious, and spread such a general terror throughout Sweden, that the king found it necessary to appoint a commission, consisting partly of laymen, partly of ecclesiastics, to institute an exact inquiry into the whole matter. We subjoin some extracts from the confession of the witches; and first, concerning their journey to Blockula, where their "sabbath" was held.

"We of the province of Elfdale do confess, that we used to go to a gravel-pit which lay hard-by a cross-way, and there we put on a vest over our heads, and then danced round, and after this ran to the cross-way, and called the devil thrice, first with a still voice, the

second time somewhat louder, and the third time very loud, with these words—'Antecessour! come, and carry us to Blockula!' Whereupon, immediately he used to appear, but in different habits; but for the most part we saw him in a grey coat, and red and blue stockings. He had a red beard, a high-crown'd hat, with linnen of divers colours wrapt about it, and long garters upon his stockings.

"Then he asked us, whether we would serve him with soul and body. If we were content to do so, he set us on a beast which he had there ready, and carried us over churches and high walls, and after all we came to a green meadow, where Blockula lies. We must procure some scrapings of altars, and filings of church clocks, and then he gives us a horn with a salve in it, wherewith we do anoint ourselves, and a saddle with a hammer and a wooden nail, thereby to fix the saddle; whereupon we call upon the devil and away we go.

"For their journey, they said they made use of all sorts of instruments, of beasts, of men, of spits and posts, according as they had opportunity: if they do ride upon goats, and have many children, that all may have room, they stick a spit into the backside of the goat, and then are anointed with the aforesaid ointment. If the children did at any time name the names of those that had carried them away, they were again carried by force either to Blockula, or to the cross-way, and there miserably beaten, insomuch that some of them died of it.

"After this usage the children are exceedingly weak; and if any be carried over-night, they cannot recover themselves the next day, and they often fall into fits, the coming of which they know by an extraordinary paleness that seizes on the children, and if a fit comes upon them, they lean on their mothers' arms, who sit up with them sometimes all night, and, when they observe the paleness coming, shake the children, but to no purpose. They observe, further, that their children's breasts grow cold at such times; and they sometimes take a burning candle, and stick it in their hair, which yet is not burnt by it. They swoon upon this paleness, which swoon lasteth sometimes half an hour, sometimes an hour, sometimes two hours; and when the children come to themselves again, they murmur and lament, and groan most miserably, and beg exceedingly to be eased.

"Touching Blockula, the witches unanimously confessed that 'tis situated in a delicate large meadow, whereof you can see no end. The place or house

they went to had before it a gate painted with divers colours: through this gate they went into a little meadow distinct from the other, where the beasts went that they used to ride on. But the men whom they made use of in their journey stood in the house by the gate in a slumbering posture, sleeping against the wall.

"In a huge large room of this house, they said, there stood a very long table, at which the witches did sit down: and that hard by this room was another chamber, where there were very lovely and delicate beds.

"The first thing they said they must do at Blockula was, that they must deny all, and devote themselves body and soul to the devil, and promise to serve him faithfully, and confirm all this with an oath. Hereupon they cut their fingers, and with their blood writ their name in his book. They added, that he caused them to be baptized, too, by such priests as he had there, and made them confirm their baptism with dreadful oaths and imprecations. Hereupon the devil gave them a purse, wherein there were filings of clocks, with a stone tied to it; which they threw into the water, and then were forced to speak these words—'As these filings of the clock do now return to the clock from which they are taken, so may my soul never return to heaven.' To which they add blasphemy, and other oaths and curses.

"After this they sate down to table, and those the devil esteemed most were placed nearest to him; but the children must stand at the door, where he himself gives them meat and drink. The diet they did use to have there was, they said, broth with colworts and bacon in it, oatmeal-bread spread with butter, milk, and cheese. And they added, that sometimes it tasted very well, and sometimes very ill. After meals they went to dancing, and in the meanwhile cursed and swore most dreadfully, and afterward went to fighting one with another.

"One day the devil seemed to be dead, whereupon there were great lamentations at Blockula; but he soon awaked again. If he hath a mind to be merry with them, he lets them all ride upon spits before him, takes afterwards the spits and beats them black and blue, and then laughs at them. And he bids them believe the day of judgment will come speedily, and therefore sets them to work to build a great house of stone, promising that in that house he will preserve them from God's fury, and cause them to enjoy the greatest delights and pleasures: but while they work exceedingly hard at it, there falls a great part

of the wall down again, whereby some of the witches are commonly hurt; which makes him laugh, but presently he cures them again.

"They said they had seen sometimes a very great devil like a dragon, with fire round about him, and bound with an iron chain; and the devil that converses with them tells them, if they confess anything, he will let that great devil loose upon them, whereby all Sweedland shall come into great danger.

"They added that the devil had a church there, such another as in the town of Mora.

"Touching the mischief or evil which the witches promised to do to men and beasts, they confessed that they must promise to the devil that they would do all that's ill; and that the devil taught them to milk, which was in this wise:—They used to stick a knife in the wall, and hang a kind of label on it, which they drew and stroaked; and as long as this lasted, the persons they had power over were miserably plagued, and the beasts were milked that way, till sometimes they died of it.

"The minister of Elfdale declared that one night these witches were, to his thinking, upon the crown of his head, and that from thence he had had a long-continued pain of the head. One of the witches confessed that the devil had sent her to torment that minister; and that she was ordered to use a nail and strike it into his head, but it would not enter very deep; and hence came that headache.

"The aforesaid minister said also that one night he felt a pain, as if he were torn with an instrument that they cleanse flax with, or a flax-comb; and when he waked, he heard somebody scratching and scraping at the window, but could see nobody. And one of the witches confessed that she was the person that did it, being sent by the devil."

"The minister of Mora declared also that one night one of these witches came into his house, and did so violently take him by the throat, that he thought he should have been choked; and, waking, he saw the person that did it, but could not know her; and that for some weeks he was not able to speak, or perform divine service.

"They confessed, also, that the devil gives them a beast about the bigness and shape of a young cat, which they call a carrier; and that he gives them a bird, too, as big as a raven, but white. And these two creatures they can send anywhere; and wherever they come, they take away all sorts of victuals they can get, butter, cheese, milk, bacon,

and all sorts of seeds whatever they find, and carry it to the witch. What the bird brings they may keep for themselves; but what the carrier brings, they must reserve for the devil; and that's brought to Blockula, where he doth give them of it so much as he thinks fit. They added, likewise, that these carriers fill themselves so full sometimes, that they are forced to spue by the way, which spueing is found in several gardens where colworts grow, and not far from the houses of those witches. It is of a yellow colour, like gold, and is called *butter of witches*.

"The Lords Commissioners took great pains to persuade them to show some of their tricks, but to no purpose; for they did all unanimously confess that since they had confessed all, they found that all their witchcraft was gone, and that the devil, at this time, appeared to them very terrible, with claws on his hands and feet, and with horns on his head, and a long tail behind, and showed to them a pit burning, with a hand put out; but the devil did thrust the person down again with an iron fork, and suggested to the witches that, if they continued in their confession, he would deal with them in the same manner."

The end of all this was, that seventy witches were discovered in Mora, whom "several people of fashion" did, with tears in their eyes, entreat the Lords Commissioners to burn;—the rather because, since some witches had been burnt in Elfdale, that place had had peace and quietness. Three and twenty of the witches confessed their guilt, and were burnt on the 25th of August, the day being bright and glorious, the sun shining, and some thousands of people being present at the spectacle. The remaining seven and forty denied their guilt, all but one, who pleaded her being with child. All these were sent to Fahlun, where most of them were afterwards executed.

Fifteen children, who likewise confessed that they were engaged in this witchery, died as the rest; six and thirty more, between nine and sixteen years of age, who had been less guilty, were forced to run the gauntlet, and were afterwards whipt with rods, on the hands, at the church-doors, every Sunday, for a year; twenty, who were very young, and who had been seduced into these hellish intrigues, without any great inclination of their own thereto, were whipped in the same

manner three Sundays. The number of the seduced children was about three hundred. These, as well as the children of the village generally, could read, most of them, and sing psalms, and so could the women, though "not with any great zeal or fervour."

It is a remarkable instance of the perverseness of human judgments, that that very seventeenth century, in which the devil was so busy in England and other parts of the world, witnessed the rise of a school of would-be-enlightened thinkers, who denied the existence of witches. Of these, Reginald Scot was the father, whose "*Discoverie of Witchcraft*" was published in 1601. Mr. Glanvil speaks of this work with great contempt, professing that he "met not with the least suggestion in all that *farrago*, but what it had been ridiculous for him to have gone about to answer;" and that, "twill be a wonder to him if any but boyes and buffoons imbibe any prejudices against a belief so infinitely confirmed, from the loose and impotent suggestions of such a discourse."

To prove that, in this censure, he does no injustice to his opponent, our author presents his readers with a specimen of the style of reasoning adopted in the "*Discoverie*." Speaking of the witch of Endor, and her evocation of the shade of Samuel, he says—

"Mr. Reginald Scot, the father of the modern witch-advocates, orders the matter thus. When Saul, said he, had told her that he would have Samuel brought up to him, she departed from his presence into her closet, where, doubtless, she had her familiars, to wit, some lewd crafty priest, and made Saul stand at the door like a fool (as it were with his finger in a hole) to hear the couzening answers, but not to see the couzening handling thereof, and the counterfeiting of the matter. And so goeth she to work, using ordinary words of conjuration, &c. So, belike, after many such words spoken, she saith to herself—'Lo! now the matter is brought to pass—I see wonderful things.' So, as Saul, hearing these words, longed to know all, and askt her what she saw—whereby you know that Saul saw nothing, but stood without like a mome, whilst she played her part in her closet."

Mr. Glanvil, or anybody else, might

well be excused for declining to reply to drivelling like this; and we quite agree with our author in the opinion, "that there is nothing more needful to be said, to discover the Discoverer."

Scot was not the only adversary that Mr. Glanvil had to cope withal. Even while Mr. Hunt was burning witches in Somersetshire, Mr. Webster and Mr. Wagstaffe were putting forth books against their existence in London; and this story of the witch of Endor being the great stumbling-block of that Sadducean school, it was taken in hand by them all in turn, with little better success than had attended the endeavours of their leader. Webster says of the witch—

"That what she did, or pretended to do, was only by ventriloquy, or casting herself into a feigned trance, by grovelling on the earth with her face downwards; and, so changing her voice, did mutter and murmur, and peep, and chirp like a bird coming forth of the shell, or that she spake in some hollow cave or vault through some pipe, or in a bottle, and so amused and deceived poor timorous and despairing Saul."

"What stuff is this!" exclaims our author; and we think the reader will not find the exclamation more uncivil than just. Certes, if the belief in witchcraft had never been assailed but with such weapons as Mr. Webster's, we should not now be living in the millennium of old women; and if this writer, as Mr. Glanvil more than insinuated, was really fee'd by the grandmothers of England to prove them no witches, we must say that their choice of an advocate went farther to establish their innocence of the charge than anything the advocate they chose was able to urge in their favour.

Doctor Henry More, who wrote a preface to Mr. Glanvil's book, is rougher than the latter in his handling of Mr. Webster. For, W. having affirmed that Saul saw not Samuel himself, but stood waiting like a drowned puppet (puppy?) in another room, to hear what would be the issue, the doctor cries with a lively indignation—

"See of what a base, rude spirit this squire of hags is, to use such language of a prince in his distress!"

And then he goes on:—

"That this gallant of witches should dare to abuse a prince thus, and feign him as much foolisher and sottisher in his intellectuals, as he was taller in stature than the rest of the people, even by head and shoulders, and meerly, forsooth, to secure his old wives from being so much as in a capacity of being ever suspected for witches, is a thing extremely coarse, and intolerably sordid. And, indeed, upon the consideration of Saul's being said to bow himself to Samuel (which plainly implies that there was a Samuel that was the object of his sight and of the reverence he made), his own heart misgives him in this mad adventure; and he shifts off from thence to a conceit that it was a confederate knave that the woman of Endor turned out into the room where Saul was, to act the part of Samuel, having first put on him her own short cloak, which she used with her maund under her arm to ride to fairs or markets in. To this country-slouch, in the woman's mantle, must King Saul, stooping with his face to the very ground, make his profound obeysance. What? was a market-woman's cloak and Samuel's mantle, which Josephus calls *δραχιδὴν ἱερὰν*, a sacerdotal habit, so like one another? Or, if not, how came this woman, being so surprized of a sudden, to provide herself of such a sacerdotal habit to cloak her confederate knave in? Was Saul as well a blind as a drowned puppet, that he could not discover so gross and bold an imposture as this? Was it possible that he should not perceive that it was not Samuel when they came to confer together, as they did? How could that confederate knave change his own face into the same figure, look, and mien that Samuel had, which was exactly known to Saul? How could he imitate his voice thus of a sudden, and they discoursed a very considerable time together?"

Another conceit of Webster's is, that the witch counterfeited ventriloquism by means of a bottle, translating *בַּעֲלֵת אוֹת*, *Bagnalath Obh*, not "one that hath a familiar spirit," but "the mistress of the bottle." On which Doctor More remarks:—

"Who but the master of the bottle, or rather of whom the bottle had become master, and, by guzzling, had made his wits excessively muddy and frothy, could ever stumble upon such a foolish interpretation? But because *Obh* in one place of the Scripture signifies a bottle,

it must signifie so here; and it must be the instrument, forsooth, out of which this cheating quean of Endor doth whisper, peep, or chirp like a chicken coming out of the shell. And does she not, I beseech you, put her neb also into it sometimes, as into a reed, as it is said of that bird, and cry like a butter-bump? Certainly he might as well have interpreted *Bagnalath Obh* of the great tun of Heydelberg, that Tom. Coriat takes such special notice of, as of the bottle."

And again:—

"And Saul said, I pray thee divine unto me *בְּחֵב*, *Beobh*, by virtue of the familiar spirit, whose assistance thou hast, not by virtue of the bottle, as Mr. Webster would have it. Does he think that damsel in the Acts, which is said to have had *πνεῦμα πιδανος*, a spirit of python, that is, to have had *Obh*, carried an aquavitæ-bottle about with her, hung at her girdle, whereby she might divine, and mutter, chirp, or peep out of it, as a chicken out of an egg-shell, or put her neb into it to cry like a bittern, or take a dram of the bottle to make her wits more quick and divinator? Who but one that had taken too many drams of the bottle could ever fall into such a fond conceit? Wherefore *Obh* in this place does not, as indeed no where else, signifie an oracular bottle or *μαντιν*, into which Saul might desire the woman of Endor to retire into, and himself expect answers in the next room; but signifies that familiar spirit by virtue of whose assistance she was conceived to perform all those wondrous offices of a wise-woman."

However, Doctor Moore does not deny that *Obh* sometimes signifies a bottle; but thinks this name was applied to a familiar spirit, because such a being, having its seat within the body of the witch, swelled up the same to a protuberancy like the side of a bottle. It would appear that the spirit commonly spoke out of the witch, for the Septuagint translates *Shoel Obh* *Ἐρυσσίδουλος*. This is not to be confounded with the modern sense of a ventriloquist, but rather seems to imply that the witch fell into a sort of somnambulous or hysterical state, like the prophetesses of the heathen oracles, and of some crazy sects of our own time. The swelling of the belly is also a common symptom of hysteria,

and occurs in most of the modern cases of religious ecstasy.

But there is another way of looking at this bottle-affair, which, perhaps, may be the true one. A bottle or globe of glass, filled with water, was used by the Greeks as a magic mirror, the principle and mode of using it being the same as in the mode of divination described by Lane as being practised by the Egyptians to this day.* Mesmer used a globular mirror for throwing his patients the more speedily into the magnetic crisis; and Mr. Braid's method of "hypnotising" people is founded on a similar principle.

But that there is such a thing as an *Obh*, apart from magic mirrors and mesmeric trances, we happen to know from the testimony of a friend of our own, who is a Swiss clergyman, and an excellent Hebraist as well as ghost-seer. Our friend has but too good grounds to know that an *Obh* is no imaginary being, having himself, from an early period of life, experienced the implacable personal hostility of one, who has followed him from place to place—from Basle to Wirtemberg, from Wirtemberg to Geneva, and from Geneva to Basle again, to cross, vex, and molest him. This *Obh*, our friend says, is no devil, but the spirit of a departed wicked man; and such he takes those to have been whom the necromancers, or "questioners of the dead" (*Doresh Hammethim*), in former times dealt with. The *Obh* in question was, in his lifetime, a Swiss pastor, and exercised his office in the very parish to which our friend, on his ordination, was first appointed. It was from that appointment the enmity dated. Our friend became aware of him the very day he entered upon his charge; and heard him concerting measures with two other pastors of his own standing in Hades, to counteract the operations of the new labourer in the vineyard. Finding that he could not prevail against the husband, this wicked being sought to gain over the wife, to whom he addressed the most insidious flatteries, with plausible representations of the injury her husband would do to the interests of his family by the religious principles he was act-

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for May, 1845, p. 531.

ing on. For indeed our friend, at that time, was somewhat disposed to run after religious will-o'-the-wisps, and had a great faith in the Irvingite prophets. Well, the Obh endeavoured to stir up, as we said, the wife of our friend to rebel against her husband, bidding her not to regard him as her "head." "But," said the Obh, "observe what *I* say, do what *I* tell you, speak the words *I* shall put into your mouth;" and so on, very much as Florence Newton's Irish devil in silk clothes (who was probably also an Obh) talked to Mary Longdon. All the time he spoke to her, our friend's wife lay in a kind of sleep-waking condition on a sofa, her husband meanwhile standing before her, and endeavouring by the force of his will to bring her out of that state, which he knew to be one that placed her in contact with the powers of the invisible world. However, she gave no place to the suggestions of the Obh, but steadfastly resisted him in her spirit, "abiding in the acknowledgment of her husband's

headship;" and, on at length coming to herself, she declared to the latter all that had taken place. The Obh, as she described him, had the appearance of an old-fashioned citizen of Basle, and did not speak pure High-Dutch, but the corrupt dialect which the Basle people use.

What we consider worthy of remark in this story is, that the Obh was seen both by the husband and the wife; not, indeed, by both at the same time, but now by the one, now the other, according as either was in a state to be affected by its presence. This is a proof of what the Germans call the *objectivity* of the apparition.

Our friend saw many other spirits beside the above-mentioned; and so did his wife.* It was unpleasant, however, that they were visited by none but people that were gone to the devil. It is just ten years since we heard any thing about them: goodness grant they may not by this time be gone to return the visits!

* On his journey from Geneva to Basle, a road which he then travelled for the first time, stopping one night at the village of Tavanne, he saw in his room at the inn a ghost, which by a gift of spiritual intuition, peculiar to him, he perceived to be that of a former master of the house, who, as he knew by the same inward perception, had committed suicide. On arriving at Basle, he was asked by a friend, among other things, where he had passed the preceding night. "At Tavanne," was the answer. "And at what inn?" "At the Crown." "And did you pass the night well?" "Very well, indeed." "You were not frightened?" "Not at all." "You didn't see a ghost?" "Oh, yes, I saw a ghost." "Ah! I would not pass a night at that inn for the world: the last landlord cut his throat, and they say his ghost haunts the house ever since." "So he does," said our friend; "but what then? Do you suppose there are not ghosts everywhere?"

Another ghost he saw was that of a man who had been what is called a religious professor, but who, some time before his death, had fallen into a profound melancholy, arising from a persuasion that he was predestined to eternal misery. He died in despair, and his religious friends said, "What a happy release!" But his ghost came to our friend, and asked, "Where do my former companions think I am?" "They think you are in heaven," replied our friend. "And what do you think?" "I do not think as they do." "You are right," said the ghost; "I am in hell!"

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ARCADIA.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER V.—A GALLOP OVER THE ARCADIAN MOUNTAINS.

"XANTHI," said Spiro, speaking for the first time in a low, smothered voice.

"I am here, quite alive," said the poor little bride, who was half bewildered with terror.

"Xanthi mou! we must escape; if we stay here till morning we shall certainly perish."

"Oh, Spiro, thrice beloved! they may kill me, but I will not see you die;" and the young wife threw her poor weak arms around him, as though she could have defended him.

"Better to die trying to escape than wait to be murdered to-morrow. Listen, Xanthi," continued the young man, unclasping her clinging arms from his neck, "do you hear that?"

Xanthi listened, and heard on the opposite side of the wall a sound like that of a horse champing his bit, and pawing the ground from time to time.

"That is Effendi, who is there in his stable," said Spiro, for this was the honourable title with which all the villagers spoke of the Aga's favourite horse; "and look, here is the garden-gate close at hand, half open—nothing could be so easy as to slip in gently, and bring him out here."

"To bring him out here?" echoed Xanthi, wondering.

"Yes," to bring him out, and mount him, and dash through the midst of these Infidel murderers, and perhaps be saved after all, light of my eyes!"

Xanthi heard this bold project with a shriek of terror, which her husband stifled by placing his hand on her lips.

"But they would all pursue us," she murmured, in a more suppressed tone.

"Well, they would all pursue us; but have you never seen with what wings Effendi flies over the plain when the Aga rides him? We shall be mounted before he or his people find out, they are all so occupied with the Bey's reception."

The young peasant already made a movement to put his project in execu-

tion, for it seemed to the bold spirited Mainote not altogether impracticable, to ride at such a pace towards the mountains as should enable them to reach their shelter in safety; but Xanthi clung to his arm—

"Oh, stay, Spiro mou! Think what the Aga will say when he finds we have stolen his horse!"

"Sevseka!" (little fool) said her husband, half laughing, "and where shall we be to care for his anger?"

"True! but then there is always the Panagia! oh, my husband, what will she think of us if we steal?"

"Now, Xanthi," said Spiro, angrily, "I put it to you. When the Panagia has to judge between a vile, unbelieving Turk, and a good Christianos, which of the two is she likely to favour?"

Xanthi bowed her head in silence, for this seemed very conclusive; besides, no Greek wife ever dreams of opposing her husband's authority, and Spiro, rising with determination, though stealthily, said firmly—

"Stay here, and be ready to mount behind me the moment I appear. I do not say it is not a terrible risk, but anything is better than to wait in this hole to be slaughtered."

He left her side as he spoke, and, shivering with dread, she watched him by the light of the rising moon as he crept along beneath the shade of the wall, and disappeared within the garden of the Aga. He had rightly calculated that the noise and confusion, caused by the presence of the illustrious visitor, would enable him to accomplish his bold theft unperceived, and in a few minutes he returned, leading out the beautiful animal, ready bridled, as the Turkish horses always are, day and night. Xanthi instantly stole through the brushwood, and stood by his side; but when they prepared to mount, Effendi began to show his mistrust of their proceedings, by various caperings and boundings, quite sufficiently noisy to attract the attention of the soldiers on the opposite

side of the tower; Spiro instantly threw his arm round the neck of the graceful Arabian, and began to whisper in his ear—that strange and unaccountable method by which all who are acquainted with the secret can tame at once the most fiery horse in eastern countries! It produced its effect instantaneously. Effendi stood quiet as a lamb, and Spiro vaulted lightly on his back; he then held out his hand to Xanthi, who showed her Mainote blood in the flashing eye and glowing cheek, which proved how completely her womanish fears had given way before the excitement of the moment; placing her little foot on that of her husband, with one bound she sprung up behind him, and sat firm as a rock, grasping him round the waist. Effendi tossed his head at the unwonted burden, and showed no disposition to move. Stooping down, Spiro suddenly seized his ear between his teeth, and bit it with considerable violence. At once stung with the pain, the horse bounded into the air, then reared right up, and remained stiff and almost erect, till the young man released his hold, when instantly, with glaring eye and dilated nostril, giving one shake to his glossy mane, the magnificent Arab fairly took the bit between his teeth, and wildly darted from the spot, shooting over the plain with an arrow-like swiftness, which altogether took away the breath of the riders. They made no attempt to guide him, having quite enough to do to keep their seats, and he began by carrying them right through the midst of the soldiers, like a very flash of lightning, trampling some under foot, and bounding over the heads of the others. The amazement of the Turks may be conceived, when this flying vision suddenly passed before their eyes—scarce seen before it was far away, careering on with incredible speed. Those whose horses were at hand mounted in the vain attempt at pursuit. In an instant the air was filled with the flashing of the musketry, and the balls were raining round the young lovers, as, clinging to each other on the back of the winged steed, they sped on and on through the darkness. The tremendous pace at which they were going utterly bewildered them; all things seemed to whirl round with them; they could discern nothing clearly; the stars appeared to rush

madly over their heads; the rocks and the trees fled past them like visions. Soon the voices of their pursuers died utterly away, and the shot ceased to drop around them. They were in the mountains now—the wild, lone mountains; but the child of the desert, drunk with the fresh night air, so far from abating the marvellous swiftness of his mad career, seemed now to redouble his speed, if it were possible, and flew like a shot up the steep hill side, while his feet struck a train of fire behind him! They had no power to avert his reckless course, even had they wished it, nor even to moderate his terrible ardour. On, Mazzeppa-like, they race, panting, breathless on the wings of the wind, over stones and brushwood, and through the wild ravine. The landscape reels around them—the cliffs and the crags whirl past—the trees of the forest seem to melt into air; now they dash through a torrent, blind with the foam; now they rise over a towering rock; now plunge into a cleft in the wild, dark mountain! Once Spiro would have cried out in horror, had he had time or breath, for he saw that they were approaching a terrible precipice, caused by a deep rent in the cliff, that gaped gloomy and wide, with a great river raging beneath, but the desert-born paused but one moment on the brink of the abyss, and gathered his feet together like a cat about to leap on his prey, then, with one bound, he sprung over the terrible gulf, and dashed on through the forest of pine beyond. It seemed to the palpitating, gasping riders, as though their flight lasted for hours, and so in truth it did; but they could take no account of time, thus darting through the air, and when at last Spiro succeeded in abating the speed of the horse, and, finally, arresting him altogether, they found themselves in the very heart of the most savage mountains of Arcadia, where, perhaps, never foot of man had trodden before.

The noble Effendi had done them good service. Many and many a mile behind them lay their native village, now peopled with their enemies! they were free! beyond all thought of danger, and clasped living and uninjured to each other's hearts! Spiro dismounted, staggering on his unsteady feet, after their giddy course; he lifted down his trembling, panting

bride, and the beautiful horse stood quietly beside them, as raising their eyes to heaven, they made the sign of the cross on their breasts and foreheads, in fervent gratitude for their deliverance; then they embraced each other, weeping for very joy; and when these first transports had somewhat subsided, they turned to look on the new world to which Effendi had introduced them.

Never before had the young peasants looked on scenery so solemn in its magnificence as that which now surrounded them. The moon had come forth in her pale loveliness, and was sailing through an ocean of liquid blue, like a glorious ship freighted with innumerable souls for the paradise beyond; the towering mountains, hoary with the ancient snows which even the sun of Greece could never melt, had folded the great shadows round them like a dark robe; the fresh breeze, purer than any they had ever felt before, fled past, bearing on its wings the songs of a thousand rushing torrents; on all sides, mighty rocks and wooded cliffs seemed aiming to the skies, and the whole air was scented with the aromatic perfume of the wild hill plants. The young couple sat down on a stone, still gazing upon this scene, holding each other by the hand, quite overcome with their great happiness. Gradually the little Xanthi crept closer to her husband, and insinuated her hand into his, awed by the vast loneliness of this sublime solitude; and thus they sat for some time resting side by side. At last the same thought began to rise in the minds of both—here they were in the heart of this unknown desert, and what were they to do next? Spiro was the first to answer the simultaneous question; they would stay where they were for the night, because they were both so exhausted; but with the first dawn of light, they would mount once more on the back of their faithful Effendi, and ride away—but where? was the next great question; to this also Spiro gave a ready answer; he was still determined to keep faith with Ipsilanti, and join him at Athens. He would discover by the sun in what direction that queenly city lay, and thither would they travel, pausing only to rest at the villages he was confident they should find in their way. The geographical information of the young Mainote was somewhat too

limited to have taught him that the Arcadian mountains have never yet bartered their loneliness for the degree of civilization which even a peasant hamlet would have brought them; but they were so full of hope and happy ignorance, that gay young pair, that all seemed most easy and promising. Without a care or a fear for the future, they fastened their gallant horse to a tree, and sat down on the green moss, at the foot of a rock. For a long time Xanthi chatted gaily on the wonders of the scene around her, to her so new and strange; entering into all sorts of vague surmises concerning the moon and stars, and every now and then bursting into a joyous laugh, when she described to the exulting Spiro the rage and amazement of the old Aga next morning when he would call his Effendi to come and kiss his hand as usual, and found he had vanished. At last her pretty head began to droop, as though the weight of its long hair were too great a burden for her; finally it sunk altogether on her husband's knees, and Xanthi fell fast asleep. Spiro leant back against the rock, and was not long in following her example, so that all was again still in the great solitude of the Arcadian mountains, and the moon, pursuing her glorious path over head, looked down benignly on these two innocent and fearless beings slumbering so calmly in the desert wild.

The first sunbeam that, stealing from flower to flower, at last lit on the eye-lids of the young Xanthi, awoke her from her quiet sleep, and starting up, her movement soon roused Spiro. Both rubbed their eyes for a minute, and looked round bewildered; then a loud neigh of recognition, with which Effendi greeted them from his bower in an oak tree, recalled them to themselves. They remembered all again, thanked heaven for their miraculous escape, and prepared to start on their journey. Effendi seemed quite ready to set out; he pawed the ground impatiently, and would easily have been induced to consent even to kneel and take them on his back. Once mounted and ready, it became necessary to take measures for shaping their course in the proper direction.

"The sun rises in the east," began Spiro.

"Does it?" inquired Xanthi, innocently.

"It does," said Spiro, dogmatically,

"therefore Athens must be in that quarter," and he pointed far over the mountains that towered around him. "Away, Effendi," he shouted, "over rocks and stones, for we have no paths here;" then lightly shaking the bridle on his neck, the obedient creature sprung forth at a rapid pace, though very unlike the tremendous speed of the night before. For a time they greatly enjoyed their singular journey; they never before had known how bright and fresh is the morning on the lonely mountains, where none may cool their foreheads in its sparkling dew, or meet the wild kiss of its free, rough breeze. The scenery through which they passed, though varied, never changed in its character; the mountains seemed, indeed, to grow wilder and more inaccessible as they penetrated farther into their deep recesses. It was but an interminable succession of dark ravines and towering cliffs, that often closed in so completely round them, that they were quite bewildered as to their course. Often, too, they came to some tremendous precipice, which turned them back, and they had to extricate themselves from many a dangerous pass. Still, however, they travelled on throughout the whole day, only stopping occasionally that Effendi might rest, as well as poor Xanthi, who was little accustomed to such rough riding, and very often they stooped to drink from the clear streams which they met continually on their way. Towards evening Spiro perceived that his Xanthi was becoming very restless, and even now and then gave vent to a gentle sigh: they had paused, or rather Effendi had thought proper to do so, because an enormous rock was rising up right before him, which he did not know well how to surmount, and, perhaps, saw no good reason for attempting. Spiro turned round, and looked into his young wife's eyes.

"Xanthi," he asked, "are you tired?"

"No."

"Are you sleepy, then?"

"Oh, no!"

"If you are thirsty I can get you fresh water in a moment."

"Light of my heart, I am not thirsty."

Spiro paused, hesitated, passed his hand over his eyes, and at last said boldly—

"Xanthi mou, you are very hungry."

At these words she lifted up her soft dark eyes, and said—

"Ipomoni, my husband."

Now, "ipomoni" is the Greek word expressing patience; and in that country they use it on all occasions, as the complete embodiment of perfect resignation: it is, indeed, generally the last word on their lips; for the dying man, or the mother just expiring, often turn to the disconsolate survivors—for whom in the last hour, when they have power to suffer, their heart is breaking, and breathe out their final sigh with the whisper of "ipomoni." A sudden pang of fear shot through the breast of Spiro, as Xanthi uttered this word with a gentle smile; for it was the first time that he had thought of their perilous wandering as anything but a charming adventure. As to attempting to procure any kind of food, were it but a few wild berries, or the acorn of the vallon oak, the thing was utterly out of the question; for they were now surrounded only by gigantic rocks, more sterile and bleak than anything they had ever beheld before, and devoid of all vegetation, except the sombre hardy pines which clung to their rugged sides. Quite unconsciously throughout the whole day the poor creatures had only been advancing deeper and deeper into the mountain desert, in their vague attempt to follow a direct course; and even Spiro's voice had lost much of its cheerful confidence, as he looked round on the vast inaccessible mountains that hemmed them in on all sides, and proposed to Xanthi that they should not attempt to sleep that night, but hurry on till they reached a village somewhere. Xanthi quietly acquiesced, though less even than herself did she think it likely that they would encounter any human habitation within the range of these terrible hills; but the time was now come when she was to find within herself and use that power of passive, uncomplaining suffering, which every woman possesses unknowingly, perhaps, till it is called forth by circumstance. Once more, then, urging on the patient Effendi, they proceeded in their dangerous and wearisome course. For a time their attention was distracted by the spectacle of the sunset in that majestic scenery; but soon the day perished in its bright-

ness, and the swift night, rushing down from heaven, on its wings of darkness, hung brooding over the vast mountains, like a great vulture over its prey. Very long and dreary were the hours which followed to the wanderers; they spoke but little, and Xanthi's head hung drooping on her husband's shoulder; even Effendi, accustomed as he was religiously to keep the bairam, seemed not altogether pleased with this secular and unusual fast; and besides, the continual fatigue he had undergone for the last four-and-twenty hours had so much damped his usual ardour, that he now plodded on over the slippery rocks, as tamely as any horse of ignoble birth could have done. They soon, however, got into such difficult and dangerous ground that their progress was extremely slow, and they had often to dismount, and lead the horse along the brink of the precipices. The first dawn of light was beginning to mingle with the softer moonbeams, when they came to a precipitous ascent, which it seemed impossible they could surmount. Spiro thought there might be some means of skirting round the base of the cliff, and he desired Xanthi to remain in charge of the horse, while he went to reconnoitre. She sat down on a stone, holding Effendi by the bridle, and he left her to seek a path among the rocks. It was some little time before he returned, and when at last he rejoined her, she was still sitting where he had left her, but, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, she had dropped asleep. Her head had fallen back upon the rock, her hand hung motionless by her side, and Effendi had vanished! With one bound, Spiro darted towards her; he shook her almost roughly by the shoulder, exclaiming—

"In the name of all the saints, Xanthi, where is the horse?"

She started up bewildered and terrified, gave one wild glance all around, and then clasping her hands in utter despair, exclaimed—

"Pai!" ("he is gone!")

He was gone, indeed, and beyond recall; for Spiro, chancing to look down a tremendous ravine that yawned on one side of them, suddenly discerned the gallant horse, like a speck in the distance, bounding over the hills in the joyous freedom he had so cunningly obtained, by softly jerking

his bridle out of the relaxed grasp of the poor little Xanthi, as she sank to sleep. In another instant he had disappeared altogether. This fatal loss seemed, indeed, to be the climax of their fate. If they had failed in reaching any place of refuge with the aid of the swiftest of horses, how were they even to attempt it on foot, amongst these rugged cliffs, wearied and exhausted as they were? Poor Xanthi looked so woefully penitent, as she met her husband's eye, that, so far from reproaching her, he could only throw his arms around her, and bid her be of good cheer, though he spoke with a sinking heart and a quivering lip. They sat down together on the rock; it was now nearly two days and two nights since they had tasted food, and something very like despair began to settle down upon those two young hearts that so lately throbbed with deepest joys. Spiro tried to convince himself that it was the cold grey light of dawn which made Xanthi's cheek seem so pale, and she turned away her head to hide the starting tears, when she saw him tightening the scarf round his waist—a measure often adopted by the hardy mountaineers to allay the pangs of hunger. Then they gradually both sunk to sleep, until the burning rays of the sun, as it ascended in the horizon, forced them to move from the spot.

"Let us go on, Xanthi mou," said Spiro, with a sort of desperation, "it does no good to linger here."

Xanthi obeyed unresisting, and with a feeble and unsteady step they began to wander on through this terrible desert. It seemed to them almost as though they had somehow been banished to a strange world, of which themselves only were the inhabitants, so utter was the silence and solitude all around; they hardly made any attempt now to shape their course, but stumbled on over the stones in a sad hopelessness. Of the two, Spiro suffered perhaps the most; for the extreme hunger only produced a sort of faintness in Xanthi, while in the strong man the intense craving was intolerable. As the interminable day wore on, he suddenly felt his young wife lean more heavily on his arm; then she tottered, and would have fallen had he not supported her. He laid her down gently on the ground, and looking on the sweet face he loved so

fondly, he saw that her eyes were quite closed, and her lips of a deadly white. In a transport of fear he flew to a stream that was rushing near, and returned with some of the water in his cap, with which he bathed her pale forehead and hands. It had only been a passing weakness, for she almost instantly opened her eyes, and, looking up in his face with a faint sad smile, murmured softly, “Ipomoni, my husband !”

Spiro fairly tore his hair at the aspect of this gentle and seemingly unavailing resignation ; he sat down beside her, leant his arms on his knees, and buried his face in his hands, while a thousand terrible thoughts careered through his brain. Was there no hope, no means of escape ? was he actually destined to see his young wife, his sweet bride of yesterday, dying in his arms of mere starvation ? He began

to doubt not only the saints and the Panagia, but heaven itself ; when looking up, he suddenly perceived a tacit reproof to his impiety. On the bank of the rivulet that was flowing near, he distinguished a plant of the Asphodel, or silver rod, the root of which, though far from nutritious, especially if eaten raw, is often used by the Greek peasants in cases of great necessity. Dashing to the spot, he tore up the roots with his hands, and succeeded in obtaining a considerable number, with which they satisfied their hunger to a certain degree. This unexpected relief gave them a sort of hope that heaven had not altogether abandoned them ; and they lay down to sleep again, in order to recruit their strength, for Xanthi was still far too weak to attempt moving on.

CHAPTER VI.—GREEK BRIGANDS “AT HOME.”

MANY hours elapsed while the wanderers slumbered tranquilly. Spiro was the first to awake, and as he slowly opened his eyes, his glance fell at once on a sight that filled him with a sudden and unspeakable delight. At the distance of but a few yards from the spot where they lay, a thin column of smoke was wreathing itself up into the air, occasionally brightened by a gleam of red light, which was plainly discernable in the darkness (for it was night once more). It seemed to arise from the rock itself, but Spiro at once conjectured that it was produced by a fire lit within some cave, from whence the smoke escaped by an aperture in the roof. But at all events there, where the fire was, there were human beings, and in all probability they were eating and drinking. His exclamation of joy aroused Xanthi, and as her eyes met the gleam of the fire, the very light of life to them, she flung her arms round her husband's neck, and exclaimed—

“Joy of my soul ! we are saved. Oh, Panagia, good and true !”

Spiro did not answer her ; a moment's reflection seemed somewhat to have damped his first delight. At last he whispered—

“They may be shepherds seeking a wandering flock ; but at all events keep silent, and we will go near.”

Creeping stealthily along among the

rocks, the young couple advanced, guided by the light, and in a few minutes came almost close upon the mouth of the cave, which was of considerable size, and admitted of their seeing all that was passing within. Crouching down behind a great stone, they looked cautiously in, and instantly grasped one another's hands in utter terror : these were no peaceful shepherds who were lurking in the cave, but some twenty or thirty fierce, bloodthirsty-looking brigands ! They were seated in a circle round the fire, over which hung suspended a whole enormous sheep, roasting on a spit, formed by a branch of a tree, which was turned by two of the number. These brigands, who at that time ravaged the whole country, and formed quite a people apart, having a sort of constitutional government of their own, admitted none to their ranks but the most lawless characters ; and the swarthy savage countenances that now bent over the red embers, lit up by the glare, certainly indicated that there was not a man among them who, independent of the regular system, would not have relished highly the trade of murderer on his own private account. They were all armed up to the teeth, and the hands of many seemed covered with blood—a circumstance that might well be accounted

for by the occupation of one of the party, who was engaged in emptying a large bag, which he held, of a number of human heads, which he composedly counted, and piled up in a corner. The terror of the poor young couple, on finding that they were likely to meet with dreadful enemies, where they stood so much in need of friends, was heightened, on the part of Spiro at least, almost to agony, when the chief of the party, turning round to the firelight, disclosed his countenance. He had never seen him before, but at a glance he recognized, from the description, the peculiar appearance of the most terrible of all the Klefts, famed for his frightful cruelty, and remarkable even in that country at such a period for his insatiable thirst for blood—a craving so extraordinary that it seemed a positive disease, and causes his memory to live, even to the present day, in the remembrance of the Greeks. He was at this period a man above seventy-six years of age; but time seemed to have rushed unfelt over his head, for there was no appearance of his being at all advanced in life, except in the snowy whiteness of his hair and beard, which contrasted strangely with his menacing face, darkened by the suns of so many summers; his small grey eye glared with an expression of unconquerable ferocity as brightly as ever; the strength of his great bony hand was undiminished, and his gaunt, erect frame had not lost an inch of his height.

"It is Gogos—we are lost!" whispered Spiro, hoarsely.

"It is Gogos—but we are saved!" answered Xanthi; "I know him."

"You know him?"

"Sopa," (hush) they will hear you, Spiro; if you will trust to me we are saved. I must go to them first alone."

"Alone—you, Xanthi!" He clasped her tightly in his arms.

"Listen," said his young wife, calmly; "this is no time for many words. It must be as I say. We will not stay to starve here, with a roast so near us. You know that if you go, they will shoot you dead before you reach the door."

"I know it."

"If they see me alone, they will not kill me." Spiro made no answer, but he held her tight. "Before they can touch me, Gogos himself will be my protec-

tor and yours too," continued Xanthi, coaxingly, but he did not relax his hold. "Spiro, if you see any danger, you can rush in and die with me. It is death you see on all sides; but here is our only chance for life." His fingers began to relax a little, and Xanthi, slipping from his arms, had escaped, and was at the mouth of the cave before he could stop her; then he wished he had died before he let her go. However, there was nothing for it now but to watch her proceedings in an agony of fear. Quietly, as though she were entering her mother's house, Xanthi walked up to the mouth of the cave. As her shadow darkened the threshold, a spontaneous exclamation burst from the lips of the robbers—one and all started to their feet, and instantly a score of muskets were levelled at her breast. "Wait a moment," exclaimed Xanthi, "I am Gogos's friend."

"In the name of the Panagia, who is it?" said the chief, as the klefts, stupified with astonishment, remained motionless.

"A woman, and alone," they answered, amazed.

"A woman alone on the mountains! How can that be? Let us see her," said Gogos.

Xanthi composedly passed through the midst of the menacing troop, and coming forward to the side of the terrible chief, sat down tranquilly at his feet.

"I am your friend," she said, lifting up her gentle eyes to the fierce dark face.

Gogos looked at her for one moment, and then burst into a fit of laughter.

"Child! what are you? Whence do you come?" Then, before she could answer, he had seized her arm with a grasp which had nearly extorted a shriek of pain from the brave girl, and with the other hand, drawing out a long sharp knife, that gleamed bright in the fire-light, he held it close to her throat. "You are a spy, and a brave one too; but your courage shall not save you."

"Hear me speak, before you cut my throat," said Xanthi calmly, though her heart was bounding to her lips. "You can kill me after quite as well as now."

"Panagia kleftrina (holy virgin of the robbers) saw you ever so dauntless

a woman," exclaimed the old chief, gazing at her without relaxing his hold. "Why the last I killed, deafened me with shrieks till I cut off her head, and that stopt her mouth, when nothing else would. Ha, ha!" and all the klefts laughed in chorus at the brigand-like jest. "Speak, then, my daughter," he continued, "as you say I can kill you quite as well a little later."

"Listen, then," began Xanthi; "but stay, make them all sit down, for I am going to tell you a long story." Gogos shrugged his shoulders in utter astonishment, but he nodded to his men, who resumed their seats, overwhelmed with amazement at the composure with which their redoubtable chief was braved by a feeble woman. "One fine summer's night," began Xanthi, her voice trembling slightly—"it is long ago now—a little Mainote girl came creeping through an olive grove that grew all round a village, towards a lonely chapel that stood in the midst of it. She had been sent to trim the lamp before the Panagia's picture, and she stole along, trembling and looking back very often, for there was a great sirocco sweeping through the forest, and darkening the sky, and she knew that in every one of the whirling circles of dust it had raised, there danced a demon concealed from her eyes. But the Panagia knew she was going to the chapel, so she protected her, and she got there in safety. The lamp had nearly gone out, but she replenished it with oil; it sprung up in a bright flame, and as she looked round by the light it gave, she screamed out with a terrible fear, and fled to the door. She had seen peering out from behind the altar where he was hid, the dark face of a great fierce kleft, with his eyes glaring at her as though he would devour her, and his hair hanging round him, all dripping with blood; and just as she was flying away, shrieking out in her terror, he called out—

"'Amaun, I am dying of thirst.' She stopt, though her knees shook so she could hardly stand, and he said, 'Amaun, little child! I am perishing with hunger and thirst.'

"So she thought for a moment, and her heart almost failed her; but at last she made the sign of the cross, and said—

"'I will bring you water and food, oh, terrible kleft!'

"'But listen,' then said this kleft, 'if you dare to whisper you have seen me, I will shoot you through the head. Wherever you may be, I will find you out.'

"And she said, 'I will not tell. Why should I?'

"So he trusted her just as you trust me now," continued Xanthi, looking up in the brigand's face.

"Go on," exclaimed Gogos, who had been listening with increasing interest.

"The little girl went," resumed Xanthi, "and soon came back with some bunches of grapes, and her cap full of water. The kleft had been wounded, and he was so weak that he could scarce raise his hand; so she held his head, and gave him to drink, and then she put the grapes into his mouth one by one, and next she washed his wound, and tied it up with her veil."

"I remember," murmured Gogos, "oh, noble little girl."

"The kleft was too ill to move for some days," continued Xanthi, "and the little girl tended him all that time, and crept through the forest morning and evening to bring him food. One night she was coming to him as usual, when she saw racing over the plain towards the chapel a great troop of horsemen, and she knew they were in search of the kleft, so she ran quickly into his hiding-place, and called out to him to fly; and he fled and concealed himself amongst the brushwood, so that when the soldiers came, the little girl was alone in the chapel. Then they all crowded round her, and bid her tell them where the brigand was."

"And she would not! brave little girl, I heard it all!" exclaimed Gogos.

"At last, one of them struck her with his sword and nearly cut off her arm," continued Xanthi.

"He did," said Gogos; "I remembered it, and killed him next year!"

"So then she fell down, and seemed to be dead, and they all rode away full of rage; but the kleft escaped to the mountains!"

"Or I should not be here to-day, with my pipe in my hand," said Gogos, exultingly. "It is all quite true, little one; but how do you know it so well?"

Xanthi turned back the loose sleeve of her dress, and showed him a deep scar on her arm, where it had been nearly severed in two. Gogos started,

and seizing hold of her, turned her head towards him, and looked into her face.

"The brave child did not die then!" he exclaimed. "By the beard of St. Spiridion! it is herself—I know the great eyes and the long black hair!"

"So I am your friend, am I not?" said Xanthi, smiling gaily.

"My friend! you are my child—my daughter; ask what you choose and I will do it. Panagia mou! how these children grow—it was not possible I should know you, my bird!—And look you," he continued, addressing the brigands, "this is my daughter, and whoso touches a hair of her head shall not live to repent it."

Xanthi pulled his sleeve impatiently, for she was thinking of Spiro, so hungry outside.

"You do not know how I came here?" she said.

"True!—tell us how it was. You did well to come, whatever brought you."

Xanthi then told him all their adventures from the time of her marriage; and the old brigand made the cave resound with his shouts of merry laughter, when he heard of the theft of the great Effendi, and still more at the manner in which the sly horse had taken his revenge, and escaped from their hands. As soon as she had concluded, finishing off with a brilliant list of her husband's good qualities, Gogos called out loudly—

"Come in, palikar! come in—we are all friends here; you shall be safe and welcome."

Instantly, there was a rush of steps, and Spiro bounded into the cave, half expecting to see his poor little wife lying murdered before him; but the blood flowed back to his heart when he saw her, not only uninjured, but smiling upon him as brightly as ever; and, fairly making up his mind that she was half a witch, he sat down by her side, and began helping her, most unsentimentally, to discuss a huge slice of roast lamb which Gogos set before them. When they had finished their supper—for which, as it may be supposed, they had no common appetite—he bid them lie down to sleep in all peace and safety, trusting to him to see what would be done for them in the morning; and with a heart full of joy and gratitude the little Mainote laid

her head upon her husband's knees, and fell into a tranquil slumber amongst all those fierce and sanguinary klefts.

The morning broke, and one by one the robbers arose, and turned to the pure beams of the morning sun their dark faces, stamped with a wild and horrible expression we rarely see in our own quiet and civilized country, and which is only to be attained where a free licence has for years been given to unbridled passions. But the first object which met the eyes of each one was the little Xanthi seated in the centre of the cave, and looking round with the utmost astonishment on the objects it contained. It is certain that had she been a member of some archaeological society, instead of being only as ignorant and innocent a little peasant as ever breathed, she would have been yet more surprised; for even here, in the midst of the wild mountain desert, the handwriting of the past had left a strange record of the palpable existence, in the faith of men like ourselves, of all the fanciful visions of ancient mythology. This singular cavern—so admirable for the purposes of brigandage, that it was the habitual resort of Gogos while he lived, and has been the habitation of klefts less famous since his death—is commonly called the "Cave of the Nymphs," having been dedicated to them, at their own desire as it would appear, by a certain architect, who gives a somewhat verbose account of the honor they had done him, in various inscriptions still perfectly legible on the walls. He has exhausted his ingenuity in decorating the interior, commencing with an elaborate image of himself, which is ludicrous from the expression of supreme self-complacency stamped on the face, by which the unfortunate artist has irremediably perpetuated his own silly character, and interesting from the details of the costume, which is but slightly dissimilar to that of the present day; but what principally attracted the attention of Xanthi, and seemed almost to terrify her, was a colossal statue of Minerva, headless, as though in honour of the peculiar propensities of the klefts, seated on a sort of throne, with an extreme majesty in the attitude and formation of the neck and bust. This fine piece of sculpture is known among the brigands

by the name of the “Great Lady,” and they seem to regard her with a sort of superstitious reverence.*

As soon as Gogos awoke, Xanthi flew to bring him his pipe and his coffee, insisted on mending an unseemly rent in his sleeve, and paid him so much attention, with such gay good humour, that in the space of a very short time the unsuspecting kleft was thoroughly fascinated by the cunning little Mainote—the fierce and villanous old robber became gentle as a lamb, and found it utterly impossible to refuse any request backed by a pleading glance from her merry black eyes. Xanthi's object in this coquettish proceeding was to obtain his escort for Spiro and herself as far as Athens. When she told him her wish, he demurred a little, but finally acceded, provided the diviner of his band should ensure their finding a tolerable booty on the way.

The secrets of the future, according to Greek brigands, are to be found carefully noted in the shoulder-blade of a sheep; and, after a due examination of this loquacious bone, by a person who, being a seventh child, had the power of penetrating its mysteries, it was announced to Gogos, that if he accompanied the wanderers, they would, in a few days, meet with a rich prize on their road! This at once decided the old chief on gratifying his bewitching little guest. It was, indeed, a matter of comparative indifference to these brigands in what direction they went to seek their necessary prey. They could no where

descend from their rocky fastnesses without peril, for they were as much the enemies of their countrymen as of the Turks. To these mountain tigers gold was gold, and worthy to be obtained at the price of blood at all times, whether it were wrung from the impoverished hands of their fellow Greeks, or from the overflowing treasure-houses of their common oppressors.

There might have been something exciting and attractive in the wild adventurous life they systematically led; making their home in the caves of the free, fresh mountain, and rushing down to the plains when their provisions were exhausted, to win with the sword their food for the morrow; but that, wherever they went their path was tracked in blood, and themselves seemed, when they adopted the brigand trade, to have actually laid down their humanity, and taken on them the very nature of wolves. Their preparations for a journey were very soon made, each man loaded his gun and pistols, and bound his feet with thongs of leather, to preserve them from the sharp stones. One of the baggage mules, of which they had two or three, was appropriated to Xanthi, and shortly after day-break they were already far on their way from the nymph-haunted cave. The klefts, who were all endowed with a swiftness of foot which could only be attained by long habit, darted over the rocks at a rapid pace, whilst Gogos and Spiro walked more steadily by the Mainote's side; she herself, exhi-

* INSCRIPTION IN THE CAVERN OF THE NYMPHS.

ΑΡΧΕΛΜΟΣΟΟ
ΗΡΑΙΟΣΟΝΥΜΦ
ΟΑΗΓΤΟΣΦΡΑΔ
ΑΙΣΙΝΝΥΜΦΟΝΤ
ΑΝΤΓΟΝΕΞΗΡΤ
ΑΣΑΤΟ

INSCRIPTION ON TOMB OF REGILLA.

ΑΠΠΙΑΑΝΝΙΑ ΡΗΓΙΛΛΑΗΡΩΔΟΥΓΥΝΗΤΟ
ΦΥΣΤΗΣΟΙΚΙΑΣ
ΠΡΟΣΘΕΩΝΚΑΙΗΡΩΩΝΟΣΤΙΣΕΙΟΕΧΟΝΤΟΝΧΩΡΟΝ
ΜΗΠΟΤΕΜΕΤΑΚΕΙΝΗΣΗΣΤΟΥΤΟΝΤΙΚΑΙΤΑΣΤΟΥ
ΤΟΝΤΟΝΑΓΑΔΑΜΑΤΟΝΕΙΚΟΝΑΣΚΑΙΤΙΜΑΣΕΣΤΙΣ
ΗΚΑΘΕΛΟΙΗΜΕΤΑΚΕΙΝΟΙΗΤΟΥΤΟΜΗΤΕΓΗΝΚΑΡ.

&c. &c.

lirated by the fresh air and the rapid movement, made the wild echoes answer to the gay music of her songs, as she chanted her favourite ballad of the great palikar, to which, in addition to the original version, she had given a few significant touches, that had completely transformed it into an epic in honour of Spiro. Their journey, which was continued for several days, varied little in its incidents; they bivouacked at night on the hill-side, where they lit a fire and cooked their meal, for they eat but once a-day, and that only after sunset. Xanthi, at first thought it rather amusing to find that they had daily to steal a sheep for their supper, till she discovered that they invariably massacred the keeper of the flock, whether he resisted their depredations or not. At last she innocently asked old Gogos why they always killed the shepherd also, since they could not eat him too? His only answer was, "I would eat him if I had no better food!"

At last, having long since left the Arcadian mountains far behind them, they descended into the vast plain that lies between the hills of Pentelicus and Hymettus, and began to traverse its wide expanse, skirting stealthily along the bank of a little stream, which flows into the Illyssus.

In the most desert portion of this plain, so wild, indeed, that it is rarely visited, there lies, solitary and majestic in his loneliness, a colossal lion of enormous size, formed of the purest white marble. The peculiarities of the sculpture indicate at once that it belongs to the earliest period of art, and consequently its unchanging existence exactly as it now appears, recedes back to a remote antiquity, which baffles all attempts to follow it. This wonderful monument of a time almost utterly unknown to us, is enveloped in the deepest mystery; no record, tradition, or inscription of any kind gives the slightest clue to its origin. The lower portion of the limbs are now firmly fixed in the earth; and this only is certain, that during a lapse of time which our imagination does not easily grasp, that majestic old lion has lain precisely as we now behold him, in his attitude of most supreme repose, whilst the rushing ages have careered over his giant head, and left no deeper trace than the chariot wheels of the long vanished

wrestlers for Olympic fame have marked on the plain around! There is something solemn and mysterious in the gaze which this mute keeper of the secrets of the past has fixed upon the mountain of Hymettus, that rises up before his face. Who shall say how long these unchanging eyes have dwelt in contemplation on that classic hill! before even the forests waved upon its brow, of which tradition speaks, and now, in its sterile bleakness, clothed only with the scented heath; yet still looking on it as though he never, from century to century, could weary of beholding the glory of the sunlight upon it, and watching it by night fade into the rich purple glow which he had witnessed long before it ever flashed in the eyes of that poet of old who has immortalized its fleeting brightness! There is that in the intense gaze of the solemn old lion, which might lead one to suppose that he had been for ever occupied in extracting the bitter wisdom from the experience of each passing century, and gathered up age by age all his knowledge, never to be revealed, within his own marble breast!

It was not until the klefts, and their young companions, had reached this spot, that any trace appeared of the rich prey which their soothsayer had promised them. They had been sleeping during the sultry noon-tide hours, under the shade of some pomegranate trees, and were just preparing again to start, when a troop of Turkish horsemen were seen rapidly advancing towards them; the glitter of their costly arms at once roused the fierce cupidity of the brigands, and they speedily determined on an attack, as the enemies' force was about equal to their own.

Spiro was, of course, abundantly ready to fight the common foe at all times, and Xanthi alone had to be suitably disposed of. This he accomplished, by desiring her peremptorily to crouch down, motionless and silent, behind the great lion, whose gigantic form entirely concealed her. Xanthi obeyed without a word, for she dreaded her husband's frown considerably more than the Turks, and she had not been there five minutes before the loud shouts and cries announced that the skirmish had commenced; nor was it the less deadly, that Spiro had recognized, in two of the number, the Bey

of Corinth and his negro Fehim. The brigands were rapidly gaining the advantage, when suddenly the Moslem war-cry sounded loudly at a little distance, and the main body of Kyamil Bey's troop came galloping up to the rescue. In an instant the order of things was reversed, the brigands fled before them; for this famous, or rather infamous race (which, by the way, is not altogether extinct in Greece at the present day), with all their reckless cruelty, have little of that courage which dies before it yields, and lightly as they esteem their neighbours' heads, it is wonderful what a profound respect they have for their own. They fled in the direction of the old lion, and the Turks pursued them beyond it; but these easy-living gentlemen found this rather a heating exercise on so warm a day, so they quietly allowed the robbers to escape, and rode back on the road to Corinth, which was their ultimate destination. As they repassed the colossal lion, Fehim the negro, thought he could distinguish something fluttering between its two fore-paws, as though the stately animal had actually declined so far from his eternal dignity as to catch an unwary prey. In a moment he was at the spot, gazing down with a wild smile of triumph on the shivering, gasping Xanthi, whom his look paralyzed altogether. With a grin which displayed the whole formidable range of his sharp, white teeth, the Nubian plunged down his hand into her place of concealment, and grasping her by the garments, lifted her up as easily as a dog drags out a kitten, and threw her across his powerful horse before him; then, grasping her firmly, he urged his steed to the gallop, and hastened to follow his master. How poor little Xanthi twisted and writhed in the iron grasp of the negro, trying, at the risk of being crushed in the fall, to fling herself from his arms to the ground. She might as well have tried to move the old lion himself! At last Fehim seemed to weary of her restlessness. He suddenly stopped and dismounted; the fact was, he feared lest her cries should attract the attention of the Bey, to whom he must at once have delivered her up, an act of obedience to which he was by no means disposed, as he had decided on selling the pretty Mainote at the slave-market of Corinth, and pocketing the

price. Securing his prize with one hand, with the other he took from the back of his horse an enormous bag, which he seemed to carry with him for the convenient disposal of any casual booty he might chance to obtain, and fairly shook her into it! Then tying it up, so as not altogether to exclude the air, he flung it over the saddle once more, and resumed his course. There was a terrible difference between this very unpleasant ride and the last she had taken with her lost husband on the back of the noble Effendi. How Xanthi hated herself for having grieved to die by the side of Spiro—how much better than this bitter captivity! It was not, moreover, just the most advantageous position for surveying the scenery, and poor Xanthi, during a journey of four-and-twenty hours, which seemed to her like so many ages, passed quite unconsciously through the fine tract of land which separates Athens from Corinth; nor did she hear, bewildered and exhausted as she was, the loud shout from the Turks, as the tall peak of the Acro Corinthus, detaching itself from the semicircle of beautiful hills, announced their entrance into this, the most crushed and degenerate of all time-honoured cities.

Go where you will now, it is a sad thing to wander over Greece; for it would seem as though man, in his sin and misery, weary of the unsympathizing and eternal smile of that blue sky, had woven, by his own dark deeds and blighting passions, as it were, a sombre veil, spread out over all that land of beauty, of mournful associations, and bitter memories, through which alone you can look down upon her loveliness. Yet it is pleasing, as well as profitable, to linger among her ruins, when they are desolate and lonely as they should ever be; for then you can wrap yourself round in the atmosphere of decay and death which hangs so heavy on them, pondering on the great lessons they teach, and wondering to see how the seekers of earth's ephemeral glory have been justly mocked in the enduring existence of the very handiwork wherein they sought it, while themselves are all forgotten and unknown. And you can lift up your head and look on the unchanging brightness of the heavens, remembering with joy unto your soul, that there are works which follow the dead

beyond their tomb, and wreath immortal crowns around their livid brow; not the sweet accents of the poet, for these are but the echoes of his living voice, that shortly shall die away when the damp sod shall close his lips!—not the blood-stained trophies of the warrior, from which, it may be, his own eyes, unveiled by death, have turned with loathing!—not the great deeds of the ambitious, who on earth pillow their throbbing heads on thorns, that in the grave they may lay it on a tablet which shall trumpet forth their name!—but that man has raised an enduring monument unto himself, from whose lips has ever fallen one word of holy hope, like heavenly dew upon an erring and a broken spirit—whose guiding hand has led into the narrow path some doubting soul, tossed wildly on the billows of unguided thought—whose meek example, or whose heaven-taught voice, have sown, within his own restricted sphere, the seeds of that undying truth, that has sprung in widening circles into fruitful holiness long after he has vanished from the scene. But there is no eloquent solitude, no phantom-peopled desolation, to be found in Corinth: her fair remains are so encrusted with the miserable habitations of the dregs of the population, that whilst the ancient monuments would tempt you to bewail the mistaken ambition of the generations of the dead, you are constrained to turn in disgust from the deeper degradation of the living race before you.

Kyamil Bey entered his palace quite unconscious of the prize which his wily and sordid negro had obtained; and Fehim had instantly repaired to the slave-market, where he deposited Xanthi, now first released from her most uncomfortable imprisonment, in a small room along with several others destined for the same fate.

The public sale was not until the next day, and Xanthi passed the dreary interval, crouching in a corner of the room, speechless and tearless, but with a sad bewildered gaze in her great black eyes, and a whole world of most inexpressible misery struggling for vent in the convulsive heavings of her breast. Her companions, who were principally blacks, seemed to take up the matter quite differently, and speculated merrily on the appearance and temper of their future master. The terrible

hour arrived at last, and Xanthi, unresisting, because so utterly powerless, was led out by the exulting negro to the platform where the sale took place. The buyers, chiefly Turks, were very numerous, and, as Fehim had anticipated, large sums were at once offered for the Mainote girl. The traders at last began to dispute loudly as to the price that should be given for her, and she stood by with a sinking heart, though seemingly indifferent enough; for, in fact, she had firmly determined, if no other means of escape presented itself, to choke herself by swallowing her own long hair—a strange mode of death, which more than one of these unfortunate slaves have proved to be perfectly practicable, provided the tresses are profuse enough. Suddenly a tall, fierce-looking Turk, with an enormous black beard, and a turban covering half his face, made his way through the disputants, with a great bag of piastres in his hand. Having examined the young Mainote, and contemptuously declared that her eyelashes were not long enough, he ended by offering so exorbitant a sum for her, that Fehim, overjoyed, instantly delivered her up to him, and received the money in exchange. Grasping his slave by the shoulder, this fierce-looking Moslem, pushed her before him through the crowd of disappointed merchants, and placing her on the back of a dromedary which stood in the lane below, he mounted himself, and proceeded at a slow and dignified pace through the streets.

No sooner had he passed through the vast currant-grounds without the gate, and fairly left the town behind him, than he urged the animal, as swift as it is unwieldy, to its quickest movement. The tremendous trot of the dromedary, which is probably unparalleled as an unpleasant exercise, quite completed the confusion of mind into which Xanthi's many miseries had thrown her, and she remained for several hours quite unconscious of the lapse of time, till she was roused by a wind of peculiar freshness, that blew across her burning forehead. Looking round, with a dim, vacant glance, she saw that she was once more on the lonely mountains. Very shortly after the Turk suddenly stopped and dismounted, and at the same moment, as he lifted her to the ground, a voice she never more had hoped to hear, a

voice, trembling, half stifled with unspeakable joy, called out—

“Xanthi!”

Instantly on all sides of her was echoed back with wild delight—

“Xanthi, Xanthi, you are welcome!”

Breathless, bewildered, she pushes back her veil with trembling hands—her knees shake under her, her lips refuse to utter a sound; her eyes instinctively turn first with their terrified gaze upon her purchaser, but he has thrown down the great turban from his head, and torn away the false beard which disguised him. It is Gogos himself who stands exulting and smiling beside her! and, in another instant, Spiro, straining her to his heart, convinces her that it is no dream, and that she is indeed restored

uninjured to her husband and her friends. And the merry brigands, enchanted at the successful expedition of their master, as well as at the rescue of the little Mainote, whom they liked so well, fairly joined hands, and danced round the young couple, half bewildered with so much joy.

We cannot do better than leave Xanthi with the klefts, dancing round her on the bright hill side; for, if the truth must be told, the rest of her career was characterized by a most practical contempt for all the laws of her country! The brigand life had appeared so charming to both her and her husband, that she passed the remainder of her days as the wife of a kleft, dwelling summer and winter in the Cave of the Nymphs.

AN IRISH ELECTION IN THE TIME OF THE FORTIES.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It is utterly impossible, upon principles of plain reason or common sense, to account for the preposterous insanity of ambition which prompts so many men of every party to seek, if possible, all those means which the ingenuity of the head and the blackest corruption of the heart united, can call into action, for a seat in the House of Commons. The fact, however, is too well known and admitted for us to philosophize upon it here, or to attempt any adjudication upon the nature and object of human ambition, as to whether it is founded upon principles that are selfish and corrupt, or disinterested and philanthropic. It is true that we have our opinion upon the subject; and we are inclined to think that any honest and impartial man who could prevail upon himself to watch the progress of an election, might probably arrive at our conclusions.

Elections present nearly the same features at all times and in all places; but as those which occurred during the existence of the Forty Shilling Franchise were perhaps somewhat more remarkable as manifestations of national manners that are now gradually disappearing, of systematic corruption equally gross and ingenious, and of gregarious and brutal degradation, which we trust superior education and more independent habits of thought may ultimately remove—we accordingly select it, not simply, however, as a mere record of the past, but with a view of startling the present generation, if it be yet possible, into something like common honesty and a sense of shame.

As is always usual, the moment a dissolution was determined on, or about to take place, an active canvass was resorted to by such as had resolved to contest the county or the borough, as the case might be. This canvass, as it was conducted in the olden time, was in general a great grievance to the people, inasmuch as

it threw the whole country into a state of idleness, excitement, and excess, that banished industry, sobriety, and honesty from the land. From the moment it commenced, all those who possessed votes during the existence of the "Forties," as they were termed, became unsettled, and at once were seized upon by a spirit of licentiousness and tumult, that was agreeable to their reckless habits, their utter ignorance, the low moral standard by which they were regulated, as well as by the unparalleled political corruption which animated and characterized their superiors. If, however, the morals of the poorer classes were in those days at a low ebb, those of too many of the gentry, and of almost the whole class of vulgar and upstart Squireens, in particular, were still worse and more objectionable. In the course of those canvasses, many an innocent and unfortunate maiden, possessed of the fatal gift of beauty, has been marked as a victim, and utterly ruined, by the young squire or squireen, or others of the profligate and jeering staff that accompanied the principals upon their tour through the county. Indeed, at the period we are writing of, the state of the whole country, in connexion especially with the right of franchise, was fearfully depraved. The whole population of the kingdom might, with truth, be divided into two classes—the lords of the soil—the squireens—and the buckeens—many of the two latter—middlemen, on the one side; and the ignorant, semi-barbarous, destitute, whipped, and trampled-on serfs, on the other. Such was the condition of the lower classes, as well as of those who drove them like unreasoning cattle to the hustings at the period laid in our description.

Parliament was at length dissolved, and those who *had* neglected the interests of the people began to make preparations for being reinvested with authority to neglect them *again*. Many fine speeches had been made—com-

missioners appointed to examine particular subjects, and reports printed in large blue books, having immense appendixes, with, as one might suppose, the special object of never being read or acted on—patriots had been provided for, or, at least, had their honesty placed in such a negotiable position as vastly increased the manifestation of their love of country. The *Outs*, in fact, had been *in*, and the *Ins* had been *out* two or three times alternately. Many who had served their party at the expense of their country, had been pensioned off, and a few whose circumstances kept them free of the pension list were each rewarded by a peerage. In fact, all those circumstances which indicate the dissolution of parliament had taken place, and, amongst others, a writ had been issued to elect a member for a particular county, which it is not necessary to mention at present, inasmuch as every one of our readers has only to suppose it to be his own, and he will necessarily be right. There were two candidates, one of whom—he who had been the sitting member in the last parliament—was a liberal—a man who, although not in trade, dealt largely in promises that were never performed, and not unfrequently in performances that were never promised. Both candidates were absentees—a circumstance which was much in the favour of each; for it so happened that in those enlightened days our virtuous countrymen—from a principle, we suppose, of national generosity—always gave a preference to the man who possessed least opportunity of knowing his country, her people, or their wants. By absentees we do not mean individuals who merely were owners of property in the country, but persons who were Irishmen by birth and descent, and who had princely residences and lordly halls, in which they did not live, unless, perhaps, during a short visit, in order to look after their own affairs.

The liberal candidate, an emancipator, and strenuous advocate of popular rights, was a very honourable and disinterested gentleman, by name Alexander Eggo; and his rival, the Tory and Orangeman, was Robert Vanston, Esq., of Constitution House. The principles of the latter were, of course, those of Protestant Ascendancy in Church and State, and, consequent-

ly, of No Popery. In truth, the contrast, so far as principles—or, at least, professions—went, were sufficiently marked to give ample promise of a fierce and desperate contest.

Vanston was a large dark man, with a composed but saturnine cast of countenance and large limbs; whilst his rival was a shrewd-looking, thin little fellow, with a lively but circumspect and calculating eye, over which jutted a pair of projecting eyebrows, and a rapidly-retreating forehead. For two months previously the whole county had been traversed and canvassed by each, either in person, or through the medium of their friends. In this canvass, Mrs. Eggo, who was celebrated for her attachment to popular privileges, rendered essential service to her husband, by a very ingenious mode of testing at once the love of fatherland and gallantry of our countrymen. On experiencing any particular difficulty in the person canvassed, and especially when she had ascertained that he was attached to the enemy, being the most beautiful married toast of the day, she placed a golden guinea between her lips, which the voter was challenged to take between his: thus turning Cupid himself into a politician by a system of such irresistible and delicious bribery. Her husband, who was very proud of her, whenever he got deeply into his cups, expressed this feeling, and it was on one of those occasions that he was asked how he could be proud of a woman who had been kissed by more than half the county. The canvass on both sides having been concluded, the first day of the election at length arrived.

The town of Ballyticklem not only from an early hour, but from the previous night, was literally overflowing. The stream of human beings that flowed into it was almost equal in point of numbers to the multitudes which flock towards a fair. Equipages of every description, from the spanking four-in-hand to the one-horse jaunting-car, were all in rapid motion towards the scene of contest—most of them distinguished by the well-known colours of the opposing candidates, and covered by large placards, having printed on them “Mr. Eggo’s Friends,” or “Mr. Vanston’s Friends,” as the case might be. Eggo’s colours were a grogam-grey, and those of Vanston a cutbeard; but some of their friends,

net satisfied with so much moderation, had procured the old standing opponents of orange and green, which they kept ready for the close of the contest, when voters on each side might begin to get scarce.

Indeed the appearance of the various grades, as they might be observed upon the two great thoroughfares that led to the town, was sufficiently striking. From the private jaunting-car, and the spruce country squireen upon his bit of half-blood, to the common hack vehicle and the frieze-coated farmer; and from the latter to the struggling tradesman; and from the tradesman, somewhat out at elbows, to the gregarious forty-shilling freeholder, clad in open multitudinous rags; from the highest link of corruption to the very lowest; from the conscious and deliberate profligate of rank, to the most unthinking, degraded, and brutal slave, throughout the manifold gradations of bribery;—all were there—most of the latter eager for corruption, and all of the former anxious to corrupt. If there were any honesty at all among them, and there was indeed but little, it was to be found in the middle classes—the fact being that the gentry and higher ranks on the upper extreme, and the low, venal vagabonds on the lower, were precisely of the same moral standing, with the exception of an odd conscientious creature among the degraded wretches, for whom no corresponding case could be got among those who sought to degrade him. There was, for instance, on the one side, education, the absence of temptation, an enlightened position in society, and what ought to be considered high moral feeling,—with deliberate corruption. On the other, there was want of education, moral ignorance, neglect, poverty, destitution, strong temptation,—with a disposition to be corrupted.

Every face now was filled with anxiety or importance. Those who knew how closely the chances on each side were balanced, felt in full force the desperate nature of the game that was about to be played; and those who were in possession of a vote, although on every other occasion looked upon only as perfect dirt under the feet of those who were now courting them with sugared words and ample promises, appeared with countenances in which could be read that spirit of the

slave, that would wax insolent with tyranny, if it were entrusted with such power as it is qualified neither by education nor feeling to enjoy. Nothing, indeed, was more striking than this. The veriest profligate, abased in morals and brutal from ignorance, with an infinitesimal stride of earth on which to ground the perjured fiction of a vote, now swaggered about with a hardened consciousness of authority, and an utter abandonment of shame and decency, that prevented one from feeling surprise at the furious scramble for corruption, which characterised his class. Principle, manly feeling, a clear and conscientious perception of duty, were altogether out of the question, and could not, except in very rare instances, indeed be seen at all. Conscience, a sense of what is due to religion, to civil freedom, or, as it is termed, political liberty, may, with but few exceptions, be sought for in vain at an election. On the contrary, the wretched people seem to forget every high and sacred feeling of honour, integrity, and truth, and to become subject for a moment to the worst and most debasing instincts of their nature. A shameless contagion of profligacy seems to prevail, which, descending, as every evil does, from the high to the low, seems to fill the latter with an insolent gratification, in being able to rival and surpass their betters in this venal and demoralizing traffic. Some few, indeed, you might see, who came uninfluenced by the contagious insanity of this brief but corrupt epidemic. Such persons, however, kept themselves aloof from the crush and the scramble, and neither ran, nor rushed, nor shouted, nor fought, nor partook at all of the disgraceful spirit which prevailed around them. These were comfortable, independent-looking men, who either drove in quietly, and without any hurry, upon their own jaunting cars, or rode in upon their plump, sleek, well-fed horses, dressed either in warm superior frieze or comfortable broad-cloth. The one you might know with his long-thonged whip in his hand, the other by his plated spurs, and both by the calm and unagitated expression of their thoughtful and intelligent faces, in which might be read, at a glance, independent resolution and minds made up to an honest exercise of their elective franchise. But, alas, how few was

the number of these true patriots ! No man can know until such an occasion as this occurs, the melancholy and humiliating materials of which the mass of society is composed throughout all its grades. It is indeed a painful and a mournful thing to think of it, and to reflect that every day in the week you are surrounded by falsehood, dishonesty, perjury, fraud, venality, and corruption, in their worst forms, and that, although you see them not, unless in the more diminished and less obcurable escapes of ordinary social trial, yet that they are before you, and behind you, and on each side, lying latent and ready to leap into active life whenever the adequate temptation shall present itself.

On every side now were seen men flying to and fro, some with letters, notes, and written communications in their hands, seeking out particular persons ; others, again, were conversing in angry knots, or indulging in loud mirth, and according as a friend or an opponent passed, they greeted him with a cheer or a groan for their respective candidates. But above all that was remarkable, and sickening beyond the power of description, was the appearance and the incessant activity of the whippers-in, or agents, the potwallopers, and others, who are the organs or conduits through which the black and filthy streams of corruption flow, and which, like other sewers, are themselves certain to retain such an ample portion of its uncleanness.

At length the hour for commencing the proceedings arrived, and a headlong rush, such as always characterizes an election, took place into the court-house. Scarcely anything could more clearly demonstrate the utter absence of all reason, and the influence of blind impetuous impulse, than the conduct of the mob on that occasion. Indeed we have never witnessed such scenes without feeling to what melancholy depths of degradation mankind can be reduced, when in the very act of exercising a privilege which should teach them self-respect, independence, and a consciousness of moral elevation. But so it is, and all that remains for us is to look on with shame and pain, and to exclaim, in a spirit of sorrow, "alas, for poor human nature !"

When the writ was read by the sheriff, a gentleman rose, and in a speech which was hissed by one half

the meeting, and cheered by the other, without one word of it having been heard by either party, "took the liberty," he said, "of proposing Alexander Egge, Esq., their well-trying friend, and the friend of civil and religious freedom all over the world. (Cheers and hisses.) Mr. Egge was no ascendancy man, anxious to erect his political superstructure upon the necks of half his countrymen, leaving the other half to be ground to dust by the millstones of irresponsible power. (Cheers and hisses.) Where was there a man who combined within the comprehensive circle of his own accomplishment so square and perfect a table of qualifications as Mr. Egge—qualifications that made him fit to represent in parliament so enlightened, so intelligent, so well-informed, so independent, and so high-minded a constituency. Was he not a first-rate man of business ? Was he not an excellent landlord ? And would he not be a resident one, also, were it not for a constitutional malady (shouts from the opposite party of "unconstitutional malady") that prevented him from living at home ? The fact was, the climate did not agree with him ; but go where he might, his heart was with his countrymen. Was he not always on the side of liberty—the liberty of the subject—and what doctrine is there on earth equal to that great code, the liberty of the subject ? Where was there such a landlord as their late excellent member ? Where was there a man so anxious to redress the grievances of all classes of his countrymen ? Whose tenants were so happy ? Was there one on his estate (unless those who were dissatisfied) who had a single complaint to make that did not experience at his hands instant attention ? (Aye, hundreds.) Not one ; he boldly defied and challenged contradiction."

All this, and much of the same common-place description, might as well have been left unspoken, inasmuch as the party opposed to him had made up their minds not to listen to a word he said.

Having brought his harangue to a conclusion, he sat down amidst a tumult of cheers and hisses, which was kept up for several minutes, not with any reference to what had been said, but merely because the one party acted in opposition to the other.

As soon again as a lull had come,

another gentleman, dressed in Orange ribbons, got up, and in a true ascendancy speech, proposed for their choice "that stanch and uncompromising Protestant, Robert Vanston, Esq., than whom the universe at large could not produce a more sterling, true-hearted Tory, of the genuine old school (immense cheers and furious hisses). He was proud to have the honour of proposing such a man; and he only regretted that it had not fallen into more competent hands. Colonel Vanston was, to all intents and purposes, that which the country stood so much in need of—a thoroughgoing true blue; an enemy, a bitter enemy to wooden shoes, and an uncompromising antagonist to brass money; against either of which he was willing and ready to sacrifice his life if it were necessary. When he mentions brass money and wooden shoes, he trusts they know what he means—(bravo, Roger—down with Popery! to hell with all Orangemen; shut your potato trap;—here there was a ferocious scuffle between the parties for several minutes)—he trusts, he repeats, that they know what he means—(it's more than you do yourself.) He is not to be intimidated—he is not ashamed of his principles—he means nothing else but Popery and Arbitrary power—against which he will protest to the last hour of his existence, and longer if it should be necessary. Let all true Protestants and Orangemen rally together like men, and prevent would-be patriots from overwhelming the country with Popery, bigotry, and superstition. The late member (Mr. Egge) is, or affects to be, a Protestant. But what kind of a Protestant?—a Protestant that would cut his own throat, in order to make himself a more useful tool for a set of rebels in disguise. There is no true Protestant there, but knows whom he means by rebels in disguise. He is not the man to fly from his colours—(here he waved an Orange handkerchief, when a general waving of handkerchiefs took place, accompanied by yells, howlings, and hisses on the one side—and by cheerings, huzzas, and shouts of triumph on the other; after which another pummeling-match took place, which lasted as before for several minutes.) At length; when order was somewhat restored, he resumed:—"He could not close without reminding the highly respectable

constituency which he had the honour of addressing, that they had on that day, and, indeed, on every day until the election closed, a highly important duty to perform. He saw himself surrounded by that most respectable and very intelligent class of men, the Forty-shilling Freeholders of this great and important county. He trusted they would do their duty. (Here there was such a waving of caubeens, as for a moment gave to the whole court-house the appearance of a rookery into which a shot had been fired; and this was accompanied by such a shaking and dangling of rags as could be witnessed nowhere but in happy, intelligent, and independent Ireland.) He addressed himself particularly to the sterling and unpurchaseable Forties—he would propose three cheers for the honest and incorruptible Forty-shilling Freeholders of their loyal county! He trusted that they knew who was their friend; or if they did not, he might fearlessly say that they would find out that important secret during the election. He was himself a warm friend to the Forties, and he would be a warm friend to them; and as a proof of it, he only invited such of them as stood in need of a friend's advice to come to him, and to those with whom he had the honour of acting on that great and important occasion, and they would make a discovery between the true friend and the false. Yes, the Forty-shilling Freeholders were men who always did their duty by their country; they were above bribery, and defied corruption; but they knew the value of true friendship, which was a quality so rare in this world; yet one that was not without its value when known. He called upon them to rally, then, around Mr. Vanston, who was their friend, and who would be their friend; and they must, by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, send an honest, high-minded, uncompromising man to represent the most independent and intelligent constituency in the kingdom."

This was followed by another conflict between the enlightened and independent Forties, many of whom were, by the way, in a state of most glorious intoxication. Cheering and groaning recommenced as before, which deepened into pulling and hawling, and ultimately into hard blows, which were dealt about promiscuously, without the

appearance of any particular enmity, but simply as a kind of relief, or exercise for the moment, or as something that was indispensable at an election, and consequently a portion of their duty.

When the last speaker had concluded, Mr. Egge rose up amidst another storm of cheers and hisses, and for some time appeared to be engaged in pantomime. At length, after about fifteen minutes of dumb show, he was heard by a dozen or two of those who were nearest him, making a speech to the following effect:—

"I know," he proceeded, "that it does not become a man to eulogize himself; but, under the circumstances in which I am placed, I feel that I would neglect an important duty to my constituents, if I were to overlook my exertions on their behalf in the House of Commons, where I have been placed by their independent votes. (Cheers and hisses.) Gentlemen, my political principles are not now a secret; they are, I trust, well known, for they have always been recorded on the side of liberty. Liberty, gentlemen, may be said to be my motto. Liberty to all; for what is or can the world itself be to a man who has it not? Gentlemen, liberty is that great principle which brings us here to-day, and which will bring my friends here also to-morrow. Liberty to the black as well as to the white—liberty to the slave as well as to the freeman. Gentlemen, there is a house—a certain house which shall be nameless—but in that house, as it is at present constituted, there is, I regret to say it, no liberty, or, at least, comparatively little. There is, however, to be found in it a small band of patriots, who are fighting her battles, among which band, I am proud to say, is enrolled the name of Egge. (Cheers, with much yelling.) Gentlemen, so long as any portion of my respected fellow-subjects, who differ from me in religion, are not permitted to share in the rights of citizenship, so long shall my humble voice be raised against the policy which excludes them. (Outrageous cheering, with several bye-battles in different parts of the house.) I am not the man to bolster up a rotten and domineering ascendancy, by admitting the one portion of my fellow-subjects to privileges which I would deny to the other. No; I am

not the man who would advocate such exclusive dealing as that. Whatever be my faults—and I suppose I am not without my share—yet I may truly say that my lot is cast in the ranks of freedom. I am an advocate for civil and religious liberty over the universal world. (Monstrous cheers.) That is my political creed—universal liberty!—freedom to all! Slavery, as the great Roman orator said, is a bitter draught; and though thousands have been made to drink of her, yet she is never a jot the sweeter on that account. Gentlemen, there was an abominable law passed on last session, laying the fine, wherever a po-tteen-still is found at work, upon the whole townland, by which means the innocent are generally punished, and the guilty escape. That law, gentlemen, shows us that the House of Commons itself is not what it ought to be. I opposed that law; I recorded my vote against it. Will my excellent friend say that he approves of it?—for I trust I may still be permitted to call him my excellent friend. (Here his honourable opponent rose and bowed, on which Mr. Egge bowed again to him, and both met half way, and shook hands. Immense cheering.) Will my excellent friend say that he approves of it? ('No,' from Vanston.) Well, I am glad he says no; for, indeed, it is with great regret I differ from him on any subject; and if he lent his powerful aid to the great cause of universal liberty, nothing on earth would give me greater satisfaction. I trust, gentlemen, that the —. Well, my respected friend says he does not approve of the law in question; but will he permit me to ask him, if he does not approve of it, why did he vote for it? I trust, gentlemen, he will be able to answer that question in a satisfactory manner; not to me, but to the constituency of this great and important county. (From Mr. Vanston — 'I pledge myself to answer it in a satisfactory manner.') I hope he may; no man will rejoice at it more than I shall. But will the honourable gentleman permit me to ask him another question, bearing on his claims to your confidence and your votes. Why is it that with liberty in his lips he can reconcile it to himself to vote against the rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen? Why is it that with freedom on his lips, but I fear on

his lips only, he can have the courage to come here to-day, and expect to be supported by those whose civil thralldom he would help to perpetuate? These, gentlemen, are solemn and important questions, and must be solemnly and clearly answered. Will my honourable friend have the confidence to say, 'here are five millions of my fellow-countrymen in slavery—and here are a vast number at present around me—I have voted against their claims to freedom—I am pledged to vote against them, yet I have the hardihood to expect that they, by their votes, will enable me to perpetuate their slavery? This is the position in which he stands—let him get out of it if he can. Who is there here who will avow himself a friend to slavery? Who is there here who will support the man whose energies are devoted to the subjugation and debasement of his brother man? If there be any such, I care not for his vote—I disclaim it—I repudiate it—I renounce the support of the man who will support slavery—I will have no such companionship. 'Evil communication corrupts good morals.' Away with him—presto, begone—'get thee behind me, Satan'—'anathema, maranatha.' Gentlemen, I am detaining you too long (so you are—no, no—go on—cheers again and hisses.) Gentleman, I am not now speaking for myself, but for you all—for as for me, I make no distinctions among you—God made none—you are all created with the same number of physical senses and qualities—all your complexions are of the same stamp (except the yellow bellies)—you have the same number of limbs, the same number of faculties, both mental and bodily—why then, since God has created you all alike, should there be distinctions made among us in favour of one class, and against another? I should wish my honourable friend to answer that question—and I trust when he rises to address you, that he will reply to some others which, with all due respect, I have taken the liberty, from a strong sense of duty, to put to him. There is a talk, gentlemen, about depriving the Forty-shilling Freeholders of their franchise. Such a report is current. May I again ask my honourable opponent, whether he knows anything about such a rumour, or whether he is of opinion that it is founded in fact? Gentlemen, what-

ever I do shall be done above board—*coram populo*. If such a monstrous step be in contemplation, I for one shall most strenuously oppose it. Through every stage of its iniquitous progress, it shall meet my most decided and energetic hostility. Never shall I suffer—whilst I have a voice to support on the one side, nor to denounce on the other—the rights of the Forty-shilling Freeholders of Ireland to be bargained away for the sake of political convenience or personal corruption. What—a class of men so free, so honest, so independent, so incorruptible—yes, gentlemen, so incorruptible, that a friend of mine who was over here at the last election, and who is also at this, absolutely said that he knew of nothing which afforded him greater gratification than the mere attempt to bribe them, that he might the more clearly perceive the extraordinary extent of their honesty. He would like to do so, he said, from principles of moral purity alone, in order to raise and confirm his good opinion of human nature, as exhibited in the high minded and unpurchaseable Forty-shilling Freeholders of Ireland! (Tremendous cheers from all parts of the house, accompanied with waving of caubeens and the dangling of rags, as before.) Do not be cast down, however, honest and high-minded Forty-shilling Freeholders;

"One faithful hand your rights shall guard"—

one voice at least shall be raised in your defence—one honest heart, honest as your own, shall be devoted to your interests, and one purse, should it be necessary, opened to protect your liberty. (The cheering here became perfectly astounding.) Gentlemen, what I say to the Forty-shilling Freeholders, I say to all, for I am the advocate of all; but I do not intend to stop here; I have no notion of merely defending your rights. This is a matter in which it is no man's duty to remain simply negative; I shall, therefore, not merely defend your rights, I shall extend them. It is my intention to bring in a bill in this session with a view to bring down the franchise from forty shillings, which, as it now stands, may be said to affect none but the most respectable upper classes of the people, for the people, gentlemen, have their upper classes, and why should they not? And who are the upper classes of the people? I boldly say, without

fear of contradiction, the Forty-shilling Freeholders of Ireland. (Deafening cheers, which lasted for several minutes.) Yes, gentlemen, among the Forty-shilling Freeholders of Ireland are to be found the true Aristocracy of the country; and I cannot but think that my Lord Paddy Mulrenin, who voted at the last election for me and freedom, and who, I trust, will also vote for me at this, is as worthy of a title as Lord Doldrum, of Castle Brainless, who got one because he voted against his country. (The cheering here became perfectly ecstatic, and the rookery again became madly in motion.) Gentlemen, if you shall do me the honour to elect me, I pledge myself to leave nothing undone to promote your interests, and in every way, both by my private and public exertions, and not your interests, gentlemen, but those of our beloved country at large; for as far as regards myself, gentlemen, I live but for you and it. I have, in fact, no private existence whatsoever—none: in every other respect I am a perfect nonentity—a *mortuum caput*; but in connexion with liberty and my country, I feel that I possess the vitality of a hundred men; and if I had a hundred voices, they should all be raised on your behalf; and if I had a hundred hands, I should open them all for your benefit. However, as it is, I have but one voice—and that I cannot give by proxy—I have but two hands also, but I must only endeavour to make my friends use both their voices and their hands on my behalf. You give us your voices, and we, as a poor substitute, shall give you our hands and our hearts. (The cheering here became not merely ecstatic but epileptic.) Gentlemen, I now beg to close with one observation which I purposely kept to the last. It is this: I shall take an early opportunity to introduce a bill into parliament for the enlargement of popular rights; in this bill it is my intention to extend the franchise to the *lower orders*. On which account it is my intention to bring it down from the rather high and substantial standard of forty shillings, to the more moderate but still highly-respectable one of half-a-crown. By this means, gentlemen, the great body of the people would be admitted into the pale of the constitution, to unite with their more respectable brethren, who now possess the privilege of voting. *Sach, gentlemen*, is my firm intention,

if I am not thwarted and defeated by that illiberal clique among whom I am sorry to see my honourable opponent—a clique, who leave nothing undone to frustrate every generous and benevolent exertion made for the welfare of mankind by the friends of universal liberty, among the humblest of whom I am proud to rank my unworthy self."

Here he sat down amidst a most extraordinary tumult. The high Tory party, consisting of Orangemen and staunch Presbyterians, who were also a vast number of them strong anti-Papists, groaned and hissed, and broke out into a most furious tumult, which was, on the other hand, as furiously and tumultuously opposed by the Roman Catholic party; so that another battle royal took place, as bitter and ruffianly on both sides as any of the preceding.

Egoe's announcement of the extension of the franchise, however, was by no means so well received as he had imagined it would have been. So far from that, the worthy Forties, on hearing that the franchise was about to be extended to other hands as well as their own; were by no means satisfied at seeing the principle of liberty, or, in other words, the prospect of gaining the wages of corruption, extended to the aforesaid other hands—hands which they knew the farther down the bribers went, were the more eager to catch at them.

Mr. Vanston now got up, and, after a fresh tumult, began to perform, for several minutes, the same description of dumb show that was exhibited by his opponent, until the cheering, yelling, and other indescribable sounds, had gradually subsided. At length he was permitted to proceed:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thank you for the cordiality of this reception; and I trust that I shall soon be able to point to the future with as much confidence as I can to the past. At the same time that I say this, I do not wish you to understand that I am a man who deals very largely, perhaps somewhat too largely, in promises—that is to say, in mere promises, unsupported by good honest performance. Promises upon the hustings at an election are always rather suspicious, especially when they have been too frequently made, and but very seldom kept. No, no, gentlemen; you may find persons who will be ready to give you enough of that commodity, and but very little of anything else. I

say you may find such persons, but I don't for a moment insinuate that my worthy and honourable friend opposite is one of them—if he will allow me the honour of calling him my friend. [Here Mr. Egoe rose and bowed very politely to Mr. Vanston, who, on the other side, bowed again, after which they met each other half way as before, and very cordially shook hands. Immense cheering, &c. &c., as before.] Well, gentlemen, having stated to you that I won't promise, I now beg to let you know what I *will* perform. And, in the first place, I think it necessary to make a frank and fearless avowal of my principles—of those principles which have regulated my past life, and which shall also regulate my future; for, gentlemen, I beg to say that I am no trimmer. I and every member of my family are of the same political creed. Be assured there are no apostates among us. No, no. We do not divide ourselves in order to have a double chance of the good things that may be going among the Whigs and Tories.”

[Here Mr. Egoe rose and asked—“Does the honourable gentleman mean anything personal by these insinuations?”]

To which Mr. Vanston replied—“Does my honourable friend feel that my words apply to him, or any member of his family?”

Mr. Egoe.—“I beg to say, certainly not.”

Mr. Vanston.—“Then I beg, of course, to say, that I made no allusion of a particular nature—I spoke generally.”

Mr. Egoe.—“Then I beg to say, that if the honourable gentleman did not speak particularly, but generally, I am perfectly satisfied.” (Great cheering.)

Mr. Vanston proceeded—“I am, gentlemen, a friend to all classes of my countrymen; and no man would or shall go farther to serve them than myself. I am a friend to my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, all of whom I would and shall serve, whenever and wherever I can; but I am at the same time bound to say, that whilst I like the man, I do not approve of his principles. I do not agree in, or sympathize with his creed, nor the politics which it teaches him—and why?—because the principles which it teaches him are such as would lead him and his whole party to establish, if they had the power, an oppressive and exclusively Catholic

ascendancy, where the many would keep down the few, whereas I am—and I glory to say it—I am for a Protestant ascendancy, where the few, thank God, are able to keep down the many. These, gentlemen, are my principles so far; but it is monstrous for the Romish community to expect to put themselves in our places, which they would do if they could, but which I hope they will never live to accomplish. Church and state, then, gentlemen—Church and State, and Protestant ascendancy, are my honest principles, with a fixed determination to support them at the hazard of my life, for I am one of those men who have already fought to defend them, and who am ready and willing, should the occasion ever come, to fight as before, for the Protestant hearths and altars of my country. And, gentlemen, by G—d he is no honest Protestant who would not. No; I protest I would not sit with, or recognise as an acquaintance, much less as a friend, the cowardly knave, being a Protestant of course, who would not defend both with his life, for the sake of our holy religion. My honourable opponent, gentlemen, has put many questions to me in the course of his speech, which I said I would answer; for indeed I am not so churlish as to refuse information to any man who, because he is conscious of his ignorance, is not a whit ashamed to ask it. He asks me, for instance, how I voted on a certain question, and I reply, that I did not vote at all; and for the best reason in the world, because it so happened that I was not in Parliament when it came on, a circumstance which clearly proves to you all that the honourable gentleman, whatever he may be distinguished for, is at least not distinguished for a good memory. And I simply throw out this as a hint, that I think every man who deals largely in promises, ought to be gifted with the very thing which he wants, such a memory as will prevent him from forgetting, among other matters, the multitude of promises which he is in the habit of making. Gentlemen, he alludes to a law that has been made in the session that has just closed, which imposes a fine upon the innocent instead of the guilty.

“It is true *he* opposed the law in parliament; but, gentlemen, there is a class of men who oppose certain measures, not I believe with a hope of de-

feating them, but because they know they will pass, and that they may, whilst they wish them well, enjoy at the same time all the credit of patriotism. Of course I do not say that this is the case, or was the case, with my honourable friend; all I can say is, that I have it from good authority that he helped to draw up the bill in private, which he so strongly and patriotically opposed in public. And further, gentlemen, I think I can say that a certain Commissioner of Excise, who shall be nameless, but who is not at least a perfect stranger to the honourable gentleman,* was the individual who got the bill alluded to drawn up, and had it introduced into the House of Commons. So much for that transaction; and I now beg to state in reply, that I would have *honestly* voted against so preposterous a bill, if I had been in parliament."

Mr. Egge.—"May I beg to ask, why the honourable gentleman lays such a peculiar emphasis upon the word *honestly*?"

Mr. Vanston.—"Because it is my habit so to do. Honesty, especially political honesty, is so rare a thing in this world, that whenever we chance to meet with it, or even to hear of it, we are bound to speak of it with as much emphasis as possible." (Cheers.)

Mr. Egge.—"Had the honourable gentleman no other motive?"

Mr. Vanston.—"I think we are here, not to explain motives, but to state principles. If the honourable gentleman is not satisfied with this reply, let him come to me at a proper time and place, and he shall have any further satisfaction that I can give, or he may require; but at this time, and in this place, I must decline to give him any further information on the subject. Gentlemen, the British constitution is a glorious constitution, and I for one am not, nor ever will be the man to strive, by forming a coalition with its enemies, to destroy the integrity, and diminish the strength of the empire. I am not a patriot, gentlemen, in the usual acceptation of that obnoxious word; but I trust I am what is still immeasurably better—an honest man, who feels neither afraid nor ashamed to avow my principles, and

who, whatever may betide, will never be found voting *against* a bill which I privately aided in planning and drawing up, so as to meet all objections that might be urged against it. I name nobody, gentlemen, nor of course, you know, do I make any allusions—but the truth is that that worthy and maligned gentleman called Nobody, has more matters of this kind to answer for than all the anybodies and everybodies in the universe. Of course, gentlemen, Nobody did this, and it is only against *him* that I throw out the insinuation. But, gentlemen, I have already stated, that although I do not relish the religious or political principles of my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, yet this circumstance does not, nor ever shall, prevent me from rendering them, publicly and privately, both as a man and a politician, every service in my power that is consistent with the integrity of the British empire, and the safety of our glorious constitution, as it is established at present in Church and State. Is not this fair? Could any reasonable man expect me to vote, or in any other way work against my own principles—for, thank God, gentlemen, I *have* principles. And now, gentlemen, having fairly stated these opinions and principles, I trust I may calculate upon your independent support. I am not, as you know, a man of promises, nor of mere words, but a plain man of work and action. As such I offer myself to you, and I have no doubt that the close of the election will find me where I aspire to be, and where I know your votes and support can place me."

Having concluded this harangue, a new row took place, more outrageous and fierce than any that had yet occurred. The pulling, the dragging, the knocking down, the throttling, and the barbarous ruffianism and violence which characterized the tumult, could not be described in suitable terms; nor would the description gratify the reader, even if it could.

Several other speeches were made; but as they all have the usual and uniform characteristics of violence and recrimination, we shall pass them over, and proceed to describe the other general features of the Election.

In those fine old times there was a

* He was his brother, and it was he, aided privately by the patriot, who got the absurd bill in question introduced and passed.

complication of machinery in the conduct of an election, which our readers will look upon with surprise, if not with incredulity. The friends, for instance, of the respective candidates had each their own peculiar task assigned them. The expenses of the whole election were generally divided between them, each man paying one-half; and in those days it usually happened that the longest purse was only another name for the best cause. The usual course was to select some experienced, ripe, old villain, to marshal all the organs of corruption according to their capacities, and, indeed, to conduct the Bribery Department in general. As, however, each candidate had a committee-room, where his friends were always assembled to issue orders, draw up addresses, concoct plans, and write squibs, we shall take the liberty of introducing the reader to that of our friend Egoe, in order that he may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the operations of the honest and independent electors who were there engaged.

On that occasion, were assembled about two dozen, or perhaps thirty, of the late member's warmest supporters, including a sprinkling of priests, who forgot the peaceful spirit of their calling, and most of the decencies of life itself, in the headlong and insane violence of religious bigotry and party feeling. Egoe himself, we put out of the question, the truth being, that he on the one side, and Vanston on the other, were mere impersonations of political depravity, and simply stood forth as its representatives, rather than as men whom the people had honestly and freely approved.

Egoe's right-hand man was an old skilful manœuverer, named Nicholas Drudge, of Gooseberry Lodge, who, having much practice in the best and safest methods of purchasing votes, was appointed to manage this difficult department, without either rule or stipulation, everything, of course, having been left to his own prudence and discretion. No man could select a better staff of agents than Nick, who, from long experience, was acquainted with every elector in the county, and could tell the nature of his franchise, from the gooseberry-bush to the property of the Fifty-pound Freeholder.

There was only another man in the county worthy of comparison with Nick, and that was Billy Burnside, a

man who, in point of fact, was equally notorious with Drudge, for the adroitness and chicanery which are so essential in the management of an election. Burnside was supposed to be a still better economist than Nick, and to be able to bribe as many with thirty pounds, as Nick could with fifty. The two worthies, in fact, were not dissimilar, either in personal appearance or in political qualifications, and were consequently hand and glove with every man of any note in the county, as well as with each other. Nick was a broad, weather-beaten, red-faced fellow, with a knowing, but by no means a sinister expression of countenance, unless when he became particularly *confidential*, and then his face puckered itself into such a varied and multitudinous exhibition of knavery as could seldom be witnessed. The mouth was small, but hard and unscrupulous; his chin and cheeks were intersected by the strong lines of cunning; move them as he might, there lurked in his eye such a disguised consciousness of his own successful duplicity, and power of overreaching, as rendered his countenance, in connection with the habits of his life, absolutely a thing to be admired. He was a round, portly-looking man, and possessed a singular, indeed a peculiar facility, not merely of expressing himself, but also a felicity of insinuation, that rendered him almost beyond all price at an election.

Burnside, in figure, somewhat resembled him, as he did also in countenance, the only difference being, that nothing, so far as the eye could infer, but the blindest good humour, and the frankest honesty that ever broke in smiles from the sunshine of a good fellow's face, could be perused upon his. In fact, they looked very like counterparts of each other, and we question whether there could have been found in the country two persons capable of attributing, without a long discussion, any superiority in their respective qualifications to either one or the other. Next in importance to Drudge, was Captain Blaze, who, in common with most of the gentry on both sides, came duly prepared with a case of duelling-pistols. Blaze was a distinguished fire-eater, who had been concerned, either as principal or second, in about twenty-seven "affairs," and was thought to be the most *au fait* in such matters, of any man in the

kingdom. Blaze was what might not inaptly be termed, Chairman of the "Intimidation Committee," that is to say, he undertook not only to fight himself, but to drill and regulate the rioters, so as that the outrages might be most judiciously distributed in different parts of the town, with a view to produce the greatest possible quantum of intimidation upon the irresolute and timid.

Third in degree may be named Larry O'Ladle, who had been cook to old Egoe, but who, for several years, was proprietor of the "Tare-an-ouns Tavern," an establishment long under the patronage of the Egoe family, who rewarded their faithful old domestic by installing him as its major-domo, in connexion with a good farm of land, which, to say the truth, made it an exceedingly comfortable thing for O'Ladle—whose province at elections was to regulate the potwallopers—to fall back upon. Each of these men was of course the leader of a particular class; but we are not now about to enumerate the hardened and hacknied squad, of which that class was constituted. In addition to these, there was a long array of relations and personal friends on each side, all of whom left nothing corrupt or dishonest undone, to promote the interests of their respective candidates.

On this occasion our friend Blaze seemed rather sulky and out of sorts, both with himself and every one about him.

"What the deuce is the matter, Captain?" asked a cousin of Egoe's; "you're pouting like a woman. What's wrong, you old fire-eater? I hope you're not afraid of 'fighting Grimes.' I'm told he says he won't allow this battle to pass without having a shot at you."

"I am not at all satisfied," returned Blaze; "I have been left in the dark too much. Curse me but Egoe's getting penurious; I fought three duels for him at the last two elections, and he had the meanness to refuse me his acceptance for three hundred pounds, after the thing was done."

"Did he promise?" asked Hetherington, his cousin, aforesaid.

"If he did not, his agent Drudge here did," replied Blaze; "however, I must see my ground better this time."

"What promise did I make you?" asked Drudge.

"I said," replied Blaze, "that he (Egoe) must give me his acceptances for three hundred in case I fought."

"Well?" asked Drudge, "proceed."

"Why," returned Blaze, "you winked at me with one eye, and said, 'Mum's the word between friends,' and squeezed my hand."

"And, you pinking old sinner, doesn't every one know that *that's* the signal for a *do*. Did I squeeze the right-hand knuckle of your middle finger, or cry, '*Wauchob's the man*?'"

"No," replied Blaze; "but I took it for granted you wouldn't humbug me in such a manner."

"Did you, though? Faith, and you were never more mistaken in your life; in such a case I'd humbug my grandfather, and the twelve apostles at his back."

"Very well," replied Blaze, sulkily; "deal with Grimes and Robinson as you best can—I know they're determined on fighting. Let matters turn as they may, curse me but I hate ingratitude and want of common honesty; and I say Egoe deserves nothing at my hands but contempt—let him fight himself."

"So he will, noble captain, should circumstances render it necessary," said his cousin; "he wouldn't be his father's son if he refused to fight. But I don't think, Blaze, you have any right to complain; you fought three duels—very good—you were paid fifty pounds for each—and, considering that two of them were directly of your own production, I don't think you have any right to complain."

"I'll tell you what," said Drudge, "if you promise to pay Blaze fifty pounds per duel, may I be hanged but he'll fight through the whole opposing party; and, unless he happens to be sent to perdition before his time, a very handsome affair he'll make of it."

"Mr. Drudge," said an agent, "I wish to have a few words with you."

"Come, Mark, my boy, something good's in the wind when you appear; what is it?"

"Why, the Forties from the Black Cosh are coming down on Thursday morning, about a hundred-and-twenty of them, to vote for Vanston; and you know if they do we're dished."

"Not a doubt of it; but what's to be done?"

"I don't know—I was thinking of a riot, and to get out the military."

"For what purpose?"

"Why, you see, by getting the military out, we might make the fellows take refuge in a lugger that's lying ready for them in the harbour; we might get them under hatches, you know, go out to sea, and keep them snug there till the election's over."

"But will you be able to manage all this?"

"Why, I'll try. Give me three hundred pounds; I want also about fifty intimidators, and I say, once for all, that none but hardened and determined fellows will do me—ruffians every one of them. You are not to suppose that fifty alone would do me, but these fellows must act as agitators and leaders, to influence the mob. It'll require nice management."

"It will; but it's in good hands, Mark, when it's in your's. I'll depend on you."

"If I fail, I can't help it—I want some flash notes."

"This is a good thought; you won't pass them, of course?"

"Perhaps not; but we can, when hard pushed, just show the word 'fifty' for instance in a clean wisp of notes, as a hint of the value to be received, and when the note is given, we then slip in a good note, not for fifty pounds, but say for fifty shillings, or some five or ten pounds, and the thing is done, and cannot be undone. We labour, by the way, under one advantage, which is, that the progress of bribery always travels slowly, no man being willing to proclaim his own disgrace, or publish his own villany."

"Mr. Drudge," said a third person, approaching, "we've got the clothes all ready, but the tailor says he won't lave them unless he's ped for them, and for one-half of what he furnished at the last election."

"Give him something to stop his mouth; I believe the miserable scoundrel was not paid, certainly; however, give him something, and promise well. By the Lord Harry, there is nothing but open robbery in this villanous world. Here now is a scoundrelly knavish tailor, who charges three prices for the new frieze dresses ordered by the Personation Committee, which in this case happens to be Larry O'Ladle, Esq., and myself. Here, O'Ladle, you potwalloping villain, what's the matter about this frieze? This Pricklouse says he wasn't paid. Now, on second thoughts,

did I not give you money to pay him at the last election?"

"Maybe so," replied Larry, with a grin; "but it's the present election we're spaking about. Maybe you did give me money to pay him, and maybe afther all that the devil a penny of it ever reached him."

"And what could have become of it?"

"Why, what has become of the snow we had last year? The money! Have you any doubt, Mr. Drudge, but that it stuck by the way?"

"Ay, but where did it stick, you confounded knave?"

"Why thin is it axin' a confounded knave where it stuck, you are? Troth he'd be a confounded fool if he could you."

"Ah, then, O'Ladle, he that would purchase you for a fool, would make the devil's bad bargain. Manage it with the snip as well as you can. How do you stand for wigs?"

"Throth we're hard enough run, sir; but it's a great thing that the 'Bishop' stands to us so regular. Be my soul, he's the best 'Forty' we have."

"What Bishop?" asked one of the gentlemen present; "I don't understand him now."

"Why," said Drudge, "there's an old man called Paddy Corrigan, a protégé of the Bishop of B——s, who receives from his lordship the munificent present of a cast-off wig every year. Now Paddy, you must know, who's a great friend of mine, lends me the wig, at every election, and by the assistance of it we are able to disguise the personators, so as to avoid detection."

"Very fair and very honest," said the inquirer; "and I suppose similar practices take place on the other side."

"Quite as ingenious," replied Drudge. "By the way, I've got a hint that Burnside has invented a new wig altogether, which promises to work wonders—so perfect, I'm told, that a man getting it on wouldn't know himself in a looking-glass."

"And all this," said the inquirer, "to aid the purity of election?"

"To aid the purity of election, that glorious principle on which our free, independent, and incorruptible electors ground their proudest boast. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can such a shameful state of things be ever changed?" asked a very

soft young man, who evidently knew little about such matters.

"By the way, what a capital Forty-shilling Freeholder Judas would have made," said the soft young fellow before alluded to; "he would have been an ornament to an Irish election."

"He!" responded Drudge; "a stupid spooney—why, the greenest among the Forties would have bought and sold him. No, no; had he betrayed both parties, and, instead of hanging himself, laughed at both whilst he pocketed the double bribery, he might then pass for a Forty; but as he stands at present, he cuts a sorry figure. Curse the fellow, I would not disgrace my books with him. Catch one of the Forties repenting, unless for the smallness of the bribe. I wish some of you would send Paddy Crudden to me."

"He can't come to you for some time," replied O'Ladle.

"That fellow's of amazing service; next to yourself, O'Ladle, he's an admirable manager. I don't know of any one who can bring a Forty-shilling Freeholder so beautifully to the very verge of intoxication, without making him incapable, as they call it, as Crudden. He pretends to religion, too, and to have scruples, a circumstance which makes the fellow look, when managing them after his way, as if he were really in earnest, so that the very novelty of it has a strong effect in keeping them within the necessary bounds."

At this moment, it happened that Paddy made his appearance, with a view of suggesting some arrangement to Mr. Drudge.

"Paddy," said the latter, on seeing him, "I wished to say something to you."

"Well, sir," replied Paddy, "here I am."

"Paddy," proceeded the other, "this will, we have reason to know, be the closest contest that ever took place in the county."

"It'll all depend, sir," observed Paddy, in a whisper, "upon the *dead men*. If they come forward, active and hearty, we won't be bate widout a hard tug, sure enough, sir."

"Have you been able to secure their clothes?"

"The most o' them, sir—barrin' twelve or thirteen that departed in Typhus, an' I've contrived to let the other party have them—ha, ha, ha!"

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"Why so, sirra?" asked Drudge—"why the devil should you do so?"

"Why, to reward them, sir, for their honesty; they're from the Black Cosh, and sure if the Typhus got among them, sir, it might give us the advantage another time, you know."

"Ingenious enough, Paddy; but the Typhus votes, you blockhead, might carry us through the present struggle. Besides, man, what signify a few deaths, after it is over, among our own friends, provided they have died nobly in the cause of liberty, Paddy, and purity of election, you villain. Secure the Typhus votes in spite of all risks, Paddy, and manage the intoxication properly, as usual."

In this manner the arrangements on each side proceeded, every agent having been assigned his peculiar province of villany.

During the first day, there was little done in the way of voting, the time having been, as usual, occupied in proposing and seconding the candidates, and in addressing the electors, not a single man of whom was influenced by a speech made, or an argument urged on the occasion. There were, in fact, only two classes of voters—those whose minds had been long made up, previous to the day of contest, and those who were determined to support the highest bidder.

In fact, the great principle on which all elections are conducted and carried is that of hard swearing, or, in other words, of enormous perjury and the most extensive bribery. A false oath in an Irish election is not only not considered as a thing wrong in itself, but is laughed at nearly as much as any conscientious fool is, who may have the hardihood to entertain scruples about it.

Our readers may perceive that we are not at all disposed to gloss over the gross and corrupt profligacy of an Irish election; and the reader is right. We have indeed no such intention; and we doubt not but we shall draw down a heavy portion of patriotic indignation on our back from men who would rather see such social and moral abominations continue in the land, than have the country disgraced, as they call it, by an honest exposure of them. Our Repeal friends, especially, will no doubt pour a torrent of wrath upon our heads, for having firmly drawn aside the veil which has hitherto concealed

those enormous practices in corruption; but before they assail us, let them remember that it was this infamous familiarity with perjury and bribery, in their worst forms, which so thoroughly tainted the heart of the country at the period of the Union, that there was not as much unadulterated honesty left among us as was sufficient to save the country. And, whatever they may think, the writer of this is of opinion, that until knowledge and moral elevation shall be communicated to our countrymen, by means of a sound and truthful education, a domestic parliament, if it were again restored to us, would be again purchased with as much facility as it was in Eighteen Hundred.

It was on the second day that the business of the contest seriously commenced. On the first, Blaze, the fire-eater had evidently been satisfied, as he appeared early the next morning on horseback, with a powerful cutting-whip in his hand. From this circumstance, it was perfectly well-known that shots would be exchanged, and the more so, as a champion, named "Split-bullet Buxton," similarly equipped, was parading himself upon the other side.

One would imagine now, that two gentlemen so singularly bellicose as the pair we have described, would almost have set a-horsewhipping each other as soon as they met. Nothing, however, could be farther from their brave and honest hearts, than any such intention. They understood each other a great deal too well for that. Their first duty was, certainly, not to fight with each other in a spirit of wantonness and blood, but to intimidate and coerce, wherever they could, all such as were remarkable for a shrinking and timid character, and who wished to avoid notoriety.

"Buxton," said Blaze, when they met, "an even ten we beat you."

"No," replied Buxton, "I know it will be too close a contest to lay a wager on it; and, between you and me, Blaze, my dear fellow, I can't afford, no more than yourself, to lose a ten-pound rag just now. Do you expect any fighting on this occasion?"

"Why," replied Blaze, "I don't know. I should suppose so. Do you?"

"Begad, I can't exactly say. I think you ought to know best. Heaven

forbid there should not be at least two or three little matters of the kind. Try and get me up a couple—will you, Blaze, like a good fellow?"

"Well, I don't know—perhaps I may—one good turn deserves another; you won't forget your friends on the other side, perhaps."

"Certainly not, if it's an understood case."

"Very well, then, let it be an understood case."

And with this mutual intimation of their intention, the two belligerent worthies separated, to support the cause of truth and liberty.

The violence which now prevailed throughout every part of the county was not merely beyond belief, but beyond the powers of description itself. Of course, as it was known that the contest would be sharp and severe in the extreme, accordingly each of the candidates found it necessary to summon assistance from all quarters. Supporters from England, Scotland, the Channel Islands, and from the continent, were written for, and lost no time in coming to the aid of their respective friends. The metropolis, however, and the neighbouring towns, supplied a large quota of auxiliaries to each candidate, but principally to Mr. Vanston, whose voters being of a higher and more respectable class, were dispersed about in different parts of the kingdom at large. On this account it is scarcely necessary to say that the public coaches, cars, and other usual modes of conveyance, were crowded with those who came to support the Tory candidate. And here it was that the beautiful and civilized principle of perfect liberty, which the glorious freedom of election developes, was seen to the uttermost advantage, and by those very men, too, who had most of it in their mouths. The conduct of the Liberals, so to call them, was probably the finest illustration of hell let loose, that ever was or could be witnessed by living man. How any one claiming to rank among decent men, much less those who compose the gentry of the country, could connive at, or sanction such unparalleled brutality and ruffianism, is a problem which only can be solved by those who know what they mean by patriotism. How men, coming forward to make long and violent harangues in favour of liberty, whilst they trample upon it in all its shapes,

by an exhibition of the lowest, the wildest, and most savage tyranny—the diabolical outrage of a blind and besotted mob—is another problem that can find its solution only on a similar principle.

Be this as it may, the scenes which were now witnessed along the different lines of conveyance and public thoroughfares were disgraceful to the very name of man itself. Hordes of drunken and infuriated savages (with pardon for applying so civilized a term to such men) had got possession of all the passes, and whenever a batch of voters of opposite politics were seen, the onslaught immediately commenced.

The mail-coaches were stopped, the traces cut, the vehicles in many instances broken to pieces, and the respectable persons, on their way to vote, were seized upon with a fury that can hardly be accounted for at all, and treated with desperate and merciless outrage. To such a degree, indeed, did freedom of election prevail, that they were dragged about, and beaten, and trampled on, not as if they were men coming to exercise a legal and just privilege, in the possession of which they were all so clamorous, but as if every one of these unfortunate men had been a detected murderer, striving to escape, after having perpetrated some cruel and cowardly assassination. To hear the shouting and yelling, to witness the flying about of the excited multitude, broken into small masses, or larger mobs, as they were—to look on the wounded victims of blind popular fury—here a man borne away, amidst hisses, shoutings, and groans, in a state of insensibility—there, another kept on his limbs and protected by the police—and in a different direction again, a band of twenty or thirty military putting to most shameful and cowardly flight no less than six or eight thousand of these brave and independent men; to witness, we say, and look upon such outrages as these with one's own eyes, was enough to make the spectator groan, at the bare idea of popular liberty, and wish in his heart that, instead of living under such a form of government as made them necessary, he were located under some honest and well-regulated despotism, where he could exercise his serfdom in *quiet slavery*, or be strung up, or *Siberianized* in a manner that must be

gratifying to his vanity, inasmuch as it shows him that he is considered of more importance in the eye of the autocrat, than those who are left behind him.

After all, it is to be feared that poverty is only another name for guilt. Yet how, again, can we say so, especially when we reflect, that those who urged, excited, tempted, and goaded these starving wretches to such brutal and inhuman excesses, were not themselves in the slightest degree affected by poverty. Yet such was and such is the case. But, by all that is true, and honest, and upright—by all that loves liberty, and will consequently concede it to others—by all that hates violence, and blind, unthinking outrage—let us hope that the day will come, when our countrymen will learn to act through the intervention of reason—that is, of calm, reflecting sense, and will feel that they should not take one single step in anything without knowing, by proper information and rational conviction, the difference between the conduct of a senseless and unreasoning brute, and a civilized man, designed by God to think and act for himself, in all that pertains to the duties of life.

The ingenuity displayed in these atrocities, was only a proof of the advantages which the talents of Irishmen might confer upon their country, if those who take such pains, for selfish purposes, to prostitute and corrupt them by these vile practices, were to bestow half the pains in raising and instructing them, and in attempting to improve their social and domestic condition. Instead of this, they are treated like some vile instruments that happen to be useful for a moment, but that moment being over, and the occasion for using them past, they are flung uselessly aside, until some scheme of corrupt ambition, creating a fresh emergency, causes them to be summoned, like evil spirits, from their miserable obscurity, once more to be dismissed to their limbo of domestic destitution and social misery.

To return, however. We said that the ingenuity exhibited in some of these atrocities was extraordinary, and a proof, that in whatever qualities our people are deficient, natural intellect is certainly not among them. As the electors came in, and voted either for this person or that, they were assailed

by hissings and execrations, or by cheerings and exclamations, from the respective mobs. But this was not all; ruffians were stationed among the friends of the popular candidate, with pieces of red and white chalk in their hands, who, as the electors passed out, took care to score their backs with either colour, in proportion to the political enormity of their crime. A score of white chalk, for instance, was a signal to that portion of the crowd that the person thus marked had voted against the popular candidate, and deserved to be well beaten; whereas the red mark intimated a still more fearful punishment—to wit, that the individual bearing it might have his brains knocked out, or be beaten to death.

Neither was this violence designed only for such persons among the lower classes, as may have rendered themselves obnoxious by their votes. So far from that, individuals in the higher ranks found it necessary to carry arms for the defence of their lives, and, in many instances, nothing but a most extraordinary forbearance on their part prevented them from resorting to their use. As it was, several unfortunate electors were most inhumanly assaulted, many of them left for dead, and no less than two killed, before the close of the third day.

Now, had all this, or any portion of it, been attended by a feeling of alarm, anxiety, or remorse, on the part either of the people themselves who com-

mitted these excesses, or of those who, by drink, bribery, and corrupt promises, goaded them on to the commission of them, one might entertain some hope that the feeling of outrage was not altogether unmingled with some qualities that might serve to redeem it. But, alas! there was nothing at all of this qualifying character visible among them, on any side. On the contrary, the predominant spirit was a coarse, frightful ferocity, at once full of earnestness and mirth, seeming as if the whole system of the election, including all its perjuries and atrocities, were compounded of anxious business and reckless amusement. On looking at the crowd, and reading the feeling of the occasion in their eyes, there was obvious an expression of outrageous excitement and delight, such as most significantly indicated the tenor of the whole proceedings. The brow seemed ushered with intoxication and passion, or pale with apprehension; the eye turbid and gleaming, the hands quivering with excitement, and the whole frame under the influence of those savage impulses, would enable any calm, disinterested person to perceive at a glance how far the practices usual at elections are calculated to promote the cause of civil liberty, or, what is equally high and important, that of social morality, and those humanities of life without which man is little better than an untamed animal howling in his jungle.

AMERICA AND ITS REALITIES.*

WHAT is the reason that, of all countries in the world, the most difficult one of which to get an accurate, a just, and candid account, is America? That it is so, is unquestionable. Did any one ever see a book on America, written by a European, that came up to the American standard of what a good book on America should be? On the other hand, a large proportion of the British people have no standard at all on the subject; and accordingly a great number of the works written to meet their taste, bear on the face of them the impress of caricature. It is true there is an incipient improvement in the character of the travellers; and of course in the spirit, and tone, and truthfulness of their observations. Men holding a certain position in society—scientific men, the Lyells and Fetherstonhaughs, who have travelled and reported; and again, those who have encountered, on public occasions scientific or religious, the distinguished Americans who have been wont recently to visit these countries, or who have maintained a correspondence with such men on the other side of the Atlantic—these have done much to disabuse the public mind, and to impart to it correct notions of men and things in America. Still, the impressions produced by preceding writers are far from being erased. This is especially the case with those created by writers of popular works of fiction; a class of authors so habituated to exaggerate for effect, that they often unconsciously overstate, understate, and misstate what they wish their readers to regard as facts. We have no hesitation, for instance, in declaring that “Jonathan Jefferson Whitelaw” gives a much more trustworthy picture of the characters and scenes it professes to delineate, though avowedly a work of

fiction, than the “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” by the same author; and that the reader of the *former* will have not only a more vivid, but a more accurate delineation of life in the new settlements, and in the slave states, than the reader of the *latter* will have, of life and its realities in the original states of the union. So much stronger is the *habitus* of depicting from fancy, with a basis of truth and facts, than the *power* of describing from observation, when the medium is discoloured by prejudice.

The poet of life and manners who lived many centuries ago—the Crabbe of the court of Augustus—who was low of stature, early grey-headed, fond of sunny weather, soon angry and easily pleased, and who knew human nature well,—after some eight or nine *lustra* had matured his judgment, and added to it the discipline of close and accurate observation, introduces his rustic sage as summoning his auditors to listen, and form their opinions of a certain important subject “impransi;” and he assigns as the reason

“Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus Iudex.”

Now *one* reason for the unjust and untrue portraiture so often given of America and Americans, is, that their authors are in a condition as prejudiced, and as unfavourable for giving an accurate delineation, as an epicure would be for discussing the virtues of temperance

“Inter lances mensaque nitentes
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falsis, animus meliora recusat.”

There is, no doubt, another reason, in the difficulty of the subject itself. America, from the Atlantic to the

* “America, its Realities and Resources: comprising important Details connected with the present Social, Political, Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial State of the Country, its Laws and Customs, together with a Review of the Policy of the United States that led to the War of 1812, and Peace of 1814, the Right of Search, the Texas and Oregon Questions, &c., &c. By Francis Wyse, Esq.” “Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.” 3 vols. cloth, 8vo. London: Newby. 1846.

Mississippi, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, contains a most heterogeneous assemblage of men and things. It includes a very high degree of civilization and refinement, a large amount of wealth and luxury, a fair proportion of moral and religious excellence, and no ordinary share of scientific and intellectual attainment;—yet embracing a state of society closely bordering on the savage, with habitations, manners, and propensities almost such as are found in a state of nature,—leading to exhibitions of ignorance, brutality, and crime, that tempt one to renounce alliance and kindredship with them as degrading to our kind. There are, besides, within the territorial region familiarly and popularly styled America—though, however immense in size, it is yet but a part of it—not only every religious denomination almost, to be met with in *books*, but many *new* varieties springing up daily with all the prolific fertility of a soil not under the usual checks of an old country, and the restraints of long-established and settled society; and yet the well-directed visitant will meet with piety the most sincere, education in its highest aspects, eloquence unsurpassed even on its most favoured scene—the British senate, and patriotism not unworthy of Greek or Roman fame; and again, it will be very easy, if his tour be comprehensive, for him to encounter the most ignorant and brutal barbarism, and the most rude and wretched civil and moral degradation.

And yet, how often, if the remarker be partial or prejudiced, is some one phase of society, or scene, or fact, fixed on, and vividly depicted, and then exhibited with the motto appended, “America and the Americans.” As well might a Chinese landing in England, and being introduced into a Guildhall feast, or dropt into a drawing-room in Bruton-street, write home an account of these as specimens of the universal style of living in England; and another do the same after being spectator of a Somersetshire wrestling match or a South Wales mining scene. One American landing in Derry, and taking up a newspaper

with a notice to its country readers, that the flax market, usually held on Wednesday, will be held on Thursday, as Wednesday is the fast day in all the Presbyterian churches, might return with the tidings that the Irish are all Presbyterians, and of course rigid Sabbatarians, as they keep church holidays so strictly; and another landing at Westport, and falling in with a Mayo “patron,” or at Cork, and encountering an Ownabuye-river, after-mass, chapel-meeting, with Father M’Namara and Dr. Ahearne as the chief speakers, might carry away the information that the Irish are all repealers, Romanists; the people ragged and noisy; the priests uneducated, ill-mannered demagogues; and that Sunday is their great day for riotous, political assemblages under the garb of charity, or for boisterous and savage amusement. Travellers ought to discriminate.

But besides the discrimination, we insist on those who describe a people being, in our application of the term, “impransi;” neither bribed by being fêted and feasted like Lord Morpeth and Charles Dickens, nor being made to “sup full” of dislike and chagrin, either from neglect and disappointment, or as being the victims of pecuniary loss, and martyrs to the failure of political anticipations. We abhor the principle—or rather the no principle—of “Reputation” as much as any Englishman and all honest Americans do, as being alike dishonest and dishonorable; yet we would not give a “shin-plaster,” to borrow an Americanism for the nonce, for the opinion of the late Canon of St. Paul’s, the Rev. Sidney Smith, on the subject of the general character of the Americans for honour and integrity, the morning after the post brought him the tidings that he was some thousands a loser by that principle, or, rather, that reckless abandonment of all principle, by his favourite republicans; and that, too, though the opinion were expressed with all his proverbial causticity, involving the whole people in the guilt of individual defaulters, including even those Americans who suffered more severely than himself.* And, besides,

* The “shin-plasters” were promissory notes, passing as specie, for small sums, to be paid in the wares of the issuer, in a time of scarcity of the circulating

we think the sympathizers with democracy well merited the lesson thus practically taught them—who sent their solid cash abroad, after Transatlantic speculations, in order to bolster up their favourite theoretical opinions by aiding in the practical success of republican institutions; instead of vesting it at home, in Ireland, in national works of public, practical, and remunerative utility, to which genuine patriotism would have prompted them to apply it.

We had always understood, again, that the better class of American women were scrupulously delicate, even to fastidiousness, and that the men, moving in the same circle, were women-worshippers, even in the extreme; and would undergo any inconvenience rather than suffer a breeze unseasonably to breathe upon them. And so we were quite at fault to account for Mrs. Trollope's descriptions, till we learned from her American "Aristarchuses" that she had travelled in company with Fanny Wright, and lived with her for a season in "the Far West," and all the while had not been joined by her husband or any male relatives, as had been expected from her representations. This companionship we at once saw, with the lecturer on the rights of women, was not likely to prove attractive to the higher American female society; and wondered not, therefore, that her society was the opposite of sought after, however high her introductions to Parisian and Viennese coteries might have been; and so we arrived at the conclusion that it was quite possible to account for the respective estimates given by that lively literary lady, of "manners" on the continent, and "manners" in America.

If you take up Mr. James Silk Buckingham's three massive volumes, entitled "America, Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive," you will get a great amount of multifarious information. This you might expect, of course, even from the size of the book; for, if you want to know about the "Slave States" and "Canada," you

must add the perusal of three equally ponderous tomes. But besides the quantity to be perused, you must pay the tax of following him through all the lectures he delivered, and the public meetings he attended, and the speeches he made on all subjects, and the festivities afforded him, and the votes of thanks he received, and his lucubrations on republicanism and voluntarism; through all which the *tinge* will tell you that he was not "*impransus*" at any point of his extensive tour. And if you pass to the "American Notes" of Mr. Charles Dickens, you will find all tested by the standard of London life. Even the phraseology of the hotel-waiters is deemed worthy of animadversion. At every stopping-place you will find that the author was an object of wonderment to the gaping crowd; that when the rumour ran that the founder of the Pickwickians was arrived by coach or steamer, the question was echoed from mouth to mouth, "Which is he?" And then you will learn how magnanimously the traveller's modesty was shocked at it; and how deplorably scanty, in some places, the bed-chambers were, in the articles of carpeting, soap, and basins; and the awful rapidity of deglutition at the boarding-house tables. Even the colour of the stream of the mighty "Mother of Waters" (Mississippi) was not sufficiently bright for one whose eyes were used to the silvery Thames. And then, upon the principle of even-handed justice, you are bound to count the "Change for the American Notes," and you will not be much wiser from the contemplation of tilting and retaliation.

We disapprove of all authors, American or European, that cater to American vanity on the one hand, after lauding their very blemishes, and fostering their morbid disposition to compete with England, in points in which the peculiarities of the two countries render them respectively incompatible, instead of resting their claims upon things of unquestionable excellence. And we equally repudiate all writers that minister to British

medium. There were so many "casualties" possible between the time of issuing and presentation for payment, and so often the issuer was *non inventus*, that the term became proverbially expressive, though not exceedingly euphonious.—*Wyes*, i. 210-213.

self-elation, on the other hand, by holding our Transatlantic brethren up to contempt, and thus fostering rankling animosity; tending, as it does—especially when clothed in a kind of demi-official authority—to perpetuate unkindly and discordant feelings between those who are, and who should live as brethren. We do not at all like the system that would, upon the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, make such a sentence as the following, a specimen of American phraseology:—“Our fists are mountains; every step is an earthquake, every blow a thunderclap, and every breath a tornado,” and then talk of American gasconade. Nor that would make the circumstance which we have witnessed, of a respectable and educated New-Yorker, a member of the bar, laying down his knife and fork at a dinner-table, and decoriating his “murphy” with his thumb-nail—a type of American vulgarity. Whatever he was in morals, Aristippus was the model of what a traveller should be in America—

“Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res,
Tentantem majora, fere presentibus equum.”

Of this kind were Dr. Lyell* and Mr. Fetherstonhaugh,† among others, and, to a certain extent Mr. Buckingham, of whom we shall have occasion to make use before we close. It is now time, however, to pay our respects to the author whose work stands at the head of this article, Mr. Wyse.

We have heard a very respectable publisher say that a good preface is a mighty advantage to a book—especially if it follow a copious title-page; for it affords a reviewer an opportunity of giving a full account of the work, without forcing him to read it. Such reviewers will find Mr. Wyse's title-page sufficiently copious, as it promises “important details connected with the present social, political, agricultural, commercial, and financial state of the country, its laws and customs,” &c. &c. And his preface, after depreciating preceding works as not conveying “to the discriminating and impartial reader, much less to the British emigrant, any real, solid, or use-

ful information,” declares the author's design to be, “to supply the void that thus exists—to present the British public with some correct data, on which to ground its opinions, and to furnish the emigrant of all grades and professions, with every useful instruction to assist and guide him in his hazardous undertaking.” His qualifications, he says, are “the experience acquired by a considerable sojourn in the country, improved by observation and inquiry.” Now, we submit that this would make a very respectable notice; but as we would not deal out their own Lynch-law even to the Americans, we are compelled to add that our author is not “*impransus*,” that by far the largest part of his statistical details did not require a residence of a day in America—though they may be useful to those who may not have access to almanacs, guide-books, States tourists, American Facts Books, &c. &c.; that his own personal experience, as far as appears from his book, however lengthened his residence, was limited to a very ordinary and contracted tour—that on the subjects of religion, education, and the state and conduct of our countrymen in America, of his own, that is, the Roman Catholic religion, he appears to labour under deep-seated prejudices, though he has exposed the hollowness of pretended sympathy with the Repeal cause; that losses in commercial dealings, and disappointments in law affairs, seem to have soured his temper, and led him to violate the laws of logic, by founding universal assertions upon particular facts; and, in fine, that from whatever cause, the language of the work abounds in inaccuracies; and the work itself labours under defects, some, perhaps, which might have been corrected, had he been patriotic enough to have the work published in his own country—others, that bear the impress of inexperience in composition; but altogether forming an amount sufficient to furnish examples of the violation of most of Lindley Murray's rules regarding propriety, accuracy, simplicity, and elegance of expression.

Of the defects which his nationality

* Lyell's Travels in North America. 2 vols. Murray, London: 1845.

† Fetherstonhaugh's Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington on the Potomack, to the Frontiers of Mexico. 2 vols. 8vo. 1845.

would have prevented, we cannot avoid mentioning one, which, however unimportant to the tribe of unread book-notice writers, is a very seriously inconvenient one to a thoroughgoing justice-loving reviewer; and certainly not less so to every ordinary reader; that is the utter absence of either a table of contents at the beginning, or an index at the close; so that if he has occasion to refer back to anything, or desires to compare one statement with another, he is compelled to tumble over the greater part of the book, before he finds what he is in quest of. Even in the numbering of the chapters of contents, as they occur, there is a strange and perplexing inaccuracy. There are thirteen chapters in the first volume; the enumeration begins anew in the second volume, i. ii.; but then the author, or compiler, or corrector (?) seems to have changed his mind, and determined to carry the enumeration through the book; and, instead of iii. we have xvi.; then he again changes his purpose, and we next come to iv., and so on to the end of the volume. The others—a few, at least—we shall merely glance at; and so pass on to matters of mightier moment. As we read, we noticed some score or two of expressions of the description we have above mentioned, till about half through the first volume; and then we ceased to mark them. For instance, the nominative looking after its verb in vain: “Nations, heretofore distant in their geographical position have been brought into close affinity to each other; and a rapid and increased *interchange* of mind, as of merchandise, amongst the first of its beneficial consequences” (p. 2). Then a whole series of clauses (p. 4) in a similarly anomalous condition: “Independent of the casualties incidental to machinery, however perfect its construction, &c.; superadded to this, the disagreeable, tremulous motion, &c.; added to which the general murky and sooty condition of all on board, &c. ;” and so the sentence closes, without a verb, affirming or denying any thing of the same contingencies. Then he speaks of the “trade winds, blowing continually from the eastward, in the latitude of the tropics” (p. 26); and of icebergs, “these moving mountains, reflecting each shade of the evening sun (p. 29); and of “disregard of de-

gency, existing at the capitals of many of the states which generally constitutes the head-quarters of jobbers,” &c. Then we have sentences of such structure as the following: “A lawyer of any note, or in good practice, may reasonably hope to realize some six or eight thousand dollars per annum; and which presents much stronger motives to his exertion than he could possibly ever feel in the prospect or possession of a seat on the judicial bench” (p. 110). By-and-by we come to, “records, bearing testimony to the malversation and abuse that everywhere abounds” (p. 116); and anon we have “Lynch-law, &c., and which is even attempted to be sustained in its principles” (p. 126). We meet everywhere with such slovenly phrases as, “We were pointed out,” &c., when the meaning is, “there was pointed out to us;” and “early instructed notions,” when the meaning is imparted or acquired, (p. 269). But we must forbear. We can tell the author, that the educated Yankees—whatever idiomatical peculiarities may characterize their conversational style in certain districts of the country, or circles in the towns—write grammatically. Some of them are critics of quick apprehension; as for instance, one who pointed our attention, coming out of the railway station-house, Westland-row, to the inscription over the school-house directly opposite—the Model Infant School; but which reads, “Infant Model School,” and asked how soon we expected the *infant* model-school to become *adult*; adding, that in New York they had *model* schools, but they did not pass through the stages from infancy to puberty. Low as is his estimate of the American daily and weekly press—and much of it is villanous—there are not a few newspapers, such as the *United States Gazette*, the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, the *Morning Courier* and *New York Inquirer*, the *Daily Commercial Chronicle*, that would not dishonour the editorial talent of London or Dublin. In periodical literature, scientific, biblical, or general, the American can compete with that of any country; as the *North American Review*, the *Biblical Repository*, and *Silliman's Journal* can testify.

We shall now, first of all, give our readers an idea of what they may expect from Mr. Wyse's book; and shall

then justify, by example, our censures, —thereby rendering a real service to the work, as our recommendation of it, for what deserves commendation, will be manifestly impartial. It is evidently *intended* to be the emigrant's guide, whether he is a merchant, a farmer, or a mechanic; and its *tendency* is decidedly to discourage emigration. With the information bearing upon the pursuits of these three classes, there is a good deal of miscellaneous matter; and a part of it bears on the relations of America with England. Mr. Wyse lands at New York, after a very gloomy passage of thirty-eight days, under a saturnine American captain, who had nearly left him, the ship, and other passengers, among the icebergs about Newfoundland. He then takes up the subject of emigration, and classing the emigrants according to their nations—Germans, English, Scotch, and Irish—he is led to notice the dispute between the Irish and the "Nativists." He proceeds to consider the constitution of the United States in general; and then that of each particular state, beginning with the thirteen original states, and proceeding to the others in succession, till he comes to the last, Texas. Our author next introduces us into the courts of law, on which, and the administration of justice, and lawyers in general, he is not very complimentary; this leads him, by an easy transition, to Lynch law, mob law, and sympathizers. His next topics are, religion, education, and the press; on all of which we think him an unsafe guide. He then passes to commerce; which, of course, introduces repudiation, currency, banking, and the post-office. Hence he passes to slavery; on which we shall have occasion to quote him with approbation. The American army and navy, his next subject, leads to a summary of the last war with this country; and so a discussion of the right of search, diplomacy, the annexation of Texas and Oregon.

The author then resumes his particular object, and takes up the agricultural emigrant; and so enters upon the land far west, the settlers, the traders; and in two chapters—8 and 9 of vol. ii.—gives much valuable instruction and judicious advice. In the third volume he takes up the tradesman and mechanic; goes over in detail

the productive trades; and closes by a geographical and statistical history of each particular State. It will be obvious, from this brief review, that though the arrangement is not very logical, after all deductions are made there is much that the general reader, and especially the emigrant, will find very valuable.

We have said, in the commencement of this article, that American travelers should discriminate; and this is particularly necessary on the subject of religion—as the New England states, originally colonized by the Puritans; the old states of the Union, such as New York and Pennsylvania, where there is a large proportion of Dutch and German settlers; the back settlements; and the slave states—present aspects of religion as different as can well be conceived among people designated by a common term Americans, and living in the same country. In the first of these, the external forms of the original settlers continue to prevail; though a deplorable change from their sound scriptural doctrines, to "the God-denying heresy," Unitarianism, has, especially in and around Boston, become fearfully prevalent. In the second, the proportions of religionists—whether Roman Catholics, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, or Congregationalists—more accord with England; and here it is, especially in the large towns, that infidelity abounds. It is not, perhaps, in reality, more prevalent than in the great manufacturing towns in England or Scotland, though, from the constitution, laws, and state of society, more unblushingly professed; and with similar efforts, by the different bodies separately, to counteract it, as well as by united efforts in the form of town missions and visiting associations; but without the advantage of parochial division and a local established clergy. In the third division—the far west—while all sects are making strenuous efforts to make religious instruction keep pace with the rapidly extending population, there is a deplorable deficiency of ministerial superintendence. And in the last—the slave states—with the same external forms as elsewhere, the accursed system deteriorates the tone of moral feeling, and lowers the standard of Christian practice to an awful degree; and the

sin of countenancing and succumbing to it lies, in a greater or less measure, at the door of them all. Doctor Lyell, whose book contains much impartial, general information, though he travelled and lectured as a geologist—when at Newhaven, Connecticut, says :

“ The town, with a population of 21,000, possesses fine avenues of trees in the streets, which mingle agreeably with the buildings of the University, and the numerous churches, of which we counted more than twenty steeples. When attending service, according to the Presbyterian form, in the College Chapel on Sunday, I could scarcely believe I was not in Scotland.”—*Travels*, i. p. 14.

It is in the large, and comparatively densely peopled old states, that the Roman Catholic religion chiefly prevails, though their missionaries are following the settlers into the back settlements. So much are they feeling their strength, that one of their bishops maintained a public discussion at Cincinnati, the western capital, for several days, with a countryman of ours, a noted disputant, Alexander Campbell, formerly a Presbyterian minister, but now the founder of a Baptist sect, bearing his name. They (the Romanists) are chiefly emigrants from Ireland; and as long as they were comparatively few and poor, and devoid of power or influence in municipal and state elections, they were quiet; and our ears were stunned with the laudations of American liberality, as contrasted with British intolerance, by Irishmen in America, and our patriots at home, *on the one hand*; and *on the other*, by the Americans themselves, who took the agitators' account of the Irish Romanist, as a paragon of a meek, and peaceful, and persecuted being, as true; and who firmly believed and broadly asserted that the native Irish were the most enslaved and oppressed people under the sun, and their clergy—under persecution worse than any of the *ten*, outdoing in submissive patience the primitive pastors of the Christian church. They grew in numbers, however, and in wealth; the dormant spirit that burns in the bosoms of the MacHales, the O'Higginses, and Cantwells, was kindled in the American-Irish priests;

their subjects became possessed of the rights of citizenship; they were banded as a solid phalanx under their clergy; they tried to predominate where lately they were contented to be tolerated; they wanted state grants for exclusively Romish education, instead of being contented to share in the grants for common educational purposes. The Americans became alarmed; they formed societies for the protection of native interests; the rulers and people became convinced that there was nothing in Republican institutions that could extract the *virus* out of the system. Then came reaction, collision, the Charleston Convent-burnings, the Philadelphia riots—which, like all violence and all riots, we abhor; and most, when on the side of truth and right, which need them not, and disclaim them—and now comes the tale of the persecution of the innocents, the sufferers for religion and conscience sake!—

“ Each individual contributes to the support of the church to which he may belong, without entrenching upon the pockets of his neighbour, or filching from his hard earnings, to sustain in worldly and anti-apostolic affluence the idle and intolerant—the frequently persecuting ministers of an opposing and dominant creed. Sectarian animosities are, nevertheless, found to exist in America as elsewhere. It is not because transplanted to another soil that the Presbyterian is the less selfish and illiberal in his notions—the Episcopalian the less insolent and domineering in the assumed superiority of his recent faith—or the unlucky Catholic the less persecuted because no longer subject to the legal proscription that marked his inferiority in the old country. The same passions and prejudices—the same injustice and illiberality—the same intolerant and anti-Christian spirit that has so often betrayed itself—set man against his fellow-man, and embittered all social intercourse in the old world, are often found to exist in the same prurient state—in the same freshness and energy, among their descendants in the new.”—i., p. 269.

But, in an earlier part of the volume, p. 59 *et sequens* he had condemned his emigrant countrymen for their

“ Too frequent and busy interference in all matters of internal or domestic

government, in which the circumstance of their early naturalization has permitted them to take part—the violent partizanship of their general proceedings in all municipal and other contests, to which he had often painfully borne witness.”

He had declared that

“They carry with them, in too many instances, to the new world, the prejudices and dislikes engendered by early associations in the old—the sectarian animosity; the unsettled and peculiar notions which the absence of all liberal and enlightened instruction, together with the sickly influence of a morbid political excitement to which they are ever subject in their own country cannot fail to produce.”

He had asserted that the Irish Romanist, in America, is

“Generally found amongst the most busy, and uproarious in his interference at every election: classing himself as of the ultra-democracy of the country, and frequently carrying his notions of liberty, in the exercise of his newly-acquired right, to the verge of licentiousness.”

And then, when he has tried to re-enact the scenes of a Mayo election, or of a Mullaghmast repeal meeting, and carry all before him by dint of clamour and violence, and meets from respectable society in America precisely the return that he would in his own country—whether from Roman Catholic or Protestant—disgust and contempt; or when, though inferior in numbers, but strong in reckless and insolent daring, he tries how far the endurance of his peaceably-inclined, though powerful neighbours, can tolerate a public manifestation of insulting and impious display—as in the case of repeal processions at Armagh or Dungannon—and meets the reward which, though not creating astonishment, cannot but be deplored; then, forsooth, he suffers because he is a Papist; he is a martyr to his religion at the hands of blood-loving American Orangemen.

For Mr. Wyse adds, that

“These excesses were much increased by the religious feeling and embittered acrimony evolved in them;”—“that the distinctiveness of the Irish emigrant po-

pulation, their unity and combination has unwisely formed them into a diverse and separate community, apparently of separate interests from the native citizen.”

And as they had been, at home, trained to be the ready tools of every nimble-tongued or venturesome demagogue, so did the love of frolic, or the pride of carrying a point, lend the co-operation sought for in any party contest—

“Their religious and national prejudices for the while encouraged; their very faults lauded as the explication of every known virtue by the party who may hope to profit by their support.”

Of America, Mr. Wyse says:—

“Here every man is allowed to worship his Creator according to the dictates of an approving conscience, in whatever form most suited to his early-instructed notions, and without being held accountable to his fellow-men in his belief.”—p. 269.

This would be quite enough to satisfy the “selfish and illiberal Presbyterian, or the “insolent and domineering Episcopalian,” in Spain or Italy; and if circumstances led to the emigration of them to these countries by thousands—from destitution at home—mostly landing in a condition little above pauperism; and if not satisfied with being put upon a level with the natives in getting employment, as the means of getting comfort and wealth, and with perfect civil and religious equality, they were to band themselves together for the purpose of filling the municipal and state offices with noisy and unprincipled adventurers—after the example of their native country, and encouraged by constant communication with similar spirits there, to whom a delusive liberality on the part of government had afforded the opportunity of success in such an experiment—then let them pay the penalty of their unreasonable and misguided daring, and learn by bitter experience to distrust the unprincipled traffickers in their ignorant credulity.

“There is a far kindlier feeling encouraged towards the Scotch,” says Mr. Wyse, “who are generally preferred in all situations to which they are

competent, to either English or Irish. Their frugality, sober, industrious habits, assimilate far better with the character of the native citizens; besides, they can easier adapt themselves to the change of country and of home, and, without much effort, more nearly identify themselves with the people they are amongst."—iii., pp. 52, 53.

The reader will remember this "assimilation," should we have occasion to refer to our author's sweeping statements about American habits and manners; but the contrast is instructive. These Scotch Protestant emigrants are fit for their business, and they mind it; their moral and religious habits gain them respect; their skill and industry secure them employment and success; and instead of banding themselves together in a strange land, whither they emigrated to seek employment, not power, they act upon the advice of that Book with which they are familiar, but which the poor Irishman is not suffered to make the rule of his conduct:—"Build ye houses and dwell in them; and plant gardens and eat the fruit of them; take ye wives, and beget sons and daughters; and take wives for your sons, and give your daughters to husbands, that they may bear sons and daughters; that they may be increased there and not diminished. *And seek the peace of the city—and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace.*"

A consistent Roman Catholic must be, in all cases, an incompetent authority upon the general condition of religion in non-catholic countries; for, considering it as exclusively allied to the forms of Romanism, the absence of these is, with him, the absence of all that is properly religion. A well-instructed Christian, who knows the realities of religion, and gladly recognizes them everywhere, and who considers the forms, however important, as still inferior in value to these realities, can pass beyond the pale of his own peculiarities, however cherished and loved; and, seizing upon the lovely features of genuine Christianity, admire and love them under whatever outward garb they may appear. It is quite otherwise with a genuine Romanist—the rites and forms with him are the religion; but if he be prejudiced and bigoted, he will seize upon

the discountenanced and repudiated anomalies, and hold them up as specimens of the religion of Protestants, and its genuine fruits. Father Maguire in his controversies—or indeed, in a smaller way, any Roman Catholic controversialist—is an illustration of this. It never occurs to such men to think how they would like a similar test to be applied the other way; and to have the scenes of Lough Derg or Croagh Patrick, or the million and a-half of visitants to the holy coat at Treves, or any of the ten thousand revolting spectacles that Rome has sanctioned, exhibited as the religion of enlightened Roman Catholics, or its genuine offspring. The qualifications of Mr. Wyse to be a candid delineator of the religion of Protestants will not be difficult to be divined from the following sentence, taken from his chapter on religion in the United States. After stating that all sects are upon a footing of equality, and that each supports its own clergy, he proceeds to enumerate the names and numbers as they are given in the almanacks, and then adds:

"But a great many of the religious sects and denominations that we have noticed in the foregoing, are also, with many others, to be found in England, where the imaginative and unrestrained notions of its church-going population have ever and anon, with the same facility, by some other or recent divination, discovered some new and less perplexing route to heaven—some other and easy mode of working out their spiritual salvation."—i. p. 281.

It is quite obvious that such a man, estimating the value of a religion by the *weight* of the burden it imposes, is an inadequate judge of the religion of Christ, whose "yoke is easy, and whose burden is light." Equally is it clear that he lives too late in the world's history for those *restraints* he longs for, at variance as they are with the "liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." Nor less manifest is it, that, in contemplating those effervescences which the minds of men throw off when under the strong workings of prevalent truth, diffusing itself through the mass of a community, he is utterly incapable of discerning the solid, and clear, and genuine effects that live when these have passed away, and that form, under all varieties, the "religion that exalt-

eth a nation." He confounds the Dead-sea stillness of Romanism, where nothing lives, or moves, or cheers, with the clear Pacific of genuine godliness, that reflects, in its waters, full of life and bespangled with living lovely forms, the bright blue of the overspread heavens.

According to Mr. Wyse, in the American mercantile community, honour, good faith, and integrity are invariably sacrificed to the love of gain. He illustrates the position from his own experience in a particular instance, given in detail much too long for us to quote (vol. i. 434-442); and then, in his usual style of universal accusation, in answer to the allegation "This was an extreme case," he says:—

"Such, we aver, is not the case: our further experience has fully satisfied us that the conduct of these parties seldom forms an exception in the every-day intercourse and dealings of the generality of the people of these states, who look upon such digressions as matter of trivial or mere secondary import, and rather take care to withhold all such opportunities from each other than to expect that either will resist the temptation of converting them to their own purposes, whenever thrown in their way by any fortuitous or accidental circumstances."—i. pp. 442, 443.

Now we have always understood that American merchants are shrewd; that they know the worth of money, and will, when practicable, turn it to account; but we protest against the assumption that roguery is the rule of their dealings—the exceptions being limited to such cases as render its practice impracticable by the greater cunning of another rogue; that an agreement between mercantile men and lawyers for deliberate fraud, both being all the while "honourable men"—this is the phrase he quotes—is quite a matter of course; and that the whole system of American traffic is based upon the principle—get money, honestly if you can, but if not honestly, at least get money. The moral character of a commercial people is not to be thus lightly given to the winds; and we have no hesitation in asserting, that among the merchants of New York and Philadelphia, there is as high a sense of honour and integrity, as much fairness and justice in their dealings,

and as noble sacrifices to principle and truth as can be found any where; and that the mercantile men of Dublin, Liverpool, London, Bristol, and Glasgow will be the very foremost in making the assertion. Dr. Lyell, who travelled during the financial crisis in 1841 and 1842, gives a view of the whole subject (vol. i., chap. ii.), which should be read by every one interested in the matter; judiciously distinguishing the states that deserve, and those that deserve not censure; the legislatures that unprincipledly shrank from the unpopularity of imposing a tax to meet public engagements, and the individual statesmen and merchants that were, many of them, the greatest sufferers; and contrasting the conduct of

"Congress in 1812-14, when a proposal was twice made in Congress to discontinue the payments of dividends to the English creditors, on the ground that they were enemies. On both occasions the proposal was rejected as dishonest, and with marked expressions of disapprobation, at a time when the direct taxes levied by the federal government pressed heavy on the people. The debt went on increasing after the close of the war, but was at length entirely paid off in 1835."—*Lyell*, i., 226, 227.

But the population has rapidly increased; new states are constantly added to the union; the old ones are overwhelmed, and as Mr. L. says—

"The majority of those whose money was vested in American securities, belonged to the party which always indulged the most sanguine hopes of the prospects of the American republic, and estimated most highly the private worth of the people, and their capacity for self-government: they suffered doubly, being disappointed alike in their pecuniary speculations and their political views. It was natural, therefore, that a reaction of feeling should embitter their minds, and incline them to magnify and exaggerate the iniquity of that conduct which had at once impugned the soundness of their judgment, and inflicted a severe injury on their fortunes. Hence not a few of them, confounding together the different states, have represented all the Americans as little better than swindlers, who, having defrauded Europe of many millions sterling, are enjoying tranquilly and with impunity the fruits of their knavery. The public works

executed with foreign capital, are supposed by many in England to yield a large profit on the outlay, which is not the case in any one of the delinquent states."—i. 218, 219.

We do not pity the lovers of republicanism who encouraged the Yankees in their "go-ahead system," and risked their money in order to display successfully the glories of that system, while so much of national interest was to be done at home. Nor will we suffer the high-minded, conservative, mercantile community of commercial America, to be confounded either with newly-fledged, upstart patriots of the new states—"Young America," nor with the unprincipled, prowling adventurers that are to be found in all large trading communities, some of whom seem to have used their "soft sawder" to purpose on Mr. Wyse, but the effect of which has proved any thing but soothing to his temperament in reference to Americans.

Mr. Wyse is not much more complimentary to the lawyers than to the merchants. According to him, there is a very extensive combination of the one class with the other to carry on their iniquitous designs; and as the two professions of attorney and barrister are united, it appears that there are great facilities afforded for the practitioners in chicanery. The judges, he says, are not sufficiently independent; the education for the bar is not sufficient to secure respectability; and the whole system is one of corruption and venality. After giving some characteristic anecdotes and descriptions of some of the judges by name, and instances on hearsay scarcely credible, of their ignorance and perversion of justice, he says—

"Our own business in various parts of the Republic, as well as the business of others especially confided to our

charge, rendered it necessary at different periods that we continued in the country, to employ some twelve or thirteen different professional agents (lawyers and attorneys), many of them sustaining a high and even an honorable reputation amongst their compeers—such men as the late Hon. Henry R. Storrs,* William Betts, of New York, J. Duer, of New York, David B. Ogden,† Hon. J. K. Kane,‡ Hon. J. M. Dallas,§ with others whom we forbear to name—and can truly aver, that of the twelve or thirteen it was necessary we should confide to, nine of the number either shamefully and deliberately betrayed the trust we had reposed in them, became accessories with the party opposed to do us mischief, or otherwise compelled us to purchase their fidelity and questionable services by the tender and payment of an unusual and extravagant bribe, which the tender consciences of these individuals no doubt set down as the legitimate perquisites of an honorable profession."—i. 136, 137.

We have inserted this statement, because it is the author's assertion of a fact, of his own knowledge; and, if it is not correct, it ought to be corrected. There is, however, another statement which he makes, connected with American law and lawyers, and which, though not resting on his own personal knowledge, yet is given with such minute particularity, as almost stamps it with authenticity; and yet, it is so atrocious, that we can scarcely give credence to the fact of its existence. It is of a society, composed of thirty-three lawyers, with a president, called the Tetrarch, whose object is—

"To collect information about doubtful titles to property, and make up correct legal opinions about them. When a defect is discovered in any man's title, if the property involved is valuable, the Tetrarch orders one of the members to make terms with one side or the other interested, for the conduct of a suit at

* A man of extraordinary and brilliant talents, and for some years a member of the legislature. He is since dead.

† "Who is of very considerable eminence, and one of the leading members of the New York bar. His practice is generally confined to the United States' Courts (the Court of Errors, the Senate), or in appeal cases at Washington."

‡ "A near friend of the late President Jackson, and connected with his government as one of three commissioners for arranging the late French Indemnity to the United States."

§ "At the time of our employing him, Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania; since then, the United States' Minister at the Court of Russia; and now Vice-President of the United States."

law, which is done at the expense of the club, and generally for a certain portion of the amount received. The immense property thus acquired is thrown into a general fund, after each member takes a certain portion, which is appropriated to his own use."

This secret association, it is stated—

"Constitutes an invisible chain of intelligence over the Union, from New Orleans to Boston."

Its operations

"Though seen nowhere, are felt everywhere; a knowledge of facts, titles, and doubtful questions of law, are ferreted out, and carried by the ruler along the whole line of councils, undergoing an analysis in each of them, that defies both mistakes and defects. All Acts of Congress, all State Acts, all municipal regulations, all public and private corporations, all public and private donations, and, in fact, the title of every man who has a large fortune, are secretly overhauled, reported on, and shaped by the councils in the most imposing form, to pass through the courts.

"The whole of the States is divided into eight districts; four members compose a council in each of them; and when they divide, the ruler decides.

... Each member before he dies, or resigns, nominates his successor. 'Few die, and none resign.'

An oath of unconditional submission is administered on admission. . . . The examination is of the most rigid kind; any one, to pass it, must be versed in the principles both of the common and civil law, in the rights of persons and property, in constitutional principles, and particularly in the original structure of the feudal system, and its connexion with modern tenures; comprehending in its purview an interminable horizon of learning that seems to recede for ever as the mind advances."

Of all this, and the further details for which we have not room, but which are given (vol. i. pp. 137-142) at full length, the author may well state that—

"By its secret workings it becomes a prolific and poisoned source of litigation, blighting the prospects of many a fair and industrious family, and everywhere carrying trouble and misfortune in its train. . . . Guided in their conduct by the most selfish motives, uncontrolled by none (any?) of the kindlier

feelings of man's nature, to restrain the wantonness of an undue interference in the affairs of others, they become the scourge of civilized life—the cause of dissension and the bitterest animosity wherever they tread, to wherever their labours are directed: setting kinsman against kinsman, child against his parent; uprooting all the most sacred and social ties that bind mankind together, and disseminating their poison, with the sure and stealthy pace of the midnight assassin, through every vein and artery of the republic."

If one-half of what is recorded by our author be true, we agree with him that it "surely becomes the nation to uproot this wicked and unhallowed institution; to restore peace and harmony amongst its population, instead of the dissension, the domestic strife and rancour, which the schemes and continued efforts of this dangerous and irresponsible body is sure to generate."

We close our reference to it by citing Mr. Wyse's closing paragraph regarding it; because it fearfully stamps on it the semblance of authenticity:—

"The Honourable Edward Livingston, up to the period of his late embassy, in 1835, to the court of France, is stated to have been the Tetrarch of this nest of domestic conspirators; and to have been for several months, a few years back, at Harrisburg, the capital of the state of Pennsylvania, making search amongst the public records, to discover flaws in the title to a large tract of country called 'Nicholson's Lands,' comprising more than 100,000 acres; the greater part of which had, of late years, been improved and built upon, by their present owners. Several suits were subsequently commenced in the United States' courts for a portion of this property; and we believe are yet pending."

It is not easy to get out of the hands of the lawyers anywhere, and least of all out of the hands of these Americans; but we must carry our readers forward to other matters, though there is a great deal that will interest the emigrant especially, about the laws affecting various subjects, and the different courts of justice, the character and conduct of the administrators of law and justice, with the modes of proceeding in them, and the various expedients for evading justice, with the following

appalling declaration, as the result of Mr. Wyse's

"Own experience in the country, not only of the lamentable want of ability, but also of integrity and moral fitness of the generality of those called on to administer the laws, to whose tender mercies the lives and fortunes of every individual are necessarily committed: and from whom, under their present organization, we might as reasonably hope for a fair and impartial administration of justice, as from the veriest and most corrupt tribunal of the least tolerant of European despotisms."—(vol. i., page 116.)

Neither can we quote the allegations which he advances, and the proofs he gives of the bribery of the judges, and the unprincipled venality of the lawyers; but we must make room for an illustration of the astounding state of the laws regarding bankruptcy and insolvency. "In the city and county of Philadelphia," Mr. Wyse says, "comprising a population of from 150,000 to 180,000, nearly 1,800 annually pass through this ordeal of redemption" (the Insolvent Court). Judge King, who is also chief judge of the Common Pleas Court, presides in it; and Mr. Wyse bears testimony to his "forbearance, and very commendable patience, as well as very extraordinary despatch in discharging some hundreds of these applicants at a session, as we ourselves can readily bear witness." It is not very clear from this, whether he was one of those who tried "the patience and forbearance" of the judge as applicant, or advocate; or whether he was present merely as a spectator; but we "guess" it was in the last character:—

"They are certainly," adds Mr. Wyse, "brought before him in appalling numbers—sworn to their schedules by platoons of some ten or twelve at a time, or as many as can conveniently place their hand upon the sacred volume at the same moment: which they no sooner take from their lips, than they are dismissed with the most flippant levity by this moral, and arch-expounder of American law, with the simple admonition, to 'go and sin no more.' The sameness of this burlesque is sometimes broken in upon, by a chance opposition made to some less fortunate wight, who is thereby doomed to pass a further ordeal."

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But the judge has no discretionary power of awarding punishment, only that of directing bills of indictment to be preferred at the next sitting of the city grand jury; and this, leading to trouble, and expense, and the issue being uncertain, is seldom resorted to. Now for the illustrative instance:—

"We were pointed out," says Mr. Wyse (with his usual disregard of grammar—meaning, there was pointed out to us), "in the fashionable promenade of Chestnut-street, in this city, a well-attired, and in appearance a rather consequential personage, who was represented to us as a petitioner at every succeeding term of this court. His father, who was somewhere dead, had been an eminent physician, in extensive practice in Philadelphia: his mother, who was still living, allowed him sixty dollars per month for his individual expenses: yet with this he still contrived to run into debt; and notwithstanding that (Anglice, though), he usually discharged his engagements every three months by aid of the insolvent court, (he) still found persons ready to give him credit. He once more, perhaps for the tenth time, appeared before Judge King, who, a little surprized at again seeing him, at once addressed him, and between whom and Mr. — the following dialogue is said to have taken place:—

"JUDGE K. 'What, Mr. —, again here! How is this, and three thousand dollars owing by your schedule?' which had been handed to the learned judge. (It was not, however, the schedule, but Mr. — that owed the three thousand dollars, *pace* the learned judge).

"MR. —. 'Why—ye—yes, your honour. I have certainly been unfortunate; but 'twas impossible to avoid it—utterly impossible, under my late very peculiar circumstances.'

"JUDGE K. 'It must be some very peculiar circumstances, indeed, that could run you into debt, three thousand dollars beyond your means, and within the short space of a few months; pray how do you account for this?'

"MR. —. 'Your honour—I had a race-horse that —'

"JUDGE K. 'Very bad, very bad; race-horses, I know from experience, are very expensive; but—three thousand dollars within so short a time! Have you no other way you can account for this unusually large expenditure?'

"MR. —, somewhat hesitatingly. 'Why, your honour, I—I kept —'

"JUDGE K. 'Not another horse, I hope?'

"Mr. —. 'Oh! no, your honour; I kept a woman.'

"JUDGE K., whose ears appeared to be somewhat tickled at the disclosure, 'What! a woman! a woman!'

"Mr. —. 'Yes, your honour—two women.'

"JUDGE K. 'Two women! keeping two women, Mr. —! Humph! enough to destroy and ruin any man living; the loss is easily accounted for, very easily—give him his discharge.' And Mr. —, who was accordingly again released from his debts, or at least all further trouble, or inconvenience on their account, soon disappeared, nothing loth, amidst the crowd."—(i. 146-149.)

From bad law, worse administered, upon the maxim which Mr. Wyse says (i. 201) was distinctly and openly avowed by the late President Jackson, "that every man had a right to interpret the laws as he understood them," the transition is easy to "Lynch law," of which every body has heard, though with its origin few are acquainted. Judge Lynch, "the terrible judge," was, it seems, a native of South Carolina, who had emigrated to Kentucky shortly after Daniel Boone, the "pioneer," had established himself there. Kentucky was then called "the dark and bloody ground," and the nearest court-house of justice was four hundred and fifty miles distant from "the settlers." An Indian had stolen a horse from Boone; he was caught almost in the act, and Boone instituted a court and twelve jurors to try him. John Lynch was elected chief justice. The Indian was tried, convicted, and sentenced to receive "forty stripes save one," which were forthwith inflicted. The authority thus given to Lynch he retained, and though "a daring, dissolute fellow, addicted to every species of vice," it has not been alleged "that his decisions were partial or unjust." He outlived Boone, the explorer of the "then unknown territory bordering on the Ohio, but now known as the populous and wealthy States of Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee," and resided, during the later part of his life, on an island in the Mississippi. (i. 203-208.) From him came the phrase "Lynch law," when the mob, in some of the remoter, or Slave States, constitute themselves judge, jury, and executioner; though it is evident, that whereas in the case of

the original Lynch, there was an excuse for the practice, in the exigency of the circumstances—that it was a necessary substitute for individual and summary vengeance, the phrase is dishonoured in its application to the savage and lawless doings of prejudiced and infuriated mobs.

As we are upon the subject of the origin of Americanisms, we may as well notice the "Bowie knife," which is often substituted for the "axe of the executioner" in carrying out the sentence of "Lynch Law," or of private vindictive feeling. A reckless profligate, Razin Bowie, gave the name to this most formidable and deadly weapon, which, Mr. Wyse assures us, in one of his constantly-recurring, unqualified assertions, "almost every individual in America, more particularly in the southern states, carries;" some, perhaps, for assassination, but many as their best and only defence against injury. (Vol. i., pp. 213, 214.) This Bowie, it seems, having squandered his property, was obliged to fly to Texas, for slaying a man in a duel. It seems that at Natchez a dispute arose between him and a man named Black, at mid-day, at a card table, and Bowie drawing his knife," "which," says our author, substituting, as usual, the *universal* for the *particular*, "was a case one, with a blade about four inches long, such as the Americans always carry in their pockets," challenged his opponent to battle. The challenge was accepted; the combatants seated themselves on each side of a small square table, and for about twenty minutes they slashed away at each other, and both were severely cut. Bowie at length rose, and with a desperate oath, rushed upon his antagonist, and stabbed him to the heart. He fled, and during his exile in Texas, employed his time in improving his weapon, so that he might, as he himself expressed it, "rip a man up right away." The improved knife has

"A two-edged blade, about nine inches long, slightly curved towards the point, and sufficiently thick on the back to serve as a chopper, in which way it is formidable enough, but not so much so as in thrusting. The blade is covered with a sheath, and when neatly got up, as some of them are, it forms a pretty ornament enough, when coming from under the corner of the waistcoat,

or over the waistband of a pair of Texian trowsers. They are generally of the best Sheffield manufacture, where they are now prepared exclusively for the American market, and of late years constitute an extensive and important article of British hardware export."—Vol. i., 213, 218.

The weapons of most tribes, when prompt self-defence, in the absence of the recognition of law for personal security, becomes indispensable, are the same; as the "dirk" of the Highlander, and the *μαχαίρα* of the ancient Greek, which served him alike for slaying his sacrificial victim, stabbing his enemy, and carving his food, amply testify. Such, too, is the commercial intercourse of nations; peace-loving, and slave-hating Britain sending forth from her forges at Sheffield and Birmingham, Bowie-knives and slave fetters for the use of America. Nor is it merely to the States, and for such purposes, that British manufactures are transmitted. Mr. Josiah Gregg, in his "Commerce of the Prairies," after mentioning the "miraculous image of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, so almost universally worshipped in Northern Mexico, and giving a wood-cut of the medal which represents it, says, "As I have been informed, 216,000 were struck at Birmingham in the year 1831, designed for the Mexican market." (Vol. i., p. 249.) The "Bowie-knife," however, is used in scenes, and for purposes that never entered into the contemplation of its savage inventor; for strange to say—

"The habit of carrying these, and such-like weapons, concealed about the person, became so very general, and withal so alarming in its consequence, that the government of Maryland, in 1836, with a view to put some check to so dangerous a practice, caused a prohibitory bill to be introduced into the house of delegates for this purpose; and stranger still, 'the bill was rejected on a division by a majority of fifty-one to seventeen.'"—Wyse *ut supra*.

It is at Washington the traveller first finds himself among slaves—in a land claiming to be, pre-eminently, the land of the free. Before, however, adverting to this subject, we must notice one peculiarity that arrests every one's surprise—that is, the fondness of the people generally for giving to their

newly-planted villages and towns, names borrowed from the scenes of classical antiquity. The original settlers were in the opposite extreme, and gave to their residences names so singularly rude and uncouth, that what a reader of American works of fiction might fancy to be names excogitated by an effort of fancy on the part of the writers, will be found to rank among "American realities:"—

"On looking over," says Mr. Buckingham, "these tracts and appropriations of land advertised for sale (in the district of Columbia), it was impossible not to be struck with the singularity of them. They were such as 'Hard Struggle'—'Isaac's Blessing'—'Rights of Man'—'Paradise Regained'—'Now or Never'—'Canaan'—'Hornet's Nest'—'Hard Bargain'—'Last Shift'—'Hope'—'Honest Miller'—'What You Please.' When all these tracts become settled and occupied, as in time they are sure to be, their names will mingle oddly with those of Nineveh, Babylon, and Troy; of Memphis and Thebes; of Athens, Corinth, Sparta, and Utica; of Rome and Syracuse; of Jerusalem, Joppa, and Lebanon; with many other classical and scriptural cities, whose names are adopted by humble villages in America."—Buck. i. 373.

In sailing up the Hudson from New York to Albany, about five miles beyond Catskill, you come to two towns; the one on the east bank called after the navigator who gave his name to the river, Hudson. Directly opposite, on the western bank, is Athens. It has, Mr. Buckingham says, a curious effect to be called upon by a fellow-traveller to look round and see Athens.

"It is not peculiar," he adds, "to any part of America more than another, thus to appropriate to itself the most renowned names of history for their cities, towns, and villages; everywhere this singularly ill-directed taste is apparent. From New York to Albany, within the compass of a single day's journey, including the Valley of the Hudson and its neighbourhood, we have Babylon and Jericho, Salem, Lebanon, Gilboa, Carmel, Goshen, Athens, and Troy, with a railroad to Syracuse, Utica, and Rome, from among the ancient cities and places of celebrity; and Oxford, Canterbury, Salisbury, Windsor, Hamburg, Hyde-Park, Kingston, Glasgow, Bristol, Durham, Cairo, Bath, Cambridge and Waterford, from among the modern. The

evil of this is increased by the constant repetition of the same practice in different States, so that there are no less than 14 places bearing the name of Athens, and 9 of Rome, besides a Romeo and a Romulus, 14 Palmyras, 12 Alexandrias, 4 of Damascus, 2 of Joppa, and 3 of Jerusalem."

"In the names of more modern cities, the repetitions are even still greater; but the most multiplied of all are those in which towns are called after distinguished political leaders, of which it may be sufficient to mention, as an example, that there are no less than fifteen Jefferson counties, and forty Jefferson towns; eight Jackson counties, and sixty-six Jacksons, or Jacksonvilles; twenty Washington counties, and eighty Washington towns, in addition to the city of Washington, in the district of Columbia, which is the seat of the general government. The greatest confusion already results from this tautological nomenclature; and the evil will increase with every succeeding year, till it forces some reform. It is the less excusable, also, as the Indian names are sufficiently varied and beautiful to admit of constant adoption."—*Buck*. ii., 262-264.

This confusion—arising, in regard to the classical appellations, from the empty pride of an unfledged literature which curses the younger states, and, in the case of the home nomenclature, from the spirit, not of *party*, but of *personal* partizanship, which more than any other country characterizes the whole of the United States—is not chargeable on the original British settlers in the east, nor on the French in the north. If the Puritan "Pilgrims" designated their towns from those of their nativity or residence in England, their love of country, which was second only to their love of religion, prompted it; and the employment of Scripture names and phrases, as appellatives of their children or their habitations, though now it would be offensive to good taste, and would be styled, and perhaps justly, "cant" and "slang"—was then the prevailing tendency and spirit of the age. The French, on the other hand, often gave names to places from their natural appearances, or from some prevailing feature in their locality or productions; and these names, being corrupted, are now often mistaken for native Indian words. On the other hand, an original Indian word, Frenchified, is often so corrupted and mutilated, as to wear the ap-

pearance of an original Indian term. Thus, from the French "*Aux Arcs*," came the apparently Indian territorial designation "*The Ozarkas*;" and the original Indian word "*Whashash*" became, in the delicate mouths of Frenchmen, "*O'Sage*;" then obtained the distinctive epithets "*Grand O'Sages*" and "*Petit O'Sages*," which became first "*Grand Sas*" and "*Petit Sas*;" and this latter, by a still further corruption, "*Ptitsaws*," and finally, in its present apparently Indian form "*Teatsaws*." The far-famed "*Oregon*" itself is said to have got its name from neither of the parties contending for the possession of it, but from the Spaniards, who gave it the name from "*Oregana*," the Spanish word for "*marjoram*," a plant abundant in the parts best known to them.

There is no subject connected with the "*realities*" of America more interesting in itself and its bearings, both upon their own future destinies, and upon their connexion with other nations, than slavery. It threatens, at no distant day, to dissolve the Union, whether there shall be war or peace with other nations; and in case of war—with Britain, for instance—there would be endangered, or rather there would be of inevitable occurrence—scenes unparalleled in modern history; unequalled even in Hayti, at its revolution, just because the American slaves are more numerous, better organized, more thoroughly acquainted with their rights, from the echoings, however faint, of the voices of the abolitionists that are wafted to them; and have deeper and more enduring wrongs to be avenged.

There is no subject more simple in the abstract principle, and yet beset with so many practical difficulties, as that of slavery. This holds particularly in regard to America; for the broad assertion on which its constitution is founded, of the absolute equality of all men, seems as if peculiarly intended to make the existence of slavery an impossibility, and yet its extent, and some of its anomalous horrors, are unequalled upon the face of the earth. We refer to *slave-breeding*, which now competes with *slave-importation* for the supply of the market—especially in some of the older slave states, where the grounds are exhausted, and so unproductive by *slave-labour*. In these, regular estab-

lishments, systematically conducted, are kept for the purpose; and all possible care and ingenuity employed to suit the taste of the market—by securing a tinge of white, for instance, in the complexion, and such varieties of shade as may suit the fancy of the various purchasers. The agitation in Britain of the subject of slavery, both inside and without the walls of parliament, communicated to many influential American visitants a spirit of such indignant abhorrence of the system, that “Abolition Societies” were formed on their return. The press, on both sides of the Atlantic, lent its powerful aid; and the platform and pulpit were not silent. The subject was forced upon the legislature; and the spirit of anti-slavery and pro-slavery has marshalled, not only the North-Eastern States against the Southern and South-Western, but American against American, throughout its wide territorial regions. It was this that created the Texian war with Mexico to secure Texas; and this had well nigh sounded the note of war with Britain to secure Oregon. The slave states outnumber the others in Congress, and they wish to go on augmenting their influence. And this, ere long, bids fair to form two republics, of the slave-holding and the free, in America. For the lengths in violence that the southerners go to would be incredible, were they not authenticated, as well as their unswerving tenacity in clinging to and supporting the slave system; and the spirit of the abolitionists is indomitable.

We must believe that there are multitudes of slave-owners of slave property—just as there were in our own West India colonies—such men as William Alers Hankey, the London banker, for instance—who inherit it, deplore its existence, do not know what to do with it, and would gladly accede to any just, and wise, and humane, and religious plan for its abolition. Justice, benevolence, and piety prevail in, but are not exclusively confined to the eastern and northern states of America. Firmly believing this, the question, what is to be done with slavery, is of the mightiest moment. And on this subject, of paramount interest not only to Americans, but to all men, we have seen nothing—and we have read much that has been written

and spoken regarding all aspects in which the subject can be viewed—at all approximating to the sober, intellectual, dispassionate, and practical views of Dr. Lyell. The reader who feels anxious on the subject will find them in *extenso*, in vol. i. chaps. 8 and 9. We have room only for a very condensed abridgment:—

“I often asked myself,” says the Doctor, commencing in the only rational way of considering the question, “when in the midst of a large plantation, what steps I would take, if I had inherited such a property from British ancestors. I thought, first, of immediately emancipating all the slaves, but I was reminded that the law humanely provides, in that case, that I should still support them, so that I might ruin myself and family, and it would still be a question whether those whom I had released from bondage would be happier, or would be prepared for freedom. I then proposed to begin with education, as a preliminary step. Here I was met with the objection, that since the abolition movement, and the fanatical exertions of missionaries, severe statutes had been enacted, making it penal to teach slaves to read and write. I must first, therefore, endeavour to persuade my fellow slave-holders to repeal these laws against improving the moral and intellectual condition of the slaves. I remarked, that in order to overcome the apathy and reluctance of the planters, the same kind of agitation, the same ‘pressure from without’ might be indispensable, which had brought about our West Indian emancipation. To this my American friends replied, that the small number of slaves, so insignificant in comparison to their two and a-half millions, had made an indemnity to their owners possible; also that the free negroes, in small islands, could always be held in subjection by the British fleets; and lastly, that England had a right to interfere and legislate for her own colonies, whereas the northern States of the Union, and foreigners, had no constitutional right to intermeddle with the domestic concerns of the slave States. Such intervention, by exciting the fears and indignation of the planters, had retarded, and must always be expected to retard, the progress of the cause. They also reminded me how long and obstinate a struggle the West Indian proprietors had made against the emancipationists in the British House of Commons; and they hinted, that if the different islands had been represented in the Lower House, and there had been Dukes of Jamaica, Marquises of

Antigua, and Earls of Barbadoes in the Upper House, as the slave States are represented in Congress, the measure would never have been carried till this day."

It is quite obvious, therefore, to every duly and calmly reflective mind, that in order to the abolition of slavery—not by insurrection, slave-rebellion, convulsion, but by reason, law, and religion—you must carry with you a majority of the southerners; and this will never be done by confounding the farm and domestic slavery of Georgia, with the rice and cotton plantation-slavery; and grouping the whole mass of the slave proprietary as fiends incarnate, who riot in oppression, and to whose ears and eyes groans and blood are the loveliest of sights, and the sweetest of sounds.

"The more I reflected," adds Dr. Lyell, "on the condition of the slaves, and endeavoured to think on a practicable plan for hastening the period of their liberation, the more difficult the subject appeared to me, and the more I felt astonished at the confidence displayed by so many anti-slavery speakers and writers on both sides of the Atlantic."

He goes on to show, that up till 1830, many planters regarded slavery as a great moral and political evil; and that many of them openly proclaimed it to be so in the Virginian debates of 1831-2. The emancipation party was gradually gaining ground; and not unreasonable hopes were entertained that the States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, would soon fix on some future day for the manumission of their slaves. This step had already been taken in most of the States north of the Potomac; and slavery was steadily retreating southwards. But the abolition agitation commenced; missionaries were sent to the Southern States—suppose that the English Anti-Slavery Society had done so with the West Indies—a reaction took place, the planters became alarmed, laws against slave education were passed, and the condition of the slave became greatly worse. Your "well-meaning persons," says Dr. Lyell, are ever the most mischievous in society. Not a few of the planters, by dint of defending themselves and their institutions, became self-deluded into the belief that slavery was legitimate, wise, and expe-

dient—a positive good in itself; and those who felt and thought otherwise, no longer dared to publish their convictions.

"It is natural," this discriminating writer says, "that those planters who are of benevolent dispositions, and indulgent to their slaves, and who envy the Northern proprietor, who, now that the Indians have passed away, has the good fortune not to share his country with another race, should be greatly irritated when the cruelty of the slaveholders, as a class, is held up to the reprobation of mankind. A deep sense of injustice, and a feeling of indignation, disinclines them to persevere in, advocating the cause of emancipation."

He then details their reasonings:—

"Labour," said they, "is as compulsory in Europe as here; but in Europe they who refuse to work have the alternative of corporal punishment; for whether he works or not, he must always be fed and clothed. The free states, they said, always favoured the runaway slaves, took their innocence for granted, and the cruelty and harshness of their owners. On the other hand, they assert that the fugitives are such as in Europe would tenant gaols and houses of correction, but whose services their masters are unwilling to lose by imprisonment, while they are compelled to support them; for there is no gaol allowance. 'If the same delinquents,' say they, 'were flying from the constable in a free state, the public would sympathize with the police and the magistrate; and if they bore on their backs the marks of former chastisement in gaol, the general desire to apprehend them would be still the more eager.' But, says Dr. Lyell, 'these apologies, and their assurance that they found it their interest to treat their slaves kindly, had no effect in inducing me to believe that when such great power is entrusted to the owner, it will not be frequently abused; but it has made me desire to see a fair statement of the comparative statistics of crimes and punishments in slave states and free countries. If we could fairly estimate the misery of all offenders in the prisons, penitentiaries, and penal settlements of some large European province, and then deduct the same from the sufferings of the slaves in a large southern state of the Union, the excess alone ought, in fairness, to be laid to the charge of the slave-owners. While pointing out the evil unreservedly, we should do the owner the justice to remember that the system

of things which we deprecate, has been inherited by him from his British ancestors, and that it is rarely possible or safe to bring about a great social reform in a few years.'"

Dr. L. thinks that had immediate emancipation taken place, as the abolitionists wished, the fate of the negroes might have been as deplorable as that of the aboriginal Indians.

"At present they have a monopoly of the labour-market; the planters being bound to feed and clothe them; and being unable to turn them off and take white labourers in their place. They could not contend against white immigrants; time would be required to prepare them for the competition, and time the abolitionists will not allow. In the West Indies, the climate is so sultry, relaxing, and trying to Europeans, and the whites so few, that the proprietors have no choice. Not so would it be in the South American States. In sixty years, according to Professor Tucker, of Virginia, the population will be fifty persons to a square mile. Long before the productive lands will have been cultivated, and the inferior soils resorted to, the price of labour will fall, gradually, as compared to the means of subsistence; and economy will force the liberation of the slaves, and the employment of the more economical and productive labour of freemen. The same causes will then come into operation, which formerly emancipated the villeins of Western Europe; and will one day set free the serfs of Russia. It is to be hoped, however, that the planters will not wait for more than half a century for such an end of the institution of slavery; for the increase of the coloured population in sixty years would be a formidable evil, since in this instance they are not, like villeins and serfs, of the same race as their masters. They cannot be fused at once into the general mass, and become amalgamated with the whites; for their colour still remains as the badge of their former bondage, so that they continue, after their fetters are removed, to form a separate and inferior caste. How long this state of things would last, must depend on their natural capabilities, moral, intellectual, and physical; but if in these they be equal to the whites, they would eventually become the dominant race, since the climate of the south, more congenial to their constitutions, would give them a decided advantage."

We are irresistibly impelled to give Dr. Lyell's conclusion, it is so

just, so rational, so philosopher-like; so totally different from the ranting, nonsensical violence of ignorant and unreasoning philanthropists:—

"A philanthropist may well be perplexed when he desires to devise some plan of interference which may really promote the true interests of the negro. But the way in which the planters would best consult their own interests, appears to me very clear. They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly overrate, and lose no time in educating the slaves, and encouraging private manumission, to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Experience has proved, in the northern states, that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the coloured population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western states fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands, south of the Potomac, will offer a more tempting field for colonization to the swarms of New Englanders who are averse to migrating into slave states. Before this influx of white labourers, the coloured race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment, and reduced to destitution.

"If due exertions be made to cultivate the minds, and protect the rights and privileges of the negroes, and it be nevertheless found that they cannot contend, when free, with white competitors, but are superseded by them, still the cause of humanity will have gained. The coloured people, though their numbers remain stationary, or even diminish, may in the meantime be happier than now, and attain to a higher moral rank. They would, moreover, escape the cruelty and injustice which are the invariable consequences of the exercise of irresponsible power, especially where authority must be sometimes delegated by the planter to agents of inferior education and coarser feelings. And last, not least, emancipation would effectually put a stop to the breeding, selling, and exporting of slaves to the sugar-growing states of the south; where, unless the accounts we usually read of slavery be exaggerated and distorted, the life of

the negro is shortcned by severe toil and suffering.

"Had the white men never interposed to transplant the negro into the New World, the most generous asserters of the liberties of the coloured race would have conceded that Africa afforded space enough for its development. Neither in their new country, nor in that of their origin, whether in a condition of slavery or freedom, have they as yet exhibited such superior qualities and virtues as to make us anxious that additional millions of them should multiply in the southern states of the Union; still less that they should overflow into Texas and Oregon."

Oregon reminds us, that we owe a sentence or two to that subject, which recently so deeply engrossed the attention both of Britons and Americans. We have not, indeed, touched upon many topics that enter into American "realities," not from want of inclination, or of materials; for we have not even glanced at Mr. Wyse's views of the mechanical and agricultural pursuits of the people, nor at Dr. Lyell's geological revelations; we have not even entered upon Mr. Fetherstonhaugh's work, giving, as it does, by far the best views of life in the less-visited parts of the south and west; nor the Mexican and Indian antiquities; nor the state and prospects of American literature. As to Oregon—its geography, natural history, and the claims and rights of the contending parties to the possession of it, we have nothing to add to what our readers may find in our number for March, 1843, vol. xxi.

The whole question of Oregon—once so alarming in its aspects on the peace of the world, is now, we trust, finally and happily settled; and we are of opinion with Mr. Wyse, that had there been war, President Polk would have been as much deceived in his expectations of sympathy from the Canadians, as we are sure, with the deceased Mr. O'Connell, he would have looked in vain for support from Ireland.

The truth is, that as former Presidents had their names connected with certain great measures and events, President Polk had fancied that his would go down to posterity with the Madisons, the Jeffersons, the Jacksons, as Polk who frightened Britain into the surrender of Oregon. Polk and Ore-

gon would sound as well as Jackson and the Bank Charter. Besides, in his remote western circle, surrounded by the highflyers who talk of the American eagle, and its strength of pinion and power to soar, he had felt some mighty impulse stirring him; and, doubtless, said to General Cass, his Euryalus—

"Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat mihi; nec placida contenta quiete est."

He paused, however, while there was room and time for deliberation; and when he inquired

"Dilne hunc ardorem mentibus addunt
Euryale? An sua cuique Deus sit dira cupido?"

he came to the conclusion—taking the wisest and most judicious of his own countrymen into his counsels—that the *latter*, not the *former*, was the source of his inspiration.

There is very little doubt that President Polk calculated on the agitation and confusion of Ireland, and fancied that, provided other circumstances were equally unfavourable, England dared not assume the majestic tone that became her, in asserting her rights, and refusing to succumb to dishonour and wrong. The enemies, however, of both England and Ireland, will be happily and utterly disappointed, if they anticipate any discordance in the encounter of a common foe. An American, Mr'Connell, gave utterance to the feeling, when he spoke of "the annexation" of Ireland to America; but O'Connell could tell them, that in case of war, the Irish would be found "annexing" themselves to America; but then it would be as the Saturnian queen was "annexed" (*addita*) to the hapless Teucris, and the result would be the same:

"Nec Teucris addita Juno
Usquam aberit; cum tu supplex in rebus egenis,
Quas gentes Italum, aut quas non oraveris urbes?"

Or, as the *noble dog* of Homer "annexes" himself (*ἑαυτῷ*) to the *beast of prey*:

"Ὅς δ' ὅτε τις τε κύνῃ, σφες ἀγρίου ἢ λιόντος
Ἀπῆται κατωκισθῇ, ποσσὶν ταχίσσι πι-
ποιθῶς,
Ἰσχυιὰ τε γλουτοῦς τε ἱλισσομένοις τε δόκειν."

Still, however, the restless aspirations of the Transatlantic Republic—were, "*Omoard*." We have just seen a book published in America,

"Life in California," by an American, and dedicated to a Bostonian, William Sturges, "One of the Early Adventurers to the Western Coast of America." It unfolds, not obscurely, the spirit that delighted to prey on Mexico's weakness, if it dared not encounter Britain's strength:—

"In the many revulsions suffered by Mexico," says this writer, "from political struggles, California has had her share of domestic disturbances, and for years past it has been the scene of numerous conflicts. The natives possess an inveterate dislike towards Mexico, which has given rise to sundry revolutions in their government. The time is not far distant when they will cease from such broils, and either become consolidated into an independent form of government, or be the subjects of some foreign administration. Immigration will aid the former, while the attraction of its magnificent and giant harbour of St. Francisco may in a very few years effect the latter."

Again, after describing the anarchy during the war between America and Mexico, he concludes:—

"Many would have been thankful for the protection either of England or America; and, indeed, a great many desired it, in preference to the detested administration of Mexico. Perhaps there are many who feel now as they did then. And, in this 'Age of annexation,' why not extend 'the area of freedom' by the annexation of California? Why not plant the banner of liberty there, in the fortress at the entrance of the noble, the spacious bay of St. Francisco? It requires not the far-reaching eye of the statesman, nor the wisdom of a contemplative mind, to know what would be the result. Soon its immense sheet of water would become enlivened with thousands of vessels, and steam would ply between towns, that would, as a matter of course, spring up on the shores; while on other locations along the banks of rivers, would be seen manufactories and saw-mills. The whole country would be changed; and instead of one being deemed wealthy, by being possessed of such immense tracts as are now held by the farming class, he would be rich with one quarter part. Every thing would improve—population would increase, consumption be greater, and industry follow. All this may come to pass; and, indeed, it must come to pass, for the march of emigration is to the

West, and nought will arrest its advance but the mighty ocean."

Since, then, much progress has been made for the preparation of the way to realize these expectations, what shall be the effect of the present contest with Mexico, and of the immense accession of territory already gained, or hereafter to be acquired, upon the destinies of that continent, we may not conjecture.

We are not of those who envy the extent of territory possessed by America, nor her rising power, wide-spreading commerce, and rapid progress in literature, science, and the arts. We do not dislike—nay, we rejoice—to see her take her share in all that becomes a mighty people, for the civilization and Christianization of the world; and, even though she has a wilderness on her western frontier, that would afford ample scope for the exploring energies of the whole civilized world, sending forth her ships on voyages of discovery—like Alexander, panting after new worlds, while three-fourths of the old were desert and unexplored. It is true, she is not equal to "The Old Country," whose efforts for discovery, and whose colonial possessions, are in an inverse ratio to her own narrow boundaries; yet we read with interest the voyage of her discovery-fleet of five ships, for five years, in five massy volumes—traversing the broad Pacific, avenging the wrongs of their injured and murdered countrymen on lawless Feejee barbarians, and everywhere finding Americans employed in civilizing and Christianizing the islands of the Southern Ocean. But, in a spirit of the purest friendship, we wish her to learn the lesson—as important, as difficult, for individuals and nations—"to bear good fortune well;" and when we read what gratifies us of her prowess and prosperity, we feel anxious that the judicious writers of her daily and periodical press—and she has many of them—should assume the office which the poet, with whose sentiment we commenced this article, assigned to his Muse, in reference to his rising friend; the office first of *Congratulator*, and next of *Monitor*:—

..... "Primum gaudere, subinde
Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento;
Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Cæsar, feremus."

THE DEATH-CHANT OF KING REGNER LODBROK.

[The song presumed to have been sung in his dying moments by Regner Lodbrok, King of Denmark in the ninth century, has obtained, and indeed deserves, a world-wide celebrity. Regner, as my readers are probably aware, was one of the mightiest and most successful of the invading conquerors of his time, and carried his victorious arms into Ireland, England, Scotland, the Orkney Isles, Norway, Sweden, a large portion of Russia, and most of the countries that lie about the Archipelago. Being, however, at length, defeated in battle by Ella, the usurper-king of Northumberland, he was barbarously cast by that monarch into a pit swarming with serpents, and there left to perish. In his last agonies he is poetically supposed to have chanted his own Death-lay—poetically, I say, for there is scarcely a particle of evidence that the composition is really his. The probability is much greater that it was penned or sung by his second wife, Kraka; and indeed it is rather oftener alluded to by Scandinavian writers as the *Krakamal*, or Song of Kraka, than as the production of Lodbrok himself. That Kraka was a poetess, is admitted; many of her verses have been quoted by Bïörner in his *Nordiska Kämpa Dater*, and the “Death-chant” is specially ascribed to her by the historian Gräter (see his *Nord. Blumen*, p. 28.) At the same time, too much stress, I grant, should not be placed on the mere title of the poem, for, to go no further, the *Hako-nar-mal*, of which I propose to give a translation shortly, bears the name of Hako, whereas it is notoriously the production of the bard Eyvind. The opinion of Thorlacius, Van der Hagen, and even Suhm (in his “History of Denmark”) is, that the authorship of the “Death-chant” belongs exclusively to the chronicler Bragi; and even so great an authority as Professor Finn Magnussen seems disposed to regard this opinion as more than merely hypothetical, if one may judge from his words. “Den,” he observes, “var efter Suhms Beretning, der vistnok har den største Sandsynlighed for sig, endskjönt jeg ikke kjender dens Kilde.” (This is the opinion of Suhm, and I consider it the most plausible of any as yet offered, though I do not know his reasons for adopting it.) Others, again, have refused to acknowledge in the poem a composition earlier than one of the twelfth century; and certain it is that, as though to perplex commentators, the *Skalda* nowhere alludes to it, nor does the annalist, Olaf Thordson, who died about the year 1200, appear cognizant of its existence. Amid so many conflicting judgments, it is not, perhaps, easy to arrive at a satisfactory decision with regard to the question. My readers, however, will, I should suppose, be likely to take less interest in the fact concerning the authorship of the poem than in the merits, whatever they may be, of the poem itself; and it is therefore with the more willingness that I proceed to lay before them the following translation—promising, only, that I have had in every stanza thereof the wholesome terror of Voltaire’s denunciation before my eyes—“Malheur à vous, faiseurs des traductions littérales, qui, traduisant chaque parole, énervez le sens. C’est bien là qu’ on peut dire que la lettre tue, et que l’esprit vivifie!”]

I.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,

For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah!

’Tis now some score...years or more, since first we sailed away,
As blithe as larks, in our barks, at the ruddy break of day.

Far across the high North!

Twenty and three...kerls were we, gay, ironboned and fleet,
Twenty and three of us voyaged away to achieve a glorious feat—
Away, away, at the dawn of day, to achieve a feat of wonder,
With blades that blazed as lightning, and anon rang down in thunder,

So voyaged we forth—

I and twenty-two, my chosen crew—but my name was as yet not Lodbrok.

II.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,

For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!

A serpent lay athwart our way, on the lofty shining shore;
All brass to pierce: fiend so fierce had never been seen before

In the land of the Goth!

My warriors' brands brake in their hands—I alone with my terrible axe,

Made fly into shreds his plated scales, and slew him in four attacks.*

Yes! let the winds of the blastful North, wherever abroad their breath blow,

Tell high and low, to friend and foe, that my arm bestowed his death-blow!

Then to Thora my troth

Was plighted for life;† and she, my wife, and her kindred, called me LODBROK.‡

III.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,

For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!

I remember well how many fell at Eirar§ in my sight.

In its boiling gulf the water-wolf had a fattening feast that night.

How his cubs lapped the blood!

And to and back the yellow-and-black ... prey-birds flitted around.

The black waters glared in the ghastly moon like one wide horrible wound.

Still, to and back the yellow-and-black ... prey-birds flitted, croaking;

Never before had they quaffed at gore so freshly hot and smoking,

As on that lurid flood,

That howled under those among our foes whom Hela laid low through Lodbrok!

IV.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,

For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!

While yet a boy, my one toy was the three-ribbed iron spear;

Therewith I played, unafraid, and joyous many a year.

But anon came the sword—

The broadsword blue—and daily grew less ponderous in my grasp;

Less weighty for me, but more for them whom it brought to their final gasp.

* In the ages of classical antiquity, heroes combated both monsters and men alike; but in their achievements they appear to have for the most part contemplated some useful end. In Scandinavia, on the other hand, warriors would seem to have fought for the mere pleasure, or, as we Irish would say, the pure fun of fighting, and perhaps also with a view to exhibit their prowess. Nothing is told us with respect to any local or other advantage derived from the destruction of the serpent mentioned in the text. We might suppose the whole story an allegory, but that serpents and dragons have always figured very conspicuously in the Scandinavian mythology. For that matter, it is true, we meet with them east, west, north and south. The narrative in the Book of Genesis unquestionably involves a deeper mystery than any that can attach to an ordinary tale of conquest over these monsters; but the European legends of St. George and Michael, and their combats with dragons, could be paralleled by many of the most popular oriental histories and traditions.

† Thora was given in marriage to Regner, as a reward for his valour. She was the daughter of Harald, or Haranth, Jarl (Earl) of Gothland. See the *Laudnamabok*, p. 384.

‡ *Lod*, Leathern, *Brok*, or rather *Brakur*, Trews. If we mistake not, there is a Dutch hero in Washington Irving's "History of New York," who bears a similar title. Regner wore coarse leathern nether garments, it seems, to protect him from injury in his combat with the serpent. But why not rather steel armour? De Méril, we may observe, is of opinion that *Lodbrok* signifies *Pean dure*, or Tough-skin, and that it is the natural and not the artificial apparel of Regner which is here alluded to.

§ At present Oresund (the straits of Helsing) according to Saxo Grammaticus.

Three heroes and I, with swords like that, dispatched to their cold clay pillows
 Eight haughty Jarls, by the dark Thonau,* whose beach-reeds drank in billows
 The sweat we outpoured !
 From Sky† the three were fetched by me, the far-sailing Regner Lodbrok.

v.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah !
 Know ye Elsinore ? From its shore some two-score kerls of mine
 Sent a hundred hauberked Orkney Norse to drink of Odin's wine.‡
 We had hard battling there !
 The blue blades gleamed, the red earth steamed, the fireful skies burnt black ;
 Then, bark by bark, up the dark Iweefa lay our track.
 By fields and fiords shields and swords on that dread day were well met ;
 Both axe and glaive on that day clave the skull-bones through the helmet !
 I had armour then to wear,
 Suits on suits, an' so I liked, but I still rode Regner *Lodbrok*.

vi.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah !
 From the time of noon until the moon arose on the swollen wave
 We rested not, for our blood was hot, and the enemy fiercely brave.
 But Harald the Bold
 Was pierced through the heart by a random dart, and fell from his vessel-side ;
 The battle then ceased,§ and We, we sailed along with the evening-tide.
 Prince Harald's domains were the oft-ploughed plains of Ocean's measureless
 acres ;
 No Jarl that I know ever rioted so among rocks, and storms, and breakers.
 Of the truly royal-souled
 Of the men of this globe was Harald the Prince ; I say it, I, Regner Lodbrok !

vii.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah !
 On Skarpey's shore the purple gore had the look of a living sea.
 Our strong-armed young ... warriors flung their shields away in their glee.
 How the axes did swing !
 The javelins hissed through the smoke-blue mist, as when Urkas' arrows were
 hurled,
 By the giants that fell from Heaven to Hell, at the Powers of the Higher
 World,

* According to Worm, this was the Danube ; and his conjecture is, I believe, a correct one.

† De Meril thinks that is the Iby, while Worm rather conjectures it to be the Vistula. The settlement of the point is not of much importance.

‡ All warriors who fell in battle were, according to the belief of the Norsemen, immediately after death admitted into the palace-halls of Odin. The Christian creed, in like manner—if I may so speak without being accounted profane—guarantees to those who die martyrs, instantaneous entrance into heaven without passing through any middle state.

§ The battle ceased directly a king or prince on either side happened to be killed. In slighter mellays a mere wound sufficed for its termination. The prevailing notion was, that victory would ultimately declare for the first slayer or wounder of a chief, and that there was therefore no use in prolonging the contest. The reader may trace a something approaching to this belief in the well-known couplet in Sir Walter Scott's poem—

“ Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.”

Lady of the Lake]

I slew the King, the mightiest man among the Norroway Norsemen,
I split him through, I hewed him in two, at the head of my chain-mailed horsemen.

He was Rafna the King ;
And among the foe there were wrath and woe, and cursing of Regner Lodbrok !

VIII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah !
On Ulla's plain ... the red rain ... roared in torrents down.
There many Jarls won fresh laurels and ever-during renown,
For we battled hand to hand !
The smell of the blood spread many a rood through the hot and clotted air,
And brought the vulture down from his cliff, and the wolf up from his lair.
King Eyastane, though he fought in vain, was a prince of dazzling valor—
Dismay was unknown to his mighty heart, and his brown cheek never knew pallor.

He was born for command,
And was wroth to yield the battle-field to even a Regner Lodbrok !

IX.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah !
At Innthur's isle we halted a while : ye doubtless know it well ;
A barren and rough ... region enough, all precipice, tarn, and fell.
There we gave the geyser-hawk
And the carrion crow such a feast, I trow, as rarely falls to their lot ;
White flesh for food, and for drink red blood, all steaming and seething hot !
The giant-wolf that Hala bestrides,* who scorneth Odin's horses,
Might gorge himself to the throat that night, I ween, on heroes' corpses.
Even now, they who walk
O'er the spot may spy what bones yet lie ... strewn there, by the hosts of Lodbrok !

X.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah !
O ! 'twas a day to chant for aye, the Day of Borgunthurbomb,†
Where, foot by foot, we battled our way, over the steep we clomb.
There we sweated beads of blood !
There hurtled in showers those shafts of ours that shattered the shields of our foes,
And scattered in flying fragments far the clangorous brass of their bows.
There Volknir fell : a braver leader never donned casque or war vest ;
He sowed his lands with slaughtered men, and gave the ravens the harvest !
He might well have withstood
Any foe save me, but his trust was gone when he met with Regner Lodbrok !

* Hala was a giant, and bestrode a gigantic wolf (invisibly) through all the regions of the North. His name, however, it may be remarked, is commonly used by the Scandinavian poets to represent indifferently any giant, ogre, or vampire whatsoever.

† Legis opines that this is the isle of Bornholm. Possibly he may be right, but I have my doubts. Ptolemy gives *Worms* the name of *Borgeturmagus*, and Pentinger calls it *Borgetomagus*. These titles are barbarously like the name in the text. There was, moreover, formerly, in the Markgrave of Heppenheim, a tract of land called Burgunthart. Those who are curious on this point may consult my friend, Jacob Grimm, in his *Deutsche Heldensage*, p. 66.

XI.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!
 In Flanders, where . . . we lost King Freyr, the battle raged all night—
 And thrice we drave to the brink of the wave his brazen chariots bright,
 But, woe to us! here
 Our valour was vain; we left on the plain a hundred knights or more.
 And Hilda mourned our loss with tears;* we had never succumbed before!
 Of a stalwart build was Freyr the King; his limbs were broad and brawny;
 But he fought and fenced in vain against the triple-fold shield of Hauny,†
 And his dark-bluish spear
 Broke short on that wall! I saw him fall:—alas! I Regner Lodbrog!

XII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!
 Anear to Ænglaint we once were fain . . . to fight, if we would not fly,
 While hail-bolts fell, and the wrathful yell of the blast rose wild and high.
 We were only One to Three—
 But our blades were good, and our boiling blood made light of the ice and hail,
 And we struck, in our ire, whole masses of fire from the Enemy's coats of mail.
 Six days we fought; on the seventh morn, where the coasts of the Scythian's
 Ilwun§ rise,
 We celebrated the Mass of Swords, in the blood-red rays of sunrise.
 Valthiof had the sea
 For a nuptial-bed; the bride he had wed was widowed by Regner Lodbrok!

XIII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!
 At Barthafirth,|| amiddle their mirth, while they quaffed the treacherous mead,
 We stormed the camp of some fourscore knights, I, Regner, taking the lead.
 The corpses, half-armed,
 But bloodless and black, lay on our track, in hideous guise around,
 For the sweat on our swords made each of our strokes inflict a poisonous wound,

Hilda was the Goddess of War. She naturally lamented the defeat of Regner, as the most distinguished of her heroes.

† A celebrated pirate and brigand of the ninth century—the Paul Jones and Schinderhannes together of Scandinavia. He was successful in every battle, all weapons constantly breaking against his shield, which was popularly supposed to have been charmed by some “Wizard of the North.”

‡ Hunnvra Suthica. This is, doubtless, the Humber. The reader may remember Milton's line—

“Or Humber loud, that bears the Scythian's name.”

§ *Oddamessa*. The occurrence of this remarkable expression here has led some commentators to question the fact of the high antiquity claimed for the “Death-Chant.” But Christianity, it should be noted, had already been more than a century established in England; and the rites of the Mass were doubtless familiar to the Pagan Scandinavians. That Regner spoke in derision is, I believe, the opinion of Ferguson and other eminent critics; but I should conceive that the dying monarch was by no means in a jocular mood, and that he merely borrowed the phrase for the nonce, as best calculated to express the nature of the ceremony, whatever that was, which appears to have been gone through on the occasion to which he alludes. I may here be permitted to add, in corroboration of the probable justness of this view of the passage, that the funeral rites of Balder, who was burned at the stake long before the introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia, popularly went by the name of *Kyndilmessa*, or mass of (blazing) faggots.

|| This is probably the Frith of Perth.

Till the stormy tide rushed in, and swept to a watery pillow and pallet
 The prostrate foes we had felled by blows as thick as from Odin's Mallet!
 After this, all unharmed,
 We put out to sea, and I crowed for glee, I shouted, I, Regner Lodbrok!

XIV.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!
 'Twas a wintry morn, in Hathnings-born,* when first we descried a host
 Of horse and foot, that rapidly bore . . . down towards us on the coast,
 So, we sprang to the beach;
 And we battled until . . . each cliff and hill appeared to whirl and reel—
 I slew eleven stout kerls, myself, with hatchets of stone and steel.
 Oh! I felt as proud as in the hour when first my right hand bore a
 Blue spear in the fray, or as on the day when I won my bright-haired Thora.
 Well, too, fought all and each
 Of my hardy crew, for the heroes knew that their Leader was Regner Lodbrok!

XV.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!
 At Northumrar our Battle-star scarce shone with so brilliant a glow.
 There three times ten of our mightiest men were laid, as by lightning, low.
 Night came down on us dark,
 With storm and sleet; but we scorned retreat; some twenty or more were
 drowned;
 And, with Morning's light, a ghastly sight encountered our gaze around—
 By valley and cliff steeds gory and stiff, with their riders weltering under—
 Strewn arms, crushed casques, and the livid flesh masques of skulls that lay
 cloven asunder!
 Among the cold and stark
 Was the giant Bal-drigh; he was eight feet high, and the friend of Regner
 Lodbrok!

XVI.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah!
 At Volthur's mouth, in the Isles of the South, we had cause of wailing and woe:
 So savage a host as thronged the coast we never had met for a foe—
 Soon their victory was won!
 The shower of their quick steel shafts rose thick . . . and black on the loaded
 air,
 And in vain our gallant warriors fought with the frenzied rage of Despair,
 I saw my son hurled down the steep, my noble son Raugvollo—
 His bones yet bleach on the stormy beach below in Dallathar's Hollow!
 My own heroic son!
 I mourned him with tears, but in after-years, I avenged him well, I, Lodbrok!

XVII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah!
 At Vetrathor† we Men of the North had a terrible fight, in truth,
 Horse lay on horse, and corse on corse, of the Flower of the Irish Youth,
 And our own, heaped and blent!

* Can this be Haddington Bay?

† Waterford.

There fell the Prince, Mac-Art: not since . . . have I met with a braver chief—
 But our own ranks, too, were thinned to a few; so our stay in the isle was brief.
 We left the Dead, as a feast outspread, to the Wolf-dog and the Raven—
 And, with ships ill-stored, then went on board, and steered away from the haven,
 Not with overmuch content!
 But Dannemark still had blood to spill, and she trusted in Regner Lodbrok!

XVIII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah!
 There was a mist on the morn: the sun rose shorn, at first, of his fiery pride—
 But he soon he shone out; then broke a shout from the faithful few by my side!
 What a sight we beheld!
 On the strand anear, lay, pierced with a spear, my brave son, Agnarbrand,
 While my henchman Tharl held angry parle, it seemed with a hostile band.
 We leaped on shore! By the Hammer of Thor but it largely lightened and thundered.
 The barbarous hordes fell under our swords, and went down to hell by the hundred.
 Our blows would have compelled
 Even Hamdir's shield and arms to yield,* had he fought that day against Lodbrok!

XIX.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah!
 My henchmen swore to wade in gore to the knees for ten days' time.
 For they mourned the youth whom a savage unruth had massacred ere his prime.
 And "Revenge!" was their cry.
 So, in Skada's Bay, from day to day, the sterns of their ships and mine
 Shone dark and bright with a purply light, as if bathed in lustrous wine,
 And the glaring flood around ran blood, so long as the ten days lasted,
 And each acre of soil that had thriven through toil we left all bloody and blasted.
 All was blood, sea and sky,
 And earth and air! A Wholesale Slayer for the time was Regner Lodbrok!

XX.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah!
 At Lindisfarne there yawned a tarn: 'twas wide and deep to see—
 "Now, whoso springs," I said to the Kings of the Isle—and these were three—
 "O'er the tarn, shall be Chief!"
 But they mocked my words, and drew their swords, and we battled from Noon to Night,
 And a hundred suits of mail were the fruits of our valour in the fight.
 Ere break of day we voyaged away to the south o'er glassy surges—
 Disdaining rest, for our arms, we guessed, were Odin's appointed scourges!
 Everywhere our stay was brief;
 The conqueror hath such a call to wrath!—and I was the world-famed Lodbrok!

XXI.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 'Twas at Alasund ! Its warriors shunned, at first, our slaughterful arms,
 But soon they poured, with club and sword, adown on our host in swarms,
 And we faced them, nothing loth !
 There fell the Prince of the Dazzling Locks, the Favorite of the Fair—
 The Pride of the North for Valor and Worth—the Childe of the Golden Hair !
 King Horn, too, a Goth
 Of an honored line, as old as mine, sank under the steel of Lodbrok !

XXII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 The bossed shield rang ; the broadsword swang ; the casque was fent and
 riven ;
 The strong steel cuirass shivered and sprang, from the force of the fierce blows
 given.
 Souls were sent to Odin fast !
 It was in the far-famed Onlugar,* the loveliest isle of isles—
 We spoiled and slew its Nobles and Chiefs ; they lay dead piles on piles !
 Our swords devoured flesh, marrow, and bones, with the hunger of raging
 dragons,
 And the red blood flowed as though hot wine glowed and gushed from a million
 flagons !
 Till time itself be past
 The fury and might of that dreadful fight will magnify Regner Lodbrok !

XXIII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 O, Hilda ! why ... did I not die ... in arms on the battle plain ?
 I courted Death ; I had worn the wreath of Conqueror not in vain—
 I had worn it overlong !
 The Brave soon learn what the Wise discern, that Life brings little but
 Pain ;
 Who, sire or youth, can say with truth he would live his own again ?
 A slave in soul is the craven wretch that can hug to his heart the sorrow,
 The toil, the crime of this warring world, and calmly pursue each morrow
 His career of Woe and Wrong !
 Not such am I ! Let me dazzle and die ! So ever said Regner Lodbrok !

XXIV.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 I count it just—as a hero must—that Conflict rage to the knife—
 For man against man, and clan against clan, is the Law of Strife and Life.
 All despise the poltroon,
 While he reveres even where he fears, and, in spite of his nature, pays
 His tribute of homage to manly Valour in admiration and praise,
 The man who would move a maiden to love, whether menial or monarch's
 daughter
 Must stand as a rock, amid the shock ... of spears on the Day of Slaughter.
 It is then a willing boon
 The damosel's heart—not bought at mart—but as Thora's to Regner Ledbrok !

* Anglesea.

XXV.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 I now perceive that the Nornas* weave the thread of each man's years ;
 Each, when too late, reads his fate ; it is when his death-hour nears !
 Little once did I dream,
 Even on that day ... when I lay ... all faint on my vessel's deck,
 While dark blood ... as a flood ... streamed from my head and neck,
 O ! little I thought that Ella the King was destined as my victor—
 That I should lie in this hideous pit, bound hand and foot by his lictor !
 But all gloom, without a gleam,
 All darkness is his Future unto each, as to Lodbrok !

XXVI.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 Closed is my race—I go to my place in the Dome of the warlike Dead.
 It is Odin who calls : ... in his halls ... the banquet lieth spread,
 And the wine burneth bright.
 Let me rejoice that I hear his voice—that he welcomes me among
 The Mighty of old, the Intrepid-souled our Northern skalds have sung !
 Oh ! they shall see ... one in me, well worthy their proud greeting—
 There shall be thunder and storm in Heaven, I promise them, on our meeting.
 Gods and men shall unite
 To give me the meed of each great deed that I wrought on Earth, I, Lodbrok !

XXVII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 I perish here, ... but my sphere ... is henceforth wider and higher.
 And Aslug's † five ... sons will strive ... in battle for their sire.
 They will conquer Ella yet !
 So soon as they know that I undergo to-day the fiercest pains
 Of Death in this ... accursed abyss, their arms will sweep the plains,
 For, braver youths I never have known ; they inherit and will not smother
 That high heroic fire of soul that burned within their mother !
 This o'ermasters all regret
 I else might feel that Fate should deal thus fearfully hard with Lodbrok !

XXVIII.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
 For the glory of Dannemark,—hurrah !
 My hour draws nigh ; ... yet I hie without fear to my gloomful goal.
 Ye fanged snakes, your fury makes no terror in my soul !
 Gnaw and sting till I expire !
 Above my grave ... the blue glaive ... will mow its hundreds down :
 My sons will soon avenge my death, and trample Ella's crown—‡
 Full well I know that those leal youths will neither halt nor slumber
 Until they have slain both him and his, and wasted all Northumber
 With steel and flaming fire,
 As an offering made to appease the shade of their father, Regner Lodbrok !

* The Parcsæ.

† This was the true name of Regner's second wife, though she usually went by that of *Kraka*, or the Crow, perhaps from the blackness of her hair. Her five sons were called Ivar (or Hingvar), Biauru, Ilvitserk (or Hubba), Sigurth, and Raunvalla. It is either a highly poetical thought in Regner, or a sad blunder of his poet, to associate the latter *slain* hero with his brothers in their work of vengeance.

‡ This prediction was fulfilled to the letter in the year 867, when Ella was conquered, and put to death, with exquisite tortures, by the sons of Lodbrok.

XXIX.

We have hewn with our axes and swords,
For the glory of Dannemark—hurrah!
My course is run! Fifty-and-one ... fights have I seen to their close.
Thrice ten, and fifteen ... times I have been ... victorious o'er my foes!
Fare thee well, thou fair Earth!
Farewell, bright sun! My course is run, a course I never deplored—
On the dark-red wall of the Skalds' high Hall shall henceforth hang my sword!
Battles, banquets and mirth
Will survive, I wot—and wherefore not?—the death of Regner Lodbrok!

XXX.

All is o'er! Ha! what shadowy forms
Are sitting through the pit to and fro!
They beckon me hence! Come they thence ... whither I now depart?
Soon shall I know! ... the final throe already rends my heart!
Hark! I hear their silent words!
"The Disir* are we! We are sent to thee, to lead thee to a home
Of pomp and gloom beyond the tomb! Fear nothing, hero, but come!"
It is well! I go!—If to Weal or Woe, I wiss not well, and care not—
Wherever be cast my future lot, mine arm shall smite, and spare not!—
So the clash of shields and swords
But sound in his ear, he hath no fear of his destiny, Regner Lodbrok!

* The *Disir* were an order of demon-angels commissioned by Odin to maintain a constant watch over the actions of mankind. They were particularly partial to great heroes, always waited on them in their last hours, and after death introduced them into the Scandinavian Paradise.

HORÆ GREGORIANÆ.

BY G. H. SNOGBY.

I HAD snatched but a hurried sight of the most prominent among the wonders of Rome, when passing southwards, in the last days of November, and having basked away the winter months under the sky of Naples, I returned, about the beginning of March, to the holy city, where it was my purpose that the holy week should find me a sojourner. On my arrival, I found the whole Roman world, stranger as well as native, streaming towards the quarter of the Lateran, some to perform, others to see performed, an act of devotion, to which was annexed the benefit of three thousand and odd years' plenary indulgence. This was the ascent of the *scala santa*, which, as the reader probably knows, is—or is not?—the staircase of the Prætorium, or palace of the Roman governor at Jerusalem, which was trodden by the feet of Christ, when conducted by his accusers before Pontius Pilate. This relic—more august, if the tradition respecting it be true, than all the ruins of the Forum, and richer than all the riches of the Vatican—was brought from the east, I know not when, nor by whom, but probably by some crusader or some pilgrim of the eleventh or twelfth century, when men went to Jerusalem for relics, as they do now to Rome for antiques, and if they brought but money and faith, were quite as little likely to come away disappointed.

Whoever brought the staircase, there it is now, in a small chapel built expressly to receive it, beside the gigantic church of the Lateran, and within view of the Porta San Giovanni, by which the traveller coming from Naples enters the eternal city; and hither, as above set forth, everything within the circuit of Rome's walls, that had a knee to bend or an eye to gaze withal, was wending its way at the moment of my arrival, either to perform the ascent to which so much spiritual profit was attached, or to look on while others performed it.

It is a long way from the Piazza di Spagna, which, with the streets adja-

cent, is, during the "season," a sort of Roman Little Britain, to the neighbourhood of the Lateran; and I determined to save myself a journey for some ensuing day, by stopping at once to contemplate the strange spectacle which the spot I was on presented. I do not know if it be correct to call the building that contains the *scala santa* a chapel. It is an open pavilion, the whole breadth of which is occupied by three parallel staircases, terminating above in a kind of lobby, or platform, and here it is possible that an altar may stand, but I have no recollection of having observed such an object. In truth, the picture before me—a living and moving one—left little observation to be bestowed on its inanimate frame. A dense mass of human beings, young and old, male and female, of all classes, and apparently of all countries, covered the central staircase from bottom to top, painfully working their way up the sacred steps on their knees. This is the only manner in which it is lawful to ascend the *scala santa*: neither the hand nor the foot may touch its hallowed surface. To creep up on all fours would be scarcely a less profanation than to walk up; the knees are the only part of the human body, the contact of which is not considered to violate its sanctity. A numerous crowd, collected about the stair-foot, continually fed the ascending stream, and was itself every moment reinforced by new devotees dropping in in every direction. Nothing could be more heterogeneous than the composition of the multitude, nothing more picturesque than the motley variety of costume and physiognomy which it presented. The Roman from the Trastevere was there, with his sullen brow, and, no doubt, with his stiletto hid in his waistband. There was the bearded friar, of mortified aspect, and at his side the peasant girl, with her bronze cheek and her flashing eyes, her quaint square head-tire, scarlet boddice, and system of petticoats, of all the colours in the rainbow. Brigand-looking figures

of men were there, elbowed by sleek citizens, who would have been woefully ill at ease, had they chanced upon such company in some sequestered part of the Campagna. Shepherds were there, whose coat was nothing more than a sheepskin, with two holes for the arms, and whose nether limbs were enveloped in raw hides for hose, curiously gartered about with thongs of the same, to keep them on. Then there were figures in the garb of pilgrims, who had journeyed to Rome expressly for purposes of devotion or of penance. There were Armenians, too, and "united" Greeks, giving a dash of oriental character to the scene; and there were beggars, problems of filth and raggedness beyond all solving, of whose neighbourhood few left the sacred place without carrying away some memento. Nor was there wanting a goodly proportion of those classes whose country is not indicated by their habit, persons of the middle and higher ranks, in which all national distinction has lost itself in the uniform style of dress adopted generally throughout Europe; the ugliest form, perhaps, into which the primeval fig-leaf has yet developed itself, and the universal prevalence of which seems to me, more than any thing else, to prove that the world is in its dotage, and cannot last much longer. However, what the garb did not reveal, the features and complexion did, and there was as little possibility of mistaking the Englishman, the German, and the Italian, as if they had carried labels on their foreheads to refer them to their respective tribes.

It would be difficult to describe the mixture of feelings with which one gazed on this extraordinary scene—the strange, perplexing, irritating sensations produced by all that addressed itself to the eye and the ear. The restless, uncouth, shuffling, *jointless* kind of motion, that pervaded the ascending column, really dizzied one's brain; and the continuous low sighing sound—partly, no doubt, expressive of religious emotion (indeed, the eyes of many were streaming with tears, as they dragged themselves on), but partly, too, of pain and fatigue, bodily distress and exhaustion—issuing from more than a thousand breasts at once, oppressed one's own breast with a *sense of nightmare*, and exercised a *dreary fascination* that made it equally

disquieting to stay, and impossible to go.

In the uppermost step is a cross, set in the stone, which each penitent kisses as he completes the ascent; having passed this, he is at liberty to stand up, being no longer on the ground hallowed by the divine tread. Those who have made the ascent, come down by the side staircases, as it is not permitted to descend the *scala santa*. People whose penitential feeling is of more than common intensity, do not content themselves with one ascent. Some repeat the exercise a prodigious number of times, and lay up for themselves ages and cycles of indulgence, in which the period of the world's duration loses itself like a drop in the ocean. A poor woman, the wife of a man who attended me as a servant while I sojourned in the holy city, went up so often, that she brought on a spitting of blood, and was obliged to leave off from sheer physical inability to kneel in an upright posture. Had she been allowed to use her hands, she would have done it twice as often. But, even should the penitent fall on his face, he must recover his erect position without helping himself in the way that nature instinctively prompts; and where there is such a press of *ascendants*, so wedged and so locked together as to rob their movements of everything like freedom, and urged on without cessation by the numbers thronging up from behind, it is not to be wondered at if one, now and then, should lose his balance in the course of an ascent of eight-and-twenty steps.

Among the English at Rome that year (it was 1831), there was a young man, named L——, whose recent abandonment of the tenets of Protestantism was making no little noise among his compatriots, especially as he was known to be animated by all the proverbial zeal of a neophyte, and had already gained over a somewhat conspicuous convert to his new creed, in the person of a clergyman, of aristocratic birth, and of those peculiar views in religion which the holders of them designate as "evangelical." L—— was an assiduous frequenter of the *scala*, one ascent of which he held to be equal in merit to a whole life of ordinary good works: in fact, as he argued, the former was a more direct

compliance with our Saviour's command to "follow him" than the latter. He was of an heroic faith, was L—— quite ready to exclaim with the judicious Tertullian, "*Credo quia impossibile.*" He was the only Roman Catholic I ever met with, who avowedly believed that the "holy house" of Loretto was carried by the angels from Nazareth to Tersati in Dalmatia, in the year 1291, thence to Recanati in Italy, in 1295, and finally, in the same year, to the favoured place where it now stands. However, he told me, for my own encouragement, in case the choking character of this legend should happen to be the *only* difficulty in the way of my becoming a "Catholic," that the church does not enjoin the belief of it on the faithful, as necessary to salvation, which, no doubt, is extremely considerate of her. I promised L——, in consequence, that if ever I found the road to Rome cleared of all *other* difficulties, I would not stop short at the Three Taverns for this one.

At that time defections from the Anglican Church to the Roman were not things that happened every day, and L——'s conversion—or perversion, if the reader will—was an event sufficiently out of the common to make him the "lion" of the moment, though I confess I never heard him *roar* without suspecting that the hide of the king of cats covered an animal better fitted by nature to eat thistles than men. Nevertheless, he certainly carried off some of the English that year at Rome, and I have heard that the beast of prey developed itself in him to an alarming extent after his return to England.

The zoological question apart, I found L—— an interesting study, and I cultivated him as such. The story of his conversion, which he was fond of telling, was not without its moral. As early as eight years old, it was a stumbling-block to him to hear the minister say in the church service, and to have himself to say in the catechism—"I believe in the holy Catholic Church." He could not see why Protestants should call the Catholic Church "holy." If it was holy, why did they protest against it? Then he had heard dark tales of the doings of this "Catholic Church"—the dungeons and torture-chambers of the Inquisition, the fires

of Smithfield, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the dragonades—tales that reproduced themselves in his nightly dreams, and long filled him with a vague fear of solitude, even by day; and the church that has done these things he was to call "holy." It was a riddle past his finding out.

At a suitable age he was placed under the tuition of a clergyman, a man of great worth and ability, but of the modern or so-called "evangelical" school in religion. L—— now thought he had a fine opportunity of getting a solution of his difficulty about the "Catholic Church." He spoke to his tutor on the subject, and the latter informed him that the true catholic or universal church was an invisible community, consisting of all those who held "evangelical" views, no matter to what denomination or sect they belonged; and that it was in this invisible or spiritual church, and not in the visible body to which the Romanists applied the name, that Protestants professed their belief, when they employed the words of the creed referred to. With this explanation, in default of a better, L—— was fain to content himself, and the principles it indicated were those upon which the whole system of religious instruction imparted to him, for some years from this time, was based. In his fourteenth year, however, an event occurred, which brought about the crisis of his life. This was the introduction of an old emigrant *abbé* into his tutor's house, to give lessons in French to L—— and his fellow-scholars. The *abbé* was the first Roman Catholic—a *fortiori*, the first Roman Catholic priest—that L—— had ever seen, and it rather took him by surprise to find the old gentleman so little of an ogre. It was difficult to believe that that benevolent-looking brow could darken into the frown of a ruthless inquisitor, that those meek eyes could sparkle with pleasure to see a poor little Protestant boy twisting before a slow fire, or that that kind, encouraging voice, with a touch of sorrow even in its cheerfulness, could, and would, if circumstances did but permit, order the thumbscrews to be applied to the reverend tutor himself. Equally difficult was it to persuade one's self that he had a miniature rack at his lodgings, for the purpose of putting any unfor-

fortunate neighbour's cat he could lay hands on to the question, or that his customary solace of a Sunday evening was to consign all the mice he had caught in his cage-trap during the week, to the fires of a mimic *auto da fe*. In short, L—— began to suspect that a certain lady was not so scarlet as she was painted, and that "Fox's Book of Martyrs" might not be quite so true as the Gospel. It happened one day that he found himself alone with the *abbé*, and his old difficulty of the "Catholic Church" recurring to his mind, he determined to try how far the views of a Romish priest on the subject might agree, or disagree, with those of his tutor. The extreme opposition in which he found the two statements surprised him. His tutor had told him of an invisible church, the members of which were joined together in no ostensible organization, but, on the contrary, were *kept asunder* by the countless variety of conflicting organizations, in which they were joined with those who were no members of their spiritual communion at all. The Frenchman found it no hard task to show him the incompatibility of all this with the notion of the church as exhibited in the Scriptures—as "a city set upon a hill;" as "the pillar and ground of the truth;" as "a body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," and in which no member can say to another, "I have no need of thee." He easily showed L——, in short, that neither he (that is, L——) nor his tutor, believed in a church at all; that they had no evidence of the existence of their invisible community of evangelicals, scattered among the different denominations and sects of Christendom; and that even supposing such a community did exist,—that is, supposing that each of those denominations and sects did contain a certain number of persons, who held certain opinions in common, still their consent in these opinions, being far less conspicuous than their disagreement in other things, could never supply the place of that *unity* by which, according to the intention of the adorable Founder of the church, the world was to be led to believe in his divine mission.

It was no part of the plan of *mon-sieur l'abbé* to apprize his pupil that

the principles in which the latter had been brought up were not those of the church of which he was a member. On the contrary, it was most desirable that he should continue to suppose, as he had hitherto done, that the "low-churchism" of his tutor was the only position left for those who rejected the pretensions of Rome. L—— was now convinced that he had never "believed in the Holy Catholic Church;" he was artfully led to the conclusion—or at least he was not warned against concluding—that nobody who was not a Romanist *did* believe in it, and a Romanist he at once became. Totally ignorant of the existence of a way in religion, which was neither ultra-Protestant nor Popish, he no sooner felt that he had no firm footing in the former of these extremes, than he naturally threw himself headlong into the other.

I am indebted to L—— for some new lights upon points of history which, if his views be correct, are still the subjects of very general misapprehension in this country. The students of the German college at Rome wear red gowns: this colour, L—— told me, was adopted at the time their college was founded, namely, the time of "the so-called Reformation," in allusion to the persecution then raging against all Catholics in Germany, which dyed the white robe of the faith with the blood of so many of its wearers. Up to that time I had been under the impression that the "persecution" was on the other side, and that the blood in which the "Catholics" of that age sealed their faith, was that which had run in the veins of its impugnors. This, it seems, was a mistake. Mistakes are like dogs; every one of them has its day. But every day has its morrow, when the mistake is found out, or the dog hung. The age we live in may be called the age of the detection of historical mistakes. What has not our nineteenth century accomplished in this way? What one fact do we believe now in the way it was believed fifty years ago? The whole world of the past stands on its head. Perkin Warbeck was the Duke of York; Bloody Mary was a princess of a particularly tender disposition; Pope Hildebrand was a saint; Wallenstein was a loyal subject; Shakespeare never stole a deer in his life; Oliver Crom-

well was not a humbug; Hazlitt had no pimples; the Prussians won the battle of Waterloo; and—it was John Huss that burned the Council of Constance.

One consequence of my acquaintance with L—— was, that I learned a good deal of what was going on in the Roman “religious world.” Among other things that he imparted to me (always with a view to my soul’s health) were certain circumstances connected with the recent election of Pope Gregory XVI., indicating the more than common satisfaction of heaven with the said election, and portending a great consequent accession of prosperity to the cause of religion. As history, in her purblind way, will probably overlook the circumstances in question, when compiling her records of this pontiff’s reign, perhaps I can do no better than put them at once out of the way of oblivion, by inscribing them on the time-defying columns of ALMA.

The sacred college, on the demise of Pius VIII., were greatly perplexed in their choice of a successor to the pontifical chair. The times demanded the promptest election, yet a long time had elapsed, and what hand was to hold the keys remained still undetermined. Pius had died on the last night of November, 1830: the whole of December was past, and nearly the whole of January, and the body of the faithful was still “acephalous.” Meanwhile, the troubles of Europe, or at least of European governments, which had commenced with the “three days” at Paris, were spreading, like the cholera, from duchy to duchy of Germany, from canton to canton of Switzerland, and how soon they might come pouring, like Hannibal and his Africans, over the Alps, the devil alone, who was at the bottom of them, could tell. I myself had been assured at Bologna, in the preceding November, by a *valet de place*, who told me he could speak English like a native—and who did, but not like a native of England—that there would be a revolution in the papal states before six months were gone by; and, no doubt, where things of this kind were so openly talked of to strangers, some vague murmur of them, at least, had found its way to the ears of those whom they more immediately concerned. On all accounts, religious and secular, it was

bad to be without a pope, and yet of getting a pope there did not seem to be the remotest prospect. The delay, it is said, arose from the clashing intrigues of France and Austria, who played their game with such exquisite balance of skill, that there was every reason to fear it would never get played out.

It must be recollected, that what makes the election of a pope a matter so slow to come to a conclusion is, that the voting is by ballot, that no one can be declared elected who has not two-thirds of the voices, and that perhaps not one of the electors is entirely without some hope that the choice may fall on himself.

While things were in this unsatisfactory position, an old friar, in one of the innumerable convents that beatify the seven-hilled city, had a vision. St. Peter stood at his bedside with the unappropriated keys in his hand, and asked him (the friar, “a very simple man,” L—— said) who he thought ought to have them. The simple man was quite confounded at being consulted by such a personage, and on such a point; and humbly replied, that that was a matter far above his judgment, but that he was sure the person predestinated from all eternity to the charge in question would turn out to be, on the whole, the fittest, and that of course no one knew better who *that* person was, than the very saint it was permitted his unworthiness to speak to. Several nights in succession the visit was repeated, and the same conversation took place. At length, another and a more illustrious visitant, even the blessed among women herself, appeared at the bedside of the friar, and instructed him, when St. Peter next came and asked who should be pope, to answer “*Cardinal Mauro Cappellari*,” for that this distinguished ecclesiastic was indeed pre-ordained from before all ages to fill the apostolic seat in these dangerous and unbelieving times, and that he was the chosen instrument to restore the church to her ancient glory and power, and to establish the true faith over the whole earth.

This, L—— told me, was not the only revelation which had been made on the subject. Many holy persons at Rome had seen visions, and dreamed dreams, all purporting that the various

forms of evil in the world—infidelity, heresy, and the rest—would, during the pontificate of Gregory XVI. unite their forces, and come to a head; and that, after some terrible effects of this league, all the parties to it would meet a still more terrible destruction, and then would begin the millennium. All the holy nuns and abbots, and that sort of people, who had the gift of prophecy, declared glorious times to be coming.

It is remarkable that, at the very same time, the Irvingites were prophesying to the very same effect in London, and the Lardonites in Switzerland.*

Well, St. Peter came again the night after the visit of the Virgin Mother, with the usual question. The “simple man” answered him in all simplicity, as he had been instructed by Mary, and the next day, being the

2nd of February, 1831, Cardinal Mauro Cappellari was proclaimed pope, and bestowed the apostolic benediction upon the expectant multitudes from the front of the Basilica Vaticana. He appeared in the vestments appertaining to his new dignity, attended by two cardinals; and nobody could deny that he was a man of a goodly presence, with no prominent bad point about him but his nose. However, the prophecies “which went before on him” had intimated that his reign was to have a stormy beginning, and this soon began to be fulfilled.† His election was received with some discontent by the Romans, not on the ground of his personal qualities, for on this score all admitted that there was only room for the most cordial approbation; but he was a foreigner—that is, he was not born within the estates of the church; he was a native of Belluno, in the Venetian territory, and

* The sect of the Lardonites originated at Yverdon, in Switzerland, about the same time that that of the Irvingites made its appearance in London. A close resemblance subsisted between these two sects, in all their leading features, and I cannot but think that an authentic account of them, as well as of some communities nearly similar, which arose at the same period in different parts of Germany, in Sweden, and in France, would form a valuable contribution to the history of epidemic insanity. Like the Irvingites, the Lardonites boldly took in hand the interpretation of the unfulfilled prophecies; loudly denounced all the rest of Christendom as apostate and drunken with the wine of Babylon; declared themselves raised up to be the messengers of one last warning to mankind before the coming of the day of judgment; professed to be governed by apostles who have their vocation by direct revelation from heaven; permitted women to speak in their meetings, and were proficients in the unknown tongues. The Swiss enthusiasts, however, seem to have been a *little* crazier (or perhaps more hearty in their enthusiasm) than the English. They sent no letters by post, because St. Paul always sent his by some brother or sister, such as Onesiphorus, or Tychicus, or Phoebe. They burned a parcel of Cæsar Malan’s hymn-books at their apostle’s feet, because the Ephesian converts did the like with their books of magic. Being unable to perform “signs and wonders,” and yet feeling that a mission such as theirs ought not to be without that kind of evidence, they resolved, with great straightforwardness, to make signs and wonders of themselves, which the men effected by suffering their beards to grow (on the principle that all Christians are Nazarites), and the women, by wearing their hair over their faces in the manner of a veil, that being the use for which, according to 1 Cor. xi. 15, a woman’s hair is given to her. There were eight Lardonites left in 1837, when I was last in Switzerland: they sat on a bench, with a table before them, holding the last judgment, to which, however, an unbelieving world could not be got to come.

† Incontestably, the leading feature of the epoch was *that* which became pope’s-nose, when Cardinal Mauro Cappellari became pope. It is a remarkable fact, that this organ, on finding itself in the responsible position of being followed by him whom the whole Catholic world followed, actually grew two inches in length—as if it felt, in some obscure way of its own, that the age called for progress. Some years later, when it had attained a development hardly less astounding than that of Mr. Newman’s theology, the Romans took so many liberties with it, in the shape of caricatures and pasquinades, that the police felt itself called on to interfere; and noses were placed in the index of subjects not to be handled with levity, at Rome, as *pears*, about the same time, were at Paris. The utmost indulgence in the jocular, that a Roman, after this, ventured to permit himself, was to touch his nose whenever he passed a *gendarme*, and remark, as if for his own admonition, “*Di questa cosa non si parla più.*”

every body knows that the Romans count the Venetians almost as little their fellow-countrymen, as the Plymouth people, according to Dr. Johnson, do the folks at Plymouth dock. Another point, not in the new pope's favour, was his being a monk, the temper of the time being hostile to the whole conventual system.* Then there were elements of disorder already at work in the Ecclesiastical States, as well as in the rest of Europe. Among the Romans themselves, there were enough who wanted to have no pope at all; and the licence of the times (the carnival having just commenced) favoured the views of those who meditated a disturbance of the existing order of things. The very day after his election, the new pontiff received the tidings of the insurrection at Modena, and in other cities of Italy. On the 9th of February, that is, seven days after his accession to the sovereignty of the church, he addressed a paternal proclamation to the subjects of the Holy See, exhorting them to quietness and order. But the exhortation bore little fruit. Bologna had broke out in insurrection on the 4th of February, and was declaring the temporal power of the pope abolished, while his coronation was actually taking place in St. Peter's at Rome. Ferrara, Ancona, Urbino, followed the example; and, on the 12th, the metropolis itself caught the flame, and was the scene of a revolutionary attempt. It was towards eight o'clock in the evening of this day, that the stillness of the Eternal

City was broken by the rattle of musketry, startling her strangely-mingled population like the first pulse of an earthquake. From fifty to sixty persons, it seems, had assembled in the Piazza Colonna, which was barricaded on the side next the Corso with slight wooden palings, on account of the horse-races. During the day, military posts had been established in different parts of the town, and the guards strongly reinforced; and, in addition to these precautions, a numerous patrol traversed the streets from nightfall. In passing along the Corso, the assemblage in the Piazza Colonna attracted the attention of the officer commanding the patrol, and his suspicions were aroused by the manner in which they had, as it were, entrenched themselves behind the palisading already referred to. He challenged them—they made no answer; he called on them to disperse—they kept their ground; he advanced with his men to dislodge them from their post—they met him with a brisk discharge of pistols. He now gave the word to fire, a volley of musketry followed, and by the time the smoke rolled off, there was not an insurgent to be seen; the piazza was cleared—the smoke itself had not vanished more noiselessly than they whose retreat it covered. It was evident that the insurgents had expected the military to run away; and that they did *not*, remains a riddle to all who know anything of Roman soldiers to this hour. The only solution of the difficulty I can suggest is, that they *would*

* Indeed the secular clergy were not in much better odour at Rome, just then, than the regular. A priest was stilettoed, that same Lent, at the altar: the assassin, it was said, was a jealous husband, and so unpopular was everything ecclesiastical at the time, in the city of ecclesiastics, that public sympathy, notwithstanding the monstrous sacrilege connected with the act, was altogether in favour of the perpetrator of it. Another man was stabbed one fine March day in the Via San Bastianello, under my very windows; but this was not so romantic a business as the other, for the sufferer was only a clerk of Torlonia's, and was at his desk again, as well as ever, a day or two afterwards. A priest of my own acquaintance, and who was giving me Italian lessons, came in one evening out of breath, and as pale as if he had met the ghost of Remus. He had been attacked by braves in the very Piazza di Spagna, as he passed the foot of the great stairs leading up to the Trinità dei Monti. These stairs are great places for cutting throats, as the church at the top of them is one of the holiest in the holy city, and enjoys the privileges of a sanctuary. My little Abbate had been fortunate enough to have to do with a clumsy practitioner, and the stroke aimed at him did not take effect. "I did ron," said he, telling the story, "like a bear." The only motive he could suppose to have instigated the attempt on his life, was the prevailing hatred of the clergy: he had no personal enemy that he was aware of, but his three-cornered hat was sufficient to mark him out for the dagger. After that, I had to take my Italian lessons in the morning, for there was no getting my Abbate out again at night.

have run away, after firing, had not their adversaries anticipated them in the movement. When Roman meets Roman, then comes, not the "tug of war," but the question for each—whether to run at once, or to wait a moment and see will the other do it.

None of the shots from the insurgent party had taken effect; and as the *piazza* presented no traces of blood, it appeared that the fire of the patrol had been equally inoffensive. That real bullets had, notwithstanding, been discharged, was sufficiently manifest next morning, for they were found sticking in the shutters and door-frames of various shops in the Corso, opposite to the spot where the encounter had taken place. Nobody, therefore, could say that the soldiers had not been in danger, and the consciousness of this, no doubt, made them think with a just pride of the night past, and with no less just a terror of the night coming.

The next night, however, passed over without disturbance, but on the morning of the fifteenth, tricoloured cockades were found scattered along the streets, inscribed with the words, "*questo o la morte*—this, or death!" which was undeniably very bold language, though less impressive, perhaps, than it might have been, had the retreat of the Piazza Colonna not been so exceedingly prompt. In the course of the day placards were posted in all quarters of the city, by order of the authorities, announcing that, for weighty reasons, the carnival was curtailed of the three days it had yet to run (it was rumoured that the conspirators had fixed on that very day to seize the carriages parading the Corso, and to convert them into barricades *à la mode de Paris*); the theatres also were closed, and vigorous measures taken to render an outbreak impossible. But the insurrection, though checked in the capital, grew more formidable every day in the provinces; it spread rapidly along the coast of the Adriatic; the town and fort of San Leone, with forty pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the rebels, who opened the prisons, and thus made some recruits, who had no reason to love the existing government or laws; Ancona next opened its gates to the insurgent army, and it was not long before Spoleto, Foligno, Terni, and Narni, in like manner espoused the revolutionary cause.

In short, the pope was in a fair way of being left with as little worldly power as ever St. Peter himself could boast of, when Austria interfered, and restored things to their former position.

Among the leaders of the insurrectionary movement, were two of the younger members of the Buonaparte family, who, it seems, saw nothing unbecoming in this kind of return for the papal hospitality exercised towards their house. One of these young scamps was shot in a skirmish, which the zealous Romanists looked upon as a most extraordinary intervention of divine agency, and a manifest judgment. Indeed, L—— did not hesitate, in informing me of the event, to say that "one of the Buonapartes had been struck dead;" he took care, however, not to add, that it was a *bullet* he had been "struck" with.

Another miracle that occurred in the course of this war was the following:—During the siege of Rieti by the insurgents, a tremendous hail-storm came on, which poured out its undivided fury upon the ranks of the besiegers, not one hailstone falling within the walls; so that the garrison fought in downright luxury, while their assailants could not so much as look up to the walls to see who was shooting them, without having their eyes knocked out by a bullet from the clouds. Pictures representing this miracle were to be seen in all the shop-windows at Rome; and certainly nothing could be bluer than the hail shower, nor more scarlet than the fires spouting from the ramparts of the town.

I remember asking Chiavari, Torlonia's son-in-law, how the war was going on. "Oh, capitally," was his answer: "the rebels haven't a leg to stand on. The pope's general has posted himself in the most advantageous manner, taken up the most beautiful position that ever was seen. He's at one side of a river, and the rebels are at the other, and they can't get at him at all. Poor fellow! he has no troops with him, or he'd beat them to a jelly. But, you see, that's just the drawback."

Well, this beginning of his reign gave Gregory XVI. quite as much as he wanted of the carnival, and he would most surely have abolished it altogether, if he had not felt that that was the most infallible way he could

take to bring about a revolution in earnest. However, he did the next thing—he forbid masks. A carnival without masks he thought would offer fewer facilities to the hatching of treason. Grievous was the grumbling of the Romans at this prohibition. Your Roman is habitually a gloomy variety of your species *homo*: you shall not meet with a more serious-looking populace anywhere in Christendom than that of the eternal city. But what *looks* to be seriousness is sullenness: verily, an ill-humoured generation are the modern representatives of the *gens togata*. Nevertheless, by some strange secret in psychology, there lies a vein of the richest buffoonery beneath the morose exterior; and no people hail with greater joy the season that sanctions the maddest pranks, and stamps ridicule on no folly but that of being in one's wits. Still, it is only under a mask that Romans can laugh: to fool it with a bare face would be but barefaced foolery.

The carnival of 1833, the time of my second visit to Rome, was an unmasked one, to the ineffable disgust of all who took part in it. The Romans grumbled; and I, being at Rome, did as the Romans did—I grumbled too. We both thought (the Romans and I) that the holy father was setting any thing but a Christian example, by keeping up an old grudge in this implacable way; but what use was there in our thinking? All we had for it was to be as merry as we could, since circumstances allowed of our being no merrier. To make up, I suppose, in some small measure, for the want of masks, and put his lieges as far as possible in good humour again, Gregory had the amusements of the first day (the ninth of February) opened by the beheading of two men, who had lain a long time—one of them, it was said, five years—in the dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo. This was a great treat to the English. I didn't go myself, as I thought I should relish the carnival as well without a "whet" of that nature; but many of my Anglo-Roman friends did, and I heard others lamenting that they could not make it convenient to go. "It's something to have to say, you know," urged a youthful Scotch dandy to me, "that one has seen a man's head cut off. I wouldn't give a farthing to see a hang—that's com-

mon." This *dilettante* is in parliament now, and I suppose if ever the question of abolishing the gallows comes before him, he will move as an amendment that that mode of "working off" be exchanged for the guillotine.

Among those who did go to the beheading was—no matter who—I mention no names, but it was a pretty pastime for his father's son. I am happy to say he came back as white as a tallow-candle, and as sick as if he had the said tallow-candle in his stomach, having got a spurt of blood over his face and waistcoat. He, at least, was spoiled for the remaining pleasures of the first day of carnival.

The two men who suffered the extremity of human justice on this occasion were murderers. One of them was a *vetturino*, the victim of whose crime had been his partner in trade. The story, as I heard it, was to this effect. A travelling party, numerous enough to require two carriages, had engaged the partners for a somewhat lengthened and proportionately profitable tour. This being concluded, the two *vetturini* set out on their way homewards with full pockets, and, at the end of the first day's journey, stopped at a small town, well-known to one of them, but to which the other was a stranger. On driving into the inn-yard, he that was acquainted with the place proposed to his companion, that instead of being at the expense of putting up their horses there, they should take them out to a common at some distance from the town, turn them loose for the night, and then come back themselves to their supper and their beds: the other consented, and the two men, leaving their carriages in the yard, set out for the common with the horses—but did not return. The next morning, some dogs found the body of a man, newly murdered, among the bushes on the common, and brought their masters, who were shepherds or peasants of the neighbourhood, to the spot: the body was carried into the town, recognized by the people at the inn as that of the strange *vetturino* who had been there the preceding night, and the police put on the track of the missing partner. In a country in which the passport system prevails, it was easy to trace the perpetrator of such a crime, and the murderer was speedily in the hands of justice. He

had gone off with the money and horses. They had him five years in prison, waiting for some *dignus vindice nodus*, when he might come forward, as a *deus ex machina*, and be guillotined, to put his countrymen in a proper frame of mind for a time of merry-making.

The other sufferer was connected with a rather more curious story. Two English travellers, being overtaken by night in the Apennines, and no town or village within many hours' journey, found their way to the solitary dwelling of an humble and hospitable old priest, who made them welcome, gave them of his best to eat and to drink, and ventured, as he said with a cheerful smile, to promise them somewhat better beds than they would have met with, had they been fortunate enough to get on to the place at which they had originally calculated on halting for the night. The Englishmen had, in fact, no reason to regret the disarrangement of their plans: they had a blazing fire on the hearth, a pleasant light wine to drink, capital soup, substantial and nourishing (very unlike the *buona minestra* they would have got, in the shape of a hank of vermicelli swimming in a gallon of hot water, at the inn), a dish of macaroni, and a couple of emaciated fowls, for supper, and the conversation of their venerable host for entertainment. To their surprise, they found the latter, though a Romish ecclesiastic, a man of liberal and enlarged views; fully persuaded of the truth of his own religion, yet full of charitable allowance for those whose education had taught them to entertain different opinions from himself; ardently desiring to see all divisions among Christians at an end, yet abhorring everything that bordered upon persecution as a means of bringing about so desirable an end. In short, the old man was neither a latitudinarian nor a bigot, neither lax in his own belief, nor intolerant of that of others, and his guests really congratulated themselves on the casualty that had brought them acquainted with him. He, too, professed himself under no light obligation to the chance which had procured him such agreeable society, even for so short a time: to a man like him, whose habitual intercourse, for many years, had only been with the simple souls that com-

posed his rustic congregation, the interchange of thought, though but for an hour, with cultivated men of the world, was a luxury which only those living in isolation like his could appreciate: in short, the present visit was an epoch, to which, probably for the brief remainder of his pilgrimage on earth, he should look back with a pleasure not unmingled with some melancholy feelings, grateful for the enjoyment it had brought him, yet regretting that that enjoyment had passed so swiftly away. The Englishmen were delighted, declared they would certainly call to see him when travelling that way again, and then, as the night was wearing on, and they had to be off with the break of day, begged to bid their kind entertainer good night, and exacted from him a reluctant promise that he would not disturb himself to see them off in the morning. As soon as they were in their bedroom, their *vetturino* came to the door, and requested to speak a few words with them, for the purpose, as he said, of settling at what hour they were to start in the morning. On being admitted, he shut the door behind him, and, coming up close to the travellers, said, in a low voice—

"Signori, if we go to bed in this place, we shall never get up again: that priest is a —"

And he drew his hand, edgeways, across his throat, to supply the end of the sentence.

The Englishmen stared at him in utter astonishment; they thought he was suddenly gone mad, or, in any case, that he had been making too free with the wine of the excellent man he so basely maligned.

"What folly is this you have got in your head?" asked one.

"What way is this to speak of a man who has shown you, as well as us, so much kindness?" subjoined the other.

"Look at his countenance!" proceeded the first.

"Listen to his sentiments!" insisted the other.

"And to take such a man for a —"

"Cut-throat," said the *vetturino*.

"To suppose that such a soul could be that of a —"

"Robber," said the *vetturino*.

"I would wager my life he is no cut-throat," said Englishman the first.

"I would bet half the money I am worth he is no robber," said Englishman the second, raising the stake.

"*Signori*," said the *vetturino*, "did you see a woman that went in and out two or three times while you were at your supper?"

"Yes."

"What do you take her to be?"

"The priest's housekeeper, or perhaps his cook—what else should she be?"

"Did you observe the diamonds in her ears?"

"Diamonds!—no: I saw no diamonds."

"Nor I: certainly I saw no diamonds."

"Well, *signori*, I did; and, trust me, whoever she got those diamonds from died without shrift, and was buried without *de profundis*."

"Bah" said Englishman the first.

"Tut, tut!" said Englishman the second.

"Ay, ay, *bah* is easy said, and so is *tut, tut*; but I tell you, *signori*, dark as the night is, it is safer for both you and me to pass it on the road than in this accursed den."

"Oh, absurd! we will certainly not leave a comfortable house, when we have it over our heads, to take our chance of falling in with brigands, or falling over a precipice, merely because the diamonds in a pretty woman's eyes seemed to you, after getting a flask of wine under your belt, to be in her ears. No, no—here we are, and here we stay, till daybreak at all events. To the road as early as you please, then."

"Well, *signori*, if you stay here till daybreak, you will stay here without me, for I have made up my mind to set off this moment."

"And leave us without carriage and horses! No, that you shall not do. We will call our good host this moment, and beg him to have his stables kept locked. You are not to fancy people will suffer you to break your engagements with them whenever you please."

The speaker of the last words was approaching the door, intending to convey his wish to the master of the house that the *vetturino* should not have access to the stables until morning, when the latter, laying a hand on his arm to detain him, and turning very pale, said—

"*Signori*, I wished, for your own sakes, to conceal a thing from you, which would make you as eager as I to quit this infernal place; but you must have it. What do you think I found in my soup? It was fine soup, wasn't it?"

"It was. What did you find? Not a snail, I hope."

"A snail, *signori*! I wish it had been a snail: I see no harm in a snail, *signori*. I should have no objection to find a snail in my soup, nor a score of snails, for that matter. You don't know what good things snails are in soup, *signori*. No—it *wasn't* a snail."

"What was it then, in the devil's name? Was it a rat, a toad, a lizard, a ——"

"No, no, *signori*, it was nothing of the kind—it was nothing half so good as the worst thing you have mentioned, or could mention if you were guessing from this till to-morrow. It was ——" he gasped, and looked at them with a speechless terror in his eyes, that infected them in spite of themselves.

"In heaven's name," said one of the travellers, after a silence of some moments, during which his own and his companion's cheeks had become of almost as ashy a paleness as those of the *vetturino*, "what was it?"

"It was a man's toe!"

That was about enough. The Englishmen decided upon starting at once; and start they did, to the great astonishment of the good priest, who did all that entreaty and remonstrance could do to induce them to stay. The dangers of the midnight mountain-road were fearfully arrayed before them—precipice, and torrent, and brigand, conspiring to "make the shadows of night horrible;" but the travellers were determined, and off they set, thinking for once that it was *not*

"Better to bear the ills they had,
Than fly to others that they knew not of."

Happily, they passed through the night unharmed, and very good care they took, for the rest of their journey, to arrange matters so as to make sure of arriving at some town by nightfall, and to stop at no more lonely houses; above all, never to cast themselves upon the hospitality of a priest. In fact, it was a long time before they could see an old man with a benevolent countenance

without a shudder of horror, or hear virtuous sentiments expressed, without feeling a cold sweat breaking from every pore. Even after their return to England, the sight of a clergyman, especially if a particularly exemplary one, always put them in mind of the toe; and it is a remarkable fact that neither of them has ever, to this day, been able so far to overcome this unfortunate association of ideas, as to accept an invitation to dine with the rector of the parish they both live in, because, though a man considerably under forty years of age, yet, being an archdeacon, he is distinguished by the title of "venerable."

But to return to my story. The travellers had not long arrived at Rome, when they heard that their host of that memorable night had been apprehended on suspicion of being connected with a gang of banditti, and that it had been ascertained that the wife of one of the band lived in his house, ostensibly as a servant, but in reality for the purpose of giving the speediest intelligence to her husband and his friends when any stray traveller chanced to drop into the hospitable hands of her virtuous master. This was she of the diamond eyes and diamond-dropped ears; and it was no less a personage than her husband aforesaid that contributed the second head required to season a maskless carnival to the taste of the Romans.

The day's amusements closed with those most snobbish races, in which the horses run without riders, being spurred on by plates of lead, stuck with needles, hung at their sides, which go flap, flap, at every movement. To add to the effect of this ingenious contrivance, they are shaved here and there in tender spots, upon which some lighted combustible stuff is then laid, that fairly drives them mad. The race is along the Corso, which is by no means a wide street. The horses are half-wild brutes, small, but beautifully formed, and as strong as demons; one of them, you would suppose, would find a pretty wide street narrow enough to gallop down without doing a tolerable amount of mischief. And yet, the street along which a whole mob of these monsters are set to run is lined from end to end with men and women, and little boys and girls, standing on one another's toes, and burrowing into one another's stomachs—half the wo-

men, moreover, according to the judicious custom of the "seak," when they appear in any very particularly dangerous situation, carrying in their arms bambinoes, that is, curious little bundles, with a baby's head sticking out at one end, and a loop at the back to hang them up by.

I went up to Monte Pincio to see the spectacle. The horses were perfectly ungovernable, leaped over the barriers among the bipeds, knocked down the pope's soldiers by the dozen, and threw every thing into the most delectable confusion. One riotous beast attempted to get away over the horses of a carriage standing near, but was pulled back by the legs when half across. Another actually *did* make his escape under the horses of another carriage, and ran away down the Via del Babuino, as if he meant to take sanctuary in the Piazza di Spagna. The best part of the race, by far, is before it begins. When the horses are once let go, the fun is over; but as long as they are held in, there is a succession of groupings of man and horse that would furnish endless materials of study to the sculptor, and that throws all the cut and dry attitudinizing of Astley's into the shade. All this is at an end as soon as the barrier is let fall; and you see just a lot of runaway horses, that appear as if they had thrown their riders, and were behaving as the generality of their brethren do after an exploit of the kind.

Formerly, the Jews had to run in sacks on the first day of carnival, for the solace of the people of Rome, who, Pagan or Christian, appear always to have had a pretty taste in their amusements. At last a pope, who seems to have laboured under something of a morbid and exaggerated sensibility, took it into his head that this diversion was a little savage, and exempted the Jews from the obligation of affording it, on condition that they should pay for horses to run in their stead.

But the grand amusement of the carnival is, parading up one side of the Corso, and down the other, as slowly as possible, in open carriages, the occupants pelting each other with little pellets of flour, chalk, or any thing else that is white, and can be rolled into the proper shape. The custom, originally, was to pelt with comfits and sweetmeats; but the English, who

must have every thing their own senseless way, introduced the pelting with rubbish, and now one throws sweetmeats only at one's friends, and people one wants to be particularly civil to. The English talk very toploftically at home about the frivolity of foreigners, and the childish tastes of the Italians in particular; but the English abroad and the English at home are two kinds of English; and, in my judgment, the most puerile Italian is more of a man in his amusements than most of his glum visitors. The English turn the childishness of continental amusement into real idiocy. They are quite as far below the Italians in good taste and sense of what is becoming and graceful, as they fancy the Italians to be below them in sense and information.

One must see the English out of their own country, to form any notion of the queer compound they present of folly and conceit, affecting to look down upon a people who look down without any affectation upon them, parading their narrowness, as if it were a proof of the soundness of their principles, and glorying in their dulness, as if it evinced the solidity of their minds. The number of them at Rome that year was prodigious; during the holy week it amounted to twenty-five thousand; the hotels and lodging-houses were filled till there was not a room to be had for love or money, and more than one *milordo*, who was come to hear the Miserere, or to see the illumination of St. Peter's, had to pass the night in his carriage. In fact, they were sufficiently numerous to constitute quite a feature of the place, and by no means a feature of interest, except to the inn-keeping tribe. You met them in the streets, till you began to forget you were not in London, and on the promenades you heard their accents, so prosaic and toneless, from more than half the groups you passed. There they were, bestowing their tediousness on one another, boring one another and you, who wanted to see the Italians and their ways, and saw little around you but Italianizing English. For my part, my only comfort was in the thought that, if I was bored, I bored in my turn, that I could not meet an Englishman but he must meet me at the same time, and that the impatient "there's another I" was simultaneously grumbled behind the teeth of both.

The view of the Piazza del Popolo from Monte Pincio was lively enough; the piazza dotted over with groups of gazers; the pope's cavalry drawn up on one side to keep order; the carriages, in their incessant succession, issuing out of the Corso, and having turned round the obelisk in the centre of the piazza, pouring back into the Corso again, the people in them pelting each other with merciless fury; the extraordinary figures by which the carriages generally were filled—costumes of all ages and of all nations of the earth—such a medley, such a hubbub, such a chaos, that it made one's head giddy to look at; and then to think, in a few days comes Lent, and nine out of ten of these people will be *kneeling it* up the "sacred staircase," as I had seen them do two years before. It was curious both to look at and to think of, and one felt, in spite of the English, that one *was* abroad—all abroad, in fact—not quite sure whether one was awake or dreaming—certain only that "the schoolmaster" if "abroad" at all, was not in this direction, and devoutly hoping that, should he ever be so ill-advised as to wend his way hitherwards, the Romans would flog him back to Gower-street with his own rod.

Sunday brought an interruption to the carnival, and I went to the English chapel, outside the Porta del Popolo, where a clergyman, remembered with admiration for his mental, and with love for his moral qualities, by all of our countrymen who visited the eternal city in those years, then officiated as chaplain.

This Mr. Every-one-knows-who rejoiced in no small influence in the capital of Christendom. The people of the house in which he lodged in 1831, had a relative, an orphan boy, who from his birth had been in a miserable state of health, and whom they were too poor to support. One day they were mentioning the case of this poor boy to their lodger, when the latter offered to try if he could not get him into one of the institutions for the support of orphans, in which Rome is not deficient. "I'll try," said Mr. B——, "to get him into the Orfanelli." Now the "Orfanelli" is an institution into which if a boy be got, his fortune is made; for, in the first place, he receives the best education that is to be had in Rome for love or money (in-

cluding the most accurate instruction in the Ptolemaic system of the universe); secondly, as soon as he comes to years of discretion—no matter whether the discretion comes with the years or not—he is provided for, if he remains a layman, in some of the lower government offices, and if he decides on embracing the clerical life, has prospects of the highest. Such being the advantages of the “Orfanelli,” it is a most difficult thing to get a boy into it; none but a Roman prince has a right to recommend a candidate for admission, and none can be admitted but by an order from the pope’s own hand. In fact, the institution is designed for the destitute offspring of noble houses fallen into decay. But Mr. B—— knew nothing about this; he only knew that it would be a very advantageous thing to get in; and therefore when the relatives of the boy said, “Oh, as to the Orfanelli, we can have no hopes of his getting in *there*,” he only rejoined, “*Vedremo, vedremo*—we shall see how that will turn out.” And therewith he betook himself to an Englishman of his acquaintance, who had the advantage of being the nephew of Cardinal Weld, stated the case, and said, “if there be merit in charity, as your religion teaches, your uncle would really do a meritorious act in getting this poor boy into the Orfanelli.” The nephew, as a dutiful nephew naturally would, made the thing known to his uncle: the uncle said that he had no influence at the Orfanelli, but that he would lay the case before the president of that institution, Cardinal Romanelli. So to Cardinal Romanelli—who, I suppose, had been set over the Orfanelli for the sake of the rhyme—Cardinal Weld went, and told him here was a boy recommended for admission into the Orfanelli by Signor B——, the *pastor Inglese*, and it would oblige him, Cardinal W., if he, Cardinal R., would attend to the recommendation. Cardinal R. said, though he was, without doubt, the president of the institution, yet the privileges of such presidency, as far as he was concerned, amounted only to the drawing of a certain fixed sum half yearly, and did in nowise include the power of admitting that, or any other boy. “Who *has* the power, then?” demanded Cardinal W. “*Il santo padre*,” answered Cardinal R. “Then go to *Il santo padre*,” said Cardinal W., “and

ask him to do it.” So off set Cardinal R., told the holy father of the recommendation of Signor B——, the *pastor Inglese* (who, be it noted, had acted throughout the whole matter as if his name, instead of English B., had been Italian Borghese), and before night the order was in the hands of the boy’s relations for his admission. It was found, however, that the boy was eighteen months too young to be received, he being but five years and a-half old, and the age fixed by the charter of the Orfanelli being seven years. What then did Gregory XVI. do? He forthwith ordered a liberal allowance to the boy’s relations for his support, till he should complete his seventh year.

Personally, no one could say anything against Gregory XVI. except the devil, who was a liar from the beginning. Before his elevation to the chair of St. Peter, he was president of the Propaganda; and L—— assured me that he knew more about the state of religion throughout the world than any other man living. He was of humble birth, but from an early age was noted for a fervent piety and an austere and blameless life. He had talents of a high order, and was said to possess kind and liberal feelings, though the policy of his pontificate gave little indication of such. He had long been devoted to the bringing about of a reformation in the church; not, of course, in doctrine, but in the morals of the clergy; and it was believed that he would push this object forward with great energy, on his attaining the summit of ecclesiastical power. However, nothing of the kind took place, although the petitions of the clergy of Germany, for the abolition of the compulsory celibate, afforded just the opportunity a reforming pope could have desired. The probability is that the sacred college, which dreads the very name of reform, and sees a tendency to Lutheranism in every change, was too many for him. Another darling object of his wishes was the bringing back of all sectaries and heretics into the bosom of mother church; and the prophecies and visions referred to in another part of these columns, gave ground to hope that his wishes on this point would be crowned with success. From the beginning of his pontificate, if not earlier, he was busily engaged in en-

deavours to reconcile England to the spiritual mother, looking upon her church as more likely to "hear reason" than the religious guilds termed churches in Lutheran and Calvinistic countries. Success in this affair was confidently anticipated by all Rome, and L—— assured me (in 1831) that there were numbers of clergymen in the Church of England prepared to co-operate in it with heart and hand. "I am not at liberty to say more," he added; "but the coming ten years will astonish a good many people. Prince Hohenlohe is offering up masses for the conversion of England, and a glorious pentecost is anticipated."

Among the other revelations involved in the burst of prophecy which signalized the election of Gregory XVI., was a dream of the Archbishop of Paris, that the seat of his episcopate was burnt. "And it is," said L——, "the conviction of many holy and gifted persons, who dwell in that godless capital, as in the tents of Mesekh, that before the end of 1831 the dream will be fulfilled." It was curious, in connexion with these expectations, that on the 4th day of January, 1832, some persons got possession of one of the towers of Notre Dame, and, having first erected barricades to prevent the approach of the military, they rang out the *tocsin*, hoping that the republican party would rise *en masse* at the sound; at the same time, they made an attempt to set fire to the cathedral. To be sure, 1831 was out; but then the old church might be supposed to prophecy according to the old style, which would throw the date back to the 23rd of December; and I can pretty well conceive that they who remembered the dream of the archbishop thought, when the tidings flew through Paris that Notre Dame was in flames, "The prophecy is coming true—the year is at its close, but, before a year opens, the city, whose sacrilegious cry to heaven, will be ashes."

After all, however, there was no rising; the conspirators, after a moment's struggle, were made prisoners, and the fire was put out before mischief to any extent had been done. This shows the inexpediency of giving prophecies to the world on the very eve, so to speak, of the date fixed for their accomplishment. It is, perhaps,

hardly worth while to predict an event which a few months will make known in the ordinary way; and, *should* the predicted event happen, after all, as in the above instance, *not to happen*, it is awkward for the prophet to be within the reach of the kind of remarks that will, in all probability, be made. Prophecy should have a "long range," say fifty years for a minimum. Should there be any laughing at the prophet at the end of that period, there is a fair chance that he will be out of hearing. It is a pity that the Archbishop of Paris, before letting his prophetic dream get abroad, did not take a lesson from the manner in which Pope Pius VIII. had dealt with an interpreter of the predictive parts of scripture, two years before. In 1829, a priest at Rome wrote a book, in which he proved, from the Apocalypse and the Prophet Daniel, that the end of the world would take place before the end of 1830. This work he sent to the holy father in manuscript, begging the pontiff's *imprimatur*, and liberty to dedicate it to that exalted personage himself. Old Pius read it through (what perseverance he must have had!) and sent it back to the author, with many thanks for the pleasure its perusal had afforded him, high commendations of the ingenuity displayed in its calculations, and a cordial consent to the publication of it—in 1831.

Talking of calculations, I heard the following one at Rome, and I consider it curious. To find the year in which a new pope will die, take the number of the pope's name; add to this the number of the name of his predecessor; to the sum of these two numbers add ten; and the result will give the year sought. Thus, Pius VII. succeeded Pius VI.: well— $6 + 7 + 10 = 23$: Pius VII. died in 1823. Him succeeded Leo XII.: $7 + 12 + 10 = 29$: Leo XII. died in 1829. The next pope was Pius VIII.: $12 + 8 + 10 = 30$: Pius VIII. died in 1830. The calculation failed in the case of Gregory XVI., who should have died in 1834, but lived till 1846. But here it is remarkable that one step farther back, by taking in the number of Leo XII., makes all right:— $16 + 8 + 12 + 10 = 46$! The rule will not apply to the present pope, whether we take one or two immediate predecessors, as the years given in either case are past

(1824 and 1842). But if we give him three (Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI.), we are then brought to the year 1855, and Pius IX. has eight years yet before him, to fulfil the high mission with which he appears to be entrusted, of setting the Vatican-clock to the time of the nineteenth century.

Lent wore slowly away, and the holy week dawned on its chosen city—the sorrowfulest time on the sorrowfulest place. I am not going to say anything about the ceremonies: all the world knows all that can be said on that theme already. But I am going to say one word about the one thing that brought me to Rome, and kept me there—and that is the MISERERE. From childhood, the world of sound has been more to me than the world of sight: the blind has seemed, and seems, to me to be a privileged being, in comparison with the deaf; and the treasures of the eternal city, in marble and in canvas, were a far less potent element in the attraction that drew me to her walls, than the heavenlier wonders of music which, the world told me, were wrought within them. Well, it was Wednesday in Passion-week: Pope Gregory did not go to the Vatican that year, as customary at the sacred season, on account of the distempered times, and I took my way to Monte Cavallo, conscious of anticipations so far above the level of sobriety, that I even anticipated the reaction, and caught myself, more than once, saying, mentally, "Come! I know I shall be disappointed." It is true I had read not a little twaddle of English tourists, in which the world-famous song was slightly spoken of, and the thrilling effect, which many confessed to have been produced by it, referred more to the alleged theatrical accessories than to anything in the music itself. But I knew what to think of English judgment, particularly of English fashionable judgment, in the fine arts, and should as soon have thought of asking the opinion of King Midas, in anything relating to music, as that of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the "bulls of the soft horn" who go blundering and braying on in each other's hoof-track, from city to city of the continent—

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast"—

equipped with everything that Hammersley's and the Foreign Office can furnish, to qualify them for travel, but unfortunately little favoured by those

mysterious powers which preside over the distribution of eyes and ears. When, therefore, I learned from this and the other *yawn* in two volumes, that my Lord A., or Sir B. C., or the Honourable Mr. D., or Captain E., or any other *ennuyé* or *ennuyez* in the alphabet, thought the *Miserere* no such great things, I knew at once to a nicety what to think of him, but felt that I knew exactly as much as before—that is, nothing at all—about the *Miserere*. Thus, my expectations continued at the original height, up to the moment which was to test them by experience; and, like the American, who was considerable sure he had no chance of getting anything like what he expected for his horse, I whispered to myself for the twentieth time, "I know I shall be disappointed," as I at length, after a good deal of jostling—for I was not the only pilgrim there from the

"Inviolable island of the sage and free,"

found myself standing within the Pauline chapel, waiting for the solemnities to begin. And was I disappointed? Was it the *Miserere* of my expectations? It was not. It was something equally beyond and unlike them. I knew nothing beforehand of the ancient Italian church-music, and went with my head full of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart—I expected something which should put me in mind of one or other of these composers, or perhaps of them all. It was nothing of the kind. It was music of altogether another spirit, without air, without anything of what modern taste counts the graces of music, severe, passionless, full of an unspeakable calm, yet so holy, that it was dreadful. It brought to my mind—not while I listened, but when I thought of it afterwards—one of Keats's happiest poetical expressions—

"That large utterance of the elder gods!"

still more forcibly did it remind me of Hoffmann's description of the music of Palestrina, which is indeed of the same epoch and the same spirit—"Without ornament, without the aid of a buoyant melody, the full chords following one upon another, and by their strength and boldness seizing the mind with inexpressible force, and lifting it up to the Highest!" "In Palestrina's music, every chord rolls upon the hearer in all its massiveness; and

never will the tricks of modulation, the florid melodies, or the bewildering instrumental hubbub, in which the emasculated taste of the age finds refuge from the sense of its own impotence, be capable of stirring the depths of the soul as those chords, in their high inimitable simplicity, do—so bold, masterful, breaking in upon you like blinding sunbeams." So speaks Hoffmann of the church-music of the sixteenth century, adding much more to the same purpose, but in too mystical a tone, perhaps, to be quite suited to the columns in which I write. And yet, after all, where is the domain of the mystical, if music be not it?

But let me speak of the voices by which the *Miserere* was sung. I say the voices, for there were no singers visible, and it was not difficult to fancy that the sounds which seemed to float in the mid space above you, were the utterance of a bodiless choir from some other world. No instrumental accompaniment gave a tinge of earthliness to the ethereal purity of tone that breathed in those voices. No strainings after effect, no artificial pathos, no impassioned swells and languishing falls, carried away your thoughts from God's house to the concert-room or the opera. The same holy calm that pervades the composition itself, was felt in every note of its performance. And, under that control in which every earthly feeling seemed to be held, what a depth of religious awe, what intense yearning, what utter heart-brokenness, what immeasurable self-abasement—and all this how chastely veiled! So might souls utter their supplication, that saw heaven, but were as yet excluded from entering it. It is sixteen years since I heard that *Miserere*, but all music that I have since listened to has seemed to me more or less meretricious, a strange fire of earthly origin mingling in the heaven-kindled flame. As for the bulk of modern religious music, the whole rubbish of the conventicle and the fashionable chapel—"Magdalen Odes and Foundling Hymns," Weymanisms, Kellyisms, *et id genus omnes*, included—I say, give them to Monsieur Jullien, and let him see if he cannot extract stuff for a danceable quadrille or two out of them; but, if you would not have the roof (and the blue sky over it) fall in upon you, lilt them not

within the walls that enclose the altar of God.

As for "accessories," there are positively none that do not impair, instead of assisting, the effect of the *Miserere*. The pomp, from which the Roman Catholic worship derives so much of its impressiveness, is here absent. The pope is present, but his throne is without its trappings, and his person without its adornment. This, perhaps, to some few spirits of the deeper cast, might be more imposing than all the state that surrounds him of the triple crown on less penitential occasions. But who knows not in *what* language "majesty, deprived of its externals, is a jest?"—or who would not smile if English sight-seekers, above all men, should affect to be awe-smitten with a greatness that owed nothing to the tailor? Then, to be elbowed by a multitude of irreverent loungers, to whom the sacred place is but the theatre of the evening's entertainment, is an "accessory" that in nowise heightens the effect of a solemn act of worship. Our own St. Patrick's does not present a particularly devotional spectacle, especially on these high festivals which should attune all Christian hearts to a holier mood—but it is decorum itself compared with the Pauline chapel. The people, during every part of the service but the *Miserere*, chatted and laughed together audibly, and without the smallest restraint. Friars, soldiers, and citizens, together with a mob of the pope's household-folk, behaved themselves pretty much like the crowd that collects in the passages and lobbies of a play-house. The Swiss guards, looking like a whole pack of knaves of clubs, stood with their halberds in their hands, and their hats on their heads, forming a lane up the centre of the chapel; and the officers of the guard strutted up and down, as officers will strut, and talked to each other, and to their friends, and to the ladies, as if they had been in their barrack-yard, and the public were come to hear the band. Then, the putting out of the candles one after another is a ceremony which, as performed in other churches, *after* instead of *during* divine service, nobody (that I am aware of) finds particularly solemn or impressive. But perhaps that is because the congregation do not wait to see it.

WAYFARING SKETCHES AMONG THE GREEKS AND TURKS.*

It is not easy for us, habituated as we are to one uniform aspect of nature and society, to realize to ourselves the existence of forms of both, so utterly unlike our own as to present in many of them features the very reverse of those we are accustomed to. We are apt to regard stories that are brought us from a distance as coloured with the tints of the imagination, and rather to dwell upon them with a pleased and sentimental incredulity, than take them as facts. But even where we are open to conviction, a new difficulty arises; for so much of what seems essential in the disposition and appearance of things has to be referred to local peculiarities and expunged from the alphabet of general conceptions; and so much deemed fabulous and Utopian, admitted within the domains of certainty, that we are puzzled to understand the limits of variety; and to know what should be held essential, and what accidental, in the circumstances and constitution of things.

These obstacles, either the one or the other of them, beset every stay-at-home. The first makes us sceptics beyond the point of our nose—the last may render us liable to be imposed upon by every traveller's story. Nothing but the constant effort to extend the range of our observation, can at last accomplish the desired object, and enable us to believe—and disbelieve—as we ought.

It is peculiarly difficult for the North-western mind to travel southwards and eastwards. Many things conspire to cause this. Not only is the aspect of nature different—almost opposite—in the two quarters, but the very constitution of man, as a physical and intellectual being, is utterly dissimilar; and nothing short of the knowledge that certain high and paramount characteristics are common to the inhabitants of both, can satisfy us that we are indeed members of one great family. The races are as much apart in natural modes of thought as

they are in manners, appearance, costume, habits, and geographical position: it would seem as if a difference, resembling that recognized to exist between the analogous animal and vegetable productions of widely-separated climates, obtained in the human species, and forbid identity, while it pointed to affinity. Added to which, the imagination of western Europe has ever received its chief supply from the treasures of the Levant; the poetry of the Bible derives its matchless images from the regions that surround it—the rhapsodies of Homeric genius draw upon the same sources—all that is most ideal in sacred and classic literature, has its birth-place beneath the sun of those favoured climes. Nay, those tales of mediæval heroism, which added the last charm to chivalry, by removing its achievements from the scene of ordinary actions, have their *locale* in the same or neighbouring lands, and thus serve still further to isolate and spiritualize them in the occidental heart, and give them a place, not beside, but above, the realities of our creed.

But, if it be difficult, in north-western Europe generally, to adapt itself to such conceptions, how much more must the inability be felt in *this* country, where all those points of dissimilarity are found in the extreme, which in their less striking development dissociate man from his brother of the south and east! How much harder is it for us, beneath our cloudy skies and in our humid atmosphere, to realize a clime where the recreation of life is in shade, and in the cooling flow of waters, instead of in warmth and in sunshine! where the day is shunned as intolerable to human endurance, and the night courted as the season of occupation, amusement, and exertion!—where the earth cultivates itself, and man's few wants are supplied by the trouble of stretching forth the hand!—where the hours are passed in

* "Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks. By a Seven-Years' Resident in Greece." London: Chapman and Hall. 1847.

the luxurious dream of listless tranquillity, and no pleasure is associated with physical or mental effort! How doubly impossible it is for us to believe that there exist countries in which poverty is unknown, and charity is at a loss how to put into practice the requirements of its creed! Yet, in the volume before us, we have all this, and more than this, made manifest to us—and that by one who has not derived the facts she details from questionable sources, or at second-hand from others, but who grounds on the experience of seven years the authenticity of her relation; and has, during that time, herself been witness to much of the stirring incident and living romance she so graphically describes.

The book is a delightful one. This every one will see; but it derives an additional value from the long apprenticeship the authoress had served before she attempted to "sketch" for the public. She had become thoroughly conversant with the history, politics, manners, and customs of Greece, during the extended period of her residence in that country; so that when, on the point of leaving it, she began to note down what she saw, she had a store of knowledge to fall back upon, which illustrates every page, giving all throughout a peculiar meaning and propriety to her least-considered expressions and remarks.

In illustration of what we have said respecting the marvellous dissimilarity of man's life in these favoured regions from what we find it here, and of his exemption from those evils which are most constantly and prominently brought before our eyes, we may cite the following passages, which occur in describing those country villages, whither the inhabitants of Athens betake themselves during the prevalence of the Sirocco wind, after the termination of the carnival:—

"Those mountain refuges, how cool and fresh, and yet how sunny and how bright they are! Those little nests, embosomed in the green luxuriant hills, with their gardens of myrtle and pomegranate, and their sombre olive groves, which the singing birds so haunt! Where, through the unchanging glory of the long Grecian summer, we may dwell, sheltered and at rest; half forgetting, as our eyes grow accustomed

to the eternal cloudlessness of that sky, where the serene smile is fixed as on the face of the dead who have departed in peace, that there are climes less favoured, where tempests and mists disfigure the fair face of heaven, and dark clouds blot out the sunshine with tears, as though they wept for a fallen world!

"Still more we are apt to forget, as the spirit learns insensibly to share in the deep peace that hangs over those quiet spots, so utterly apart from the world and its fierce restlessness, that elsewhere there are storms raging which are not borne from the whirlwind, or cradled in the caverns of the north, but which man in his madness or his arrogance can raise, who has the power to blast this fair nature, and turn its pure waters into blood, by the excess of those passions to which he makes himself a most degraded slave, when in arms against the stern destiny that would discipline his soul.

"Even the distant echoes of that ceaseless agitation, which seems the very atmosphere in which men breathe most freely when struggling to their tombs, led on by false ambition or misguided impulses—these all die away long before they reach our lonely resting-places, where the monotony of life is as undisturbed as the cloudlessness of heaven.

"All of human nature that surrounds us is the scanty population of the village peasantry, whose profound and unaffected ignorance and honest superstition are an unspeakable relief, after having been continually brought in contact with the spirit of small and pitiful intrigue, which poisons every thing in the capital.

"It is a strange dreamy kind of life that we lead in those mountain solitudes, which, charming as it is, presents perhaps too few opportunities for advancing in intellectual improvement or benefiting others, to be altogether desirable.

"Each day is unvarying in its occupations and amusements; for each day the gorgeous sunrise bursts into life with the same sublime pageant at its birth, and we must never fail to wake while still the soft night hovers on pitying wings over the weary world it has lulled to slumber, that we may go out and look from some favourable point on a spectacle so beautiful. We must watch the first faint glow, stealing over the far-distant shadowy isle of Egina, that seems to heave upon the bosom of the waters as though quivering with rapture beneath the smile of the morning; and see in breathless admiration how the pure light of the new-born day, gliding from wave to wave, carries its bright presence over that blue slumbering ocean, and onward comes, sweeping the

plains with its golden robes, till even the waving of the dark olive groves in the breeze looks like the rising and falling of a silver sea. And then, advancing still, the infant rays illuminate that old Acropolis, so distant, though nothing on the unbroken plain can hide it from our view; and straightway the noble Parthenon starts into life, each glittering column defined against the clear blue sky, as though with a magic touch the sunbeams had but just created it! A few minutes more, and the great mountain which overshadows us, itself is clothed in sunlight, and not only the darkness is a thing that was and is not, but we can scarce believe that ever it shall be again!

"This unrivalled sight must be seen every day; and every day the indispensable siesta must beguile those hours when the world seems to hang breathless in the burning air, subdued into utter lifelessness by the tremendous noon-day sun, at the very hour when it is wont to be most busy and bustling; and when at last the day is waning, and the sea has drawn down that terrible sun to its breast, alluring it with the semblance in its depths of a heaven still fairer than the fair reality, joyfully welcoming the darkness in which there is no gloom—what better can we do than mount our horses and ride to a certain height on the trackless mountain, where first we meet the cool breath of the night as it comes sighing for the departed day.

"Nor can we vary the long vigil on the terrace, or the roof of the house, during those lovely hours of unspeakable repose, when we sit watching the mighty constellations, those hieroglyphics of the skies, as they unfold one by one their glittering scroll, or track the flight of the wandering stars, the bright voyagers from heaven, as they traverse the spheres on their mysterious errands.

"It is thus that the days flit by in the summer homes of Greece. There is so little variation that we should scarcely mark the flight of time, but for the ever-working nature that replaces the wild scarlet anemones with the pomegranate blossom which seems to inherit their bloom, and these again with the star-like myrtle flowers and bright oleander.

"The good peasants, too, remind us often that the seasons do not languish, for they never fail to bring us the first produce of their labours—the fresh almonds and green figs, the cool water-melons, and finally the grapes. Of these there is soon such a profusion, that the very dogs, who in this country

are singularly partial to the fruit of the vine, may go and riot in the vineyards, till even they are satisfied."

"Another peculiarity of the summer life in Greece is, that while we are enjoying it, we would seem, to all outward appearance, to be utterly exempt from the ordinary "ills that flesh is heir to." Everywhere else, even if we carry so light a heart in our own bosom that we are disposed to doubt if indeed a burden is too surely laid on every mortal, we are certain at least to see such bitter suffering in those around us, from the palpable evils of penury and want, disease and crime, that we shall learn to suffer from their reflected misery. But here it is not so: poverty seems actually unknown. Not that the simple Greek peasant is rich, unless it be that negative riches which they may be said to find in their security from all material wants, produced by the benign climate and the abundant nature.

"In the summer they greatly prefer, as I have said, their couch in the open air, to the most sumptuous dwelling which their fancy could picture. They gather beneath the olive trees, which shed their ready fruits upon their very head—the greater part of their simple food. The light clothing they require is an hereditary possession, descending from father to son; and thus, having food and raiment, they are therewith abundantly content.

"The result of this is, that I believe there is no country in the world where beggary is so little known. Systematic begging does actually not exist, excepting in the case of one blind old mendicant, certainly the richest man of my acquaintance, who sits all day in the portico of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, and majestically receives the alms which every one hastens to bestow on him—too happy to find a legitimate object on whom to exercise the duty of charity, so strictly enjoined by their church."

Is it possible, we are inclined to ask ourselves, after reading such passages as these, that such climes and such beings exist indeed upon earth at this day—that the *aurea atas* of poetry retains the shape and substance of reality, contemporaneously with the smoke, and the dust, and the crime, and the poverty of this "working-day world" of ours? That the region of iron is not co-extensive with the limits of man's earthly dominion; that there are favoured spots, which seem to have

escaped the general curse, and bloom for the children of Adam with the fruits and the flowers of Paradise?

But, as we proceed we arrive at last, at the inevitable truth, which gradually disenchants us, exhibiting the adjustment of the lot of humanity, by revealing the dark side of the picture, and showing horrors and sufferings from which the majority of those nations that are denied the delights here pictured, have happily been long exempt:—

“One of the most striking peculiarities of a residence in Greece at the present day, is the close proximity into which we are brought with its great Revolution, that noble struggle for independence.

“It is true that the long wild strife is over at last, and that all is quiet now. But although the great gaunt Spectre of War has been exorcised and laid to rest, which once stalked, rapacious and fierce, through the length and breadth of the land, still there is not a family, nor scarce an individual, on whom it has not left the mark of its blood-stained fingers, as it dragged on its desolating steps.

“So that now a residence in Greece, is, in some sense, like a journey over some great plain, where a battle once has been; and where, though now the wild flowers are blooming there in beauty, and the streams are rushing clear, our steps ever disturb some broken arrow-head, or shattered spear, the fragment of a tattered banner, or it may be some dead warrior's skull.”

Catastrophes have, in fact, occurred on this classic and favoured soil, in comparison with which the most sanguinary revolutions of nations nearer home are tame. Every family has its own dark and dismal history—a romance of calamity, that renders many of the unhappy survivors monuments—monuments which bear engraved on their memories and on their countenances the tale of woes which have desolated, for them, the paradise that surrounds them.

Let us take a case, by no means an extreme one—that of one of the most interesting personages in Greece, a representative of those brave old palikari, who were leaders in the liberation of their country:—

“Petrobey, the good old Bey of Maina, has lived to see the most of his com-

rades in arms depart to answer a sterner call than ever brought them to the battle-field, conquered at last by the very power they once used against their enemies. He has lived on after a stirring and eventful life to a cheerful old age, yet he must have fearful recollections too, that simple, kind-hearted noble old man; there has been one hour in his life whose memory must surely blot out and obscure all other happier moments in his existence. It is that in which he was brought before the narrow window of his prison by the gaolers, and forced to look down upon his brave and beautiful son, ‘the light of his eyes,’ as he called him (and yet not less, alas! the assassin of the President Cappa d'Istria), as he came forth with firm step and dauntless eye, to perish in all the strength and beauty of his manhood, by the hands of the common executioners.

“The father, uttering no word to betray his inward agony to the tormentors who could condemn him to so unnatural a torture, was doomed to follow all the details of this horrible scene, even to the last, with that fascinated gaze which could not choose but rivet itself on the very sight that was rending his heart. He saw George Mavromicali, universally acknowledged to have been as gallant and noble a young man as ever trod the earth, and remarkable for his personal beauty, come forth surrounded by the soldiers, whose muskets were already loaded to take from that beloved son the life which he had given him. As they passed under the windows of the prison, the young man looked up, and their eyes met; the distance between them was too great to admit of more than an interchange of looks, but the father stretched out his arms through the narrow bars, to show how he yearned to twine them round the form about to be delivered up to the embrace of death, and the son lifted up his beautiful countenance, glowing with ardour and enthusiasm, and answered him with a fond, sweet smile, so that there was far more eloquence in that voiceless farewell than words could ever have conveyed.

“Then Petrobey saw him pass on, and stand in the open space reserved for him: he heard him address the crowd with quiet cheerfulness, telling them how willingly he died in the cause of liberty; and finally, raising his eyes, which seemed to reflect the serenity of that blue sky, to the smiling heaven, he uttered a prayer for his country so touchingly beautiful, that not one could hear it unmoved; even from the stern breasts of the hardy soldiers deep sobs were heard to burst; but the father wept not a tear,

not even when, rending the still sunny air, the pealing volley did its work of death, and the child of his love, a moment before so full of life and spirit, sunk down a mangled corpse. Poor old man! I could not help thinking to-day, as I sat by his side, how often in the silence of night, the mournful accents of his murdered son's last prayer must seem to rise upon his ear; how often through his eyes, closed in troubled sleep, must flash that smile which, like the last ray of the sun about to set in night, beamed on the fair face that so soon was darkened in death."

Another appalling instance is related as having occurred during the last insurrection in Crete. The following observations, suggested by the first view of Scio, introduce the story:—

"I could scarce believe, as I looked on this smiling spot, that it was indeed the scene of that dreadful massacre, the horrors of which have been so repeatedly detailed. This shocking episode of modern history was sufficiently striking to have been well known, even in our own distant country, but it is strange how many of these frightful events, involving the fate of thousands, have often scarcely been heard of beyond the limit where the echo of the very cannon itself has died away."

It was some years previous that the incident recorded occurred to the author, on the occasion of a visit to the island of Naxos:—

"I had taken refuge from the heat with my brother in an open khan or café, as it is called, and we entered into conversation with some Greeks who were sitting there smoking. We asked if all was quiet now in Crete; they answered that it was, and were continuing to talk on the subject, when a groan was suddenly heard to proceed from another part of the room, which startled us all. We looked round, and saw a spectre-like figure slowly rising from a corner. It was a tall, wretched-looking man, broken down and emaciated, and quite lame from a gun-shot wound in the knee; he was miserably clad, and he came forward leaning on a stick, and drawing the remnant of an old capote round him. The Greeks made way for him with looks of compassion, and bid him tell us his history, since we were interested in the state of Crete. He complied at once, and sat down beside us; but I never shall forget the recital, for there

is nothing so painful as to see a strong man weep, and the large tears rolled over his sunburnt cheeks as he spoke. He said that he was a Cretan, and that he had lived quietly and happily with his mother and sister in an isolated part of the island, cultivating his vineyard, and taking no concern with what was going on without. When the insurrection broke out, he still remained in his own little house, which was at some distance from any village, feeling his presence to be necessary for the protection of his family, as the Turks, infuriated, spared neither man, woman, nor child; but one day, a party of Greek soldiers stopped to refresh themselves at his cottage, after a skirmish in which they had been engaged, and they taunted him so bitterly for thus remaining inert when his countrymen were sacrificing their lives in the cause of liberty, that, stung to the very soul, he seized his sword and left the house with them, in spite of the frantic entreaties of his mother and sister. For a few days he was engaged in continual fighting with his new companions in the neighbourhood of Suda Bay; at last the wound, from which he was still suffering when we saw him, disabled him so completely, that he was forced to relinquish his post and return home. With much difficulty, after two days' journey, he reached his house, or rather, the spot where it had once been, for a few smoking and blackened ruins were all that now remained of his pretty cottage and fertile vineyard: utterly overcome at the sight, he staggered on, scarcely knowing where he went; an agony of fear as to the fate of those most dear to him, paralysed him so completely, that he could not even call to them by name to relieve his suspense; but as he reached the heap of mouldering stones that marked the threshold of his once happy home, his feet stumbled on a sudden obstacle in his path; mechanically he stooped down, and his eye lit on the mangled body of his mother, already quite stiff and cold. His young sister he never saw more, she had been carried off by the Turks; he himself, thus completely deprived of all his former means of subsistence, infirm and broken-hearted, with difficulty made his escape from the distracted country, and came to Naxos, where he still lives on charity. And this is but one individual out of the vast numbers whose utter ruin was effected by this revolt, so casually mentioned, and so soon forgotten."

Thus we learn to be reconciled to the absence of every-day enchantments, by seeing that it also shields us from those dreadful tempests which "thun-

derstrike" the happiness of the communities wherein they occur. Life at home is without its poetry, perhaps; but it thus escapes the episode of anguish, and the tragic catastrophe. The imagination, unexcited by what it sees and hears without, turns in upon itself, and in a peaceful internal domain, creates and peoples its own romance; while the reason, having larger scope and ampler grounds for exercise, elevates our intellectual and moral being to regions far more truly sublime than even the heroic localities of Attica and Peloponessus.

Although the narrative of our author commences only a few days previous to her leaving Athens, and extends as far as to her arrival in Vienna, much the most instructive portion of the volume is occupied by Greece and its islands. This is easily accounted for; and may be understood by referring to our opening observations. Elsewhere she was like other observers—here she had been for years a resident and an explorer; and for a great part of her incidents, and almost all her views, she has drawn on previously-acquired materials. On this account we prefer taking our extracts mainly from the earlier chapters, which relate to that country.

The descriptions of the ceremony of the "Anastasin," or resurrection, on Easter Eve, and of night in Greece, are so full of eloquence, and give such interesting and beautiful pictures of life and nature that they will not bear mutilation:—

"Happily any one who resides in Greece is tempted to abandon the theory, that human hopes are liable to disappointment, at least as far as regards the weather; so certain is he, if he wishes for a fine day, to see it arrive smiling and warm; not a vacillating, deceitful fine day, such as in England sometimes tempts out an unwary pleasure hunter, seemingly for the express purpose of maliciously deluging him half an hour after with unexpected rain, but a day indisputably fine, with a sunshine so determinately strong, that it is evident no cloud could have the power to extinguish one single ray. And Easter Eve was as gloriously starry and cloudless as could have been desired.

"It is, indeed, a wonderful thing, a summer's night in Greece, or rather the space between the setting and the rising of the sun, for it cannot be called night where there is no darkness, no chilling

dews, no sleep. People sleep during the hot languid hours of the day, and they are thankful to wake, that they may revive under the delicious influence of the faint night-breezes, so mild, so soft, that they seem to be but the gentle breathing of the earth in its slumber; we cannot call it night, but yet it is not day, though the whole heavens are glowing with the intense brightness of the great stars, hanging so motionless in the unfathomable depths of dark unclouded blue, and the very air is filled with light from innumerable meteors shooting to and fro. It is not day, for there is a solemn, a profound repose, which day could never know: the very spirit of rest seems to go forth over the earth, hushing not only the winds and waves, but causing every leaf on the sombre olive-trees or green myrtle-bushes to lie still, as though spell-bound; and the starlight, radiant as it is, has a softness which tempers all on the wide-spreading landscape that might be harsh or abrupt in a more glaring light. Wherever it may be seen, a calm summer's night is assuredly one of the most beautiful things in nature; but there is something peculiar in the influence it has on the mind in Greece, which I have nowhere else experienced; there is such purity in the sky, the air, the light, such a holy tranquillity on all around, that the strife of life seems suddenly stilled, the fire of human passion quenched, and the most perturbed of spirits could not fail to partake somewhat of so intense a rest.

"Saturday gave promise of just such a night as this, and at nine o'clock we proceeded down the principal street on our way to the cathedral, where were already assembled not only the whole population of the town, but that of the neighbouring villages also, who always repair to Athens for this solemnity. A platform had been erected at a short distance from the church-door, where the king and queen, with the bishops and other priests, stand during the latter part of the ceremony. When we arrived, they were still in the church, which was filled just as it had been the night before. Outside, the crowd was dense, and we obtained places on a balcony directly opposite to the cathedral, from whence we witnessed one of the most striking spectacles I have ever beheld.

"Still continuing to follow the great events of Passion Week in their solemn rotation, the Saviour was yet supposed to be within his tomb, and the same perfect stillness was maintained, the same darkness and gloom prevailed over every thing. There was not a light, not a sound; each individual of that immense

multitude, filling even all the adjoining streets, remained still and motionless, so that even the most distant might catch the murmuring voices of the priests, who were reciting the service within the church; troops lined the streets to see that perfect quiet was maintained, but assuredly it was a needless precaution, for there was not one present who did not seem to share in a general feeling of gloom and depression, as though a heavy cloud were hanging over all things; and so complete was the realization of all that these ceremonies are intended to convey, that I am certain that the power of death, still so awfully manifest in these last tedious hours, was present with each one of them.

"As midnight approached, the archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the king and queen, left the church and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half-whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and that Easter Day had begun; then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud, exulting tone, 'Christos anesti,' 'Christ is risen!' and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen!' 'Christ is risen!' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, communicating one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowd; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drums through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon, announced far and near these glad tidings of great joy; while from hill and plain, from the sea-shore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another,

and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed; and so in truth it was;—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory, in tones so loud and clear, that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath his feet, and henceforth the entombed have everlasting life.'

"It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the effect of this scene."

In the month of April, 1845, the traveller and her party terminated their long residence in Athens, and embarked on board the Austrian steamer, which was to convey them to Syra. They quitted the Piræus on a fine summer's evening, and looked, it may be imagined, with some regret at the pillars of the "glorious old Parthenon," and those other objects which have an interest for every cultivated mind; but which for them were associated with the idea of the home of years. In the midst of the pathetic, however, flashes of humour occasionally break out; it is plain that the lady has somewhat of the *Dickens* quality of grouping her fellow-passengers into the grotesque, and dramatizing adventures into comedy. And, it must be owned, there was ample material for both. The young Englishman, just arrived from Jerusalem, who complained that he could not obtain so much as a *neat pair of boots in the holy city!*—the mad doctor, who insisted on half-poisoning all the passengers with his sovereign specific against sea-sickness—the French *litterateur*, who told so very good a story of Alexander Dumas—all these, and numberless other characters, are passed in review before us, and skilfully made to contribute to our amusement.

The following casual incident is characteristic:—

"The little cabin in which I was to pass the night was apart from the rest, but I found I was not to have it to myself, for as I went in, the curtain of one of the larger berths was gently drawn back, and displayed one of the very prettiest living pictures I had ever beheld. Two young girls, evidently Scots from their costume, were reclining

together wrapt in one large Turkish pelisse, and from amongst this mass of furs, nothing was to be seen but two beautiful heads and a profusion of marvellously long fair hair, twisted round their little red caps. They looked timidly at me with their almond-shaped blue eyes, and then, probably, thinking I could not understand them, resumed their conversation. There is a degree of unsophisticated simplicity peculiar to those islanders, which is very pleasing. These young Sciots displayed much of it as they talked together, and counted the hours which must yet elapse before they could see Scio, which seemed to be for them the fairest of spots. Presently the cabin door opened a little way, and a pleasing, venerable face, surmounted by a great turban, looked wistfully in. The intruder evidently knew he had no business there, but as I was sitting reading, his fine old head was gradually followed by the rest of his person, clothed in flowing Turkish robes, which are still worn in many of the islands. This was evidently the father, and his question, "are you asleep, my children?" received a vehement negative from the two lively girls, who poured forth a number of questions, and seemed most unwilling to allow him to leave them again. He also manifested a degree of paternal fondness, which corresponded well with what I had heard of the warmth and depth of feeling displayed by these islanders in the common relations of life. When I found that they were in a great fright at the notion of the steamer going on through the night, when the sailors could not possibly see their way, I overcame the reserve, which makes the English, when abroad, neglect many acts of kindness we would otherwise perform, and began to speak to them.

"Their father then left them quite relieved, and we became fast friends with that degree of rapidity with which friendships are made in those countries, and strange to say, are often very true and lasting. They told me their whole history, and talked merrily half the night—they had passed their lives in Scio, and never left till their mother died, a few months before, when their father took them to Syra for change of scene; now they were returning home to leave it no more, and fervently did they long for the first sight of their own dear island. When they found I had not yet seen it, they gave me a most poetic description of Scio, and of the life they led there; it was, without question, the most beautiful spot in the world, they said; to be sure they had never seen any other place, excepting Syra, yet still, nothing could be so charming as Scio; there were such vineyards and

gardens, so full of orange-trees and abundant streams of water; that it was delightful in the cool evening to go down and dance the Romaica on the sea-beach, and watch the fishermen at work by torchlight. They pitied me very much for not being a Scot. I asked them if they had ever heard of Homer, and they said they had not; then one recollected that there was a Monsieur Homero, who had died there last year, and they did not doubt this was my friend; and so they rambled on, till the rocking of their rough cradle lulled them to rest, and then rolling themselves up in their great pelisse, they went snugly to sleep."

This set the lady ruminating, during which they arrived off Scio:—

"My reflections were interrupted by the two pretty Sciots, who came to take leave of me, with many vehement expressions of regret and regard. This would be considered extremely absurd after a twelve hours' acquaintance anywhere else; but amongst the natives of the burning East, the quick vivid feelings are soon aroused, and their glowing imagination carries them on readily to bestow their strong passionate affections, without dreaming of pausing, as we in the chilly north would do, to calculate prudently if the object be worthy of them. One may, doubtless, make many philosophical reflections on the certainty that sentiments so rapidly awakened, will be as evanescent as they are prompt; but not the less, this readiness of sympathy and warmth of expression do in truth cast a glow over life, and make this selfish world seem far less of a peopled wilderness, where all are mingling together, and yet each is most utterly alone, than it really is."

The Danube has been already ascended and descended by so many intelligent tourists, that there is little remaining to be added to our stock of knowledge respecting the external features of that great river. But the personal narrative of every traveller must be new: each individual sees from a different centre, and has things presented to the eye at a different angle. Some incidents, indeed, in the case of the book before us, *must* be novel, from the circumstance of the traveller's sex. Of these, "a visit to the harem" of the Pacha of Widdin, one of the principal and most populous towns in Bulgaria, is, perhaps, the most curious. A doctor who was on board had, it seems, some interest with this powerful Pacha, and exerted

it, on this occasion, to obtain permission for the lady to visit the sultana in her harem. Accordingly she proceeded from the palace, accompanied by the doctor, through a court in the midst of which a fountain was playing; to what seemed to be a separate building; and there the latter stopped, not even daring to cross the threshold, telling the lady at the same time that two negroes who presented themselves were to be her guides:—

“I did not half like being left alone in this strange-looking place, and would have remonstrated against his leaving me, but he looked perfectly terrified when I proposed it, and disappeared the moment the door was opened. The two slaves walked before me in silence, their eyes bent on the ground, through several passages, till we reached the foot of a stair, where they in their turn consigned me to two women who were waiting for me. One of these was the interpreter, a remarkably pretty woman, though immensely fat; and the other was, without exception, the most hideous old woman I ever beheld, whom I rightly guessed to be the duenna of the harem. They received me with the highest delight, and as though I were conferring a great honour upon them, fervently kissing my hands and the hem of my dress, in return for which I could only wish that they might live a thousand years, and never see a ‘bad hour.’ Seizing me by the hands, they dragged me in triumph up the stairs, and through several rooms to the audience-chamber of her Highness the Sultana. Like that of the pasha, it was furnished with a long divan, over which were spread two of the most splendid cashmere shawls I ever saw; several cushions were ranged on the floor, and the windows were all hermetically closed by the fatal screens of which we had heard so much. They are a sort of wooden lattice, but the open spaces are so very small that one can scarcely discern anything without.

“The women made me sit down; and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me in a deprecating tone, not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease as if I were in my own house. How far I was at my ease, installed *à la Turque* on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture. The interpreter now left me alone with the old woman, who crouched down on a cushion at my feet, and with the help of a few

words of Turkish, with which I was acquainted, she managed to give me quite as much information as I wished for, on the domestic life of Eiredeen Pasha's large family.

“We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room, laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes half closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath of a different colour falling below the knee, and finally, a pair of enormously wide trousers, either wholly red, or a mixture of gay colours, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief and various other ornaments were twisted in their hair, with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilized countries. Of all the number only three struck me as having any great claim to beauty; but certainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair, and soft brown eyes; the other was, I think, a Georgian, very dark, with beautiful features, and the most haughty expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect, as the mother of a fine little boy whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna, with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

“Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter hurrying in, announced the sultana. The slaves fell back, and ranged themselves in order. I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half-a-dozen women. She was a tall, dignified-looking person, of some five-and-thirty, and far from handsome. Nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light-blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these, a narrow robe of red cashmere, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers, also worked in gold, at least six inches wide. This garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions.

Her waist was bound by a cashmere scarf, of great value; and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse, of brown satin, lined with the most beautiful zibelline fur. Her head-dress was a silk handkerchief, embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds.

"She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great stateliness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honour she had done me in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile, and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her. I obeyed, and had then to recommence all the compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy; for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semicircle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched most critically every movement I made.

"I was determined, therefore, to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's, I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant, that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff.

"Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts), were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly-embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

"One arduous duty I felt it was quite

necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow as much admiration on the sultana's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eloquence in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then, to my surprise, rose up and left the room. I was afraid I had offended her; but a few minutes after she returned, in a new costume, equally splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment, by minutely inspecting my own dress; and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me.

"My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me.—They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions—many of which I really found it very difficult to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked further than from one room to another; and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought, nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

"Her highness now sent for her children to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces; and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live for ever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four fine little children, and the eldest of them, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering *bons-bons* to the

pasha himself, as to this imposing little personage.

"My attention to the children quite won the heart of the sultana, and she desired the interpreter to tell me that we were henceforth to be 'sisters;' and I was obliged to receive this addition to my family connexions with becoming delight; she also wished me to be informed that she had once seen a Christian at Constantinople, and that she was not at all like me. I thought this very likely; but I was growing very anxious to terminate my visit, which had lasted, with its interminable ceremonies, nearly two hours. The sultana was very unwilling to let me go; but when I insisted, for I thought the patience of my companions must be quite exhausted, she once more rose and left the room; in a few minutes the interpreter returned, and kneeling down, kissed my hand, and then passed a most beautiful diamond ring on my finger, which she said the sultana begged me to keep, though it was quite unworthy of her 'sister.' I was much shocked at the idea of taking it, for it was a ring of very great value; and though I ought to have known that in Turkey it was an insult to refuse a present, I could not help remonstrating.

"The sultana came in herself to bid me farewell, and I endeavoured to return it to her, but she frowned in a way which really frightened me, and commanded the slave to tell me that doubtless it was not good enough for me, and that since I wished for something better, a more valuable present should be found. This settled the question, of course, and I put on the ring, and went to take leave. She had seated herself, and received my parting compliment in great state; her last speech was to beg that I would tell the people of England always to recollect that if they came to Widdin, it would suffice that they were my countrymen to ensure their having a friend in Eiredeen pasha. I then touched her hand, and passed out of the room without turning my back to her, whilst the slaves kissed my hands again and again."

To revert once more to our main topic. It is of importance for many reasons, practical and political as well as moral, that a just estimate should from time to time be afforded of the value to be attached to commonly-received notions respecting countries with which we are not in immediate contact, and which are in a state of national transition and progress. Of such countries the most remarkable on every account is Greece. And to obtain such views

we must turn, not to the hasty statements of travellers, who enter ignorantly upon a scene to them full of novelty and romance, and who are liable to have their vision distorted by every false medium; but to the testimony of those who have had the leisure and opportunity to obtain accurate information, with the ability to draw general conclusions from it, and form an opinion on just and adequate grounds. The writer of this volume laboured from the first to disabuse her own mind of vague and pre-conceived impressions, and has investigated in a liberal spirit the institutions, manners, and creed of a country wherein she was so long a resident; and as she has arrived at some conclusions in a measure subversive of popular notions, it will be well to recapitulate some of these, in order to set the public mind right on the subject.

It must be remembered that she took up her sojourn in Greece at a period when that country had but just rescued itself from the degrading thralldom that had erased the name of Hellas from the catalogue of the nations. It was some time before the emancipated captive could shake off the moral stupor in which he had so long existed; and it was with intense interest that the first faint efforts of freedom were observed—the growing consciousness of independence—the habitation of a people to think, feel, and act for itself. Prejudices gave way in the observer's mind—conviction was forced upon it—the truth became manifest; and the final impression left was, that *if Greece had fair play*, it would yet work out a noble destiny.

I. In the first place, the society of Greece has acquired in an incredibly short space of time a polish and refinement, which is universally acknowledged as one of the characteristic evidences of a growing civilization. The youthful Grecians travel, mix with the world, seek education where it is best to be had; and bring back to their country an amount of knowledge and experience which obliterates every local peculiarity except the love of country, and enthusiasm in her cause.

II. Besides all this, the circumstances of the country itself—its old and glorious associations, and the noble monuments of classic antiquity which meet the eye on every side,

serve to give a tone of dignity and elevation to general conversation, which has no small effect in moulding the national character.

It seems to the Greek to be almost impossible to think or act meanly in the presence of such a literature and such a *locale* as his. He is, as it were, in an amphitheatre, from which the glories of five-and-twenty centuries look down upon him. He represents, in his own eyes, a long line of heroes, whose ancestral renown he is bound to uphold; and he is strong in the determination not to disgrace such an illustrious pedigree by one unworthy act or thought.

Nor is this honorable feeling expended in martial enthusiasm alone. The modern Greek is as earnest in his endeavour to reform social, moral, and political abuses, as he was to shed his blood in his country's cause; and the result is manifest from day to day, in the improvement everywhere perceptible in the national institutions, especially those connected with education. The university, lately established, is flourishing, and schools are opened wherever a fair prospect presents itself of obtaining scholars.

III. Connected with the preceding observations, is the improved condition of the priesthood in Greece. The sacerdotal body is now offered the means of general as well as spiritual enlightenment: and as that church has, in the midst of the grossest superstition, ever "kept the true faith as a precious gem in a rough casket," good hopes may be entertained that she may yet emerge from her comparative darkness as a pure and apostolic branch of the universal church.

IV. The domestic morality of the Greeks has ever been more pure than among the Turks. It has of late years been sensibly improving, and patterns of true fidelity and affection are to be found in most of the families throughout the country.

To all these instances of advancement, most of them not at all or very imperfectly understood in this country, may be added the almost total cessation of *brigandage* throughout Greece. An unprotected person may now travel from one extremity of the land to the other, as safely as through the best parts of England; and so rare is crime of an aggravated dye, that capital punishment is scarcely known. Indeed, the odium in which it is held renders it extremely difficult for government to procure any one to undertake the office of executioner. The difficulties of other kinds experienced some years ago in travelling through Greece, too, are now in many places altogether removed, and in the rest rapidly disappearing. The roads are good, the horses sound, and easily procured, and the way-side accommodation respectable. The saddle is still the approved mode of conveyance; and the traveller who is not inured to it must expect to suffer occasionally from fatigue and exhaustion, especially during the hours nearest to noon; but he has few of those vexatious hindrances and exhausting privations to impede him, which the most enterprising tourist had to encounter fifteen years ago.

Let us hope that all these indications may be an earnest of something to come: that Greece may not only exhibit progress, but attain a proud position; that as she once shone out a sun amidst the darkness, she may yet again shine, a star in the constellation of the nations; that, small as she is, she may be enabled to resist the encroachments of the great and grasping powers that surround her; and that, if she be singly unequal to the struggle, she may claim and obtain the assistance of that remote, but ever-present and influential empire, which has witnessed with such intense and glowing interest the spirit of early Greece reviving in the customs of her sons.

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NOVELS AND NOVELISTS OF THE DAY.*

FATIGUED with the tedious routine of dry reading, bored by the weightier matters of the law, sick unto death of demurrers, and grievously annoyed by rules to compute, when summer comes back with its delicious sunshine, and its long, pleasant, idle days, we adjourn to our marine villa, and there comfortably establishing ourselves in some quiet corner, we luxuriate in indolent repose, divested of all unnecessary covering—coatless, neckclothless, and bootless—often in our shirt sleeves—oftener, still, enveloped in the huge folds of an ancient Turkish dressing-gown, we loll whole days away on the sofa, and plunge recklessly, not into the quiet blue wave which ripples beneath our window, but into the more exciting sea of fiction. We read French novels by the ream, almost as fast as M. Dumas can write them; German more slowly, for they are commonly somewhat philosophic, besides all those of our own tongue; and then, in the gloaming, over our glass of "cold without," do we jot down our opinion of their merits. We mention these particulars of our domestic retirement not from any hope that our mode of life in the long vacation will possess the least attraction to any of our readers, but merely to account in a satisfactory manner for the *melange* which ornaments the heading of this chapter. Since that quiet

evening that witnessed our departure from the good town of Carrickfergus in a chaise and pair, amid the blessings of our landlady and the fervent farewell of "boots," with purse crammed with the greasy provincial notes in which kind northern solicitors will persist in paying our fees, and digestive functions slightly impaired by the riotous living of circuit, we have skimmed half the contents of the neighbouring circulating library, and save the three whose names form our text, we did not find a single novel worthy our consideration.

Than the author of "Tancred," there are few men of the day who have contrived to monopolize more of the public attention. Mr. D'Israeli is somehow or other always before the world; if his ambition be "the monstrari digito prætereuntium," he has completely achieved it. The successful assailant of the formidable leader of one of the most powerful administrations, and which was likely to be one of the most lasting that ever governed the country—of one who wields well and with terrific power the formidable weapons of argument and of ridicule—who has never been known to commit himself, and who, whatever may be the defects of his political or personal character, is undoubtedly a master of the science of parliamentary debate—the audacious and successful assailant of this

* "Tancred, or the New Crusade." By B. D'Israeli, M.P. In three volumes. London: Henry Colburn, Great Marborough-street. 1847.

"A Whim and its Consequences." In three volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1847.

"The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien, a Tale of the Wars of King James. Dublin: James McGlashan, 21 D'Olier-street. 1847.

man of might, not to speak of the author of six novels, of which some are of very superior merit, must be no ordinary mortal; and because he is no ordinary mortal, he is worthy of the attention of Maga, who is ever regardless of fry of the smaller kind; not indeed annihilating with savage cruelty their infantine existence, but throwing them back again into the waters of oblivion, until they wax bigger, and more worthy of being dished up for the literary banquet of her distinguished supporters. We remember well when the world was ringing with applause after one of those brilliant and polished essays, unrivalled, perhaps, in the annals of parliamentary invective, inquiring 'of a gentleman who occupies the most distinguished position of his time in the republic of letters, his opinion of Mr. D'Israeli. "I was present," said he, "in the House of Commons upon the occasion of his first speech, and notwithstanding the total failure of that effort, I prophesied that he would yet become one of the most effective debaters of his time; for besides many of the elements of ability which were then displayed, he appeared to me possessed of the most indomitable 'pluck.'" This gentleman's parliamentary diagnosis has turned out correct, and the honorable member for Shrewsbury now has certainly achieved a position as a brilliant and formidable debater. But our business in this paper is not with his political career, which we leave to the tender mercies of critics better qualified to appreciate than we can possibly be. In the more peaceful, and to our taste, the more agreeable haunts of literature, Mr. D'Israeli has already gathered laurels which are at least as imperishable as those which cluster round the brow of the successful aspirant for political distinction.

We shall never forget the impression made upon us by "*Pelham*." We read this incomparable novel in the earlier years of our college life; we read it, we remember well, one bright spring evening, in our rooms in that portion of the old square which exists no longer. There was a tumbler of mild half-and-half potheen, exquisitely blended with cold water, at our side, as delicious stuff as ever parted the lips or inspired the brain of an under-

graduate; in ten minutes we were in extacies; in twenty we had forgotten the existence of our bowl of nectar. Lingered with intense delight over those glorious pages, time was forgotten; the Greek lecture of the following morning was uncared for; we were oblivious of night roll, and but that the junior dean stood our friend, would have lost our lucrative situation of marker. We never rose until we turned over the last page of the book; when we sought our couch, we dreamed thereof; and the next day, to the no small amazement of one of the learned lecturers, who asked us if we could scan a certain line in a certain chorus of a Greek play, and to the delight of the whole class, we replied, dreaming, "that pine-apple fritters were impossible."

But we are not unmindful either of the pleasure which was afforded us by the perusal of "*Vivian Grey*." The fresh and sparkling style, the knowledge of human nature, and the powerful touches of eloquent description, caught our juvenile fancy; and upon a re-perusal of these volumes, we see no reason to change the opinion we formed when they first met our eye. The great charm of Mr. D'Israeli, as a writer of fiction, is the off-hand manner in which he makes the personages who figure in his pages discuss the topics of the day; expressing, at the same time, through their medium, his own experiences, his own opinions, and the result of his own reflections, upon such subjects as arise, enlivened by his wit and fancy, enriched by his acute observations upon character, and his knowledge of the world. The pages of a novel of this writer afford as agreeable a banquet for the literary epicure as it is possible to conceive. His description of Lord Eskdale, in the work now before us, is almost equal to that of the Marquis of Carabas in his earliest work just mentioned, or to the Mr. Rigby, the Tadpoles, and Tapers of "*Coningsby*." Lord Eskdale, first cousin to the Duke of Bellamont, and lord lieutenant of the county adjoining that in which Bellamont Castle was situated, exercised a powerful influence over his worthy relatives. A knowing man of the world, they never committed any action, however unimportant, without consulting him; and, in consequence, they never committed them-

selves, for it does not always follow, somehow, that the possession of a ducal coronet argues a proportionate amount of brains. Lord Eskdale had been consulted as to the best school to which the heir of Bellamont could be sent, and he had recommended Eton—as a college, he had advised Christ Church. He was the trustee in the duke's marriage settlement; he was appointed, in the duke's will, guardian of his son; equal favourite with the duchess, who was an austere lady of considerable personal attractions, deeply read in the theology of the nineteenth century—a precision in morals, she preferred “Chillingworth” to a French novel, and one of the ancient fathers to even the “Pilgrims of the Rhine.” Lord Eskdale was a master of the feminine idiosyncrasy, and guided the duchess without ever letting her feel the curb. When the Bellamonts got into any fix, they would write over to Lord Eskdale, and the peer, who was greatly averse to long letter-writing, would ride over, and listen, with imperturbable calmness, “something between that of a Turkish pacha and an English jockey,” his back to the fire, and his hands in his pockets, to the united statements of his noble relatives, and when both of them were exhausted, would sum up the whole affair, and say three words which had the effect of removing all their difficulties. He looked upon his cousins, although he respected their native ability, as two children when affairs of the world were in question.

There is a great fête in Bellamont Castle upon the occasion of the heir arriving at his majority, and Lord Eskdale is called in to relieve the troubles of the duke and duchess, who are in dire perplexity about a cook. He recommends, accordingly, an artiste of high repute, who resides in a “purlieu,” which, having passed through very often, we are quite able to recognise admirably hit off in the following description:—

“In that part of the celebrated parish of St. George which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly, and on the other by Curzon-street, is a district of a peculiar character. 'Tis a cluster of small streets, of little houses, frequently intersected by ruins, which here are numerous, and sometimes gradually, rather than abruptly, terminating in a ramification of these mysterious regions.

Sometimes a group of courts develops itself, and you may even chance to find your way into a small market-place. Those, however, who are accustomed to connect these hidden residences of the humbler with scenes of misery and characters of violence, need not apprehend in this district any appeal to their sympathies, or any shock to their tastes. All is extremely genteel, and there is almost as much repose as in the golden saloons of the contiguous palaces. At any rate, if there be as much vice, there is as little crime. No sight or sound can be seen, at any hour, which could pain the most precise or the most fastidious; even if a chance oath may float on the air from a stable-yard to the lodging of a French cook, 'tis of the newest fashion, and if responded to, with less of novel charm, the repartee is at least conveyed in the language of the most polite of nations. They bet upon the Derby in these parts; a little are interested in Goodwood, which they frequent; have, perhaps, in general, a weakness for play; live highly; and indulge those passions which luxury and refinement encourage: but that is all. A policeman would as soon think of reconnoitering these secluded streets, as of walking into a house in Park-lane or Berkeley-square, to which, in fact, this population, in a great measure belongs; for here reside the wives of house-stewards and of butlers, in tenements furnished by the honest savings of their husbands, and let in lodgings, to increase their swelling incomes. Here dwells the retired servant, who now devotes his practised energies to the occasional festival, which, with his accumulations in the three-per-cents, or in one of the public-houses of the quarter, secures him at the same time an easy living, and the casual enjoyment of that great world which lingers in his memory. Here may be found his grace's coachman, and here his lordship's groom, who keeps a book, and bleeds periodically to speculative footmen, by betting odds upon his master's horses. But, above all, it is in this district that the cooks have ever sought a favourite and elegant abode. An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passions and suppressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness and of dulness, distinguishes this quarter during the day. When you turn from the vitality and brightness of Piccadilly—the park, the palace, the terraced mansions, the sparkling equipages, the cavaliers cantering up the hill, the swarming multitude—and enter the region of which we are speaking, the effect is at first almost unearthly. Not a carriage, not a horseman, scarcely a passenger; there seems to be some great and sudden collapse in the metro-

politan system, as if a fast had been announced. The spirit is allured to gentle thoughts as we wander in what is still really a lane, and turning down Stanhope-street behold that house which the great Lord Chesterfield tells us, in one of his letters, he was building in the fields. The cawing of rooks in his garden sustains the tone of mind; and Curzon-street, after a long straggling, twining course, ceasing to be a thoroughfare, and losing itself in the gardens of another place, is quite in keeping with all the accessories. In the night, however, the quarter of which we are speaking is alive. The manners of the population follow those of their masters: they keep late hours; the banquet and the ball dismiss them to their homes at a time when the trades of ordinary regions move in their last sleep, and dream of opening shutters, and decking the windows of their shops. At night the chariot wheels round the frequent corners of these little streets, and the opening valve of the mews vomit forth their legion of Broughams. At night, too, the footman, taking advantage of a ball at Holderness, or a concert at Lansdowne House, and guessing that, in either instance, the link-boy will answer, when necessary, in his summoned name, ventures to look in at his club, reads the paper, talks of his master or his mistress, and, perhaps, throws a main. The shops of this district, depending almost entirely for their custom on the classes we have indicated, and kept often by their relations, follow the order of the place, and are most busy when other places of business are closed."

This description of that curious locality to which it relates is not excelled by any in the pages before us; but we think that it is in his sketches of personages and character that Mr. D'Israeli's main forte consists. The Marquis of Carabas, of his earliest novel, is a masterpiece, which is scarcely surpassed by even that of the Duke of Bellamont in the book now before us. He was the grandson of a mere country gentleman, who having won the favour of the heiress of the Montacutes, a rich family of the times of the Plantagenets, had taken the family name, and, by an artful jobbing of votes, had succeeded in working his way into the upper house as the Earl of Bellamont and Viscount Montacute. The French revolution made him a duke, in spite of old George the Third, who consoled himself for being forced to give him a

dukedom, by refusing him the garter. The duke disliked his son, because he feared he might prove his rival. The young gentleman, naturally of extreme shyness, trembled before the parental frown, and sought consolation for the melancholy which clouded his life, in the affections of his beautiful cousin, Lady Katherine—his union with whom his father, of course, opposes; and just as Montacute, stung to resistance by this fresh instance of parental tyranny, is meditating matrimony, with a cottage by an Irish lake, and seven hundred a-year, he hears that the duke's death has made him the undisputed master of his own fortunes. Timid by nature, the natural moodiness of which was increased by his solitary life, the young duke evinced no inclination for society, and never entered the world of fashion except once a-year, when he and the duchess had the honour of dining at the palace, or of receiving some royal guest at the princely abode of the Bellamonts. Tancred, the son of this worthy pair, has just come of age; and preparations to celebrate the important event are being made upon a scale of princely magnificence, at Montacute, where dandies from London, and epicures from the clubs, in short, all the rank and fashion of the adjoining counties, are about to assemble. Scattered through the pages which describe their arrival are some very happy touches of that descriptive power which we have already intimated that Mr. D'Israeli most largely possesses. Let us glance at Lord Hull, as he is seated at the banquet—an Irish peer, and a bachelor with twenty thousand a-year:—

"He was a man with a red face and a grey head, on whom coarse indulgence, and the selfish negligence of a country life, had already conferred a shapeless form, and who, dressed something like a groom, sat at dinner, in stolid silence, by Lady Hampshire."

Her ladyship examines him with curious pity through her eye-glass; and thought how it might have been possible for even him to have been fined down if his education had been properly attended to. His hair need not have been so grey, his complexion so glaring, nor his hands so large, had he lived in the civilized world, passed six months in May-fair, spent his car-

nival in Paris, and occasionally visited a German Spa. We are able to appreciate the felicity of this portrait, having ourselves seen a similar specimen of the genus, although a reviewer is not much in the company of lords; and, like "Capen Cuttle," we had made a note of him, ready for use at some former occasion. But Mr. D'Israeli has taken the wind out of our sails, and after the picture we have just presented to our readers, any portrait of ours would not be worth a moment's inspection. There are several other portraits equally well painted in the description of the guests at Montacute, but we have not time to linger amongst them longer, as more important matter awaits us.

The sketch of the festivities at Montacute is most amusing and graphic. Got up upon a scale of princely magnificence, nothing was wanting which the gold of the Bellamonts could supply. There was a colossal pavilion in the Home park fit to hold two thousand persons, and for every other parish a similar erection, with the name to which it belonged inscribed thereon. Yeomen of Buddleton and Fuddleton, of Montacute Mare and Montacute Abbots, of Percy Bellamont and Mandeville Stokes, of Ingleton, and Padmore, and Hutton La Hale, and Bishopstowe—all assembled, each in a separate procession, with distinctive colours, to quaff the duke's foaming ale. The blaze of the fire-works, the rattle of drums and trumpets, and the shouts of the multitude, inspired by copious libations of the jolly beverage, made the scene a most exhilarating one. The following episode is done in the author's happiest manner:—

"'It's nothing to what it will be at night,' said one of the duke's footmen to his family—his father and mother, two sisters, and a young brother, listening to him with open mouths, and staring at his state livery with mingled feelings of awe and affection. They had come over from Bellamont Friars, and their son had asked the steward to give him the care of the pavilion of that village, in order that he might look after his friends. Never was a family who esteemed themselves fortunate, or felt so happy. This was having a friend at court, indeed. 'It's nothing to what it will be at night,' said Thomas; 'you will have "Hail Star of Bellamont!" and "God save the Queen!" a crown, three

stars, four flags, and two coronets, all in coloured lamps, letters six feet high on the castle; there will be one hundred beacons lit over the space of fifty miles, the moment a rocket is shot from the round tower. And as for fire-works, Bob, you'll see them at last, Bengal lights, and the largest wheels will be as common as squibs and crackers, and I have heard say, though it is not to be mentioned——', and he paused.

"'We'll not open our mouths,' said his father, earnestly.

"'You had better not tell us,' said his mother, in a nervous paroxysm, 'for I am in such a fluster, I am sure I cannot answer for myself, and then our Thomas may lose his place for a breach of conference.'

"'Nonsense, mother,' said his sisters, who snubbed their mother almost as readily as is the gracious habit of their betters. 'Pray, tell us, Tom.'

"'Ay, ay, Tom,' said his younger brother.

"'Well,' said Tom, in a confidential whisper, 'won't there be a transparency! I have heard say the Queen never had anything like it; you won't be able to see it for the first quarter of an hour, there will be such a blaze of fire and rockets; but when it does come, they say it's like heaven opening! the young markiss on a cloud, with his hand on his heart, in his new uniform.'

"'How I long to see him!' exclaimed one of the daughters.

"'And so do I!' said her sister, 'and in his uniform; how beautiful it must be.'

"'Well, I don't know,' said the mother, 'and perhaps you will laugh at me for saying so, but after seeing my Thomas in his state livery, I don't care much for seeing anything else.'

"'Mother, how can you say such things? I am afraid the crowd will be very great at the fire-works; we must try to get a good place.'

"'I have arranged all that,' said Thomas, with a triumphant look; 'there will be an immense circle for the steward's friends, and you will be let in.'

"'Oh!' exclaimed his sisters.

"'Well, I hope I shall get through the day,' said his mother, 'but it's rather a trial, after our quiet life.'"

Mr. D'Israeli is the founder of a new school of novel writing, and hence one source of his popularity. The credit is certainly due to him of having struck out a path for himself. While we had the historical romance, the philosophical novel, the poetical essay, and the fictions of St. Giles's, "*usque*

ad nauseam," no one ever dreamt of turning up the apparently barren field of politics; and yet from this soil, seemingly so unfruitful, our author has contrived to rear a very good crop of romances, possessing the usual complement of pages and volumes. To write up a race, or to write down a principle, or rather the want of one, seems to be alike the object of Mr. D'Israeli's gifted pen. In "*Coningsby*," we have a thoughtful youth, just emerged from Cambridge, pondering over doctrines of political economy, abstruse enough to puzzle a professor, or inquiring, with eager zeal, into the truth of conservatism, and the political dogmas on which it is founded; or drinking in, with attentive ear, arguments to prove that our credit, political as well as commercial, for the main part depends upon that Caucasian race, to whom our laws deny the right of citizenship, whether in turning the scale of an important election at a doubtful moment, endowing a church when the state funds are inadequate, or in maintaining the credit or even the existence of the empire. All is to be attributed, if not to the Jewish laws, without doubt to the living Hebrew intellect.

To establish a principle of power, to sustain the realm, and secure the happiness of the people, or to penetrate a great mystery, is, by turns, the object of Mr. D'Israeli's heroes. We are bound to admit there is something of a sameness pervading the mechanism of all his novels. The young aspirant after political or theological truth, is usually brought into the august presence of his grandfather or his uncle, as the case may be, and then, after having undergone a sifting cross-examination as to his peculiar principles, and the manner in which he came to have them—astounds his worthy governor by a solemn declaration, that he considers him a humbug, and cannot, in consequence, afford him his political support. In "*Coningsby*," Lord — wishes his grandson to go into parliament for a certain borough, in order that he may add to his aristocratic honors a ducal coronet. Coningsby declares that he is not as yet prepared to incur the responsibility of a seat in the House of Commons; that political faith has

vanished from the earth, and that he is in no case inclined to support the conservative party. The earl stands aghast with horror—"Some woman," he exclaims, starting from his chair, "has got hold of the boy, and made him a whig." And Coningsby is accordingly dismissed with much contumely from the august presence, and finally disinherited.

The turning point of the story of "*Tancred*" is somewhat similar. The Duke of Bellamont, the father of our hero, is in his library, consisting of the statutes at large, Hansard, and big blue books—a cabinet, containing his correspondence with the secretary of state, and ticketed with dates and summary of contents (for his grace, being an adept in the arts of routine), occupies one side of the apartment; and on the top of it are marble busts of the younger Pitt, George III., and Wellington. The duke is in his chair, leaning back, with an expression of painful surprise—his son Tancred, Lord Montacute, is on his legs, looking pale and serious; and a discussion is going on between the pair as to the propriety of Tancred entering parliament—a course to which he has just expressed his extreme distaste.

"'You take me quite by surprise,' said the Duke; 'I thought it was an arrangement that would have deeply gratified you.'

"Lord Montacute slightly bowed his head, but said nothing. His father continued—

"'Not wish to enter parliament at present! Why, that is all very well—and if, as was once the case, we could enter parliament when we liked, and how we liked, the wish might be very reasonable. If I could ring my bell, and return you member for Montacute, with as much ease as I can order a special train to take me into town, you might be justified in indulging a fancy. But how and when, I should like to know, are you to enter parliament now? This parliament will last—it will go on to the lees—Lord Eskdale told me so not a week ago. Well, then, at any rate you have three years—for three years you are an idler. I never thought such was your character.'

"Lord Montacute cast his dark intelligent eyes upon the ground, and seemed plunged in thought.

"'Besides,' added the Duke, after a moment's pause, 'suppose Hungerford is not in the same humour this time three

years which he is in now. Probably he may be—possibly he may not. Men do not like to be balked, when they think that they are doing a very kind, or a very generous thing. I should be placed in a most painful position if, this time three years, I had to withdraw my support from Hungerford, in order to secure your return."

"There would be no necessity, under any circumstances, for that, my dear father," said Lord Montacute; "for, to be frank, I believe I should feel as little disposed to enter parliament three years hence, as now."

"The Duke looked still more surprised. 'Mr. Fox was not of age when he took his seat,' said his grace. 'You know how old Mr. Pitt was, when he was a minister. Sir Robert, too, was in harness very early. I have always heard judges say that a man might speak in parliament too soon, but that it was impossible to go in too soon.'

"If he wished to succeed in that assembly," replied Lord Montacute, "I can easily believe it; it must be of advantage—but I have not that wish."

"I don't like to see a man take his seat in the House of Lords, who has not been in the House of Commons. He seems to me always in a manner unfledged."

"It will be a long time, I hope, my dear father, before I take my seat in the House of Lords," said Lord Montacute, "if, indeed I ever do."

"In the course of nature it is a certainty."

"Suppose the Duke's plan for perpetuating an aristocracy do not succeed," said Lord Montacute, "and one house ceases to exist."

"His father shrugged his shoulders. 'It is not our business to suppose that; I hope it never will be the business of any one, at least seriously. This is a great country, and it has become great by its aristocracy.'

"You think, then, our sovereigns did nothing for our greatness? Queen Elizabeth, for example, of whose visit to Montacute you are so proud."

"They performed their part."

"And have ceased to exist. We may have performed our part, and may meet the same fate."

"Why, you are talking liberalism."

"Hardly that, my dear father, for I have not expressed an opinion."

"I wish I knew what your opinions were, my dear son, or even your wishes."

"Well, then, to do my duty."

"Exactly—you are a pillar of the state; support the state."

"Ah! if any one would but tell me what the state is," said Lord Montacute,

sighing. 'It seems to me your pillars remain, but they support nothing. In that case, though the shafts may be perpendicular, and the capitals very ornate, they are no longer props—they are a ruin.'

"You would then hand us over to the ten-pounders?"

"They do not even pretend to be a state," said Lord Montacute, "they do not even profess to support anything; on the contrary, the essence of their philosophy is, that nothing is to be established, and that everything is to be left to itself."

"And how would you act, then?—what are your plans?—have you any?"

"I have."

"Well, that is satisfactory," said the Duke, with animation. 'Whatever they are, you know you may count upon my doing everything that is possible to meet your wishes. I know they cannot be unworthy ones, for I believe you are incapable of a thought that is not good and great.'

"My father," said Lord Montacute, and moving, he drew a chair to the table, and seated himself by the Duke, "you possess, and have a right to my confidence; I ought not to have said that I doubted what was good, for I knew you."

"Sons like you make good fathers."

"It is not always so," said Lord Montacute; "You have been to me more than a father, and I bear to you and to my mother a profound and fervent affection; an affection," he added in a faltering tone, "that is rarer, I believe, in this age, than it was in old days; I feel it at this moment more deeply," he continued in a firmer tone, "because I am about to propose that we should, for a time, separate."

"The duke turned pale, and leant forward on his chair, but did not speak."

"You have proposed to me to-day," continued Lord Montacute, after a momentary pause, "to enter public life." I do not shrink from its duties; on the contrary, from the position in which I am born, still more from the impulse of my nature, I am desirous to fulfil them. I have meditated on them, I may say, for years. But I cannot find that it is part of my duty to maintain the order of things, for I will not call it system, which at present prevails in our country. It seems to me that it cannot last, as nothing can endure, or ought to endure, that is not founded upon principle, and its principle I have not discovered. In nothing, whether it be religion, or government, or manners, sacred, or political, or social life, did I find faith, and if there be no faith, how

can there be duty? Is there such a thing as religious truth? Is there such a thing as political right? Is there such a thing as social propriety? Are these facts, or are they mere phrases?—and if they be facts, where are they likely to be found in England? Is truth in our church?—why, then, do you support dissent? Who has the right to govern? The monarch? You have robbed him of his prerogative. The aristocracy? You confess to me that we exist by sufferance. The people? They themselves tell you they are nullities. Every session of that parliament in which you wish to introduce me, the method by which power is distributed is called in question, altered, patched up, and again impugned. As for our morals, tell me is charity the supreme virtue or the greatest of errors? Our social system ought to depend on a clear conception of this point; our morals differ in different countries, in different towns, in different streets, even in different acts of parliament. What is moral in London, is immoral in Montacute; what is crime among the multitude, is only vice among the few.

“‘You are going into first principles,’ said the duke, much surprised.

“‘Give me, then, second principles,’ replied his son; ‘give me any—’

“‘There is no sort of doubt,’ said the duke, ‘that the state of England at this moment is the most flourishing that has ever existed—certainly in modern times. What, with these railroads, even the condition of the poor, which I admit was lately far from satisfactory, is infinitely improved. Every man has work who needs it, and wages are even high.’

“‘So I often hear, sir,’ replied his son; ‘but the people of this country have ceased to be a nation; they are a crowd, and only kept in some rude provisional discipline, by the remains of that old system which they are daily destroying.’

“‘But what would you do, my dear boy?’ said his grace, looking up very distressed. ‘Can you remedy the state of things in which we find ourselves?’

“‘I am not a teacher,’ said Lord Montacute, mournfully. ‘I only ask you, I supplicate you, my dear father, to save me from contributing to this quick corruption that surrounds us.’

“‘You shall be master of your own actions. I offer no counsel—I give no commands—and as for the rest, Providence will guard us.’

“‘If an angel would but visit our house, as he visited the house of Lot,’ said Lord Montacute, in a tone almost of anguish.

“‘Angels have performed their part,’

said the duke. ‘We have been instructed by one higher than angels; it’s enough for all of us.’

“‘It is not enough for me,’ said Lord Montacute, with a glowing cheek, and rising abruptly. ‘It was not enough for the apostles, for though they listened to the Sermon on the Mount, and partook of the first communion, it was still necessary that He should appear to them, and promise them a Comforter. I require one,’ he added, after a moment’s pause, but in an agitated voice. ‘I must seek one. Yes! my dear father, it is of this I would speak to you; it is this which, for a long time, has oppressed my spirit, and filled me with intolerable gloom. We must separate—I must leave you—I must leave that dear mother—those beloved parents, in whom are centred all my earthly affection. But I obey an impulse that I believe comes from above. Dearest and best of men! you will not thwart me—you will forgive, you will aid me!’—and he advanced and threw himself into the arms of his father.”

The duke imagines his son wishes to go to Paris or to Italy, and although such a separation would doubtless be unpleasant, consoles himself with the reflection that, accompanied by a private chaplain and his own physician, neither his morals nor his principles can suffer much danger.

“‘But I have no wish to see Paris,’ said Lord Montacute, evidently embarrassed, and making a great effort to relieve his mind of some burthen—‘I have no wish to see Paris.’

“‘I am very glad to hear that,’ said his father, eagerly.

“‘Nor do I wish either to go to Rome,’ continued his son. ‘Nor, my dear father,’ continued he, ‘though I did not like to interrupt you when you were speaking with so much solicitude and consideration for me, is it exactly travel, in the common acceptance of the term, that I feel the need of. I wish, indeed, to leave England; I wish to make an expedition to a particular point, without wandering, without any intervening residence. In a word, it is the Holy Land that occupies my thought, and I propose to make a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of my Saviour.’

“The duke started, and sank again into his chair.

“‘The Holy Land!—the holy sepulchre!’ he exclaimed, and repeated to himself, staring at his son.

“‘Yes, sir, the holy sepulchre,’ repeated Lord Montacute, and speaking with his accustomed repose. ‘When

I remember that the Creator, at whose voice light sprang out of darkness, has deigned to reveal himself to his creatures only in one land; that in that land he assumed manly form, and met a human death, I feel persuaded that the country, sanctified by such intercourse and such events, must be endowed with marvellous and peculiar qualities, which man may not always be competent to penetrate, but which, nevertheless, at all times exercise an irresistible influence upon his destiny. It is these qualities that many times drew Europe to Asia, during the middle centuries. Our castle has before this sent forth a de Montacute to Palestine—for three days and three nights he knelt at the tomb of his Redeemer. Six centuries and more have elapsed since that great enterprise. It is time to restore and renovate our communications with the Most High. I, too, would kneel at that tomb; I, too, surrounded by the holy hills and sacred groves of Jerusalem, would relieve my spirit from the tale that bows it down—would lift up my voice to Heaven and ask, what is duty and what is faith, what ought I to do, and what ought I to believe.”

It is by no means our intention to analyze the novel now before us. We never analyzed a novel in our critical existence, nor is it by any means necessary. In order to discuss the author's object, and the manner in which he handles his subject, “a few orient pearls at random strung,” by way of extracts, with now and then the elucidation of a principle, or the discussion of an opinion, is all that we profess to undertake.

It has been said by some one that it requires no ordinary man to write a novel in three volumes; but we are strongly of opinion that it requires a most extraordinary one to read one through from cover to cover, pondering sagely over the contents of each hot-pressed volume, and then committing to paper his critical opinion as to their respective contents. We hold this to be quite beyond the range of a common intellect; and we think that were the last undertaking even successfully achieved, the elaborate essay would find but few readers; and therefore it is that we shall take a critic's liberty of passing with a bound over many pages of “*Tancred*,” wherein it is told, with much vivacity, the consummate tact with which the man of the

world, Lord Eskdale, having been summoned to a conference by the afflicted duke and duchess, contrives that Lord Montacute should not make his projected pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre by any means so soon as he anticipated. The miserable duchess writes to a learned and eminent bishop, in whose priestly capacity she placed the most implicit confidence, imploring him to commune with her son, and give him the benefit of his spiritual admonition upon this sad subject. He has an interview with Tancred, which, however, was not satisfactory to either party. The replies of the learned divine to the eager inquiries of the young enthusiast, though more adroit than the duke's, were not more satisfactory, and could not, in any way, meet the inexorable logic of Lord Montacute. He was unable to vindicate the principle on which the present order of things was founded in England; neither faith nor its consequences were at all invigorated by his handling. He quite failed in reconciling a belief in ecclesiastical truth with the support of religious dissent. In short, the bishop was posed when he tried to define in whom the power of government should repose. He was lost in a mass of phrases, and afforded his pupil not a single fact. The witty prelate did not realize Tancred's ideal of a bishop, while his lordship hesitated not to declare that the young noble was a visionary. To the Holy Land Tancred goes accordingly, in spite of a philosophical flirtation in which he got entangled with the Lady Bertrie and Bellair, a clever married woman, of pensive beauty and brilliant intellect, “who had *GUANOED* her mind” by reading of French novels, and of whose life it was the grand mistake that she had not made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, or, as she herself more elegantly expressed, “that she had not taken up her palmer's staff, nor rested content until she had gathered a shell upon the strand of Joppa.” In despite also of the innumerable difficulties which the sagacious Lord Eskdale foretold he would have in procuring a yacht of size and capacity sufficient for himself and suite.

It certainly was a singular idea to enter into the brain of a young noble, in the first flush of youth, just entering into life, the heir to a princely for-

tune, and with every capacity for enjoying it. At such an age, and with such prospects, men of his caste often become acquainted with the tribe of Israel from far other motives, and with other designs, than those entertained by Lord Montacute; for the class to which he belonged too often content themselves with going to the Jews, instead of that holy city of which they are the inhabitants. Sidonia, the great Israelitish merchant, whose acquaintance our readers have, doubtless, formed in the pages of "*Coningsby*," gives to Master Adam Besoo, a banker at Jerusalem, which is worthy the notice of our readers. Here it is:—

(“A LETTER OF CREDIT.”)

“My good Adam,

“If the youth who bears this require advances, let him have as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon the king; and if he want more, let him have as much as would form the lion that is on the left, and so on through every stair of the royal seat; for all which will be responsible to you, the child of Israel who among the Gentiles is called

“SIDONIA.”

In that part of the book where Tancred is wandering in the Holy Land, there occur some beautiful descriptive passages of the scenery of Jerusalem and its environs, which impress us with a very high opinion of Mr. D'Israeli's power as a writer. But should the reader wish to study them, we must refer him to the book itself; for most assuredly we do not feel ourselves at liberty to detract from its circulation, by making him familiar with those varied beauties, through the medium of our pages.

Tancred wanders into a beautiful garden at Bethany, and there, overpowered by the heat of the sun, falls asleep. After a refreshing repose of some hours he awakes to find himself in the presence of a lady, “beautiful exceedingly,” clothed in the rich Syrian costume—an amber vest of silk, embroidered with gold, fastened with buttons of precious stones; huge Mameluke trousers; an embroidered pelisse of violet silk, with long loose sleeves, showing occasionally an arm rarer than the costly jewels which surrounded it. Her rich dark brown hair fas-

tened beneath a Turkish cap; her oval countenance of brilliant complexion; the large dark eye, whose irresistible power was modified by ineffable tenderness; the perfect eyebrow, the short upper lip, and the delicately moulded chin—all presented the perfection of Oriental beauty. With her he gets into a profound discussion upon what, we presume, Mr. D'Israeli means by the great Arian mystery.

The lady inquires if it is the opinion of Tancred that the present state of the Jewish race is the punishment ordained for their rejection and crucifixion of the Messiah; and upon Tancred's replying in the affirmative, she asks why this should be so, for, if the Christians believe what they profess, they should worship the Jews. They raise statues to the hero who saves a country: the Jews, by fulfilling the beneficent intention of the Creator of the world, saved the whole human race; and, therefore, instead of being persecuted outcasts, they should be treated with honour and respect, as the redeemers of the whole family of man. Now, reader, mark the points which Mr. D'Israeli attempts to establish. This is the crowning point of a whole series of works, sent into the world for the avowed purpose of writing up the tribe of Israel. In a former book he attempts to prove that, at all critical periods in the commercial or political existence of nations, it is the Jews who support their credit, and also come to the rescue of their tottering power. In “*Tancred*” he goes a step farther, and lays it down that they are the saviours of mankind. We cannot help thinking, that a work of fiction is not the proper place for the discussion of sacred subjects; but when they are thus forced upon our notice, we must deal with them as we find them, and Mr. D'Israeli cannot but know that it is not by sophisms like these that his object can be accomplished. The Jews were not, as he well knows, the executioners upon the awful occasion to which he so lightly alludes; and, therefore, the turning point of his argument is gone: but assuming that they were, his argument amounts to nothing more than that we should do evil that good may come. Do the cruel murderers of an innocent and sinless being perform a praiseworthy action, then is every fe-

lon homicide a public benefactor, and the Jews, who caused the Son of God to be put to the ignominious death of a common felon, are without doubt the saviours of the whole family of man. Let us worship them," then, as heroes who have saved the world—let us raise statues to all the actors in this awful tragedy; for, of course, Mr. D'Israeli must be prepared to include every one who took a part on this awful occasion, and he will therefore be prepared to accede to Judas Iscariot a conspicuous position in their *assembly of heroes*, for without his traitorous intervention the Son of God would not have been sacrificed, nor the world redeemed. But let us carry this curious argument a step further for Mr. D'Israeli, and he may possibly discover that it leads to results upon which he did not calculate. We may be astray; and it is, after all, not so very improbable that the inventor of this argument may be quite prepared to include among the objects of his especial reverence no less a personage than Lucifer. What would he say to a statue of His Satanic Majesty!—

"And if in Downing-street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister then bless the devil."

Why, Mr. D'Israeli, the conclusion is not our own—it is yours. The world would not have been redeemed, you say, if the Jews had not put to death the Messiah, therefore we should reverence them. But through what agency was the world placed in a condition to be redeemed? Clearly through that of the serpent, "he tempted the woman, and she did eat;" therefore let us have a statue to him without delay, the site of which Sir Frederick Trench and his "competent persons" can have full permission to place in that quarter of the city where "the Hebrews most do congregate," and Mr. D'Israeli may have an early opportunity of making his orisons to an object which, we hope, will escape the iconoclastic rage of Mr. Punch and other critics, who so mercilessly assail the works of architecture and the images of heroes which adorn the great metropolis.

But this style of thing is no laughing matter; and we would ask, with all gravity, if it is at the present day that the public mind is to be crammed with such stuff as this? It is a mat-

ter of no small surprise to us, that a writer of Mr. D'Israeli's reputation would stoop to such miserable conceits and petty sophisms—sophisms which we should have deemed beneath us to notice, but which, forming as they do the main argument of the book before us, we could not pass over altogether in silence. Let us turn, however, from these passages to the brilliant pictures of Eastern life and costume, in which Mr. D'Israeli seems much more at home. He touches off Ibrahim Pasha, Louis Philippe, Lord Palmerston, and the politics of Young Syria, with the pencil of an artist; and in reading his graphic descriptions of the political parties in the Lebanon, we cannot but feel that we have the advantage of the experience of one who has thoroughly studied his subject, and who is perfectly at home in any of its minutest details. The most curious character in "Tancred" is the young emir, Fakredeen, who is always entangled in some extraordinary intrigue; now absorbed in an apparently hopeless attempt to raise the wind, in order to pay an immense sum of piastres for five thousand English muskets, which he has ordered to raise the mountain. He hits upon a novel expedient for this purpose, which is neither more nor less than the kidnapping of Lord Montacute, whom he expects will be redeemed by an enormous ransom, as it is currently reported at Jerusalem that he is the brother of the queen of England. The description of the capture is most amusingly told. Tancred and his party are surrounded in a narrow pass, and a proposition is made, that he shall accompany the Arabs to their great shehab:—

"'What do these people say?' inquired Tancred.

"'There is but one God,' said Sheikh Hassan, whose men had now reached him, 'and Mahomet is his prophet. Stand aside, sons of Eblis, or you shall bite the earth which curses you.'

"A wild shout from every height of the defile was the answer. They looked up, they looked round: the crest of every steep was covered with armed Arabs, each man with his musket levelled.

"'Demand to know distinctly what these men want,' said Tancred to Naomi, who then conferred with them.

"'They want your lordship,' said Baroni, 'whom they call the brother of

the queen of the English: their business is clearly to carry you to the great sheik, who will release you for a large ransom."

"And have they no guide into the Jelaheens?"

"None; they are strangers: they came from a distance for this purpose; nor can it be doubted that this plot has been concocted at Jerusalem."

"Our position, I fear, is fatal in this defile," said Tancred; "it is bitter to be the cause of exposing so many brave men to almost certain slaughter. Tell them, Baroni, that I am not brother of the queen of the English; that they are ridiculously misinformed; that their case is hopeless, for all that will be ransomed will be my corpse."

"I can do nothing," said Baroni, returning. "There is something in all this which I do not understand; it has never happened in my time."

"There is then but one course to be taken," said Tancred: "we must charge through the defile; at any rate we shall have the satisfaction of dying like men. Let us each fix on our opponent: that audacious looking Arab in a red kefa, shall be my victim or my destroyer. Speak to the sheik, and tell him to prepare his men. Freemen and true men," said Tancred, looking round to his English servants, "we are in extreme peril. I took you from your homes: if we outlive this day and return to Montacute, you shall live on your own land."

"Never mind us, my lord: if it weren't for those rocks, we would beat those niggers."

"Are you all ready," said Tancred to Baroni.

"We are all ready."

"So saying, Tancred shot the Arab in the red kefa through the head, and with his remaining pistol disabled another of the enemy. This he did while he and his band were charging, so suddenly and so boldly, that those immediately opposed to him were scattered; there was a continuous volley, however, from every part of the defile, and the scene was so involved in smoke, that it was impossible for Tancred to see a yard around him. Still he galloped on, and felt conscious he had companions, though the shouting was so great, that it was impossible to communicate. The smoke suddenly drifting, Tancred caught a glimpse of his position: he was at the mouth of the defile, followed by several of his men, whom he had not time to distinguish, and awaited by innumerable foes."

"Let us sell our lives dearly," was all he could exclaim; his sword fell from his wounded arm; his horse, stabbed

underneath, sank with him to the ground; he was overpowered and bound.

"Every drop of his blood," exclaimed the leader of the strange Arabs, "is worth ten thousand piastres."

The young emir is always planning some combination which would entirely change the face of affairs, and bring back empire to the east. The game of England, he conceives, is quite up; O'Connell, the Manchester cottons, and steam have been its destruction. The best thing under these disastrous circumstances for the queen to do, is, to stow away all her treasures in a great fleet, and transfer the seat of her empire from London to Delhi. In the meantime the emir will conclude arrangements with Mehemet Ali: he will retain Bagdad and Mesopotamia; our sovereign lady, Victoria, under the new title of Empress of India, shall have the Levantine coast. She will, by this dextrous touch of diplomacy, get rid of such annoyances as Peel and Aberdeen, and deliver herself from the serious embarrassment of her chambers, as the emir is pleased to designate the houses of parliament. Having succeeded in making a prisoner of Tancred, the wayward nature of the young emir, melted by the sight of the high and noble bearing of his captive in these distressful circumstances, impels him to conceive the most violent affection for him; all that he can do is not too much to testify his regard; and when Tancred is at last released from durance, he accompanies the Fakredeem upon a visit to his hereditary castle in the mountains of Lebanon, where he remains his guest for a considerable period. There are some slight passages of romance between Tancred and the Lady of Bethany; and with this exception and that of the episode with the Queen of the Ansareys, this novel contains but little to interest our fair readers.

After considerable negotiation, and the sending to and fro of divers messenger pigeons, Tancred obtains permission to visit the Queen of the Ansareys in her mountain fastnesses. Mr. D'Israeli ought to have told his readers who this people were, as it does not follow that the world of novel readers possess his information upon eastern history; but, as he has not endeavoured to do so, we must supply

his omission. The territory of Ansaris, or Nussaris,* is that chain of mountains which reach from Antakia to the rivulet called Mahr el Kaluis, or the great river. The history of the origin of this curious race is worth knowing. In the year of the Greeks 1202, there lived at the village of Nasar, in the environs of Konsa, an old man, who, from his fastings, his continual prayer, and his poverty, passed for a saint. Several of the common people declaring themselves his partisans, he selected from among them twelve disciples to propagate his doctrine; but the commandant of the place, alarmed at his proceedings, seized the old man, and confined him in prison. In this reverse of fortune, his situation excited the pity of a girl who was slave to the gaoler, and who determined to give him his liberty, an opportunity of effecting which purpose soon occurred to her.

One day when the gaoler was gone to bed intoxicated, and in a profound sleep, she took the keys from under his pillow, and after opening the door to the old man, returned them to their place, unperceived by her master. The next day, when the gaoler went to visit his prisoner, he was extremely astonished to find he had made his escape, and the more so, since he could perceive no marks of violence, and he therefore judiciously concluded he had been released by an angel, and eagerly spread the report to avoid the reprehension he merited. The old man, on the other hand, asserted the same things to his disciples, and preached his doctrines with more earnestness than ever. He even wrote a book, in which, amongst other things, he says—"I, such a one of the village of Nasar, have seen Christ, who is the word of God, who is Ahmid, son of Mahomed, son of Hanasa, of the race of Ali, who also is Gabriel; and he said to me, Thou art, who readeth (with understanding), thou art the man who speaketh truth; thou art the camel who preserveth the faithful from wrath; thou art the beast which carrieth the burden; thou art the (holy) spirit, and John, son of Zachary—go and preach to men who make four genuflexions in praying; two before the rising of the sun, and

two before its setting; and let them say three times, God Almighty! God most high! God most great! let them observe only the second and third festival, and fast but two days; nor drink beer, but as much wine as they think proper; and, lastly, let them abstain from the flesh of carnivorous animals." The old man, passing into Syria; propagated his doctrines among the lower orders of the country people, numbers of whom believed in him; and after a few years he went away, and nobody ever heard of him afterwards. Such was the origin of the Ansareys, who are for the most part inhabitants of the mountains before mentioned.

The Ansaria are divided into several tribes or sects, among which are distinguished the Shamsia, or adorers of the sun; the Kelbia, or the worshippers of the dog, and the Kadmusia. Many of the Ansaria believe in the metempsychosis, others reject the immortality of the soul; and in general, in that civil and religious anarchy, that ignorance and rudeness which prevails among them, these peasants adopt what opinions they think best, following the sect they like most, and frequently attaching themselves to none. Their country is divided into three principal districts, formed by the chiefs called Mokadamin. Their tribute is paid to the monarch of Tripoli, from whom they annually receive their title. The mountains in general are not so steep as Lebanon, and consequently are better adapted to cultivation; but they are also more exposed to the Turks, and hence, doubtless, it happens, that with greater plenty of corn, wine, tobacco, and olives, they are more thinly inhabited than those of their neighbours, the Maronmites and Druses.

But let us, after this brief historical digression, proceed to the queen of this strange nation. Young, beautiful, impassioned, and eloquent, surrounded by all the accessories which influence the imagination, and invested with fascinating mystery, the Emir of the Lebanon, silent and enchanted, is fascinated by Astarte; but she prefers the stately presence and lofty form of the English prince to the brilliant and imaginative beauty of his companion,

and, to make a long story short, she falls violently in love with Tancred, who, absorbed in very different ideas, has not the least notion of the royal distinction with which he is favoured. The queen cannot make him understand her wishes; she is much puzzled by his cold abstraction, and at length, becoming rather savage at his want of taste, thinks of putting him to death. It suddenly, however, occurs to her, "that cutting off his head is not the way to gain his heart." We quote the words of Mr. D'Israeli, in order to show, *en passant*, that he is not altogether innocent of those "petty larcenies," which ought to be quite beneath the notice of an author of his reputation. It is no uncommon practice for a writer, whose "hard-bound brains" are deficient in the inventive quality, to appropriate another man's idea; but he usually adopts the precaution of clothing it in his own language, and sometimes succeeds in passing off the counterfeit coin, by reason of the ignorance of his readers. But our author is quite above such preliminary precautions—he steals, to adopt his own expression with reference to the whigs, the bathers' clothes, and passes them off for his own. In short, Mr. D'Israeli "*prigs*" ideas, and upon this occasion he is indebted to Lord Byron, in the fifth canto of *Don Juan*, stanza one hundred and forty, where it is told how the Sultana Gulbeyaz is extremely angry with Juan for some similar reason, and after meditating whether it were best for her to go into hysterics, to have Baba flogged, to stab herself, or to cut off his head—

But let us quote the stanza itself—

"She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad,
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart."

Oh, fie! Mr. D'Israeli—you who are so hard upon Peel, when he borrows a political idea, caught in *flagranti delicta* yourself. Learn for the future a little charity to your neighbours; and when you next feel disposed to appropriate one of Lord Byron's facetious ideas, either disguise it in your own elegant verbiage, or adopt the more manly alternative of letting your readers know from whence you have derived your "curiosity of literature."

But let us return to Tancred. The Queen of the Ansarey at length is induced to make him a distinct offer of her throne and kingdom; he pauses, leads her troops to battle against the Turks, finds his way back to Eva, the Lady of Bethany, and, while at the hour of twilight he is making love to her in a "tone of gushing tenderness," in her enchanted gardens, he is startled by the sound of his own name, repeated by many voices. A crowd comes upon him, bearing torches—Colonel Brace is in the van, the Rev. Mr. Bernard, Doctor Roby, and the English servants, Freeman and Trueman, bringing up the rear; all shouting and tearing about like devils.

"What is all this?" says Tancred, coming forth from the keisk.

"The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had come to Jerusalem!"

And so the curtain falls upon this most curious novel; a work which it is almost impossible to test by the ordinary rules of criticism—the incidents of which present nothing new. There is neither plot nor story, nor, with the one exception to which we have alluded, development of character, nor any of the usual mechanical contrivances by which such productions are rendered attractive; and yet, with all these faults, "Tancred" has many merits. Inferior as a composition to many of the earlier productions of its author, without any of that display of the knowledge of human nature which is to be found in "*Vivian Grey*," or the humorous touches which characterise "*Coningsby*," this book will be read. It contains brilliant and beautiful descriptions of eastern scenery, from the pen of one who is no stranger to the clime of which he writes, a considerable acquaintance with the mysterious science of Syrian politics, and with the histories of nations but little known to us; and, although it exhibits no skill, and for its theological absurdities deserved condemnation, we cannot but regard "Tancred" as the production of an eloquent and gifted mind.

But we must not forget that there are other criminals awaiting at the bar of critical opinion the sentence of the court. Another gentleman, name to us unknown, has pleaded guilty of having composed a work, with reference to which we are by no means

disposed to follow the sage advice of my Uncle Toby, when he was informed by Mr. Shandy that the immortal Lipsius had performed a similar exploit the first day he was born. This is a light, sunshiny, cheerful day; we do not feel at all bilious—*tout au contraire*; our digestive functions are in perfect working order, and we are consequently in good humour; but even if we were not—if the weather were silent and sullen, and we wrapped in atrabilious critic alasperity, “*A Whim and its Consequences*” would restore us to our wonted good humour; for the writer is a fellow of infinite fancy, and has really a very pretty idea of doing business. He, like the author we have just dismissed, does not trouble himself very much about the contrivance of his plot—that which he has adopted being by no means new to us or the world.

The construction of the story is exceedingly simple. It is one of that class to which the *Quarterly Review*, in an able article, lately directed the public attention, called “*Legal Fictions*,” the main incident being the trial of the hero for murder, upon apparently very strong circumstantial evidence. Chandos Winslow is the younger son, and the heir presumptive of Sir Harry Winslow, a baronet of large possessions and great wealth, but upon the death of his father, the will which it was known to many he had made in favor of Chandos, cannot be discovered, and consequently one of a prior date, which is the only one forthcoming, is valid, and by it the bulk of the property is left to Sir William Winslow, the elder son; and to the younger one a pittance barely sufficient for the necessities of life. Chandos, however, meets his misfortunes like a hero, and after deliberating upon what course of life he should pursue, adopts the strange resolution of becoming a gardener, in order that he may have an opportunity, as he describes it, of looking up to life above him, as he had before gazed upon it from an eminence. He accordingly enters the service of General Tracy, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who lives in an adjoining county, and by means of his superior attainments and gentlemanly manners, he becomes a great favourite with his employer, to whom he renders, upon two several occasions, an

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eminent service—he saves him from the fury of a bull, and his daughter—for the general has two beautiful daughters—from being dashed to pieces, by her horses running away with her carriage. Rose Tracy discovers Chandos through his disguise, having once made his acquaintance in London under more auspicious circumstances, and a mutual attachment is the consequence. While matters are in this stage, Sir William Winslow makes his appearance upon the stage, in the character of a suitor for the hand of Emily Tracy, the general's younger daughter, who, however, had already bestowed her affections upon a deserving young clergyman of the neighbourhood, and, consequently, Sir William's suit does not prosper. Upon the occasion of one of Sir William's visits to General Tracy, an incident takes place which is the turning point of the whole story.

But we must not anticipate. The writer, whoever he may be, has considerable descriptive powers, and some of the passages of his book are most eloquent. There is a simplicity, as well as a terseness and vigour in his language, which cannot be too highly commended.

Having introduced his readers to General Tracy, and his brother, Sir Walter, in a very happy style, a gipsy scene occurs, in which the fortunes of the two young ladies, Rose and Emily, are foretold. Not to speak of this, as one of the most ordinary incidents in the mechanical construction of a work of fiction, there is nothing in the manner in which this scene is presented to us, which promises much of the inventive faculty on the part of the author; it is trite and common-place, and told as we have seen it told some twenty times before.

Chandos Winslow has succeeded in getting into the service of Mr. Tracy; he becomes a gardener, at thirty shillings a-week, and the sensations of a man of rank and education, in entering upon a situation so subordinate, are well described, as well as the reasons which had prompted him to take such a step. The vehement impulse of a noble disposition, pride, philosophy, and romance, he wished to know how the lowly earn their bread, having been of opinion that it would not be time misspent if every man of moderate rank and station were to spend a year among

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the labouring classes, sharing their toils, and learning by experience their wants and wishes; he had longed to try the result of such training upon the mental as well as the bodily faculties—and, in our opinion, the idea was a good one, the more especially as it led to the acquaintance of Rose Tracy, whom, as the reader has already learned, he had already seen in London. He has a snug little cottage assigned him, and enters upon the duties of his new situation with all the zest and eagerness which youth and an unbroken constitution and good spirits can impart. On his way home, after he has completed his engagement, he saves General Tracy from Farmer Thorpe's bull which had furiously attacked him, as well as a little gipsy boy, who had valiantly come to the rescue; the boy was much hurt, but the bull more seriously so, as Chandos had been obliged to hamstring him with his knife, in order to save his own life, which was seriously endangered. In the meantime, Farmer Thorpe arrives, and is naturally very indignant at the treatment which his bull has received:—

“ Staring at the general first, and at Chandos afterwards, as if the spirit of his own bull had entered into him, and he was determined to toss them both—

“ ‘ He is a brute beast, and accountable to no one,’ says Farmer Thorpe; ‘ but them as ha’ looked on are reasonable creatures, and accountable to I. So I say, what ha’ you two been a-doing with my bull? ’ ”

General Tracy is about to send for a constable, in order to give the farmer in charge for keeping an animal of whose dangerous propensities he was well aware:—

“ ‘ Oh! that’s to be the way, is it? ’ said the rude farmer, in a tone not less insolent than ever. ‘ If folks can’t fight without having constables for their bottle-holders, that’s not my plan; but I can tell you one thing, old Tracy, for I know you well enough, I’ll have the law of you for doing a mischief to my bull; and this fellow I’ll thrash heartily the first time I can catch him, without a constable to bail him. So good day to you all, and be damned.’ ”

This is a very tolerable description, and very graphic besides, of that most inconceivably stupid and quarrelsome of all animals—an English boor. An

Irish peasant would have relieved the conversation by some lively sally upon the circumstance which had just occurred; but Farmer Thorpe, having delivered himself of the eloquent and courteous language we have just transcribed, takes his departure. The poor boy’s shoulder is found to be dislocated, and Doctor Woodyard is sent for. The doctor is admirably painted. We cannot describe him save in the author’s own colours:—

“ The door suddenly opened, and a tall, thin, old man entered. His dress and whole appearance showed him to be an oddity. His head was covered with what much better deserved the name of tile, than that which sometimes obtains it in our good city of London. It was a hat with enormous rims, and the smallest portion of crown, so that it was almost self-evident that the organs of hope and veneration, if the good old gentleman had any, must be somewhat pressed upon by the top of the shallow box into which he put them. From underneath the shelter of this wide-spreading beaver floated a thin, wavy pigtail of white hair, bound with black ribbon, which, as all things have their prejudices, had a decided leaning to his left shoulder, in preference to his right; and he had on a coat of black, large, easy, and wrinkled, but spotless and glossy, showing that its original conception must have been vast, and that the disproportion between its extent and the meagre limbs it covered was not occasioned by those limbs having shrunk away from the garment with which they were endued. The breeches fitted better, and in some parts must have been positively tight, for a long line of snow-white cambric, purled up like the slashings of a Spanish sleeve, which appeared between the top of his breeches and the remote silk waistcoat, showed that the covering of the nether man maintained itself in position by the grasp of the waistband round the loins. An Alderny cow can never be considered perfect, unless the herd can hang his hat upon her haunch-bone while he makes love to Molly, milking her; and the haunch-bones of the worthy Mr. Alexander Woodyard, surgeon, &c. &c., were as favourable to the sustentation of his culottes, without the aid of other suspenders. Waistcoat and breeches were both black, so also were the stockings and shoes, of course. These shoes were tied with a string which was inharmonious, for the composition of the whole man denoted buckles. Round his neck, without the slightest appearance of col-

lar, was wound tight a snowy-white handkerchief of Indian muslin. In fact, with the exception of his face and hands, the whole colouring of Sandy Wood-yard, as the people improperly called him, was either white or black. His face, though thin and sharp as a ferret's, was somewhat rubicund. Indeed, if any blood ever got up there, it could not well get out again, with that neck-cloth tied round his throat like a tourniquet. And the hands themselves were also reddish; but by no means fat, showing large, blue veins, standing out like whip-cord in a tangent."

General Tracy rewards the gipsy boy for his intrepidity, by having him educated, and providing for him for life. There was a certain young clergyman at Northferry, the Rev. Mr. Fleming, who had succeeded in engaging the affections of the fair Emily Tracy. He was an honourable as well as reverend too, and well qualified to win regard and esteem. Handsome in person, mild and engaging in manners; his conversation quiet and calm, but always cheerful. He would not have exchanged his small living of £400 a-year for a bishopric, without Miss Emily Tracy. In short, he seemed in every way worthy of the happiness that awaited him. But alas! for the worthy young parson's dreams of bliss, the course of true love, which has never yet, we are informed, run smooth, did not, in his instance, vary from its usual turbulent course, and the wealthy baronet appearing as a suitor for the fair hand of his mistress, Mr. Fleming withdrew, and sought in retirement to alleviate his disappointment, and to forget his love.

In none of the descriptive passages throughout this work is there, upon the part of its writer, any want of power. Whatever he touches has a freshness and a charming air of originality about it, which to us is very agreeable. We are tired of the elaborated scenes and the straining of the effect which so many of our works of fiction present to the reader. The description of Sir Harry Winslow's funeral, for instance, can scarcely be surpassed.

A fine, tall, broad-fronted house, massy in architecture, and placed upon a commanding height in a beautiful park, had all the window-shutters closed along the principal façade, though a number of people going in and com-

ing out showed that it was not empty. There was no attempt at decoration to be seen in the building. All was plain, solid, and of use. Some dark pines on either hand harmonized with the sternness of the mansion; and the brown oaks and beeches behind carried off the lines to the wavy hills above. Everything was neat and in good order around; the trees carefully confined to their exact proportions near the house; the lawns close mowed; the gravel-walks free from the least intrusive weed; the gardens, with their long lines of green and hot-houses, showed care and expense; and from a distance one would have supposed that the whole open ground of the park had been lately subject to the scythe, so smooth and trim did everything look.

Within was death.

In the state drawing-room, with crimson curtains sweeping down, and panelling of white and gold, upon a rich Axminster carpet, and surrounded by furniture of the most gorgeous kind, stood the dull trestles bearing the moral of all, the coffin and the pall: splendour, and ostentation, and luxury without—death and foulness within. It was a still homily.

The library adjoining was crowded with gentlemen in black—they called it mourning—and they were eating and drinking cake and wine. Why should they not?—they would have done the same at a wedding. A little beautiful spaniel stood upon his hind-legs to one of the mourners for a bit of cake. The dog caught it, and the mourners laughed. It was all very well. In this little picture the main incidents of the scene are handled in a very artistic manner. The ear is not offended by too much minute detail, but every affecting incident that can touch the spectator is most effectually put. A painful scene occurs at the funeral, between Sir William Winslow, the heir, and Chandos, the bereaved and now destitute younger brother, which we shall pass over; suffice to say, that an unfortunate breach which had occurred between them many years previously, was not healed up even upon this melancholy occasion.

The cause of quarrel had been the beautiful daughter of an old miller who lived in the neighbourhood of Winslow Park, who, it appeared, had been se-

duced by Sir William Winslow, and afterwards ungenerously abandoned to neglect and misery. One child was the result of this unfortunate connexion, and he turns up in the person of little Tim, the gipsy boy, who had attempted to save General Tracy from the fury of the bull.

There is a minor episode grafted on the main story, with which, as it does not elucidate the facts, or affect its progress, we shall not meddle, except to say, that a certain Lord Overton was impertinent to Chandos Winslow, and a fracas took place between them, which ended in a duel, the incidents of which are remarkably well told. We could willingly extract the whole scene, did we not feel that we should, in some degree, by so doing mar the pleasure our readers will experience in reading it fresh from the volume which contains it.

There was a certain Mr. Scriptolemus Bond, a short personage of great importance, and rotund figure, with a countenance like the sun in a London fog, somewhat relieved by a shrewd black twinkling eye, who had succeeded in involving Mr. Tracy in railroad speculations to a very considerable amount. These speculations all prove failures, and Mr. Tracy awakens one morning to find himself ruined. He attempts to commit suicide, and is saved by the timely interruption of his brother. But upon a calm review of his liabilities, he finds that there is nothing left in the world either for himself or his daughters. At this important crisis, Sir William Winslow steps in, and offers to relieve him from all his difficulties, by paying off the whole amount of his liabilities, if he will consent to his union with his daughter Emily. The old man hesitates between the unpleasant alternatives of seeing himself with those he loves reduced to utter destitution, or making his daughter miserable for life, by uniting her to a man she cannot love. He adopts the latter. Emily, knowing the consequences of her refusal, consents, and the marriage is arranged. It is at this period of the story that the principal event occurs, which has an important influence upon the fate of every one of the personages we have presented to the reader. Sir William Winslow is domesticated in Mr. Tracy's house, when Roberts,

his father's late steward, comes in order to speak to Chandos—with whose strange career he is, of course, acquainted—upon the subject of a letter he had written to him, expostulating with him for having allowed an examination to take place, in his absence, into his father's papers. Chandos had been talking to Miss Rose Tracy at the moment when he heard the voices of his brother and Mr. Roberts, who were approaching the place where he stood, and being particularly anxious that the former should know nothing either of his present retreat, or of the mode of life he had chosen to adopt, he at once conceals himself, and from his hiding-place witnesses an angry altercation take place between his brother and Roberts, which terminated by Sir William Winslow, in a sudden momentary passion, striking the old man down with a hoe which Chandos had left leaning against a neighbouring pillar. He rushes instantly to the spot; Sir William, hearing the noise, makes his escape, and he is terrified at finding that the rash blow has done its work, and that the poor old man is dead. The position of Chandos was a most painful one: he had seen a foul murder committed before his eyes, and by his own brother, the only witness to which was himself. Was he to bring infamy and ruin upon his own flesh and blood, by divulging the perpetrator. Torn by conflicting emotions, he at length comes to the resolve of saying nothing about it, and he leaves the garden accordingly. The body is found the next morning, a coroner's inquest is held, and the circumstantial evidence is so strong that they bring in a verdict of wilful murder against him, and he is fully committed for trial. In the meantime Sir William Winslow presses his suit; the day fixed for the marriage arrives; the ceremony is commenced; the poor bride, deadly pale, has scarcely sufficient strength to utter the responses; but she did not weep. The ring touches her finger; she is the wife of the man she detests. She felt it for an instant; the next she is lying lifeless at her father's feet. The baronet's brow grows dark, and his heart chill. He feels that she hates him, that he had marred her young dreams of love and joy; and at this painful crisis the door of the vestry-room opens, and some one asks for Sir Wil-

ham Winslow. A letter is delivered to him, which the bearer says is of life and death importance. Sir William takes it with a contemptuous air; he breaks the seal, and the instant his eye fell upon the contents, his whole countenance underwent a remarkable change: he trembled in every limb; his whole form was shaken with inexpressible agitation. "I must go," said he, wildly—"I must leave my bride. This Acton—he—he whom I—he is my brother—he knows—he is my brother." He flings himself into his chariot, and orders the post-boys to drive to the nearest town, casting a deadly scowl at the clergyman, who ventures to suggest that the ceremony is not yet complete, the hands of the parties not having been joined.

The time for the trial of Charles Winslow, for the murder of his father's steward, drew near. His friend and schoolfellow, Sir ——— comes down to defend him. An elaborate picture is drawn of this eminent barrister, of which it is evident that Sir William Follett was the original; but we do not think that it possesses any great merit. The peculiar powers of that remarkable man, the winning grace of his manner, the gentle modulation of his voice, and the clear and logical turn of his arguments, have often been described, but we never yet saw a description which fully set forth the wonderful power of one who was universally acknowledged to be the most gifted and accomplished advocate at the English bar. The counsel for the crown states very clearly and forcibly the case, which, he is instructed, he will be able to prove in evidence, that Acton, the gardener, was no other than the second son of Sir Henry Winslow; that Roberts, the late steward, came in search of him upon the evening in question, about five o'clock; that Winslow had been seen entering the garden about that period, with the hoe in his hand by means of which the murder had been committed; that a document had been found on the person of the late steward, in the handwriting of Mr. Winslow, which showed that no very friendly understanding existed between them; and, finally, that the footprints upon the soft ground where the body lay, greatly corresponded in size and shape with the shoes of Mr. Winslow, who, it

would further appear, had returned to his cottage about six o'clock on the same evening, with his dress much stained with blood.

This evidence, as the reader will observe, is all of a circumstantial nature, and a pretty strong chain of it there is. The impression of the whole court is decidedly against the prisoner, when his counsel rises to address the jury for the defence, notwithstanding the calm composure of his air, his gentlemanly bearing, and his look of calm, unembarrassed innocence.

Sir ———, every one remarked, was exceedingly pale, and before he rose he turned over the papers under his hand several times, with a look of nervous anxiety; but the moment he was upon his feet that look passed away, he raised his head high, he cast back his shoulders as if for full breath, and, fixing his fine intelligent eye upon the jury, began his speech, which, in justice to the author, we shall give in his own words:—

"MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.—The learned sergeant who has conducted the prosecution assured you, that to do so was the most painful task of his life. It must be a terrible task, indeed, to become the public accuser of such a man as the prisoner, with even a doubt upon the mind of his guilt, and how many doubts must have existed in this case? If such were the feelings of my learned friend, judge, gentlemen of the jury, what must be mine when, in rising, I defend the prisoner at the bar. I know that upon my feeble efforts depend not only the life of one who is an ornament to the society in which he moves, but the life and honour of my dearest friend. With what anxieties must I be oppressed—how terrible must be the responsibility, when the slightest failure of my powers, the least oversight on my part, any weakness, any indiscretion, may condemn to death one whom I love as a brother, and whom I know to be innocent, as I have trust in God! I am no paid advocate, retained to defend a bad cause. I am not a counsel doing merely his professional duties; but I am a friend standing forth in defence of a friend—an honest man raising his voice to defend an innocent one. Terrible are the difficulties which all these may present—more than ordinary are the difficulties in the present case; and all these are aggravated, in an enormous degree, by the very feelings of friendship which exist between myself and the prisoner; by the doubts and fears of my-

self, which make me tremble at my own incompetence; by the zeal which perplexes; by the ignorance which confounds. The burden would be too great, gentlemen of the jury; it would overwhelm me; but happily there are circumstances which lighten the load. I see upon the bench one of the most learned and clear-sighted of those judges who are an honour to the nation to which they belong. I see in that box a body of Englishmen, well calculated by judgment and experience to distinguish between truth and falsehood—between the factitious glazing of an artificial oratory, and the simple eloquence of right and conviction; and I hold under my hand the means of establishing, beyond all doubt, the innocence of my friend, if friendship do not deprive me of reason, if enthusiasm do not paralyze my tongue. I will now, however, do my best to grapple with the case as presented to you by my learned friend; and doing him full justice for his high eloquence—believing most surely that he has stated nothing but what he was instructed was true—I will still continue to say, that a more terrible misrepresentation was never made to an English jury.

“Now, in the very first instance, my learned friend asserted, that the prisoner at the bar is of a sharp and vindictive disposition, and he said he should be able to show that such was the case. Gentlemen, I will ask you has he proved that fact? I will ask you if he has made any attempt to prove it? Have not his own witnesses proved the exact reverse?—have they not shown that the prisoner is of a kind and gentle disposition, winning the love and esteem of all around, high and low, rich and poor?—and whether we see him teaching the uneducated child, saving the drowning boy, or tending him in his after-sickness, I will ask if all that has been proved does not merit admiration, and respect, and sympathy? Cast from your minds, then, such unjustified and vague expressions; look upon his general character as it is shown by the very evidence for the prosecution—tender rather than sharp, benevolent instead of vindictive. But the insinuation, gentlemen of the jury, has been made, though not supported; and it forces me to establish the contrary by proofs. I will not leave a vestige of such charges against my friend: I will call the old servants of his father's house—I will call the tenants, the parishioners, the neighbours—their evidence need not be long, but it will be conclusive—to show that a more honorable, upright, generous, kind-hearted man never existed; full of noble enthusiasm, gentle in

habits, benevolent in disposition, incapable of a low or cruel action.

“So much, gentlemen of the jury, for the first part of the charge—for the general and vague insinuation, made for the purpose of preparing your minds to regard the prisoner as a man of blood. But it seemed necessary to my learned friend—and most necessary indeed it was to his case—to show some apparent motive for the crime of which the prisoner is accused; and a letter has been read in evidence, to prove that there was some dispute between the prisoner and the murdered man. That letter shall be explained before I have done, and you shall see how ridiculously petty is the motive assigned for so great an offence. But under that letter, allusion was made to former disputes between the unfortunate Mr. Roberts and the prisoner, which, although not proved, may have some influence upon your minds. I will show that no such disputes ever existed; that the two were on the best and most kindly terms; that they had been so through life; and that those causes of disgust which had induced the prisoner to quit his brother's mansion, were identical with the causes which induced Mr. Roberts to give notice to Sir William Winslow, that he was about to leave his employment. In short, I will prove that Mr. Winslow and the man he is accused of murdering, were acting on the most friendly terms together; and that the letter, which is supposed to prove that a dispute existed, was written in cold terms, merely as an authority to Mr. Roberts for disregarding any orders he might have received from his employer, to meddle with things in which that employer had no right. It was, in short, a formal notice to him to respect the rights of the prisoner, without any regard to the illegal directions of a third party. I shall be able to prove that Mr. Roberts possessed the full confidence of Mr. Chandos Winslow; that he was acting with due regard for Mr. Winslow; that he was acting with due regard for Mr. Winslow's interests; and that he had applied or intended to apply to that gentleman for an authority or warning to respect, in his capacity of agent for Sir William Winslow, the rights of him the prisoner at the bar. Thus the pretence of motives prescribed by the letter which he, Mr. Roberts, had himself desired, falls entirely to the ground, and leaves the accusation totally without motive and without foundation, except such as a very doubtful train of circumstantial evidence can afford. Mr. Roberts, in fact, was the only confidant of the prisoner at the bar—the only

person to whom he confided his address, when disgust at some injuries he imagined he had received, and a desire to mingle as an equal with classes in which he had long taken a deep interest as a superior, led him to quit his high position in society, and accept the humble station of gardener to Mr Arthur Tracy, of Northferry. Was this, gentlemen of the jury, like long disputes and acrimonious bickerings? is that a man to entertain such passions, to commit such an act?

"But I will make no appeal to your feelings; I will address myself to your judgment only; I will break through this chain of circumstantial evidence; I will show that it cannot affect the prisoner, that it is not applicable to him; I will proceed logically with my inferences; I will first convince you that the prisoner was not a man likely to commit such a crime, by the testimony of many witnesses; I will next prove that there was no earthly motive for his committing that crime, but every motive for his not doing so; and in the end, I will establish beyond all question that it was impossible he could have committed it.

But, gentlemen of the jury, I will not be satisfied with this; my friend must quit that dock without a stain upon his character. It must be in his case as in that of the famous Lord Cowper, who was tried in his youth for murder, upon evidence much stronger than any which has been adduced upon this occasion, who triumphed over a false accusation, left the court with honour unsullied, and rose to the very highest rank in his profession, holding the first official situation in the realm beneath the crown. Nothing will content me but to see my friend so acquitted; nothing will content him but such an acquittal, and therefore he forbids me to urge upon the court a fatal flaw which I have discovered in the indictment. But I can ensure that acquittal; and before I have done, I will prove upon evidence unimpeachable, clear, distinct, and pointed, that the prisoner was far distant from the spot at the moment the crime was committed; that it was, in short, physically impossible that he could have had any share in it; I will prove it by persons above all suspicion of collusion, without motive, without object of favouring or assisting him; I will show, I say, not alone that the man round whom such a long chain of circumstantial evidence has been entwined, did not commit the crime with which he is charged, but that he could not have committed it; and I will call upon you for such an immediate and unhesitating

verdict as will leave his name and honour clear of every imputation. Gentlemen of the jury, there's a joyful task before you, after you have performed a long and arduous one. Painful, yet mingled with satisfaction, have been the duties which I have taken upon myself. At first the awful responsibility overwhelmed me: the anxiety for my client, the apprehension for my friend; the sense of my own incompetence, the tremendous stake in peril, seemed too much for my mind; but every step as I have proceeded, has strengthened my confidence and re-invigorated my resolution; knowing my friend's innocence, seeing the proofs of it accumulate; perceiving that the case for the prosecution crumbled away under cross-examination, and assured that without a word for the defence, there was in reality no case to go to the jury, I felt that my own weakness could not much affect the result, and that his safety depended not on such feeble powers as mine. To God and his country he has appealed; to God and so his country I leave his fate, certain that the one will defend where no one ever fails; the other do him justice, whatever powers be arrayed against him."

The impression made by this eloquent address was eminent; the jury was completely carried away, so much so, that one of them whispered to the other that there was no need of further evidence: but suffice to say, that a complete *alibi* is established for the prisoner. The Rev. Horace Fleming, whom we have before introduced to the reader, proves that the prisoner was in his house, four miles distant, at the very day and time when the murder was committed. In this, it appears, the reverend gentleman made a great mistake. It was not the prisoner who was in his house, but his half-brother, one Lockwood, for whom Mr. Fleming has mistaken Chandos Winslow. The mistake, however, in all probability, saves his life. He is acquitted, in spite of Lockwood himself, who, having been captured by the gipsies, in order to prevent him giving his evidence, appears in court, and very nearly succeeds in upsetting the defence. However, the verdict has been gained, the prisoner is acquitted, and all his efforts were unavailing.

It was our opinion, on the first perusal, that this book was the production of a lawyer; but there are so many transparent mistakes exhibited, upon certain points of evidence, that

we are now disposed to change our mind; and if it be the production of a lawyer at all, he must be either a very junior or a very uninformed member of the profession. We do not think it necessary to advert more in detail to these points, as, to a reader who is not of "the craft," they would be quite devoid of interest.

Mr. Scriptolemus Bond, the rotund broker, who had succeeded in inveigling Mr. Tracy into the railway speculations, has decamped with the greater part of the shares belonging to that gentlemen, which do not turn out valueless, as was at first apprehended, the railways having since risen in the market. This, however, is but of little use to poor Mr. Tracy, who, suddenly called upon for the payment of nearly a hundred thousand pounds, is in imminent danger of being made a bankrupt by his importunate creditors. At this crisis Chandos comes to the rescue, having discovered, through the instrumentality of the gipsy, some traces of the fugitive broker. After an active search, he at length discovers him, and succeeds in regaining possession of the missing documents. At this part of the story there is much confusion, and considerable improbability. A work of fiction, if it possess interest, ought to deal with the real transactions of everyday life. Now it is somewhat curious that Mr. Scriptolemus Bond should have had possession of this scrip at all; if he had it he must have paid for it; and if he had paid for it, what occasion was there for the other parties (it does not, by the way, seem quite clear to us who they were) coming down upon Mr. Tracy for the amount?

Sir William Winslow, who had sought a retreat in France, having learned from the newspapers the issue of the trial, thinks he may venture to return and claim his bride; he reckons, however, without his host, for his Italian valet had him completely in his power, in consequence of his having discovered certain stains of blood upon his master's dress, as well as from his agitated and disturbed manner upon the night the murder was committed. Sir William therefore returns with a heavy heart, and with prospects which do not brighten as he proceeds. Arrived at Elmsly, he has

an interview with Chandos, who had, in the meantime, succeeded in extracting from Faber, who was also a half-brother, and who had been about the person of Sir Harry Winslow when he died, certain memoranda of a will which had been made shortly before his decease. These memoranda Chandos reads to the baronet, and insists upon the production of the missing document. Sir William declares he had no knowledge of it, nor had he, for it was a will still prior that he had destroyed; and after some time a slip of paper is discovered which throws some light upon the affair, indicating the existence of the will in the secret drawer of a certain table, where it is eventually discovered. By this clause, with the exception of an annuity of four hundred pounds a-year to a Mr. Faber, chargeable upon the Winslow Abbey estate, the whole of that property, with the abbey, and all that it contained, had been left to Chandos. The information of the capture of Mr. Scriptolemus Bond, and the recovery of the railway shares, is, of course, received with the greatest delight by Mr. Tracy and his fair daughters; and we think that if matters had rested there, and if Chandos had not found himself the heir of Winslow Abbey and its broad acres, he would have found but little difficulty in gaining the hand of the fair object of his affections.

The unfortunate Sir William Winslow, upon the discovery of the will, became the prey of conflicting emotions; a fearful struggle rages in his breast. He has sent for his brother, in order to become reconciled to him, but in the time that elapses before his arrival, the old vices of his mind have nearly resumed their sway. Better feelings, however, regain the mastery; and upon the entrance of the brother whom he had endeavoured to defraud, with a countenance full of kindness and compassion, Sir William takes his proffered hand, and the reconciliation is complete.

"And now, Chandos," said the baronet, in a voice that trembled with emotion, 'tell me one thing—have you not a boy under your charge—a boy of about seven or eight years old?'

"I have, William," answered Chandos, with a faint smile; 'and as fine and as brave a boy he is as ever lived.'

“‘Is he not my son?’ demanded Sir William, in a low tone.

“‘I have every reason to think he is,’ answered Chandos.

“‘Where is he—where is he?’ exclaimed his brother—‘I must see him; Chandos, I must have him here.’

“‘That you can have in half an hour; I left him at the village inn.’

“‘Oh, send him to me,’ said Sir William. ‘I knew not she had had a child. Yet stay one moment: promise me, Chandos, as a man of honour, if any thing befalls me to take me hence, that you will be a father to my boy.’

“‘Be you sure I will,’ said Chandos, as he departed.”

Sir William Winslow had fallen into a deep fit of thought, and his lips were very white; conscience had cowed him, for his valet had just made his appearance, with a threat that he would expose him; and a gipsy had been introduced to his person who said he had seen him commit the fatal deed, and whose silence the unhappy man had been obliged to purchase. This man, he argued, had evidently seen all; his testimony, joined to that of the valet, would hang him; would he brave his fate? He thought of his son, of his brother, of his family, of the honour of his name and race; and while his mind is tortured by agonizing thoughts such as these, he is roused by some one tapping at one of the windows, and starting from his seat, beholds a beautiful boy, with a sunburnt face, gazing in.

It is his child—he is soon in his father’s arms—he held him to his heart and wept. But what was the first communication made by the son to his parent? He had been sent by Lockwood to tell him that there were two constables at S—— who had been heard to say that they would have him in gaol in an hour, as they had his brother. Again the wretched father holds the boy to his heart; he presses a warm kiss upon his forehead—prays that God may bless him, and, turning abruptly, leaves the room. Next moment a report of fire-arms is heard, and the unfortunate baronet is discovered on the floor, fallen by his own hand.

The rest of the story may be easily guessed. Chandos Winslow marries Rose Tracy, and her sister, the fair Emily, after the period of mourning for her husband had elapsed, becomes

the happy bride of Horace Fleming—and so the curtain falls.

We are clearly of opinion that this novel is the work of a young hand—it is probably his first attempt, and we hope it may not be his last. He unquestionably possesses many of the qualities which make a good writer of fiction. There is, as we have already observed, a want of skill evinced in the texture of the plot; the persons are certainly brought together and dismissed in an unworkmanlike fashion. The progress of the story in many places lags heavily, and there is not much in the description of the trial to interest the general reader. There is a total want of power in his attempt to delineate the character of his heroines—they are very uninteresting. There is not much, indeed, in the character of any of the parties, with the exception of Chandos Winslow, to command sympathy. He, although a little overdrawn, is well sketched, and the kindness and noble generosity of his nature cannot fail to win our regard. With all these slight blemishes, however, “*A Whim and its Consequences*” is a work which we have read with much pleasure. A deeper study of character, and more extensive reading, will improve the author. Rome was not built in a day, and the art of writing a clever and readable work of fiction, is not to be attained without much toil and study. Having had the advantage of these, the author of the book before us will, we hope, again make his appearance before the public. We venture to prophesy, and we are seldom wrong, that his next attempt will be more successful still; and as we shall look back upon this, his first essay, with satisfaction, we shall be ready to hail his next publication with pleasure.

We have devoted so much of the space usually allotted to a review, to the consideration of the two first books upon our list, that our notice of the last must be shorter; and we are sorry for it, for we infinitely prefer the discussion of a work of home manufacture, to the criticising of any novel, however brilliant, by an English author. We have a strong feeling of regard and affection for everything Irish; and we think the time cannot be very far distant when our dear country shall occupy that proud position to which the genius and talent of

her children entitle her, in the literature of Europe. Is there not that in the history of our sister kingdom, which may serve to encourage our well-directed efforts. What was Scotland without her literature?—a trackless waste of barren mountains, unvisited and unknown by traveller or tourist, until the great magician came, and, with a wave of his wand, the whole face of external nature underwent a change—the genius of that one master spirit invested the whole length and breadth of the land with a charm—each lonely glen, each mountain lake and valley—whatever was touched by his genius—became classic ground.—Those rugged fastnesses, once so solitary, are now inundated by shoals of tourists and tribes of travellers. The lonely lake, where the bittern's drum alone woke the echoes of the heath-clad solitude, now rings with the merry laughter of well-fed cockneys; and the glens and the hills, where the shrill voice of the plover disturbed the listening of solitude, are all rife now with the joyous exclamations of delighted wanderers—and so let it be with our own country. The green hills of holy Ireland are not without their charms—and with the blessing of Providence, and the honest exertions of every true-hearted son, she shall be famous among the nations. She owes much of the discredit which rests on her name to the style of writing and thinking which has been adopted with reference to her. An Irishman has been made a sort of generic term, to signify whatever was absurd, extravagant, reckless, or profligate. Her religion was laughed at; its priests represented as licentious; an Irish priest always fought cocks, admired beauty, and drank an unlimited quantity of whiskey punch. An Irish gentleman was usually a compound of blasphemy and rufianism—his life, affording an interesting variety of homicides and Irish bulls, usually terminated in a fox-hunt. Every conceited twaddling cockney tourist thought himself at complete liberty to come and take what he called a rough sketch, and depart; and can we blame the curs for so doing, when we had among ourselves men base enough to caricature each other—mean enough to revile a religion which, however much we may differ from it, is unquestionably that of the greater portion of the country.

But we hope these days are gone, never to return. We do not think this style of writing will be tolerated; and as far as lies in our power, we shall take ample care, that whenever an instance of the kind we have alluded to occurs, the culprit shall not go unpunished; how tough soever his hide may be, we shall find an instrument of power sufficient to make him feel the weight of our vengeance.

But why should we go on prophesying about the future, when even at this moment Ireland has writers of whom she may be justly proud—some of a power and ability sufficient at all events, to make her name respected; and, amongst the many proofs which we can bring forward of the truth of what we assert, is the book called “*The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien*.” It is utterly impossible for us to discuss at length, or to enter into any lengthened examination of the incidents of this story, which opens in the summer of the year 1686, and tells us the varied life and fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien. Scattered through its pages, there are passages of wonderful power, one glance at which is enough to show us that the writer is no ordinary man. There are also some exquisitely drawn portraits, pictures of indeed rare beauty; cast your eye, reader, upon this. Behold Phebe Tisdal, and, as you gaze, if your heart does not then and thereupon leave you, you are not the man we take you for:—

“A form, simple and lovely, in all the accidents of dress and ornament, but, as it seemed to him, surpassing in grace and loveliness all that he had ever yet beheld, stood close before him, and a little aloof from the rest; it was the figure of a maiden—very young she seemed—perhaps seventeen years had passed over her, but no more. Her small, classic head was quite uncovered; her hair was dark, dark brown, and soft and glossy as the finest silk: its rich folds gathered at the back by a small golden bodkin, and parting in front over her artless and beautiful forehead. Hers was a countenance, once seen, to be long remembered; not so much, perchance, for the exquisite symmetry of its features, peerless as they were, nor for the dark melancholy eyes, which, full of beautiful expression, looked from beneath the shadow of her long lashes, in

such deep, soft eloquence, as for the matchless and ineffable grace and sadness that pervaded every look of that pale and lovely face. A saddened radiance from the innocent, deep warm heart, dwelt in its pale beauty; in its loveliness trembled the loveliness of her own guileless affections, and smiling as pensive in every change of her sensitive face; and they were ever varying, as the gently sparkling dimples of some shadowy wild well. There spoke the same deep, tender loveliness—the same touching harmony of beauty and expression, which moved the heart with pity, joy, and melancholy, softly as might the thrilling strain of some sweet old song. The grace and elegance of her form accorded sweetly with the beauty of her face; tall, slight, and exquisitely symmetrical, a gracious gentleness and modesty, a simple dignity and ease moved in her every action, and made every gesture and attitude beautiful. She wore a red cloak, of finer cloth than that employed by the peasant girls in theirs, and one of her small and slender feet, enclosed in a high shoe, buckled across the instep, was shewn a little in advance of the drapery of her mantle, as she stood listening to the melody which one of the girls was singing as she plied her task."

What do you say to this? That it is very exquisitely drawn there can be no manner of doubt, immeasurably superior, in our opinion, to the little Nells and Kates, or the Lady Floras and Miss Lucindas of the fashionable fictions. But the author of "*Torlogh O'Brien*" has a pencil of power, to delineate the fearful events of war, as well as the softer lineaments of beauty. The attack by the Rapparees upon the ancient castle of Glindarragh is quite as good in its line as the well-known descriptions by Mr. Dickens of the sanguinary tumults of Lord George Gordon's rebellion. Let us take one short extract by way of example:—

"And now, with terrific hubbub and thundering war-whoop, the dark and savage multitude, bearing in their van a ponderous beam, dislodged from the mill close by, came rushing madly like a dark wave, rolling and pealing up the shingles on the shore, toward the castle gate. The bullets sing through the darksome air. And now the dense multitudes are up—are thronging and bustling one-another, beneath the very walls, and cover, in undulating masses of waving black, the steep surface of the road from the bridge; a sea of wild

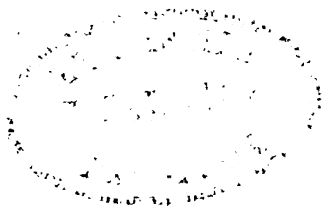
haggard heads swaying and rolling this way and that, and flowing like conflicting tides, so that those who, from the castle walls, beheld the giddy spectacle, felt their very brains to swim and sicken as they looked. The assailants drive madly onward—they rush and thunder at the oak gate of the castle, driving the huge beam they bear, with crashing and stunning reverberation and infernal uproar, against the ancient and iron-studded planks. Well was it for those within that they had so effectually propped and strengthened it in time with solid stone and rubbish, and carts and logs heaped up and packed together in dense and deep support, else the good planks, hard and massive as they were, must have yielded to the gigantic concussions, under which the very walls seemed to ring and tremble."

The castle is relieved by the opportune arrival of a regiment of dragoons, who soon disperse the sanguinary rabble, and Sir Hugh Willoughby is eventually carried off as a prisoner to Dublin, where he is examined before a Privy Council, at which King James presides.

"It was evening in the ancient castle, and Torlogh O'Brien walks alone, with slow and mournful steps, through the great hall of his ancestral home. What associations, what memories, what traditions gather around him; like the wild harping of a thousand minstrels, resounding in heart-stirring swell, the deeds, the glories, the ruin of his house, ring in proud walls and martial dirges through the silent chamber, and giant forms of other times rise in majestic pageant, and people its darkness. To him the still void is teeming with all the grandeur and thunders of the fiercest life; but around the sable throng, dark spectres of murder, pealing dire menace in his ear, and beckoning the last of the ancient race to vengeance, glides one bright form, radiant with heavenly beauty, before whose soft effulgence the murky phantoms glide back and vanish; while her low voice of silvery music, with magic power, swells through the conflicting uproar of infernal clamour, and prevails in plaintive and celestial harmony. Angelic form!—spirit of heart-subduing music!—clothed in such victorious gentleness and lovely might—he sees in thee the form of her whom his brave arm has rescued. This music is her voice. Grace Willoughby, thy beautiful phantom stills and rebukes the tumult of his fierce hereditary hate."

We could go on for ever culling extracts as beautiful, or more beautiful, than those we have just given from this extraordinary book; but space forbids. We cannot avoid noticing, in this author also, a similar fault to that which pervades the work which we had reviewed before it. There is an evident clumsiness or carelessness, as the case may be, in the management of the incidents of his narrative; passages of wonderful power, descriptive scenes of rare beauty, are huddled one upon another with a lavish extravagance, which, while it attests the power of the author, speaks but little for his skilfulness in arranging his materials. Before a man sits down to write a novel, in our humble judgment, he ought to have some definite idea of a plan or plot to which he should adhere, instead of leaving such matters wholly to chance, or the impulse of the moment. Torlogh O'Brien must be the

production of a man who knows how to wield his pen, and in a workmanlike manner too. There is genius of no common order flung forth carelessly upon its pages; but, notwithstanding all this, there is a want about it which a little consideration and forethought would easily have supplied. A novel ought to be something more than a rapidly-shifting succession of scenes, however powerful and beautiful. There ought to be something in the progress of the story and in the devolution of its incidents to excite our interest. With these few observations, we must take our leave of Torlogh O'Brien. There is nothing whatever to prevent the author from producing a novel equal, if not superior, to any by the first men of the day, if he will only attend to the few suggestions which, with every desire for his future success, and in all spirit of kindliness, we have presumed to offer.



The Bell-Founder.

PART I.

LABOUR AND HOPE.

"Arbeit ist des Bürgers Herde,
Segen ist der Mühe Preis;
Ehrt den König seine Würde,
Ehrt uns der Hände Fleiss."

SCHILLER.

"Toll is polished man's vocation;
Praises are the meed of skill;
Kings may vaunt their crown and station,
We will vaunt our labour still."

MANGAN.

I.

O ERIN ! thou desolate mother, the heart in thy bosom is sore,
And wringing thy hands in despair, thou dost roam round the plague-stricken
shore ;

Thy children are dying or flying, thy great ones are laid in the dust,
And those who survive are divided, and those who control are unjust.
Wilt thou blame me, dear mother, if turning my eyes from such horrors away,
I look, through the night of our wretchedness, back to some bright vanished
day,

When, though sorrow, which ever is with us, was heavy and dark on the land,
Hope twinkled and shone like a planet, and Faith like a sword in the hand ?

II.

Off has poverty gnawed at thy bosom, and furrowed thy matronly brow,
But a famine of wisdom and courage thou never hast known until now ;
No blight like to this ever came, though the Spring-tide and Summer were
cold,

For the hands of thy young men are empty, and barren the heads of the old.
No fruit from the past has been gathered, no seeds for the future are sown,
But like children or idiots we live on the crumbs of the present alone.
Then, mournfullest mother, forgive me, if it be—as it may be—a crime
To fly from the ruin around me, and dream of a happier time.

III.

Not now rings the song like a bugle 'mid the clashing and splintering of spears,
Or the heart-piercing keen of the mourner o'er the graves of green ERIN of
tears ;

Not to strengthen the young arm of freedom, nor to melt off old slavery's
chain,

But to flow through the soul in its calmness, like a stream o'er the breast of a
plain.

Changing, though calm be its current, from its source to its haven of rest,
Flowing on through fair ITALY's vineyards to the emerald fields of the west—
A picture of life and its pleasures, its troubles, its cradle and shroud,
Now bright with the glow of the sunshine, now dark with the gloom of the
cloud.

IV.

In that land where the heaven-tinted pencil giveth shape to the splendour of dreams,

Near FLORENCE, the fairest of cities, and ARNO, the sweetest of streams,
'Neath those hills whence the race of the Geraldine wandered in ages long since,
For ever to rule over DESMOND and ERIN as martyr and prince,*
Lived Paolo, the young Campanaro,† the pride of his own little vale—
Hope changed the hot breath of his furnace as into a sea-wafted gale ;
Peace, the child of Employment, was with him, with prattle so soothing and sweet,

And Love, while revealing the future, strewed the sweet roses under his feet.

V.

Ah ! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness that kills.
Ah ! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that destroys ;
Nothing to hope for, or labour for ; nothing to sigh for, or gain ;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain ;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath ;
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death !

VI.

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil, with rudder, or ploughshare, or pen,
Laboureth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities—love-worshipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.

VII.

And such was young Paolo ! The morning—ere yet the faint starlight had gone—

To the loud-ringing workshop beheld him move joyfully light-footed on.
In the glare and the roar of the furnace he toiled till the evening-star burned,
And then back again through that valley as glad but more weary returned.
One moment at morning he lingers by that cottage that stands by the stream,
Many moments at evening he tarries by that casement that woos the moon's beam ;

For the light of his life and his labours, like a lamp from that casement, it shines
In the heart-lighted face that looks out from that purple-clad trellis of vines.

VIII.

Francesca ! sweet, innocent maiden ! 'tis not that thy young cheek is fair,
Or thy sun-lighted eyes glance like stars through the curls of thy wind-woven hair ;

'Tis not for thy rich lips of coral, or even thy white breast of snow,
That my song shall recall thee, Francesca ! but more for the good heart below.
Goodness is beauty's best portion, a dower that no time can reduce,
A wand of enchantment and happiness, brightening and strengthening with use.
One the long-sigh'd-for nectar that earthliness bitterly tinctures and taints,
One the fading mirage of the fancy, and one the elysium it paints.

* The hills of Else. See Appendix to O'Daly's "History of the Geraldines," translated by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, p. 130.

† Campanaro, Bell-founder.

IX.

Long ago, when thy father would kiss thee, the tears in his old eyes would start,
For thy face—like a dream of his boyhood—renewed the fresh youth of his heart.

He is gone ; but thy mother remaineth and kneeleth each night-time and morn,
And blesses the Mother of Blessings for the hour her *Francesca* was born.
There are proud stately dwellings in FLORENCE, and mothers and maidens are there,
And bright eyes as bright as *Francesca's*, and fair cheeks as brilliantly fair,
And hearts, too, as warm and as innocent, there where the rich paintings gleam,
But what proud mother blesses her daughter like the mother by ARNO's sweet stream ?

X.

It was not alone, when that mother grew aged and feeble to hear,
That thy voice like the whisper of angels still fell on the old woman's ear,
Or even that thy face, when the darkness of time overshadowed her sight,
Shone calm through the blank of her mind, like the moon in the midst of the night.

But thine was the duty, *Francesca*, and the love-lightened labour was thine,
To treasure the white-curling wool and the warm-flowing milk of the kine,
And the fruits, and the clusters of purple, and the flock's tender yearly increase,
That *she* might have rest in life's evening, and go to her fathers in peace.

XI.

Francesca and Paolo are plighted, and they wait but a few happy days,
Ere they walk forth together in trustfulness out on Life's wonderful ways ;
Ere clasping the hands of each other, they move through the stillness and noise,
Dividing the cares of existence, but doubling its hopes and its joys—
Sweet days of betrothment, which brighten so slowly to love's burning noon,
Like the days of the Spring which grow longer, the nearer the fulness of June,
Though ye move to the Noon and the Summer of Love with a slow-moving wing,
Ye are lit with the light of the Morning, and decked with the blossoms of Spring.

XII.

The days of betrothment are over, for now when the evening star shines,
Two faces look joyfully out from that purple-clad trellis of vines ;
The light-hearted laughter is doubled, two voices steal forth on the air,
And blend in the light notes of song, or the sweet solemn cadence of prayer.
At morning when Paolo departeth, 'tis out of that sweet cottage door,
At evening he comes to that casement, but passes that casement no more ;
And the old feeble mother at night-time, when saying, " The Lord's will be done,"

While blessing the name of a daughter, now blendeth the name of a son.

PART II.

TRIUMPH AND REWARD.

" Funera plango,
Fulmina frango,
Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos,
Dissipo ventos,
Faco cruentos."

I.

In the furnace the dry branches crackle, the crucible shines as with gold,
As they carry the hot flaming metal in haste from the fire to the mould ;
Loud roar the bellows, and louder the flames as they shrieking escape,
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast-filling shape ;

To and fro in the red-glaring chamber the proud Master anxiously moves,
 And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the laggard reproves;
 And the heart in his bosom expandeth, as the thick bubbling metal up swells,
 For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells.

II.

Peace had guarded the door of young Paolo, success on his industry smiled,
 And the dark wing of Time had passed quicker than grief from the face of a
 child;
 Broader lands lay around that sweet cottage, younger footsteps tripped lightly
 around,
 And the sweet silent stillness was broken by the hum of a still sweeter sound.
 At evening when homeward returning how many dear hands must he press,
 Where of old at that vine-covered wicket he linger'd but one to caress;
 And *that* dearest one is still with him, to counsel, to strengthen, and calm,
 And to pour over Life's needful wounds the healing of Love's blessed balm.

III.

But age will come on with its Winter, though happiness hideth its snows;
 And if youth has its duty of labour, the birth-right of age is repose:
 And thus from that love-sweetened toil, which the Heavens had so prospered
 and blest,
 The old Campanaro will go to that vine-covered cottage to rest;
 But Paolo is pious and grateful, and vows as he kneels at her shrine,
 To offer some fruit of his labour to Mary the Mother benign—
 Eight silver-toned bells will he offer, to toll for the quick and the dead,
 From the tower of the church of her convent that stands on the cliff overhead.

IV.

'Tis for this that the bellows are blowing, that the workmen their sledge-ham-
 mers wield,
 That the firm sandy moulds are now broken, and the dark-shining bells are
 revealed;
 The cars with their streamers are ready, and the flower-harnessed necks of the
 steers,
 And the bells from the cold silent workshop are borne amid blessings and tears.
 By the white-blossom'd, sweet-scented myrtles, by the olive-trees fringing the
 plain,
 By the corn-fields and vineyards is winding that gift-bearing, festival train;
 And the hum of their voices is blending with the music that streams on the gale,
 As they wend to the Church of our Lady that stands at the head of the vale.

V.

Now they enter, and now more divinely the saint's painted effigies smile,
 Now the Acolytes bearing lit tapers move solemnly down through the aisle,
 Now the Thurifer swings the rich censer, and the white-curling vapour up-floats,
 And hangs round the deep-pealing organ, and blends with the tremulous notes,
 In a white shining alb comes the Abbot, and he circles the bells round about,
 And with oil, and with salt, and with water, they are purified inside and out;
 They are marked with Christ's mystical symbol, while the priests and the cho-
 risters sing,
 And are bless'd in the name of that God to whose honour they're destined to ring.

VI.

Toll, toll! with a rapid vibration, with a melody silv'ry and strong,
 The Bells from the sound-shaken belfry are singing their first maiden song;
 Not now for the dead or the living, or the triumphs of peace or of strife,
 But a quick joyous outburst of jubilee full of their newly felt life;

Rapid, more rapid, the clapper rebounds from the round of the bells—
Far and more far through the valley the intertwined melody swells,
Quivering and broken the atmosphere trembles and twinkles around,
Like the eyes and the hearts of the hearers that glisten and beat to the sound.

VII.

But how to express all his rapture when echo the deep cadence bore
To the old Campanaro reclining in the shade of his vine-covered door,
How to tell of the bliss that came o'er him as he gazed on the fair evening star,
And heard the faint toll of the vesper bell steal o'er the vale from afar—
Ah! it was not alone the brief ecstasy Music doth ever impart
When Sorrow and Joy at its bidding come together, and dwell in the heart,
But it was that delicious sensation with which the young Mother is blest,
As she lists to the laugh of her child as it falleth asleep on her breast.

VIII.

From a sweet night of slumber he woke; but it was not that morn had unroll'd
O'er the pale, cloudy tents of the Orient, her banners of purple and gold.
It was not the song of the sky-lark, that rose from the green pastures near,
But the sound of his bells that fell softly, as dew on the slumberer's ear.
At that sound he awoke and arose, and went forth on the bead-bearing grass—
At that sound, with his loving Francesca, he piously knelt at the Mass.
If the sun shone in splendour around him, and that certain music were dumb,
He would deem it a dream of the night-time, and doubt if the morning had
come.

IX.

At noon, as he lay in the sultriness, under his broad-leafy limes,
Far sweeter than murmuring waters came the toll of the Angelus chimes.
Pious and tranquil he rose, and uncovered his reverend head,
And thrice was the Ave-Maria and thrice was the Angelus said.
Such custom the South still retaineth, to turn for a moment away
From the pleasures and pains of existence, from the trouble and turmoil of day,
From the tumult within and without, to the peace that abideth on high,
When the deep, solemn sound from the belfry, comes down like a voice from
the sky.

X.

And thus round the heart of the old man, at morning, at noon, and at eve,
The bells, with their rich woof of music, the net-work of happiness weave.
They ring in the clear, tranquil evening, and lo! all the air is alive,
As the sweet laden thoughts come, like bees, to abide in his heart as a hive.
They blend with his moments of joy, as the odour doth blend with the flower,—
They blend with his light-falling tears, as the sunshine doth blend with the
shower.

As their music is mirthful or mournful, his pulse beateth sluggish or fast,
And his breast takes its hue, like the ocean, as the sunshine or shadows are cast.

XI.

Thus adding new zest to enjoyment, and drawing the sharp sting from pain,
The heart of the old man grew young, as it drank the sweet musical strain.
Again at the altar he stands, with Francesca the fair at his side,
As the bells ring a quick peal of gladness, to welcome some happy young bride.
'Tis true, when the death-bells are tolling, the wounds of his heart bleed anew,
When he thinks of his old loving mother, and the darlings that destiny slew;
But the tower in whose shade they are sleeping, seems the emblem of hope and
of love—

There is silence and death at its base, but there's life in the belfry above.

XII.

Was it the sound of his bells, as they swung in the purified air,
 That drove from the bosom of Paolo, the dark-winged demons of care ?
 Was it their magical tone that for many a shadowless day
 (So faith once believed) swept the clouds and the black-boding tempests away ?
 Ah ! never may Fate with their music, a harsh-grating dissonance blend !
 Sure an evening so calm and so bright will glide peacefully on to the end,
 Sure the course of his life, to its close, like his own native river must be
 Flowing on through the valley of flowers to its home in the bright summer sea !

PART III.

VICISSITUDE AND REST.

" The flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow dies ;
 All that we wish to stay,
 Tempts, and then flies.
 What is this world's delight ?
 Lightning that mocks the night—
 Brief even as bright.

SHELLEY.

———— " Till there came upon his mind
 A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which he pined."
 REVOLT OF ISLAM.

" The bells rung blithely from St. Mary's tower."
 TALE OF PARAGUAY.

I.

O ERIN ! thou broad-spreading valley—thou well-watered land of fresh streams,
 When I gaze on thy hills greenly sloping, where the light of such loveliness
 beams,
 When I rest by the rim of thy fountains, or stray where thy streams disem-
 bogue,
 Then I think that the Fairies have brought me to dwell in the bright TIR-N'AN-
 OGE.*
 But when on the face of thy children I look, and behold the big tears
 Still stream down their grief-eaten channels, which widen and deepen with
 years,
 I fear that some dark blight for ever will fall on thy harvests of peace,
 And that like to thy lakes and thy rivers, thy sorrows must ever increase.†

II.

Oh ! Land which the Heavens made for joy, but where wretchedness buildeth
 its throne—
 Oh ! prodigal spendthrift of sorrow ! and hast thou not heirs of thine own ?
 Thus to lavish thy sons' only portion, and bring one sad claimant the more,
 From the sweet sunny land of the south to thy crowded and sorrowful shore ?
 For this proud bark that cleaveth thy waters, she is not a currach of thine,
 And the broad purple sails that spread o'er her seem dyed in the juice of the
 vine.
 Not thine is that flag, backward floating, nor the olive-check'd seamen who
 guide,
 Nor that heart-broken old man who gazes so listlessly over the tide.

* Tir-n'an-oge—the country of youth : the Elysium of the Pagan Irish.

† Camden seems to credit a tradition commonly believed in his time, of a gradual increase in the number and size of the lakes and rivers of Ireland.—*Rees' Cyclopadia*.

III.

Accurs'd be the monster, who selfishly draweth the sword from its sheath ;
 Let his garland be twined by the Furies, and the upas tree furnish the wreath ;
 Let the blood he has shed steam around him, through the length of eternity's
 years,
 And the anguish-wrung screams of his victims for ever resound in his ears.
 For all that makes life worth possessing must yield to his self-seeking lust :
 He trampleth on home and on love, as his war-horses trample the dust ;
 He loosens the red streams of ruin, which wildly, though partially stray—
 They but chafe round the rock-bastion'd castle, while they sweep the frail cottage
 away.

IV.

Feuds fell like a plague upon FLORENCE, and rage from without and within ;
 Peace turned her mild eyes from the havoc, and Mercy grew deaf in the din ;
 Fear strengthened the dove-wings of Happiness, tremblingly borne on the gale ;
 And the angel Security vanished, as the War-demon swept o'er the vale.
 Is it for the Mass or the Angelus now that the bells ever ring ?
 Or is it the red trickling mist such a purple reflection doth fling ?
 Ah, no : 'tis the tocsin of terror that tolls from the desolate shrine ;
 And the down-trodden vineyards are flowing—but not with the blood of the
 vine.

V.

Deadly and dark was the tempest that swept o'er that vine-cover'd plain ;
 Burning and withering, its drops fell like fire on the grass and the grain.
 But the gloomiest moments must pass to their graves, as the brightest and best,
 And thus once again did fair FIESOLE look o'er a valley of rest.
 But oh ! in that brief hour of horror—that bloody eclipse of the sun,
 What hopes and what dreams have been shattered ?—what ruin and wrong have
 been done ?
 What blossoms for ever have faded, that promised a harvest so fair ;
 And what joys are laid low in the dust that eternity cannot repair !

VI.

Look down on that valley of sorrows, whence the land-marks of joy are re-
 moved,
 Oh, where is the darling Francesca, so loving, so dearly beloved ?
 And where are her children, whose voices rose music-wing'd once from this
 spot ?
 And why are the sweet bells now silent ? and where is the vine-cover'd cot ?
 'Tis morning—no mass-bell is tolling ; 'tis noon, but no Angelus rings ;
 'Tis evening, but no drops of melody rain from her rose-coloured wings.
 Ah ! where have the angels, poor Paolo, that guarded thy cottage door, flown ?
 And why have they left thee to wander thus childless and joyless alone ?

VII.

His children had grown into manhood, but ah ! in that terrible night
 Which had fallen on fair FLORENCE, they perished away in the thick of the fight ;
 Heart-blinded, his darling Francesca went seeking her sons through the gloom,
 And found them at length, and lay down full of love by their side in the tomb.
 That cottage—its vine-cover'd porch and its myrtle-bound garden of flowers,
 That church whence the bells with their voices drown'd the sound of the fast-
 flying hours,
 Both are levelled and laid in the dust, and the sweet-sounding bells have been
 torn
 From their down-fallen beams, and away by the red hand of sacrilege borne.

VIII.

As the smith, in the dark sullen smithy, striketh quick on the anvil below,
 Thus Fate on the heart of the old man struck rapidly blow after blow,
 Wife, children, and home passed away from that heart once so burning and bold,
 As the bright shining sparks disappear when the red-glowing metal grows cold.
 He missed not the voice of his bells while those death-sounds struck loud in his
 ears,
 He missed not the church where they rang, while his old eyes were blinded
 with tears,
 But the calmness of grief coming soon, in its sadness and silence profound,
 He listened once more as of old, but in vain, for the joy-bearing sound.

IX.

When he felt that indeed they had vanished, one fancy then flashed on his
 brain,
 One wish made his heart beat anew with a throbbing it could not restrain—
 'Twas to wander away from fair FLORENCE, its memory and dream-haunted dells,
 And to seek up and down through the earth for the sound of his magical bells.
 They will speak of the hopes that have perished, and the joys that have faded
 so fast,
 Wing'd with the music of memory, they will seem but the voice of the past—
 As when the bright morning has vanished, and evening grows starless and
 dark,
 The nightingale song of remembrance recalls the sweet strain of the lark.

X.

Thus restlessly wandering through ITALY—now by the ADRIAN sea,
 In the shrine of LORETTO he bendeth his travel-tired, suppliant knee—
 And now by the brown troubled TIBER he taketh his desolate way,
 And in many a shady Basilica lingers to listen and pray.
 He prays for the dear ones snatched from him—nor vainly nor hopelessly prays,
 For the strong faith in union hereafter like a beam o'er his cold bosom plays—
 He listens at morning and evening, when matin and vesper bells toll,
 But their sweetest sounds grate on his ear, and their music is harsh to his soul.

XI.

For though sweet are the bells that ring out from the tall Campanili of ROME,
 Ah! they are not the dearer and sweeter ones, tuned with the memory of home.
 So leaving proud ROME and fair TIVOLI, southward the old man must stray,
 'Till he reaches the Eden of waters that sparkle in NAPOLI's bay:
 He sees not the blue waves of BAÏÆ, nor ISCHIA's summits of brown—
 He sees but the high Campanili that rise o'er each far-gleaming town—
 Driven restlessly onward, he saileth away to the bright land of SPAIN,
 And seeketh thy shrine, SANTIAGO, and stands by the western main.

XII.

A bark bound for ERIN lay waiting, he entered like one in a dream,
 Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the SHANNON's broad stream.
 'Twas an evening that FLORENCE might envy, so rich was the lemon-hued air,
 As it lay on lone SCATTERY's island, or lit the green mountains of CLARE;
 The wide-spreading old giant river rolled his waters as smooth and as still
 As if Oonagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come down from the far fairy
 hill,*

* The beautiful hill in Lower Ormond called *Knockshegowna*, i.e., Oonagh's Hill, so called from being the fabled residence of Oonagh (or Una), the Fairy Queen of Spenser. One of the finest views of the Shannon is to be seen from this hill.

To fling her enchantments around on the mountains, the air, and the tide,
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who looked from the dark vessel's
side.

XIII.

Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly but swiftly away,
By CARRIGAHOLT, and by many a green sloping headland and bay,
'Twixt CRATLOE's blue hills and green woods, and the soft sunny shores of
TERVOE,

And now the fair city of LIMERICK spreads out on the broad bank below ;
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square tower, with its battlements
brown ;

He listens—as yet all is silent, but now, with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies !

XIV.

One note is enough—his eye moistens, his heart long so wither'd outswells,
He has found them—the sons of his labours—his musical, magical bells !
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him the sweet Arno shines,
His children—his darling Francesca—his purple-clad trellis of vines !
Leaning forward, he listens—he gazes—he hears in that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur “ Oh, leave us not, father, again ! ”
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from his white lips hath fled—
The father has gone to his children—the old Campanaro is dead !

D. F. 20. C.

AN IRISH ELECTION IN THE TIME OF THE FORTIES.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IN the time of the “Forties,” each county had the satisfaction of deriving all that beneficial influence which results from the high moral virtue and spotless integrity that are so uniformly developed during the heat of a contested election, involving, as it did, a struggle which in point of time might last for three months, as in point of fact some of them did. At the present period they are very properly limited, as are, consequently, the moral evils which they inflict upon our people ; but during the old system, full scope was generously allowed each party, in order that they might run the whole range of profligacy and corruption, and tax the utmost efforts of that knavish ingenuity by which they were characterised.

On the sixth day of the election

which we are attempting to describe, a spirit of still more unmitigated ferocity began to display itself on both sides, inasmuch as each party found themselves thrown back upon all those vile and desperate expedients to which an apprehension of defeat never failed to drive them.

When twelve o'clock of the sixth day had arrived, an understrapper or agent belonging to the Tory side, named Cuthbert Sharpe, or, as he was generally called for shortness, Cut Sharpe, entered the committee-room, with looks that indicated anything but an expectation of success. The room was filled with Vanston's friends, who now found themselves considerably at a loss how to recruit the failing ranks of their voters.

“Burnside, I'm afraid it's all up

with us," said Sharpe. "Your wig did us good service, no doubt; but unless we can make a decided master-stroke of some kind, we are beaten. Both sides are run low, and the enemy is thirteen ahead of us."

"Pooh!" said Burnside, "that's nothing. I have a fellow—a perfect Proteus—who will hitch us up, in his own person, by at least half-a-dozen as honest votes as ever were fabricated."

"Who is he?" said Buxton.

"Why, a perfect nondescript," replied the other; "he is never the same thing in any two places. As to how he lives, no one knows anything about it, and nobody cares, for that matter. Some say he's a pensioner, which is likely enough; some think he's a kind of spy or informer—a fellow who goes about making Ribbon-men, and afterwards betraying them. This is what I have learned about him; but whether it is true or not I neither know nor care. All I *do* know at present is, that the fellow has got himself made an Orangeman of, for he is perfectly well acquainted with the signs and passwords."

"Ay, but where is he, and what's his name?"

"He is under the care of honest Paddy Brandy, who will see that he doesn't communicate with or go over to the enemy. His real name, I dare say, few know; his *alias*, for the present, is Pendleton."

He had scarcely concluded, when Brandy, who received that *soubriquet* from his predilection for the liquor in question, which was the only description of spirits he ever drank, now entered, accompanied by a respectable-looking Methodist preacher, or, at least, by a person in the garb of one.

"What is this, Paddy," exclaimed Burnside, angrily; "where did you leave Pendleton, or what has become of him?"

"Begorra, sir," replied Brandy, "he was too soople for me! What has become of him is more than I can tell; but he has given me the slip at all events. In the mane time, here is a gentleman that wishes to say something to you about the election."

"Certainly," said Burnside; "with pleasure. I hope you're a friend, sir," he added, addressing the stranger.

"I know not exactly whether I am a friend to you, sir," replied the Me-

thodist; "but I trust I am a friend to truth."

"Have you a vote?" asked Burnside.

"I have a vote," replied the other, "but I am not clear that I should give it to a man whose private morals are questionable, as those of Mr. Vanston are reported to be."

"We have nothing to do with his private life, I hope," said Burnside.

"Pardon me, my friend; that is the great error of Protestantism—in the heat of our zeal for the ascendancy of our principles, we are too apt to overlook purity of private life. How can a man, negligent of moral obligation, and dead to religious experience, prove himself a consistent advocate for truth?"

"Pray, are you a clergyman?" asked Billy, adroitly; "because, if you be, no man, I assure you, respects conscientious scruples more than I do. Your sentiments certainly do you honour."

"I am a clergyman only in a certain sense; in a true sense, I trust, though not in a legal one. I belong to that humble but earnest class, the Primitive Wesleyans, and my call to teach and to preach is from above. My name is John Wesley O'Rafferty—a brand plucked from the burning, and a sincere convert from the abominable system of Popery."

"Pray, was your father a Papist, Mr. O'Rafferty?"

"Unhappily he was," replied O'Rafferty, "for which I fear he is now paying the penalty."

"And how did it happen that he, being a Catholic, should have christened you John Wesley O'Rafferty?" asked Burnside.

"He never did so, my friend," replied the preacher. "The name bestowed upon me at the font was Patrick, or, as I was more familiarly called, Paddy. I felt uncomfortable under that ungodly name as soon as I had ceased to be an Idolater, and changed it to the more suitable one of John Wesley."

"A very appropriate change, indeed," replied Billy, with great suavity, "and an evident proof of your sincerity. But, Mr. Wesley, I trust you are coming to give us your vote."

"Unless Mr. Vanston shall express himself willing to attend some of our meetings, and sit occasionally under

our ministry, I fear I cannot conscientiously do so. I am decidedly opposed to the practice of sending ungodly men to parliament. I think none but serious persons, of decided piety, should be sent there, and that our legislature ought to be only another name for a religious meeting."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. O'Rafferty," replied Burnside; "but, touching your objection, I believe I can remove it; for it is no longer than the day before yesterday that Mr. Vanston spoke in the highest terms of the connexion to which you belong, and expressed a determination, as soon as he should be returned for the county, to examine into your principles. I encouraged him strongly in that determination, having myself felt very serious impressions for some time past, and a disposition to take the same steps. So far, then, as Mr. Vanston is concerned, you may lay aside your scruples."

"There is a good deal of truth in what the gentleman says," observed another supporter of Vanston's. "A man of unscrupulous life and morals ought not, *ceteris paribus*, to be returned to parliament whilst a man of private worth and honour can be had. See what discredit the Liberal party have entailed upon themselves, by electing unprincipled adventurers, who have scarcely any other means of subsistence than what they derive from the sale of their franks, or swindle at the gaming-table;—men without fortune, principle, or character—the associates of sharpers and blacklegs—who contrive to get themselves into parliament, not for the public good, but in order to be able to laugh at and cheat their creditors. These men, I say, may be proper exponents of the public honesty which influences the party that countenances them, in defiance of public shame and decency, but they are, at the same time, very unfit persons to guard the moral interests of society, which they themselves openly trample upon and violate."

"Well, in that case," observed O'Rafferty, addressing himself to Burnside, "I think I may lay aside

my scruples, and I can promise you five votes."

"Brandy, what the devil are you grinning at," said Burnside, interrupting John Wesley; "better for you, in the present pinch, to make yourself useful. Go and secure Pendleton, if you can; it was rather a soft job of you to let him escape. I beg your pardon, sir," he added, turning to Wesley—"pray, proceed."

"Never mind, sir," replied Brandy, "I'll engage I make him forthcoming yet, beggin' the gentleman's pardon for intherruptin' him. Go on, sir," said he, still with a grin—"proceed, yer reverence."

"Well, then," proceeded the other, "I can make out five honest votes for you. First, myself—John Wesley O'Rafferty, the Methodist preacher; next, myself—being one Paddy Boulger, a farmer; third, myself—being Michael Boulger, a brother of Paddy's, about six months in heaven, I hope; fourth, ditto—another brother of mine, that went to paradise on a French bullet from the battle of Watherlew, now bettther than a year ago; fifth, ditto—as an honest 'Forty;' and, stay—I have a cousin a sailor—I'll make it six; and I think six votes taken out of one man speaks strongly for Billy Burnside's wig and a shifting countenance."

On uttering the words, he took off the wig, and, allowing his features to fall into their natural expression, he stood before Burnside as Pendleton himself—the very man with whom he had held a long conversation about a couple of hours before.

"Confound you, for a scoundrel," said Burnside, laughing; "I think you must be the devil himself, since you have imposed on me; a circumstance which I deemed to be impossible. However, I suppose it was the wig did it. Multiply yourself now into fifty, if you can; only be off and vote. The Personation Committee will provide you with the necessary change of raiment."

"Thank you," replied Pendleton; "but the truth is, I cannot vote so soon—I must wait until my votes shall

* It is, we trust, unnecessary for us to assure our readers that we do not mean in the slightest degree to cast any ridicule, or other discreditable imputation, upon the respectable body of people alluded to—but rather the reverse.

be of more value; in other words, worth more money."

"You are ungenerous, Pendleton; why not vote now before they shoot too far ahead of us?"

"Because I am in treaty with the other party," replied Pendleton; "and I shall vote in all my characters for those who pay me best."

"What *are* your terms, then?"

"I do not know yet," replied the scoundrel—"I must wait for a day or two before I declare them."

"Ah, you are a good one," said Burnside; don't desert us, however; we shall go, in your case, a peg or two higher than the enemy, at all events."

At this stage of the proceedings, a certain attorney, named Raikes, entered the room, rather in a heat. "Burnside," said he, "I fear it is e-d-ed with us. Several of the *dead men* have been bribed by the enemy."

"I am sorry for that," replied Burnside, "for they were our principal reliance towards the close."

"But what do you mean by dead men having been bribed?" asked a young gentleman present; "I don't understand it."

"No!" said Burnside, with surprise; "why I thought every one knew what the dead men at an election meant. By dead men, then, my excellent young friend, we mean those electors who have departed this life for a better world—but whom, nevertheless, we produce as living—that is to say, Paddy Tracy, for instance, is dead more than six months; very good—the opposite party, most probably, are ignorant of his death—and this being the case, we produce a man who swears himself to be that self-same Paddy Tracy—says he is alive—and who, accordingly, votes for us. Having thus voted, it matters not whether the personation and perjury are discovered or not; the vote is a good one for us at present, and can only be struck off by a committee of the House of Commons."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young gentleman; "and are you not ashamed to acknowledge such vile and unprincipled practices?"

"Whew!" exclaimed Burnside—"there is virtue for you! Why, my good youth, I assure you, that if I left out any of these same practices, and thus lost the election, I could never

look my political friends in the face again."

The young gentleman stared at him, but felt uncertain whether he spoke in jest or earnest.

"Raikes," said Burnside, "how many have deserted us?"

"I cannot exactly say," replied Raikes; "but I fear as many as will cause us to lose the election. I think it is time to bring down the voters from the *Black Cosh*."

"I fear as much; but what the deuce are the Intimidation Committee about? Why do they not make their fellows drunk, and get savage, and act like thorough ruffians? Curse them, instead of that, they're as sober as so many methodists."

"Why," replied Raikes, "because Egoe being the popular candidate, has consequently the best ruffians; and we, besides, are awfully outnumbered."

"What's to be done, however?"

"Never mind," said Raikes, "I have it; lend me your ears. I shall start to the neighbouring counties, take a sweep round them, and in a day or two shall have such a body of supporters as will carry all before them in every sense."

"How do you mean?" said Burnside; "to vote, too, is it?"

"Ay, to vote, too," replied Raikes, "and to fight, too, and to swear, too, as much and as unscrupulously as any of them."

"That is a bold stroke," observed Burnside, "to get men from other counties to vote for this; however, it is a novel one; and if it prospers, I shall say you can outdodge Billy Burnside—that's all. Be off, then, and set about it; that thou doest, do quickly."

Raikes accordingly departed upon his pure and patriotic enterprise.

In the meantime the cases of individual bribery that occurred, were some of them very rich; and the ingenious devices resorted to for the purpose of evading the act of bribery itself, were many and multifarious. Pullets, eggs, fowls of all descriptions, miscans of butter, new stockings, and various other matters of little value, were brought in to the respective candidates and their agents, by hundreds of poor wretches who really had some remnant of conscience left, amidst the gross and universal corruption which prevailed on all sides, and among all parties.

These unfortunate creatures, wholly uneducated and half honest, flattered themselves that by giving anything at all in the shape of value for the bribe received, they did not incur the moral guilt of bribery, nor risk the terrors of the law; and that the vote was given as a distinct matter from the bargain, and upon independent principles. Had such persons been educated—but, alas, we cannot proceed—for in truth we feel both shamed and degraded on reflecting that education had done little, had done nothing for those who purchased their fowls, eggs, and butter, with a clear and distinct knowledge of the moral guilt which they themselves were committing in the first place, as well as of the corrupt influence which their conduct must necessarily exercise upon the poor devils whom they were degrading. Once for all, however, we must say, that under the system of the forty-shilling franchise, it became an act of political duty for the landlords and politicians of Ireland to keep the people in such a state of absolute indifference to moral feeling and honesty, as that they could be managed in the easiest and least expensive manner, by arguments, or rather by acts, of such profligacy and corruption as we are detailing.

We have already mentioned the voters of the Black Cosh. These were a class of pauper wretches located upon the side of a black, spongy hill, the property of Mr. Vanston; and we are not transgressing the truth when we say, that the most miserable-looking mendicant you could meet would be as well entitled to a vote as any one of them. In fact, their condition could seldom, if ever, be said to rise above that of perpetual and unvaried destitution; and to add to their moral comforts, it might be said, that, between the priest and the landlord, they had neither soul nor body that they could call their own; the landlord claiming subjection from the one, and the priest obedience from the other. The priest, from the altar, denounced their souls, if they voted for Vanston—and the landlord, through his agent or bailiff, threatened them with expulsion, unless they did. And so infatuated was their perverse and insane attachment to the bleak and barren hill-range, on which they starved and shivered, that the bare idea of being driven from it, filled them with dismay and terror.

These unfortunate wretches not only were made to vote in their own names, in the exercise of a franchise to which they had no claim—being, in point of fact, strolling mendicants for the greater portion of the year—but were, besides, forced to personate such electors as had been removed by death or absence. They were known as “the Cosh men,” and, as they numbered from a hundred and twenty to about a hundred and fifty, their appearance at the election was always watched by the opposite party with a peculiar purpose.

Before we proceed farther, it is necessary for the better understanding of what is to follow, to state, that there also existed—we can scarcely say lived—upon a portion of Egge's property, called “the Barren Banks,” a squad of wretches, exactly similar in comfort, education, and morals, to the happy, free, and independent Cosh men. The latter were known as “the Bank boys;” and what rendered these two classes of voters remarkable, was the fact, that during every election the enmity between them was ferocious and destructive, beyond all precedent. This furious and blind brutality, however, never survived the period of the election; for the moment it was over, “the Cosh men” and “the Bank boys” were as good friends as any other class of persons in the country. Having premised thus much, we proceed.

The election had now arrived at that point when both parties, feeling their case close and, consequently, desperate, make a strenuous rally of their forces, and consequently gave an unlimited licence to every species of corruption, fraud, violence, and excess. The appearance of the town was frightful. Tumultuous crowds, drunken mobs, and excited hordes of ruffians, wrought up to that reckless pitch of blackguardism, at which they stop at nothing, paraded the town in all directions, shouting, screaming, and otherwise vociferating for their respective parties. The “open houses” presented such shocking and debasing scenes of beastly gluttony and drunkenness as the mere imagination could not conceive, without having witnessed them. In fact, a spirit of general fury and frantic violence seemed to have pervaded the whole multitude, so as to have infused into them all the horrors

of insanity, united to the frightful consequences of senseless rage and the stupid but destructive impetuosity of intoxication.

In this state was the town—a moving mass of madness and ferocity—when necessity forced Vanston's committee to make arrangements for bringing down the Cosh men. This was a case of peculiar peril and difficulty; inasmuch as they had been watched, day after day, by immense numbers, who were ready to fall upon and tear them limb from limb. Their situation, besides, was the more desperate, because the priest had denounced them, on the Sunday before, from the altar, in the event of their voting for Vanston—a piece of unjustifiable and senseless bigotry, which is ever productive of much harm, and no good. This anathema of his reverence so enraged Vanston and his supporters, and especially the Orange party, that they resolved, if it were only for the sake of defeating the priest's interference in matters which they considered to be beyond the range of his duty, to strain every nerve, and resort to every violence and stratagem, in order to protect the Cosh men from the excited rabble which lay on the watch for them. On the other hand, the friends of Egoe had resolved to go every length rather than allow them to vote; and for this purpose, a man named Mark Burrowes, a daring and intrepid fellow, full of expedients, and already alluded to, was pitched upon to conduct the enterprise, which, as our readers may perceive, was one of surpassing difficulty. His first object had been, as he said himself, to have intercepted them by main force, created a riot, and, by calling out the military, put the matter to the contingency of their flying to take refuge, upon a hint given them to that effect, in a lugger that was to be waiting for them in the bay. This, however, was not only a mere uncertainty, but an event against which all the chances stood. He discovered, besides, that Vanston's party—sensible that the Cosh men and their friends would, if they attempted to reach the town by land, unquestionably be overpowered by numbers, and that in the savage conflict which must necessarily take place many lives might be lost—had resolved to conduct them by sea on the following morning but one, and thus

defeat the machinations of their enemies. Burrowes having informed himself from an authentic source of these particulars, had it immediately circulated through the town that, in consequence of a quarrel with Egoe, he had changed sides, and joined Vanston's party. After this, he lost no time in seeing the priest, with whom he held a tolerably long consultation, the result of which was, that on the night previous to the day they were to embark for the scene of conflict, the Cosh men were aroused by the priest and his friend, the former of whom, when they were all assembled, addressed them as follows:—

"Boys, I have news that will surprise you—Egoe has proved himself a scoundrel! What do you think, but the night before last he drank, while in a state of intoxication, 'The Pope in the pillory, the pillory in hell, and the devils pelting him with priests!' What do you think of that? Ay, boys, and he said, if he only got in now, he'd pitch emancipation where it ought to go—to the devil. But that's not all, boys—Vanston has proved himself to be what you all know I never suspected him to be—an honest man; for which I say, '*Miserere mei, Deus, et secundum magnam misericordiam tuam dele iniquitatem meam*'—hem—an honest—*miserere*—ahem—an honest man, as I said. Now, boys, what do you think he did on hearing of Egoe's treachery—for sure what after all is it? 'Why,' said he, if that be the case, Egoe's the greater scoundrel to betray his party—the party that supported him; he has let the cat out of the bag,' says he, 'shown the cloven foot too soon. Well,' said Vanston, 'it shall never be said, after all, that my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen shall want an honest'—*dele iniquitatem meam, Domine*—'advocate to sport (*sotto voce*)—I won't say support (devil a bit) their rights. So,' said he, 'here goes for Emancipation; what Egoe has laid down like a treacherous rascal, I take up—hem—I take up like an honest'—*dele, Domine, obsecro, omnia hæc mendacia*—'like an honest man.' So you see, boys, things has changed most agreeably. You are now at liberty to vote for him, every man of you; and Mark Burrowes, here, and myself, will conduct you to a vessel that's waiting to rescue you. We have reason to know—and here's

Misther Burrowes who is up to all the ins and outs of the whole affair—I say we have reason to know, that if you wait till to-morrow, you'd be slaughtered by Egoe's mobs, like sheep as you are, poor fellows; and that, you persave, wouldn't be a comfortable fate for yourselves or your wives and childre. No man, of coorse, likes to be made mutton of if he can possibly avoid it. Come then, boys, follow us round to Philpot's Creek, where there's a vessel ready for us, well stored with lots of aiting and drinking—mait and mait to the eyes."

"Yes, boys," proceeded Burrowes, "it is, indeed, a blessed thing to reflect that we made this providential discovery of Egoe's villany in time. Vanston has proved himself a regular trump; so, before we start, three cheers for him. Come, your reverence, lead."

"I will," said the priest, "presently, only for this touch of a sore throat I've got. Come, boys, go on, don't wait for me—ugh—ugh—ugh!"

Three cheers were then given for Vanston, after which the Cosh men, in a body, followed Burrowes and the priest to a lugger which lay in a creek for them, about a quarter of a mile from the place."

"Come now, boys," said the priest, "get down into the vessel, and help yourselves. You'll find plenty of everything that's good below, and in the mane time we'll get the lugger under weigh."

They accordingly did so, and the men, when down, certainly found, as the priest had said, abundance of food, and a fearful supply of whiskey and porter. The result need scarcely be told. The vessel put out to sea, and kept beating about out of sight until the election was over, when the honest Cosh men, after having been kept secured under hatches for near a week, were safely landed again at the little creek of Philpot's Hole, in a state of most glorious intoxication.

This manœuvre on the part of Burrowes threw Vanston's party into despair; the only hope of the latter being now, if possible, to prevent "the Bank boys" from voting on the other side—a circumstance which, if it could be effected, would have left the two parties in much the same situation as before, the number of the Bank boys being nearly equal to that of the Cosh

men. The accomplishment of this project might, they all knew, be attended with great hazard, if not with much bloodshed and loss of life. The mortification, however, at having been outwitted by the priest and Burrowes, both of whom had been betrayed by the wives of the absent voters, was too great on the part of Vanston's party, and the resentment occasioned by the loss of so many voters too deep, to prevent them, in a state of such desperation, from making the attempt. Burnside himself, accordingly, resolved to conduct the exploit in person; and with this intention he collected an immense number of Orangemen, and other friends of Vanston, with whom he sallied out at night to an unoccupied house, in which the Bank boys, under the surveillance of half-a-dozen priests, were kept for safety until their votes should be required. The project about to be executed was one of which the objects of it could never have dreamt, and the consequence was, that they were by no means prepared for the unreasonable visit which was so soon about to be made to them.

It may be necessary to observe here, that the house in which they had been placed for safety, under such sacerdotal vigilance, was situated some miles up in the ——— mountains, and that the very next day was that on which they must vote, should they be permitted to vote at all. It had been arranged, besides, that a strong military escort should be sent, early the following morning, to escort them to the hustings, and protect them from the violence of the Orangemen. In the meantime, they lived at free cost, having been supplied with the usual abundance of food and exciting drink, which we need not assure our readers received little forbearance at their hands, the fact being that most of them were drunk when the foe came upon them. The priests, it is true, did whatever they could to keep them in order; but their efforts were in vain—nothing could repress the licentious and saturnalian spirit by which they were animated. The wolfishness of the appetite could be matched only by the ceaseless and insatiable thirst with which they plied the liquor.

Such, in fact, was the condition in which they were found by the enemy, who, with noiseless and creeping steps,

surrounded the house about the hour of one o'clock of a night that was very favourable to the enterprise, for it was neither too light nor too dark. The singing, and mirth, and laughter had ceased, with the exception of an odd person or so, who was striving to drawl out some doleful ditty that was every now and then checked by drunken hiccups, which gave a most comical degree of pathos to the whine he was executing. Some, it is true, were in that earnest and important conversation upon nothing which is only to be found among drunken men—and a poor fellow, who had buried his wife about three years before, and had made three attempts at Abduction since, was engaged hard and fast in conducting a fit of grief for the loss of “the best wife that ever *thrun* a gown over her shoulder.” He appeared to direct the chief part of his conversation to one of the priests—the Rev. Philemy Fogarty, who, unfortunately for himself, was placed in rather an unpleasant contiguity to him.

“Oh!” he proceeded, “but I have been the heart-broken and unfortunate boy ever since she departed; but sure no wondher, for where was her *aiguils*? Ay, that’s the chat—that’s the dis-coorse. Where was her *aiguils*, I ax again? I remimber, Father Fogarty, an’ it’s to you, your reverence, I’m dis-coorsin’—”

“I wish you’d ‘discoorse’ to some one else, then, you drunken sot,” replied the priest.

“It’s to your four quarters, I say, I’m dis-coorsin’. Oh! Biddy, darlin’, it’s you that was the crame of women. We wor married, Father Philemy, about three months before you become cowjudherer—an’ a happy couple we wor. She brought me four fine childre in three years, your reverence—bekase it’s to you I’m dis-coorsin’—an’ be the mortal man we never had a quarrel, barrin’ whin she lost her timper—an’ I was charged wid given her an odd *ludher* now an’ thin; but if I was, who can say I ever riz my hand to her—ever riz my hand to you, Biddy darlin’, barrin’ when you richly desared it, as you often did, acushla. Ay, acushla machree, I wasn’t the man to fly at you for nuttin’—far from it, avourneen. I never gave you a flakin’ barrin’ when my privication was great entirely, an’ when it was an actual charity to do it; but what signifies

all. Och, oh, avourneen machree, I wish I could flakeyou again as I used to do—I wish I could, ashore; an’ what wouldn’t I give now that we could dust one another as we often did? but I can’t, avourneen; an’ I suppose God in his goodness—blessed be his holy name—has ordained it that I’m to thry my hand upon some one else. Ay, they may say that I flaked you, avourneen; but sure if I did, didn’t I often get as good, ay, an’ sometimes a great dale better than I gev. However, God *rest* you, acushla machree. As for myself, it isn’t ever my intin-tion to marry agin, barrin’ I might happen to meet wid a girl to my mind. So God *rest* you, as I said, an’ I hope—I humbly supplicate that I may see you yet in heaven; but I would recommend you not to be too sure that it’ll be me, for I suppose I’ll be so much changed for the better, that, please God, you won’t be able to know me.”

“Faith, Paddy,” said one of his neighbours, “if she ever catches you in heaven, you’ll suffer.”

“Oh, hould your tongue, Mickey dear; sure you don’t want to dhrive me to wickedness?—sure you don’t, Mickey? Mickey, shake hands; you wouldn’t drive me to wickedness, Mickey—och, och, oh!”

At this period, and just as Paddy was in the middle of his distress, a thundering knock came to the door, and a stentorian voice shouted out—

“Surrender, every man of you—there’s a body of ten thousand Orangemen about the house.”

In a moment the “Bank Boys”—at least two-thirds of them—started to their feet; but the clergymen desired them to be silent, and leave the management of the difficulty thus announced, to them.

“Who are you,” said Father Fogarty, “that risk your life by coming here?”

“One who will answer no impertinent questions,” replied the first speaker, “but who will make you skip, if you’re not obedient. The night’s light enough to see us, so look out, and satisfy yourselves that what I’ve said is truth.”

“What’s your business here,” asked the priest again, “and why do you come to disturb men who are offering you no offence?”

“Neither are we come to offer you

er any of you offence, provided you do not force us to have recourse to violence. Our object is to prevent you from voting for Egge to-morrow, and for that purpose you must, every man of you, accompany us to a certain place."

"Where do you intend to bring us," asked another of the clergymen.

"It's a Christian part we are acting," replied another of the Orangemen. "We will put you in the way of the truth, your reverence; we will take you clean out of all popish idolatry, and make honest Protestants of you—ay, and an enlightened congregation you'll make. Listen now, and act as we shall direct you, in which case we shall resort to no violence; but if by one single act you attempt resistance, by —, we will make hawk's-meat of you. Our Orange blood, as you call it, is up to-night, and we'll stand no palaver or nonsense. The simple truth is, that there are here about the house upwards of six thousand men, all, every one of us, well armed, and now follow our instructions, or refuse to do so at your peril."

The clergymen having opened a window on each side of the house, at once perceived by the light of the moon that the facts were exactly as they had been stated, and knowing, besides, the excited spirit of the country at large, and of party feeling in particular, they deemed it more prudent and safe to submit themselves, without any attempt at resistance, to the will and wishes of a multitude whom it was dangerous to provoke.

"We are not disposed to resist," said Father Fogarty; "but we have a right to know where you are about to bring us."

"Tell him the truth," said an Orangeman; "it may comfort him."

"To church, then," replied the other voice: "we'll give you a touch of the true religion to-night. Now listen—advance out of the house two by two, and surrender yourselves prisoners."

"Provided we comply," said one of the other spokesmen, "you pledge yourselves, gentlemen, that you will not molest us?"

"Provided you comply willingly, and without noise or tumult, we pledge ourselves that you shall not be molested—not a hair of your heads shall suffer."

The Bank men then walked out two

by two, and after them the priests, when they were immediately placed in marching order.

"Now," said a voice, "for — Church, where you will find yourselves cool and comfortable for at least twenty-four hours."

"Shall we have refreshments?—shall we have food?" asked Father Fogarty; "because a twenty-four hours' fast, you know —"

"In truth, then, we have forgotten to make provision in that respect," replied the voice—"however, you shall not be neglected."

"Because," proceeded his reverence, "if I don't mistake, you will find sufficient for all purposes, both as to food and liquor, in the house; and it is quite evident that you have hands enough to remove them along with us."

"D—e but I like you for that," said a voice. "I like the man that looks to No. 1, and won't allow anything to be lost. Here, I'll help to carry the liquor."

"Keep your ground, and mind your duty, you drunken scoundrel," said the commanding voice. "Proceed, gentlemen, with your prisoners; I shall take care that the provisions and drink shall accompany us."

"Thank you, brother B—. D—e but I like that; you're a good fellow too. Thank you, brother B—."

Had Father Fogarty reflected upon the nature of his communication to such an excited body of men, many of them already influenced by liquor, he would not have alluded to the provisions and drink which they were about leaving behind them. Be this as it may, the consequences were more ludicrous than lugubrious. The trudge to — Church was across the mountains, a distance of about twelve miles; but we need scarcely assure our readers that by the time they had arrived at their destination, a considerable portion of the liquor had disappeared. Some, to be sure, there was left, but it only added to the comical farce of the circumstances we are about to mention.

On reaching the church, which was situated in a very lonely place, and a considerable distance from the village of Glenfisk, the sexton's house being the only one near it, that worthy personage, who formed one of the party, and at whose suggestion the church

was selected as the place of durance, now produced his keys, and in a few minutes the Bank boys and the priests found themselves in a heretical place of worship, much to their surprise, and to the pious horror of some of those who were so far advanced in liquor as to entertain no apprehension of giving expression to what they felt. Among those who seemed to have been most pertinaciously attached to mother church, and proportionably alarmed at any risk of being infected by heterodox influences, was our friend Flynn, the uxorious, with whose grief for Biddy, his wife, we have just made our readers acquainted.

"Boys," he exclaimed, in a tone of desperate pathos, for Paddy was one of those who always wept in his liquor, "is there any man he—here—who has a regard for his sowl? I say, boys, I hope there's none of the Bank boys that isn't true to his religion—that's the chat; I say, boys, that's the discoorse. Father Fogarty, I'm directin' my discoorse to you, bekase you're a good judge of that as well as of everything else; but I hope at any rate that the Bank boys 'ill stan' fast; an', Biddy darlin', it isn't a heretic I'm goin' to turn, to disgrace your bones, acushla; for I say it, boys, an' I'd pledge my brogues to its *treut*, that it's their intention to make heretics of us, oderwise why would they bring us to church."

"Right, Paddy," said one of the Orangemen, "there's not a doubt of it; in spite of fate you're a heretic from this night out—a rank Protestant, Paddy; an' if you go on as you do, maybe we'll get a red-hot griddle, and make an Orangeman of you; an' to comfort you still more, Paddy, your priests here, when they step out of this, on other morrow morning, will find themselves every one turned into parsons. So, what do you say to that, my lad?"

"Hillo!" shouted a voice—it came from a keen little Presbyterian—"spakin' of the priests, what if we'd make one of them say us a mess in the church here, eh? H—ll till me but that 'id be a good spree—de'il a better. Come, Priest Fogarty, hev the goodness to tare us off a mess."

"No," replied another, "am d—d if he will; do you want, Sam Stinson, to turn us into Papishes. Sure, d—me, a say it, an' am good authority on the

subject—bit a say that none bit Papishes 'ud hear a mess. No, no; no Papish idolatry for me. Am no frien' to the Hure o' Babylon, an' we'll hev none of her abominations here."

"Biddy, darlin', to think that ever your own lovin' Paddy, the husband that you wor—wor—so fond of, should be goin' about, a thievin' lump of a blackguard heretic; an', what is worse, Father Fogarty, that knows the seven langridges, to turn to a parson! Oh, mavrone, oh!—bad luck to it for one election! Sure, who could a-dreamt that it 'ud ind in the ruin of our poor sinful sows! Mavrone, oh! boys, is there ne'er a sup o' liquor left? If this doesn't require consolation, what does?"

"Here," said a dozen voices, "give Paddy some liquor. There is some left, Paddy—here, Paddy. A say, boys, hand that to *Protestant* Paddy. A'll be hinged bit you're a fine fellow, Protestant Paddy. Bit am sayin', boys—about Priest Fogarty's mess; will you say us a mess, priest?"

"A say against that," said one of the former speakers; "we'll hev none of the Hure o' Babylon's idolatry here; bit a hev no objection that the priest should give us a song."

"Devil a purtier!" exclaimed several voices; "that's a good thought, Magiltra, an' a right good song he *can* give; sure I remember one evenin' hearin' him sing 'The Night before Larry was stretched,' at Mr. Little's."

"Come, then, the priest's song!" shouted hundreds of voices. "Here, you lame sexton, rise the windies, till them that's outside hears Priest Fogarty singin' 'The Night before Larry was stretched.'"

It may be necessary here to state, that not one-half of the multitude which guarded "the Bank boys" could find room in the church; but, from an apprehension of pursuit or rescue, they had determined not to leave their prisoners until the object of their abduction should be accomplished. They, consequently, amused themselves as best they could on the outside.

This piece of information was received with cheers; and it was instantly and unanimously voted that Father Fogarty should give them the song in question.

Father Fogarty, though a humorist in his way, still felt reluctant to comply with such a request in such a

place, and ventured to remonstrate upon the impropriety of forcing him to do so.

"You don't reflect, gentlemen," said he, "that you are treating your own place of worship—the house of God—with very unbecoming irreverence, not to speak more strongly, by insisting that I should sing a profane song in such a place. I trust you will excuse me, gentlemen; or, if you do insist on the song, allow me to sing it outside the walls."

An angry murmur,—a strong bristling motion—immediately took place among them, which made the priest regret his imprudence in not having at once complied.

"What the devil is he sayin'?" they asked fiercely; "does he say that he won't sing for us? Then, if he doesn't, he must say a mess; so we'll give him his choice. Do you say you won't sing, priest?"

"Not at all," replied Father Fogarty; "since you must have it, you shall; but, hem—I'm not in good voice, gentlemen."

"Here," said the little Presbyterian, "give the priest this to wet his whussle; bravo, priest, you deserve a gless—that'll gie you wind."

The worthy gentleman felt that he really stood in need of it; and having finished it without hesitation, he was greeted with loud cheers.

"Brayvo, priest—well done—you're a decent priest—go on now with the song."

"Not there," shouted some of them; "to the pulpit—to the pulpit, and them that's outside will hear you better."

The notion went among them like lightning—resistance was vain. Father Fogarty, who sang a comic song exceedingly well, was forced up into the pulpit, where he was cheered to the echo, and with a degree of humour rarely equalled, gave them, in the real Dublin twang, and with suitable gesture

and action, "The Night before Larry was stretched." It was received with raptures of applause—encored two or three times—and when finished, the performer of it was cheered again for some minutes.

Whilst all this was going on, the rival candidates were reduced to great shifts. The Cosh men having been taken away on the one side, and the Bank boys on the other, few were then left but the fictitious votes of all kinds, including the dead men. Vanston, however, was now considerably behind, and would unquestionably have lost the election, were it not for the project of Raikes, the attorney, who had just returned from his roving commission among the Orangemen of the neighbouring counties, with a large lot of false voters ready for the poll. These he brought quietly in by night, and locked up in stables, empty rooms, and other convenient places, until they were each properly trained, and the necessity for using them arrived. Their seasonable arrival, however, secured Vanston the election, who was returned, however, only by a small majority. It is unnecessary to say that both Blaze and Buxton fought the usual number of duels—that the defeat of Egoe was followed by a ferocious conflict between the rival rabbles—that blood was spilled, bones were broken, morals corrupted, and lives lost. But such were the consequences, and such a sample of the honesty, sobriety, peaceful bearing, love of liberty, and freedom from corruption, which attended an old election in the time of the "Forties." Of course, the times are very much changed now. There has been nothing since the Reform Bill but peace, freedom of action, absence of all violence, outrage, and intimidation; no bribery, no corruption, no fraud, no bloodshed, and no murder. Not at all. The times are very much improved, indeed. So be it.

THE STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN.*

THE theme of our present article is a well-prepared book on Southern Russia, the joint production of a baron and fem who travelled and wrote together. We are not always sure of their respective shares, and shall refer them, in general, to the leader in the firm.

Xavier Hrommaire de Hell, the husband, is a French engineer, who, being at Constantinople, was induced to go on to New Russia, for the purpose of examining the geology of that extensive country. With this object he was led to traverse it in many directions; to explore the courses of rivers and of streams, on horseback and on foot; and, extending his plan, to visit all the Russian coasts of the Black Sea, the Sea of Azov, and the Caspian. During the nearly five years in which he was thus engaged, he was twice entrusted by the Russian government with important scientific and industrial missions; and he enjoyed, moreover, the protection of Count Voronzov, the governor of New Russia, who, we may observe, was brought up in England, where his father was, for more than forty years, ambassador, and whose hospitality and magnificence will be remembered by every one who has, of late years, visited Odessa. M. de Hell and his partner availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them for collecting information, and the materials for a publication like the present unconsciously accumulated. It deserves the name of a work, being a solid volume of condensed matter, geographical, statistical, and social; the sobriety of its details, however, being much relieved by the story of the personal progress of the writers, by the liveliness of their descriptions, and by their picturesque account of half barbarous tribes, hitherto little known, but likely soon to rise in interest. The moral of the book appears to be, that Russia has, in her southern realms, immense resources; but that her despotic rule and mistaken policy are un-

favourable to their development; and, in proof, we may adduce the instances of Odessa, which, with every advantage of position, with a thousand feeders for commerce, and with much of the patronage of the Russian nobility, has not advanced in importance to at all the degree which it undoubtedly would have done had her interests been consulted in a more enlightened, a more English spirit. We shall, however, try to enable our readers to form their own opinions, while we pass on with them by sea and land, o'er far-extending plains, o'er mountain and moor, and through forest wilds, in the company of our two well-appointed guides.

On the 15th of May, 1838, M. de Hell and his lady embarked on board the Odessa steamer, bidding adieu to the fairest of all cities, Constantinople. Its mosques and minarets, dark cypress groves, and glistening plane-trees receded from their view, while, as they advanced up the Bosphorus, many a white-sailed caique crossed lightly from shore to shore, and the waters widened more and more until they reached the entrance of the Black Sea, whose foreboding name announces the dangers which for ever haunt it—

“Cocythusque sinu labens circumvenit atra.”

They found a great number of vessels of all kinds anchored in the mouth of the Channel, waiting for a fair wind to take them out of the straits, which are said to present still more of danger than the navigation of the Black Sea. The coast is iron-bound, and the difficulties of the passage are, at certain seasons, augmented by fogs.

The Russian steamers ply twice a month between Constantinople and Odessa, and make the passage in fifty hours. They are not remarkable for cleanliness, and are usually crowded with a mob of mendicants, as all the lower order of Russians have a taste

* “Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, the Crimea, the Caucasus,” &c. By Xavier de Hell. London: Chapman and Hall. 1847.

for pilgrimages. The first appearance of the Russian coast is dreary, but as they neared Odessa the scene improved; high hills were seen, all richly planted, and studded with country-houses.

Italy is the ideal Elysium of the Russians, and Odessa their Florence. In its brief summer it looks the character; the sky is clear, the sea calm as a lake, and acacias blooming in every street, fill the air with a delicious perfume. Although founded little more than forty years ago, it already ranks next after the two capitals of the empire; and the Russians, in general, prefer it even to St. Petersburg. They enjoy, they say, more of liberty there, and are relieved from the oppressions of etiquette. It has, besides, the advantage of being a free port; ladies can more easily indulge in dress there, and luxuries are more attainable than in St. Petersburg. It has wide foot-ways, fashionable shops, an Italian opera, and an English club. The enthusiasm of the Russians for Odessa may, as our author says, be easily accounted for—"accustomed as they are to their wilderness of snow and mud, it is to them a real *El Dorado*, comprising all the seductions and pleasures of the world." There is, in landing at Odessa, as in most of the Mediterranean and many of the Eastern ports, one great drawback to the enjoyments of travel, that is, the quarantine. In Odessa, the penance is endured for a fortnight, but merchandize is set free after a fumigation of forty-eight hours with preparations of chlorine. This is bad enough, but nothing to Marseilles, where, though far away from countries infested by the plague, persons and cargoes are subject to a quarantine of forty-five days. Notwithstanding the title of "*Fair Florence*," with which the Russians have blessed Odessa, it for most part of the year resembles St. Petersburg, much more than it does the Italian city. The thermometer remains at 25° or 26° R. below zero; the sea is a sheet of ice; double windows and stoves are not to be dispensed with; and pelisses are as much in requisition as in Moscow. Besides these rigours, there is the plague of dust, such as it is known nowhere else, and the penalty of hurricanes.

"Dust is here a real calamity, a fiend-like persecutor, that allows you not a

moment's rest. It spreads out in seas and billows that rise with the least breath of wind, and envelop you with increasing fury, until you are stifled and blinded, and incapable of a single movement. The gusts of wind are so violent and sudden, as to baffle any precaution. It is only at sunset that one can venture out at last to breathe the sea air on the boulevard, or to walk in the *Rue Richelieu*, the wide footways of which are then thronged with all the fashion of the place.

"Many natural causes combine to keep up this terrible plague. First, the argillaceous soil, the dryness of the air, the force of the wind, and the width of the streets; then the bad paving, the great extent of uncultivated ground still within the town, and the prodigious number of carriages. The local administration has tried all imaginable systems, with the hope of getting rid of the dust, and has even had stones brought from Italy to pave certain streets, but all its efforts have been ineffectual. At last, in a fit of despair, it fell upon the notable device of macadamizing the well-paved *Rue Italienne*, and *Rue Richelieu*. The only result of this operation was, of course, prodigiously to increase the evil. A wood pavement, to be laid down by a Frenchman is now talked of, and it appears that his first attempts have been quite successful.

"In order to give some idea of the violence of the hurricanes to which the country is subject, I will mention a phenomenon of which I was myself a witness. After a very hot day in 1840, the air of Odessa gradually darkened about four in the afternoon, until it was impossible to see twenty paces before one. The oppressive feel of the atmosphere, the dead calm, and the portentous colour of the sky, filled every one with deep consternation, and seemed to betoken some fearful catastrophe. For an hour and a-half the spectator could watch the appearance of this novel eclipse, which as yet was without a precedent in these parts. The thermometer attained the enormous height of 104° F. The obscurity was then complete; presently the most furious tempest imagination can conceive burst forth, and when the darkness cleared off, there was seen over the sea what looked like a water-spout, of prodigious depth and breadth, suspended at a height of several feet above the water, and running slowly away, until it dispersed at last at a distance of many miles from the shore. The eclipse and the water-spout were nothing else than dust; and that day Odessa was swept

cleaner than it will probably ever be again."—(pp. 7, 8.)

In winter, the dust is changed into mud, and it is almost impracticable for any one who has not a private equipage, to go to an evening party; a pedestrian could not, and the only vehicle for him is a *droszky*, that is to say, "a sort of saddle mounted on four wheels, on which men sit astride, and ladies find it very difficult to rest themselves with decorum." The neighbourhood of the Boulevard is the fashionable quarter; there the palaces of Count Voronzov and of the Princess Narishkin, a line of very elegant houses, handsome carriages, and well-dressed promenaders, give the town an aristocratic appearance.

The great phrenological feature in the Russian cranium seems to be that of imitativeness; to this our author traces the facility with which they acquire, and the purity with which they speak, foreign languages, and as a further instance of it, he mentions what very admirable actors they make. There are every year, for the benefit of the poor, theatrical exhibitions at Odessa, in which the nobles and members of the court, as Count Voronzov's establishment is called, are the chief performers; and the skill they display is, we are told, not to be surpassed by any professional company. "This," says our author, "is not surprising, for every one knows in how high a degree the Russians possess the talent for imitation; whatever they see they mimic with ease and without preparation."

The history of the commerce of the Black Sea is extremely interesting; we can but glance at it, and for long details refer to the able chapter on the subject in the work before us. In the middle ages, the Genoese colonised the Crimea, and held the traffic of the Black Sea until about the year 1476, when their colonies were destroyed, and the trade of these coasts and countries passed into the hands of the Turks and of the Greeks of the Archipelago, their subjects, by whom it was wholly monopolised for a period of three hundred years, when the conquests of Peter the Great, and subsequently those of Catherine II., wrested it from their hands. After many successive campaigns, this was finally

accomplished in 1774, when, by the treaty of Kainardji, Catherine, with a liberality which we have imitated in China, stipulated that the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles should be thrown open to all nations; and from this period we may date the influence which Russia exercises in the East. Having gained possession of the Black Sea, Catherine lost little time in establishing a port, and with this object founded Kherson, at the mouth of the Dniepr; this was in 1788. The evils of her revenue system retarded its progress, and, on the dismemberment of Poland, Odessa was selected as a more desirable station. It manifestly afforded greater facilities for the exportation of the agricultural produce of Podolia, Volhynia, and the other provinces then incorporated with Russia. But from the time in which this change took place, which was in 1796, until the year 1803, the system of customs remained the same. In this last-mentioned year Alexander directed the duties imposed by the general tariff on all exports and imports in the harbours of the Black Sea, to be reduced one-fourth. In 1804, Odessa was made an *entrepot* for such sea-borne goods as were not prohibited, and they were allowed to remain in bond there for eighteen months; and in the year 1817 it was declared to be a free port, and so remained up to 1822. In that interval, Odessa became, under the able administration of the Duc de Richelieu, one of the most prosperous cities of Eastern Europe, and the commerce of Southern Russia attained its utmost activity. This thriving state of things excited the cupidity of the Board of Customs at St. Petersburg, and by an interference which might afford a memorable warning to statesmen, they nearly destroyed it. In 1822, an ukase was issued, suppressing the freedom of the port of Odessa, and enforcing duties on all goods then in warehouses. These regulations were indeed annulled on the remonstrance of the governor, but a fifth of the duties imposed on goods in other Russian ports was exacted on those entering Odessa, whilst the remaining four-fifths were demanded on their departure for the interior, and, at the same time, two lines of custom-houses were formed—one round the

port, the other round the town, which still subsist. These steps were followed by others as fatal to the prosperity of Odessa. The commercial privileges allowed to the trans-Caucasian provinces were in 1832 withdrawn; and the Persians and Armenians who had engaged in a large and fast-extending trade with Odessa sought for, and soon found, another channel. The English merchants, with the wisdom and energy which has ever marked them, established depots for their manufactures in Trebizond, whence they are distributed through the provinces of Asia, to the amount of more than £50,000,000 annually; and there are two sets of steam-boats plying regularly between that place and Constantinople. The objects of Russia in these arbitrary regulations, were, the enrichment of her exchequer, and the encouragement of her native manufactures, which she conceived the Asiatic provinces could not so easily get by another route. In these views her cupidity deceived her, and Odessa, which was fast becoming one of the great commercial lines of the world, sunk at once into comparative obscurity. We say "comparative obscurity," because from its being to some extent a free port, from its own consumption, and from its being the outlet of a considerable corn trade, it still retains a degree of business-animation. It is owing to the remissness of the Russian government, that this corn-trade is not vastly augmented. The revenue system, the quarantine system, and the defective means of communication, are all against it. Notwithstanding the advantages of fertile soil, cheap labour, and serfdom, the difficulties of transport are so great, that by the time corn arrives at Odessa from the provinces, its cost is very greatly increased. The wheat from Kbiria, Volhynia, Podolia, and Bessarabia, is brought in carts, drawn by oxen—the rate of travelling is not more than fifteen miles a day—and the state of the roads is such that they are only available for five months of the year—that is, from May to September. Road-making in Southern Russia is, indeed, no easy task; as throughout its plains the materials are scarce and seldom good, being, for the most part, a friable limestone. Water-carriage, however, might be easily resorted to; and by a slight engineering effort, and at no

great cost, nearly all the corn of Poland, and all the produce of New Russia might, as the author of the work before us suggests, be brought to Odessa by the Pruth, the Dneistr, and the Dniepr. From inattention to these two circumstances—road-making and the improvement of the water-carriage—not only is the price of wheat enhanced, without advantage to any class whatever; but the peasantry of these districts, having no easy means of exchanging their produce, are living in extreme penury, and the establishment of new villages, though much wished for, is daily becoming more difficult. One would think this a state of things which could not last long in a country, the government of which has the reputation of being active. The activity of the public functionaries, however, appears to be confined to the dressing up of fair reports, by which the emperor, at once delighted and beguiled, is rendered unwilling to interfere with a system going on so well.

New Russia is bounded on the north by the governments of Podolia, Kiev, Poltava, and Kharkov; on the east, by the country of the Don Cossacks, the sea of Azov, and the straits of Kentch; on the south by the Black Sea; and on the west by the Dniester, which divides it from Bessarabia. Although thus of great extent, its present population is estimated at only 1,346,515. This whole territory has been gradually annexed to the empire, part by the treaty of Kainardji, part by the conquest of the Crimea, and part by the convention made at Jassy, in 1791. It assumed, in 1802, its present organization of three governments, those of Kherson, Taurid, and Jiekatarinoslav. The population is mixed, the great bulk of it consisting of the Malorossians, or Little Russians, formerly called Cossacks of the Ukraine; next in numbers are the Muscovites, or Great Russians, who mainly belong to the crown; then colonies of Germans, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Bulgarians; besides these, there are the military establishments of Visnecensk, formed mainly of the Cossacks of the Boug, and lastly, are the Tartars, occupying the Crimea, and the western shores of the sea of Azov. The Malorossians retain the memory of their former independence, and hate the institution of serfdom, to

which they were first reduced by Catherine II. The foreign colonists are not contented, as the government which formerly ruled them in accordance with their own usages and forms, has of late years been endeavouring to repress their distinctive features, and to introduce one uniform administrative system. This whole country, from the banks of the Dniestr to the sea of Azov, and to the foot of the mountains of the Crimea, consists of vast plains, called steppes, elevated from forty to fifty yards above the level of the sea. There are no trees, save in the sheltered spots on the banks of the rivers, or on the islands in them: fuel is consequently scarce. English coal is made use of at Odessa, and is less expensive than the fire-wood brought from Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the banks of the Danube; but, of late, native coal from the government of Jiekatarioslav and the Don country, has been very generally introduced. The industrial resources of these plains are corn and cattle—and the leading interests under these respective denominations are, wheat and Merino sheep. The introduction of the latter must be always regarded as an important era in the history of Southern Russia. Hot winds prevail in its dreary steppes in summer, rain is rare, and there are neither brooks nor wells to afford the means of irrigation. It is therefore only in the neighbourhood of rivers, or in occasional spots where the land is depressed, that agriculture is found to be remunerative; all the rest was nearly an unprofitable waste, until a French gentleman, M. Rouvier, conceived the idea of rendering it available as pasture for Merino sheep. The Emperor Alexander approving of the suggestion, advanced the speculator a hundred thousand roubles, placed at his command a man-of-war to enable him to make his first purchases in Spain, and on his return, made him a grant of a vast tract of land, where the experiment was first made, and where it proved completely successful.

After staying some months at Odessa, our author left it in company with General Potier, a Frenchman by birth, and the son-in-law and successor of the M. Rouvier whom we have just spoken of. M. Potier, an ex-pupil of the Polytechnic school, was sent to St. Petersburg, by Napoleon, with three

colleagues, to establish there a school of civil engineering. In the war of 1812, Alexander, fearing they might join the French, sent them to the confines of China, where they were detained for more than two years. On the termination of the campaign, they were recalled—were given each a pension to indemnify them for their abduction—and were all advanced in honours. M. Potier was for a long time director of the civil-engineering institution at St. Petersburg. The following extract gives our author's experience of travelling in Russia:—

“ Travelling would nowhere be more rapid than in Russia, if the posting-houses were a little better conducted, and more punctual in supplying horses. The country is perfectly flat, and you may travel several hundred leagues without meeting a single hill. Besides this, the Russian driver has no mercy on his horses; they must gallop continually, though they should drop dead under the whip. Another reason that contributes to the rapidity of posting is, that there are never less than three or four horses yoked to the lightest vehicle. The general's carriage being rather heavy, we had six horses, that carried us along at the rate of fifteen versts (ten miles) an hour. We found the rooms in the posting stations much more elegant than we had expected; but this was owing to the journey of the imperial family, for whom they had been completely metamorphosed. The walls and ceilings were fresh painted with the greatest care, and we found everywhere handsome mirrors, divans, and portraits of the emperor and the empress. Thanks, therefore, to the transit of their majesties, our journey was effected in the most agreeable manner, though, on ordinary occasions, one must make up his mind to encounter all sorts of privation and annoyances in a long excursion through Russia. The towns are so few, and the villages are so desolate of all requisites, that one is in some danger of being starved to death by the way, unless he has had the precaution to lay in a stock of provisions at starting. The post-houses afford you literally nothing more than hot water for tea, and a bench to sit on. The Russian and Polish grandes never omit to carry with them on their journeys a bed, with all its appurtenances, a whole range of cooking instruments, and plenty of provisions. In this way they pass from town to town, without ever suspecting the unfortunate position in which the foreigner is placed who traverses their

vast wildernesses. The latter, it may be said, is free to follow their example; but the thing is not so easy. Supposing even that he was possessed of all this travelling apparatus, still the expense of carriage would imperatively forbid his taking it with him; whereas the Russians, who generally travel with their own horses, may have a dozen, without adding to their expenses. As for those who have recourse to the post, they care very little about economy, and, provided they have a good dinner prepared by their own cooks, a soft bed, and all other physical comforts, they never trouble themselves to calculate the cost. But as for the foreigner who travels in this country, the inconvenience I have just mentioned is nothing in comparison with the countless vexations he must endure, simply because he is a foreigner. Having no legal right to lay his cane over the shoulders of the clerks of the post, he must make up his mind to endure the most scandalous impositions and annoyances at their hands, and very often too will be obliged to pass forty-eight hours in a station, because he cannot submit to the conditions imposed on him. Neither threats nor entreaties can prevail on the clerk to make him furnish horses, if it does not suit his humour. The epithet *particularnii teheloviek*, which is applied in Russia to all who do not wear epaulettes, and which signifies something less than a nobody, is a categorical reply to the traveller's utmost eloquence."—(pp. 32, 33.)

The first place of note which they reached was Nicolaiëf, lately made the dock-yard and admiralty station, and which is fast becoming the most important town in the government of Kherson. It is well situated on the Bug, and its new houses and pretty walks, planted with poplars, give it a cheerful look. They saw there a splendid three-decker, just completed and ready to take its place in the Black Sea fleet. Kherson, the most ancient and once the most important town in New Russia, next received them. It exhibits no trace of its former wealth. Its commerce has passed to Odessa, and the admiralty station having been removed from it to Nicolaiëf, it is fast going to decay. The circumstance of interest connected with it at present is the condition of the Jewish colonies established there and in its neighbourhood. The appearance of the Russian Jews in general is mean and miserable. Their

dress consists of a long robe of black calico, fastened with a woollen girdle, canvas drawers, and a broad-brimmed hat; their filthiness is extreme, and they have altogether so degraded a look, that, as our author says, "the eye turns from them with deep disgust:"—

"We had already had occasion, in Odessa, to see into what an abject state this people is fallen in Russia: but it was not until we came to Kherson that we beheld them in all their vileness. What a contrast between their sallow faces, disgusting beards, and straggling locks, plastered flat on the skin, their brutified air and crawling humility, and the easy, dignified bearing, the noble features and the elegant costume of the Jews of Constantinople! It is impossible to bring one's-self to believe there is anything in common between them, that they belong to the same race, have the same rules and usages, the same language and religion. But the cause which has produced such a difference between two branches of one people, is a question involving political and philosophical considerations of too high an order to be discussed here; all we can say is, that in seeing the Jews of Kherson, and comparing them with their brethren of the East, we had evidence before us of the depth to which governments and institutions can debase mankind."—(p. 37.)

Kherson swarms with these unhappy people; they appear to carry on every kind of trade, and if their penury is great, it undoubtedly does not arise from want of industry. They will run from one end of the town to the other for next to nothing, and in this respect are of great use to strangers, to whom, however, they are, not here only, but in most parts of New Russia, no trifling torment. The moment a traveller arrives, fondly hoping to take his ease in his inn, he is beset by these officious agents, placing at his disposal "all they have, and all they have not." Vainly he threatens them, or turns them out a hundred times: "do what you will, they set themselves on the ground opposite your door, and remain there, with imperturbable phlegm, waiting their opportunity to walk in again, and renew their offer." It was in this neighbourhood that the plan of forming Jewish colonies was first formed. In 1824, these established in Kherson and Bobrinetz had a popula-

tion of 8,000 souls settled in nine villages. They were to be free from taxation for ten years, and after that were to be on the same footing as the other crown peasants, save that they were to be called to military service for a period of fifty years. This attempt at colonization was attended with extreme difficulty. It was for a long time necessary to keep a constant guard over the involuntary settlers, for fear of their running away. It does not appear what the object of the plan was. If it was to engage them in agriculture, it has proved a complete failure, and affords a new instance of how little they are inclined to such a mode of life. M. de Hell is not disposed to ascribe it to a philanthropic motive, but rather guesses that it was made with an ulterior view to their military services, and for some years past they have been compelled to enrol themselves, in great numbers, in the navy. They also find employment as workmen in the dock-yards and arsenals of Sevastopol and Nicolaïef.

Winter is, with the Russians, as in all snow countries, the season of enjoyment. Social communications, sporting expeditions, excursions on sledges, and entertainments within doors, then take place. All the great fairs of the empire are held then, and great is the consumption of brandy and tea. During their first winter in Russia, M. de Hell and his partner arrived at the conclusion that people suffer less from cold in northern than in southern countries :—

“In Constantinople,” says the lady of the firm, “where we had passed the preceding winter, the cold and the snow appeared to us insupportable in the light wooden houses, open to every wind, and furnished with no other resource against the inclemency of the weather than a marghal, which served at best only to roast the feet and hands, whilst it left the rest of the body to freeze. But in Russia, even the mujik has constantly a temperature of seventy-seven degrees in his cabin in the very height of winter, which he obtains in a very simple and economical manner. A large brick-work stove or oven is formed in the wall, consisting of a fire-place, and a long series of quadrangular flues, ending in the chimney, and giving passage to the smoke. The fire is made either of *kirbetch* or of weeds. When these materials are completely consum-

ed, the pipe by which the flues communicate with the chimney is hermetically closed, and the hot air passes into the room by two openings made for that purpose. Exactly the same apparatus is used in the houses of the wealthy. The stoves are so contrived that one of them serves to heat two or three rooms. The halls, staircases, and servants' rooms, are all kept at the same temperature. But great caution is necessary to avoid the dangers to which this method of warming may give rise. I myself was saved only by a providential chance from falling a victim to them. I had been asleep some hours one night when I was suddenly awakened by my son, who was calling to me for drink. I got up instantly, and without waiting to light a candle, I was proceeding to pour out a glass of water, but I had scarcely moved a few steps when the glass dropped from my hand, and I fell as if struck with lightning, and in a state of total insensibility. I had afterwards a confused recollection of cries that seemed to me to come from a great distance; but for two minutes I remained completely inanimate, and only recovered consciousness after my husband had carried me into an icy room, and laid me on the floor. My son suffered still more than myself; but it happened most strangely that my husband was not in the smallest degree affected, and this it was that saved us. The cause of this nocturnal alarm was the imprudence of a servant who had closed the stove before all the *kirbetch* was consumed: this was quite enough to make all the atmosphere deadly. All the inmates of the house were more or less indisposed.”—(p. 41.)

Accidents from this description of negligence are frequent, but not often fatal. The ordinary penalty is a headache, and the peasantry on leisure days often lay themselves out to indulge in the sort of intoxication produced by the diluted carbonic gas. A family may be thus caught all lying on the floor with the external appearance of drunkenness, but without their intellects being in the least affected. Increased warmth appears to be the main pleasure they derive from it.

The “hot-house temperature,” as Mad. de Hell describes it, of the winter apartments of the Russians, must, it is obvious, act injuriously on the health, especially as, during that whole season—that is, for more than ten months—the outer air is never admitted into the house. Strangers suffer

from this extremely; but although many of the maladies to which the natives are exposed may be traced to it, they do not appear to be inconvenienced by the practice. It is, perhaps, as Mad. de Hell suggests, the reason why the Russian ladies have so little of blooming freshness on their cheeks, and the cause of their most sedentary habits. Nowhere do women walk less. They never go out except in a carriage, and rarely move unless it be to dance; but dancing is the passion of all the Russians.

"On the whole," says Madam de Hell, "there is little poetry or romance in the existence of the Russian women of fashion. The men, though treating them with exquisite politeness and gallantry, in reality think little about them, and find more pleasure in hunting, smoking, gaming, and drinking, than in lavishing on them those attentions to which they have many just claims. The Russian ladies have generally little beauty; their bloom, as I have said, is gone at twenty; but if they can boast neither perfect features nor dazzlingly fair complexions, there is, on the other hand, in all their manners remarkable elegance, and an indescribable fascination that sometimes makes them irresistible. With a pale face, a somewhat frail figure, careless attitudes, and a haughty cast of countenance, they succeed in making more impression in a drawing-room than many women of greater beauty."—(p. 42.)

The women of the lower order in New Russia usually marry at fifteen, and are old at thirty, but they have this consolation, that whether their age be fifteen, twenty, or thirty, they look all the same. After childhood, their limbs become at once as masculine, their features as hard, their skin as deeply tanned, and their voice as rough as in middle age. Their charms are little improved by a liking for strong liquors, which is unhappily prevalent, and, as we learn, is on the increase among the young and old of both sexes.

In May, 1839, M. de Hell reached Jiekatarinoslov, more than a hundred leagues up the Dneipr, and the seat of one of the three governments into which, as we have said, Southern Russia is divided. It was founded by Catherine II. in 1784, but on a scale so vast that it has progressed little from the uncomfortable, new-settle-

ment, wilderness appearance which it wore when, in the presence of the Emperor Joseph II., Catherine laid its first stone. Still it possesses many large buildings, several churches, bazaars, and some fine gardens. Had the town been let to grow of itself, and not, in the Russian fashion, laid out on too large a scale beforehand, it would, from its site on the Dneipr, and the rich hills around it, have been a very beautiful place. The lion of Jiekatarinoslov is the palace of Catherine's favourite, Prince Potemkin, which though founded little more than sixty years ago, is, thanks to the native vandalism of the Russians, already in ruins. Its porticos, colonnades, cornices, and capitals, are maimed and decreasing, to supply the wants of any peasant who does not choose to go further for wood or stone. While in this town, our travellers witnessed the arrival of three hundred mountaineers of the Caucasus, and a display of their warlike exercises. They were on their way to Warsaw, to attend a parade there before Paskevitch, the favourite of the emperor. It is characteristic of the government that so great a number should leave their far-off mountain homes for such a purpose. They may afford our readers a very good idea of a description of cavalry which Russia has largely at her command:—

"The sight of these half barbarians, arriving like a torrent, and taking possession of the town, as of a conquered place, was well calculated to excite our curiosity. We forgot time and place as we gazed on this unwonted spectacle, and seemed carried back among the gigantic invasions of Tamerlane and his exterminating hordes of Asia, with their wild cries and picturesque costumes, swooping down with long lances and fiery steeds on old Europe, just as they appeared some centuries before, when they subjected all the wide domain of Russia to their sway.

"These mountaineers are small, agile, and muscular. There is no saying how they walk, for their life is passed on horseback. There is in the expression of their countenances an inconceivable mixture of boldness, frankness, and fierce rapacity. Their bronzed complexion, dazzlingly white teeth, black eyes, every glance of which is a flash of lightning, and regular features, compose a physiognomy that terrifies more than great ugliness.

"Their manœuvres surpass everything a European can imagine. How cold, prim, and faded seem our civilized ways compared with those impassioned countenances, those picturesque costumes, those furious gallops, that grace and impetuosity of movement that belong only to them. They discharge their carbines on horseback at full speed, and display inimitable address in the exercise of the djereed. Every rider decks his steed with a care he does not always bestow upon his own adornment, covering it with carpets, strips of purple stuffs, cashmere shawls, and all the costly things with which the plunder of the caravan can supply him.

"The manœuvres lasted more than two hours, and afforded us an exact image of Asiatic warfare. They concluded with a general *mêlée*, which really terrified not a few spectators, so much did the smoke, the shouts, the ardour of the combatants, the discharges of musketry, and the neighing of the horses complete the vivid illusion of the scene. It was at last impossible to discover anything through the clouds of dust and smoke that whirled round the impetuous riders."—(pp. 71, 72.)

We now pass with our travellers into the extensive country of the Don Cossacks, which seems naturally divided into two well distinguished parts, one to the north and west, consisting of plains, much elevated, intersected by rivers and ravines, and presenting advantages for agriculture and pasturage. The Donetz, the Khoper, and the Medveditza are among its rivers, and it is along the two latter that the Cossacks have their most celebrated studs, the best known of which are those of Count Platof. We need hardly remark that horse-rearing is the great staple of their industry. The other division consists of steppes or dreary plains, extending along the left bank of the Don to the confines of the government of the Caucasus, and along the Manitch to the frontier of Astrakhan. Soil and scene are alike unvaried; but it is in those plains that the Cossacks who rear horses and other cattle find the main source of their wealth. Novo Tcherkask, the capital of the Cossack country, was founded by Count Platof, in 1806. On arriving there, M. and Madame de Hell were at once struck with the appearance and costume of the people, both announcing a distinct nation. The men were handsome, the women pretty.

There was nothing in their dress partaking of the New Russians they had just left, and nothing European—every thing was Cossack. The Cossacks are all soldiers, a circumstance which, though it may improve their appearance, is not at all calculated to advance their well-being; agriculture is but little attended to, the domestic ties are interfered with, and the men, when not engaged in war, are, like other soldiers, much disposed to idleness. These and others as pernicious are inherent evils in a nation which is wholly military. The Cossacks are intelligent. M. de Hell states that he had, at Novo Tcherkask, thirty of their young men, pupils, and that after only a few weeks' study, they executed topographical plans extremely well. The Cossacks pay no taxes, are obliged to equip themselves at their own expense, and only receive pay from the day they cross the frontier. It has lately been proposed to equip them at the charge of government, and in that case they would, of course, be taxed. Their country is now a Russian government, which is represented by a general placed at the head of their military staff, and resident at Novo Tcherkask, a change which is much against the wishes of the people, but their organization is still peculiar:—

"The ataman (locum tenens) holding the grade of lieutenant-general, is the military and civil head of the government, and at the same time the president of the various tribunals of the capital. The functions of vice-president having been conferred, since 1841, on the general of the staff before mentioned, the latter is, in fact, the sole influential authority in the country.

"The province of the Don Cossacks is divided into seven civil and four military districts; the courts are similar to those of the other governments.

"The army amounts at present to fifty-four regiments, of 850 men each (not including the two regiments of the empire and the grand duke), and seven companies of artillery, having each eight pieces of cannon. In 1840, there were twenty-eight regiments in active service, fifteen of them in the Caucasus, with three companies of artillery. At the same time, nine other regiments were under orders to march for the lines of the Kouban."—(p. 145.)

The Don Cossacks are divided into four classes:—1st, the aristocracy,

founded by the Emperor Paul; 2nd, the free Cossacks; 3rd, the merchants; and, 4th, the slaves; amounting in all to about 600,000. All the horse soldiers are taken from the second class, which indeed comprises the mass of the population. Up to 1841, their polity had this remarkable peculiarity, that their whole territory was one common domain, without any individual ownership. The government, after many vain attempts, has at length succeeded in dividing the lands, giving so much to each family, and an allowance for slaves. This arrangement is likely to complete the overthrow of the Cossack institutions. The peasants are indeed free, but when their lands are absorbed by the wealthy, as, no doubt, they soon will be, they will sink to the grade of slaves; serfdom will then become fixed law, and the Russian principle of unity will have assimilated their once singular country to the other provinces of the empire.

It has been attempted to introduce Merino sheep into the steppes of the Don, and with some success; but they seem to require too much care ever to prove, on a large scale, a source of profit to the Cossacks. Agriculture is, as we have said, but imperfectly attended to; but the cultivation of the vine has been long established amongst them, in the southern regions of the Don and of the Axai. The Don wine is sparkling, not equal to champagne, but good, and much used in Russia. Horse-rearing, for which their plains are so well adapted, is their main, almost their solitary, trade. Count Platoff's studs are the most celebrated: they are of the trans-Kouban race, crossed by Persian and Khivian horses, procured by the late count, during the Persian war of 1796. They have also good cavalry horses, of the Tartar and Kalmuck breeds. The persons in charge of the herds are usually Kalmucks: about one hundred horses are kept by one family, five hundred by three, a thousand by five, and so on; but, except a few great proprietors, the Cossacks in general allow their herds to wander without superintendence. These horses never enter a stable: "summer and winter they are in the open air, and must procure their own food, for which they have often to strive against the snow." It is obvious how well such hardy train-

ing must fit them for campaigns. Nothing is easier than to break them in:

"The horse selected is caught with a noose; he is saddled and bridled; the rider mounts him, and he is allowed to gallop over the steppe, until he falls exhausted. From that moment he is almost perfectly tamed, and may be used without damage."

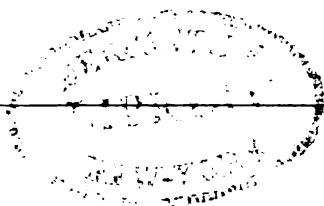
M. de Hell adds, that he rode a mare, thus broken in, in one of his longest equestrian journeys, and that, though six days before his departure, she was completely free, he never had a more docile animal.

The origin of the Cossacks is unknown, and has long been the subject of antiquarian controversies. It is generally held that people and name are derived from *Kassachia*, mentioned by a writer of the ninth century as a province in the neighbourhood of the Caucasus; but of this Kassachia nothing is known; and, while the name occurs only in the ninth century, our Cossacks did not appear for four hundred years afterwards. There is great reason to believe that the term Cossack is of Tartar origin, and means adventurer. The Cossacks themselves regard the name as of no historical significance, but only as a designation given them in former times. As now, and, so far as we know of, as ever used, the word *Cossack* describes a nomade people, living under a peculiar military organization; and is thus applied not only to the Don Cossacks, but to Turcoman and Kalmuck tribes in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, while in Bessarabia, a medley of gipsies and other people are called the Cossacks of the Dneistr. In regard to the Don Cossacks, the most ancient and most important of all the tribes who have ever borne the name, they became first known in history in the thirteenth century, on the dismemberment of the Tartar empire; in the reign of Ivan IV., they put themselves under the protection of Russia, and since that period their history has been blended with that of the empire. They differ from the mountaineers of the Caucasus in physiological characteristics, and from the Circassians in language, in religion, and in the well-marked fact, that while the Circassians show great skill in manufactures, the

Cossacks have no liking for any employment of the kind. They are, probably, of the Slavonic stock, mingled with Circassian and other bloods; and this intermixture, together with their republican institutions, may have imparted to them the national and intellectual vigour by which, as compared to their neighbours, they have been and are distinguished. Catherine II. determined to remodel their organization, with the object of their being incorporated with her people; but, though her plans have been constantly pursued, it is only at the present hour that they are in course of being accomplished. Every interference, however, with their rights and usages, has been in a very high degree unpopular; and had Napoleon only sent emissaries to the Don, with promises to re-establish amongst the people there their ancestral constitution, the issue of the cam-

paign of 1812 might have been wholly different. The Count Platoff of that brilliant period, was the last Hettman, or *Ataman* of the Cossacks; and on his death, and under the pretence of rewarding the nation for its services, the functions of the station were suppressed, while the title was conferred on the heir apparent.

We have been led to dwell upon the subject of the Cossacks a little longer than we contemplated, and cannot, at least at present, journey on with our travellers into other regions as full of interest as those we have only in part described. We commend their book to our readers, with a perfect confidence that it will be found entertaining and full of information. We have not seen it in the French, but are disposed to think that it loses neither grace nor vigour in its English dress.



ART IN GERMANY.—THE CATHEDRAL OF ULM.*

HAVING visited the greater number of the German States, I am now on my way to Munich, the great focus of German art. But this art being deeply impressed with reminiscences of the past, I must, before proceeding hither, give you, according to my promise, a sketch of the forms in which it existed among the Teutonic nations at the close of the middle ages—an epoch to which the studies and tastes of their descendants so decidedly revert at the present day.

This morning, on descending the last slope of the Alb, I entered Ulm, a city which played an important part in the civil wars of Germany, and is stamped upon our memories as the scene of one of the most brilliant exploits of the empire. Its cathedral, one of the latest productions of the art of the middle ages, is built of brick, like the houses

which shelter themselves under its gigantic sides. But this material, which in ordinary dwellings appears mean, produces quite an opposite effect in this immense edifice—it more strikingly displays the power and skill put forth in its construction. When art fashions enormous piles of stone into monuments which imitate those of nature, we look upon it as an effort of wondrous power; but when this same art transforms the clay which we trample under foot into a colossal monument of elegance and majesty, such as the Cathedral before me, it appears little short of a miracle of supernatural intelligence; and it is impossible not to turn with something of regret to those times when men, now consigned to idle inactivity by frigid doubt, could raise structures out of the sand cast by the waves upon the shore, which rival in

* "De l'Art en Allemagne." Par M. Fortoul.

their majestic height even the dazzling snow-peaks of those stupendous mountains of Switzerland which I so lately visited with you, my friends.

The architect of the Cathedral of Ulm has given a front of stone to his church of brick; and in order to secure all possible richness to this façade, without producing a disagreeable contrast with the rest of the building, he has covered it from top to bottom with mouldings of the most perfect elegance. The eye can scarce follow to their entire height these bold lines, which seem to add to the elevation of the building. A single tower composes the entire front; and although it has stopped at two-thirds of its projected height, its effect is still very imposing. The porch is recessed in its base, and is ornamented with gothic bas-reliefs of the most singular and naive designs. In the interior, we enter first a vast portico, which supports the organ-loft, and looks like a second veil hung before the majesty of the sanctuary; but so soon as we advance under the columns of this great compartment, we behold within the noble frame-work which they form, one of the most magnificent temples ever designed by Christian art.

Three aisles occupy its whole breadth.

The nave is supported by gigantic columns, above which are pierced lofty windows. The profusion of light diffused by these throughout the elevated region of the vault, increases its apparent distance from the eye, and it may be said that the clouds themselves seem to canopy this noble temple. Columns as lofty as the piers of the nave, and, despite their immense size, slender as the palm-tree, support and divide the lateral aisles. Exquisite ornaments, of such infinite variety that their forms are never repeated, expand around the great piers; on their shafts, here and there, project heads and flowers, which bend with movements of grace altogether undefinable. An elegant baptistry, almost lost in a space without limit, displays its semicircular form, sculptured with all the taste, so full of sentiment, which in every country marks the transition of style from the Gothic to the Renaissance. Thus this edifice, the size of which is colossal, and its exterior even heavy from its massiveness, abounds with details of inconceivable delicacy. The whole

magic of the building lies in this contrast, continued and reproduced at every step.

The pulpit is unique of its kind. Those commonly seen are covered with a canopy of wood, with which art has had nothing to do. The most beautiful, which are those of Flanders, are carved with a good deal of imagination, but in very doubtful taste. Generally they represent a corner of the Garden of Eden, where, amidst the growing forms of visible nature, the voice of God descends upon the head of the first man, through the first foliage of the vegetable creation. But these ingenious productions never bear any close relation to the ancient edifices which they adorn; heavy folds of drapery intermingle with the branches, and overwhelm them with a cumbrous weight of splendour, which betrays at once the false taste of the 17th century. The pulpit of Ulm, on the contrary, is of the same age and style as the rest of the edifice; it is surmounted by a gothic cap, the point of which measures the entire height of the church, and is lost in the vaulted roof, like a celestial flame remounting to its source. This immense pinnacle is of the most elaborate workmanship. The principal *motive* of its decoration is a little staircase, which winds through an arbour of trefoils, decreasing as it ascends. If it were by any means possible to reach this insulated staircase, a child could not stand upon the lowest step, although it is the least narrow. For what purpose, then, does it serve? Is it to be believed that the architect had no motive in thus suspending it over the head of the preacher? May it not be that he prepared this path all covered with flowers for the messengers of the divine will, and appropriated this portion of his church for the little feet of the angels, who descended at the voice of the preacher, and thence hovered over the heads of the people.

Before we pass the grate of the choir, we find at the left corner a similar idea reproduced, in a still richer and more complete manner, in a tabernacle which merits great attention. Two little flights of stairs, leading to a niche destined to contain the Host—this is the whole monument. But how describe the way in which it is treated—how express the effect produced by its

ornaments, which shoot upwards like a brilliant rocket from the pavement, even to the summit of the Cathedral.

This architectural bijou is not the work of the architect of the church—it is attributed to Adam Kraft. Who is this Adam Kraft? you will ask. His name, not to be found in any French biography, may, however, be read on some admirable bas-reliefs in Germany. He who bore this name, unknown to us, but glorified on the other side of the Rhine, was a modest artist, who, like all his cotemporaries, called himself mason and stone-cutter, was born no one knows in what year, adorned Nuremberg with master-works at the end of the fifteenth century, and was left by the nobles of his native city to die in misery, in the hospital of Schwabach, at the beginning of the sixteenth. He was a great sculptor—indubitably the greatest of his nation—having moulded in stone, as Albert Durer has traced on canvas, the ideal of the genius of ancient Germany.

The principal work of this mason is the tabernacle of St. Lawrence. I shall tell you of its wonders if I ever visit Nuremberg. Now I will speak only of the tabernacle of Ulm, which is sufficient to give the highest idea of its author. The architecture of this little gem is unrivalled in its airy elegance—is all pierced work—in design so flexible, in tracery so profuse, as to indicate at once the hand of a sculptor, rather than that of an architect. It needed the purest taste to proportion this lofty marble spiral, surrounded by a thousand open parapets, to the narrow base on which it rests. But, what is still more extraordinary, are the small statues to which, here and there, the trefoils and pinnacles give place, and which appear like the fragile inhabitants of this delicate abode. The train of figures is uninterrupted from the highest point of the spires to the last step of the stairs which support them. The eye follows this pious assemblage even to the heavens, where it is lost. The most striking feature of these statuettes is their expression. They are so profoundly Christian, they necessarily convey to the spectator the faith they breathe—they make him think on God, before they allow him to think of art. Is not this the triumph of art itself? When we have time to analyse the execution, we

discover in it the impress of the most earnest, elegant, and patient labour. The little heads of these little figures are modelled with scrupulous care. Holbein, who is the successor and the heir of the whole generation to which Adam Kraft belongs, has not a finer or more vigorously truthful touch. Agreeably to the practice of the Gothic school, the draperies are treated more soberly than the figures, in order to give to these latter all due importance, and to add yet more to their austerity.

What shall I say of the distribution of these statues? What art in the arrangement of those placed between the pillars of the side balustrades! Along the whole flight of stairs figures of monks read attentively the sacred books which contain the traditions of the church—at the angles of the stairs, as a place of more importance, bishops stand in meditative attitudes; they are already conversant with the works studied by the monks, and commune more upon futurity with their own souls. This division typifies the hierarchy of the church terrestrial. The hand-rail, which is carried above these figures, is formed by saints at rest, and of the poor among the faithful who, at the close of day, repose upon the faith of the divine word. The sleep of the just which seals their eyelids, imparts a blessed tranquillity to their figures; some still hold the staff with which they have made the long pilgrimage of life, and which rests near them at the door of the holy tabernacle. This is the type of the equality of the church celestial. In this small space, therefore, the artist has presented to us, without apparent effort, and with the greatest simplicity, at once, the institution as well as the dogma of Christianity. It is rarely, except in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that art has known how to awaken the deepest feelings without the aid of ostentatious splendour. In the sixteenth, Paganism had already made its way into the hearts of the most religious. Jupiter Tonans reigned in the calmest imaginations. What thought had gained in brilliancy, it had lost in sentiment—the line had more movement, but less character—there was more actual beauty, but less of the *life* which irradiates the depths of the human soul. It is probable I

shall have frequently to recur to this observation, so fertile in consequences. I am in a country where the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are exalted above all; it is by evoking the memories of this period, the cotemporary artists of Germany hope to throw open the portals of the future to the rising genius of their country.

There are, besides, other master-works of the same period here. The choir, to which the absence of side-chapels gives a greater severity, is lighted by a few lofty windows opened at the end of the apsis. The design of the stained glass which adorns them is in perfect harmony with the rest of the edifice; the figures are framed in architectural ornaments of surpassing richness. The light in passing through this glass receives the warmest tints, and this light sombre, yet ardent, falls upon the stalls, and shews to the greatest advantage their rich browns and precious carvings. Wood yields to the chisel more easily than stone; it may be that its extreme facility of execution is the cause of that disdain always manifested by certain schools for a material, which does not offer sufficient resistance to stimulate genius, or to perpetuate its impress. Yet among the Greeks, as well as modern nations, wood has been highly esteemed in sacerdotal epochs, and by religious artists. It would even appear to have influenced in a special manner the form of private dwellings and public monuments, as well those of the middle ages as of antiquity. I must now introduce to you a sculptor still less known but not less inspired than Adam Kraft, who confided to this fragile material the purest and most delicate forms. His name is George Surlan. All I can tell you of him is, that he was born at Ulm, begun to carve the stalls of the cathedral in 1460, terminated his labour, which is signed and dated, in 1467, introduced his own portrait and that of his wife, and that they must have been one of the handsomest couples in the whole Christian world. The head of the artist, full of nobleness and thought, had the aquiline form, which is the general type of the most beautiful oriental races, and in Europe ordinarily marks men born to command by their talents or their character. His wife also shews the noble organization which assimilates

her to him but besides this, in the delicate and rather lengthened outline of her physiognomy and in the elegance of all her proportions, there is a particular grace of which I fancy I can see the traces in the works of her husband. With his young and beautiful wife, whose features he has continually re-produced, with the feeling for art which animated him, was the artist happy? I believe it, since he is unknown. The memory of man has no echo, save for sorrow. It is thus she composes history with the remembrance of the crimes and miseries which have desolated the earth. But whilst the storms which she registers burst over society, how many are the hearts and souls who seek the infinite in a life more calm and secure. Why are these forgotten, and names alone recorded, which are great only by agitating and staining the earth with the blood of her children?

At Antwerp I had seen carvings in wood of the greatest interest; most of the churches of Belgium contain, besides their beautiful pulpits, confessionals, which are adorned with statues and medallions, in which the human form is treated in an elevated style. But I had no idea of such perfection as is displayed in the stalls of the cathedral of Ulm. The subject of their decoration is, to say the least, as original as the execution is remarkable. To adorn the seats of the chancel of his native town, George Surlan has composed a biography of illustrious men and women, mingling in this sort of apotheosis the illustrious names of Paganism with those of Christianity with a *naïveté*, I should be inclined to take seriously, and which was not only an indication of the advent of the *renaissance*, but also the expression of supremacy which Catholicism sought to extend over anterior epochs, as well as over generations to come. The artist first made two divisions in his work; at the right, on entering, he has placed the women, at the left, the men. In each of these two divisions he has arranged three successive stages. The lowest, in front of the stalls, destined to great names of Pagan history; the second, at the back of the stalls, to those of the Bible; the highest, on the canopy which covers them, consecrated to subjects from the New Testament. They are, in fact, like three steps in the progress

of humanity. The charming faces sculptured on the right wall must have caused more than one distraction in the thoughts of the canons placed under the fire of their eyes. In the front part of the stalls there are busts of the Sibyls in different costumes. One wears the high Brabançon cap; another the long tresses of Germany; one the Jewish veil, whilst another displays the head-dress of Italy. At the back are medallions, which represent those great women who astonished the Hebrew people by the grandeur of their enthusiasm or their courage. Finally, on the canopy, surrounded by arabesques and open work, are half-length figures of saints and martyrs bearing their palms and crowns—enchanted beauties, who no doubt had disarmed the cruelty of their executioners, if nature had been as complaisant to them as art. Each of these figures has a peculiar and appropriate expression; grace is the privilege of all, but there are among them some, whose smile has a purity all Christian, whose eyes seem to drop celestial dew.

On the men's side of the choir, George Surlan has carved on the first stage the Pagan philosophers. He begins with Pythagoras, playing on the guitar, in allusion, no doubt, to the mystic harmonies of numbers and spheres upon which this sage founded his whole system. Then we have Socrates, but not a likeness, no bust of him having then been discovered. Next to him, Cicero, who wears a turban, his hand buried in his long beard. Then Terence, who resembles the Christ crowned with thorns by Guido; then Quintilian, Seneca, and others. After the philosophers, and near the door, the artist has placed his own portrait; that of his wife occupies a corresponding place among the Sibyls. At the backs of the stalls which cover the left wall, he has placed medallions of the prophets; the apostles occupy the canopy. The women's side is certainly to be preferred to that of the men, at which he commenced his labour, and on which he may be said to have first tried his skill. I must, however, confess I have never seen within the circle of modern sculpture any work of stone or marble more endowed with immortality than these efforts in wood, and I dare to compare them, the female heads especially, with what antiquity

has left us, I do not say of her grandest, but of her most graceful works.

After satisfying myself with a view of this temple, I hastened to ascend its tower. It is only by examining the construction we can comprehend the plan of an edifice. Moreover, the view which we command from the top is not the least of the pleasures which the buildings of the middle ages bestow. In the middle of confined dwelling-houses, and the common perspectives of cities, the cathedral seems to raise its lofty head to give us the liberty of ranging over vast spaces, of enjoying the plenitude of the earth and of the heaven—an image of the infinite scope opened by religion to the human soul.

Generally when, we first see a picture, we turn at once to find the name inscribed upon it; but we are tardy in paying the same honour to the architect. It would seem as if we fancied that those grand temples which cover the ground with their vast foundations, have cost no trouble, and have sprung out of the earth of themselves. In truth, it is only after earnest study of the arts, that we begin to perceive an individual character in these imposing masses. I was so fortunate as to find, underneath a complete plan of the cathedral of Ulm, in the sacristy, the name of the architect, Ensiger, who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century. In ascending the steps of the tower, I religiously followed out his idea, the whole of which I had just traced on the paper. By degrees, as I mounted, I perceived that the architectural design became more delicate, more capricious, and more rich. The spire with which the artist had intended to finish his tower, was a miracle of lightness and tracery. I could fancy I saw him standing on his enormous accumulation of bricks, disembarassing himself by degrees of their weight, giving free play to his imagination, and indemnifying himself for the unavoidable heaviness of the base by the florid richness of the summit, increasing at every step. When I reached the top, and discovered the immense plain stretching out on every side, I comprehended at once how, thrown as he was, into a country without mountains and without quarries, he had been constrained, to dispense with nature's assistance, and to create for himself not only the lines, but even the

material of his monument. I could appreciate then the influence which the mere materials must exercise over the constructions of man, in despite of his genius. Amid the monotonous scenery of the vast panorama which lay under my eyes, a few interesting points stood out. Towards the north, on the slope of a hill, I was shown the abbey of Elchingen, at the foot of which Marshal Ney gained a victory and a dukedom. To the south lies the palace of Mechilsberg, a severe-looking building, which belongs to the King of Wurtemberg. To the east, with the help of a glass, I distinguished, in the direction of Lake Constance, the heights of Hohenstanfen, whence descended a whole race of emperors. In other days, when I traversed the Lake of the Four Cantons, the donjon which had witnessed the birth of the house of Habsbourgh, was pointed out to me on the shore of the Gulf of Kussnacht. Strange that these two great families, the most powerful which have governed Germany and the world, should have sprung from the borders of these two lakes, and the foot of these grand mountains. Their ambition was kindled on the spot where the most aspiring has been extinguished! Animated by the energy they drew from the virgin bosom of this wild nature, those indomitable beings went forth to unfold in the face of God designs which confounded with amazement and fear, men bred up in the heavy and enervating air of cities.

I read upon the platform of this unfinished tower an inscription, which tells that, in the year 1492, the Emperor Maximilian inspected the cathedral from top to bottom, when it had scarce reached its present elevation. This prince, whom Goëthe has so well represented in his "Goetz von Berlichingen," opened a new era in Germany: it was he who restored to the empire some of that unity, of which the feudal system had by degrees relaxed all the springs; it was he who transmitted to Charles V. those vast plans of universal domination for which the latter has received all the glory. Like his grandson, Maximilian passed his life in continual agitations, in journies without end from one extremity to another of his vast possessions, seeing with his own eyes, watching every where the progress of the arts, the administration

of the laws, and the immense affairs of his people, carrying on at the same time an almost continual war in Flanders and Italy, and forming, even in the infancy of the prosperity of the house of Austria, projects even more audacious than all the great success of this family has given birth to in after times. His reign marks the zenith of ancient German art: it witnessed the glory of Hemling in the Low Countries, of Albert Durer, Adam Kraft, and Peter Vischer, in Franconia. The cathedral of Ulm, begun towards the middle of the fourteenth century, remained unfinished at the end of the fifteenth. At this period it was that Maximilian, standing upon its summit, threw a sovereign eye over the provinces of Swabia, where he had re-established with so much care the supreme authority of the empire. On beholding those immense and tranquil plains spread out at his feet, he, no doubt, proudly thought on the dream of his life, and figured to himself that in a near future the whole empire of Germany, submissive to one law, subject to one will, should irrevocably bow the head beneath the yoke of imperial majesty. Yet, before his death, he had heard the name of Luther, at whose eloquent voice the revived chimera of the Holy Roman Empire was strangled in its birth, and despite the omnipotence of his successor, this beautiful cathedral, which catholicism had raised at such expense, was invaded and conquered by the new heresy. Luther, who divided the empire, reigns to-day where Maximilian dreamed of its consolidation. Scarcely had the portals been thrown open, when the Reformation seized upon them, and still it keeps them shut. The deity of the temple has departed out of it—why seek him still in the places he has abandoned? Pilgrims who seek the remains of art, alone ask to visit it; but it is not to adore God, but to admire the genius of man, they pass over this deserted threshold. One day in the week, it is true, the crowd still come to pray in the lofty nave; but they kneel before an empty tabernacle—they no longer see a cloud of incense float through the vaulted roof. But one object in the church corresponds still with the worship professed in it—the cold slabs of stone which cover the tombs of their ancestors.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

The Phantom Ship.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

I.

The clouds are dark, and the winds are wailing ;
 The sky is deserted of moon and star.
 It is the hour when The Ship goeth sailing
 Along the dusk ocean fast and far.
 That lone Ship, steered by a viewless hand,
 And pauseless on her path,
 No storm shall wreck ; she shall reach the strand
 Unharm'd by the elements' wrath.

II.

Far out in the offing, where, on the billows,
 The winds are dumb, and the stilled air dies,
 Arises a barren rock, and pillows
 Its naked head amid burning skies.
 There nothing bloometh of green or soft ;
 No blithe bird nestles there ;
 The eagle alone, from his throne aloft,
 Reigns over a desert bare.

III.

Yet, *there* sleeps He who was Europe's Lord,
 Her King, her Hero, her Man of Doom,*
 And his head-gear, golden sceptre, and sword,
 Lie noteless on his forsaken tomb.
 No voice bewails the Illustrious Dead ;
 It is silentless all and Dearth,
 It is ghastly Gloom round the last low bed
 Of the mightiest spirit of Earth !

IV.

And the moons roll round, and the seasons duly,
 And stark the Emperor lieth away,
 Till again in its course refalleth newly
 The stormful night of the Fifth of May.
 Amidst that black and dolorous night
 He passed from this world of strife,
 And, when it returns, in the swift year's flight,
 He awakes for a while to Life.

V.

And now, as the conquered gale is dying,
 The Ship approaches in phantom-show,
 A spectre-flag at her mast-head flying
 Of golden bees on a field of snow.

* It is matter of history, that Napoleon frequently designated himself "*L'homme du destin*."

And the King embarks, in the moonlight blue,
 And away she hies as a bird,
 Without a pilot, without a crew,
 And with sails all wind-unstirred.

VI.

He paces her deck, that Hero of story,
 And looks abroad through the desert night.
 His thoughts fly back to his years of glory ;
 His eyes rekindle with living light.
 And on *She* speeds to the ancient shore
 Of History and Romance—
 And the Hero's heart leaps up once more—
 He knows his beloved France !

VI.

Again he treadeth her soil, which trembles
 Beneath the feet of the Genius of War ;
 But, how changed seems all ! The land resembles
 The wreck, the shell of a burnt-out star !
 He seeketh her cities, but findeth none—
 He looks for her armies in vain—
 They flourished, they lived, but under the sun
 Of his resplendent reign !

VIII.

He seeks the Throne that he won by Conquest—
 'Tis trod into dust with the things that were.
 France knows it no more ! Yet still hath he *one* quest—
 The Father looks round for his Royal Heir—
 He calls aloud for the Boy whose birth
 Was hailed as the Hope of the Age—
 Alas ! his life is outblotted from Earth,
 His name from History's page !

IX.

" All, all are gone ! " cries the Desolate-hearted—
 " My glory, my people, my son, my crown !
 Oh, how are the days of my power departed !
 How lost is the nation I raised to renown !
 My house and my hopes alike lie prone
 In an all-engulphing Grave—
 A slave sits now upon Cæsar's throne,
 And Cæsar hath sunk to a slave ! "

 Wilhelm Tell.

(FROM THE SWISS.)

I.

" Father ! what path is it here thou explorest ?
 Why since the midnight thus roam we the forest ? "—
 —" Hush, foolish boy ! Need I teach thee that none rise
 Earlier than they who would hunt before sunrise ? "

II.

" Father, my father !—thou raisest my wonder !
 Sprang not a stag from the green thicket yonder ? "—

—"Silence, my son! Let the stag seek his cover—
Other prey chase I ere morning be over!"

III.

"Look, father, look! The copse is now so narrow!
O! what a mark were yon fawn for thine arrow!"—
—"Boy, thou yet knowest me not! Let the fawn pass!
Better blood drinketh mine arrow ere dawn pass!"

IV.

"Father, glance round thee! Glance upward, O, father!
Rain-drops fall heavy, and thunder-clouds gather!"—
—"Son! amid earthquake, and thunder, and lightning,
Learn thou to stand with a hope ever brightening!"

V.

"Look, my dear father! Herr Percy, the Bailey!
Rides he not hitherward bravely and gaily?"—
—"Ha! the grand villain! . . . Now, caitiff Herr Percy,
Bless the good God if He shew thy soul mercy!"

VI.

"Heavens, father!—see! The sharp shaft lies imbedded
Deep in the breast of the man we all dreaded!"—
—"Man, my son? All are not Men whom we call so—
This was—a Blood-hound, and Spaniel-whelp also!"

The Deliverance of Count Guarinos.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Ill fared ye, gallant Frenchmen, on Roncesvalles' plain!
There your Emperor lost his glory, and his Paladins* were slain,
And Admiral Count Guarinos was captured in the fight;
Seven Moorish Monarchs all made prize of that renowned Knight,
Seven Moorish Monarchs all cast lots for that redoubted Knight,
And the winner was a mighty King; Marlótez was he hight.
Him valued more Marlótez than all Arabia's wealth,
And thus he blandly spake him, "To Don Guarinos health!
By Allab, valiant Knight, but in bonds thou must not pine!
Become a Moslem of the Moors, and all I have is thine.
My daughters twain, O Pride of Spain! shall own thee Lord for life,
And one shall weave thee shawls and shoon, and one shall be thy wife;
And as a marriage-dower that may be worthy them and thee,
Chuse thou the richest-lands and towns in all Alarabee."
But Count Guarinos answered, "Now, God's protecting grace
And the Holy Virgin save me from apostasy so base!
I worship Christ my Saviour, and curse thy false Mahound;
Moreo'er, I have a bride in France, to whom I hold me bound."—
Thereon the King waxed wroth, and he had Guarinos cast
Down deep into a dungeon, and chained with fetters fast,
Seven hundred weight of iron, which left him ill at ease,
While slimy stagnant waters rose up ayond his knees.
Thence thrice a year for sport and cheer to the Paynim rabble-rout
With buffetings and mocking taunts his captor dragged him out,

* The twelve peers of France.

And the days whereon this noble Knight must brook such bitter scorn
Were Christmas-feast, and Whitsuntide, and the holy Easter morn.

A weary time, a dreary time, I wot, was his alway,
Till after five long years rose bright San Juan's festal Day,
When the Moslem people strew the ways with myrtle boughs and leaves,
But the Christians all with cypress, as the greenest tree that grieves.
There was tilting from the morning dawn among the Moorish train,
And King Marlótez reared aloft a target on the plain ;
A blank round glittering shield it was, like the sun amid the skies,
And whoso struck it down to earth he won the Victor's prize.
But no skilled hand in all the land might speed a shaft so far—
"As well have aimed," they all exclaimed, "at *Mihr*, the morning-star !"
Hereat was roused Marlótez' wrath—he started to his feet—
No child, he swore, should suckle more, no man buy bread to eat,
There should be fear afar and near, there should be dool and dearth,
Until some warrior's arm laid low the target on the earth.
The tumult and the shouting reached at last Guarinos' ear—
"How now !" he cried, "Comes Christmas-tide so early in the year ?
Or doth Marlótez's daughter wed some Bey of high degree,
Some Arab Lord ?—a meeter spouse than once she missed in me—
O, help me Christ and Mary now ! My soul is sore distrest !
Would God in Heaven I might but learn at once the worst or best !"
This heard the Moorish gaoler, who stood on ward outside,
And thus he spake, "In June, I trow, falls not thy Christmas-tide,
Nor doth Marlótez' daughter wed a Bey of high degree,
Or find in Alarabian Lord the spouse she missed in thee.
This day hath King Marlótez reared a target-shield on high,
And infant may not suckle breast, nor man get bread to buy,
There shall be fear afar and near, there shall be dool and dearth,
Until some skilful marksman bring that target down to earth."
Then groaned the brave Guarinos, and he struck his brow, and cried—
"O ! might I mount my fiery steed, so long to me denied,
And might I don my cuirass bright, and couch my lance again,
Full soon, I ween, that shield should roll on Roncesvalles' plain !"
"Now, sooth to speak," the gaoler said, "a Knight in soul thou art !
But five long years of durance vile have lost thee hand and heart.
Thine arm is weak, thy face is wan ; Death's mist already dims
Thy sunken eye, and thine irons lie like mountains on thy limbs.
Yet, since thou wilt,—behold ! I bear thy cartel to the king—
Perchance he may invite thee yet within the tourney-ring !"

Then away the gaoler hastens, and at Marlótez' knee
Down-bending low, he speaketh so,—“O, Sun of Arabes,
O, Star of Spain, long last thy reign ! My captive craves a boon—
He lies, thou knowest, in iron bands now many a weary moon ;
Yet, an' thou grant him,—thus he vaunts,—his cuirass, lance, and steed,
Yon glittering shield anon shall roll o'erthrown upon the mead !”
With jeering laugh Marlótez to this made loud reply—
“By Allah, that is gallant, now ! I fain would see him try !
Go, thou, and give him all he asks, but in sooth it doubts me much
If in lieu of wielding lance he come not leaning on his crutch !”
The steed was sought, the cuirass brought ; Guarinos grasped his lance—
“Now, God and Mary aid me for the name and fame of France !”
So saying, and so praying, he dashed amid the throng,
Marlótez marvelling much the while to see him still so strong.
He sped his sharp lance upward, and the target, cloven in twain,
Came down with clangorous clash, and fell on either side the plain.
Then on the horde of Moors with sword outdrawn he fiercely rushed,
And some he slew, and othersome his charger trod and crushed.

It was a sight to see, how, with more than giant might,
 He smote them down by hundreds, or drave them far in flight.
 Then galloped he away, away, o'er the country far and fast,
 And left Marlótez gazing, with wonder all aghast.
 Now, thus did Count Guarinos escape from bonds and bale,
 And much was France rejoiced to see her Knight of Knights one more.
 I have penned, perchance, in too rude rhymes, this world-renowned tale,
 But all the events therein, I trow, ye have heard of oft before.

Owen Reilly: a Keen.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

I.

Oh! lay aside the flax, and put away the wheel,
 And sing with me, but not in gladness—
 The heart that's in my breast is like to break with sadness—
 God, God alone knows what I feel!

II.

There's a lone, a vacant place beside the cheerless hearth,
 A spot my eyes are straining after—
 Oh! never more from thence will ring my boy's light laughter,
 The outgushing of his young heart's mirth!

III.

No more will his hands clasp the cross before the shrine
 Of Christ's immaculate Virgin Mother!
 Never, oh! never more will he pour forth another
 Prayer for himself, or me, or mine!

IV.

The young men on the mountain sides will miss—miss long,
 The fleetest hurler of their number.
 Powerless, alas! to-night in Death's unbroken slumber,
 Lies he, the Lithe of Limb, the Strong!

V.

Oh! raise the keen, young women, o'er my darling's grave—
 Oh! kneel in prayer o'er his low dwelling;
 At break of day this morn there knelt his mother, telling
 Her beads for him she could not save!

VI.

Oh! plant, young men, the shamrock near my darling's head,
 And raise the hardy fir-tree over
 The spot: the strange wayfarer then will know they cover
 My Oweneen's dark burial-bed!

VII.

Heard ye not, yestereven, the Banshee deplore
 His death on heath-clad Killenvallen?
 "Ul-ullalu!" she cried, "A green young oak is fallen,
 For Owen Reilly lives no more!"

VIII.

There stands a lone grey hazel-tree in Glen-na-ree,
Whose green leaves but bud forth, and wither.
I sigh and groan as often as I wander thither,
For I am like that lone grey tree !

IX.

My four belovèd sons, where are they ? Have they not
Left me a wreck here all as lonely ?
They withered and they died ! I, their old mother, only
Remain to weep and wail my lot !

X.

But I will follow them now soon ; for oft amid ..
The storm I hear their voices calling,
“ Come home ! ”—and in my dreams I see the cold clay falling
Heavily on my coffin-lid !

XI.

When the dark night films o'er my eyes, oh ! let me be
Laid out by Aileen Bawn Devany ;
And let the lights around me at my wake be as many
As the white hairs yet left to me !

XII.

See that the tall white slender gowans blow and bloom
In the grass round my head-stone brightly ;
I would not have the little orphan daisy nightly
Mourning in solitude and gloom !

XIII.

Let there be shrieking on the hill and in the glen,
Throughout the length and breadth of Galway's
Green land ! Kathleen Dubh Reilly has herself been always
The Queen of Keeners : mourn her, then !

XIV.

Lights will be seen to dance along Carn Corra's height,
And through the burial-field ; but follow
Them not, young men and women ! for, o'er hill and hollow,
They will but lure to Death and Night !

XV.

But, come ye to my grave when, in the days of May,
The gladsome sun and skies grow warmer,
And say, “ Here sleeps Kathleen, where tempest cannot harm her,
Soft be her narrow bed of clay ! ”

XVI.

And count your beads, and pray, “ Rest her poor soul, oh, God !
She willed no ill to breathing mortal—
Grant her, then, Thou, a place within Heaven's blessed portal,
Now that her bones lie in the sod ! ”

S N O R R O .

(FROM THE DANISH.)

I.

Max Kandric hied him to Borg Dronnthayr,
 Max Kandric wooed a damosel fair,
 Oswilda of the rook-black hair.

"I go to the wedding!" cried Snorro.

II.

Max fetched her forth, his black-haired bride,
 He fetched her forth in the red eventide.
 A score of bold Ridders rode by her side—

"Whom I ride with!" said Snorro.

III.

They quaffed the mead at the wedding-feast,
 Till the ruddy Fire-god rose in the east.

"Who spares the foaming horn in the least
 Is no maid's man!" cried Snorro.

IV.

The bride's room-door it was triple-barred,
 No Ridder could strike aside its guard.

"By Thor!" cried all, "but this is hard!"—

"Make way for a sledger!" said Snorro.

V.

He wrenched away the bolting-pin.

He triple-barred the door within.

"She is mine, I trow, to woo and to win,

As well as another's!" quoth Snorro.

VI.

When the Ridders told this tale to Max

His wrath blazed up like flaming flax,

And he grasped his shield, and he grasped his axe—

"So! Batter thy best!" laughed Snorro.

VII.

"Thou caitiff! thou basest of guests and foes!

Quick! Open the door, ere it sways to my blows!

By Baldur, I'll cast thy corpse to the crows!"

—"To-morrow—or now?"—asked Snorro.

VIII.

He smote with the axe, he struck with the shield,

But the thick-bossed iron it never mought yield.

"Thine elbow-room on this mellay-field

Is not over-ample!" sneered Snorro.

IX.

—"Whose battle-sword won the damosel's ring?

Wretch, thine or mine? Do this foul thing,

And I drag thee at noon before the King!"

—"Ho! ho!—Do that!" snorted Snorro.

X.

Max Kandric he rode, with fire in his brain,
At the noontide hour over Ullthur's plain ;
And a score bold Ridders rode in his train.

"Whom I ride with!" cried Snorro.

XI.

—"Sir King, I crave a boon at thy hands!
A rank, foul stain on his honour brands
The Ridder Snorro—and here he stands!"—

—"Six feet and an inch!" quoth Snorro.

XII.

—"We sat at my wedding-feast till morn,
When Snorro, who pledged me, horn to horn,
Bore off the bride, and left me lorn!"

—"I'll finish the tale!" quoth Snorro.

XIII.

"Her tyrant father pawned her hand
To Kandric here for gold and land.
All vows but Love's are written in sand!
How sayest, Sir King?" quoth Snorro.

XIV.

—"Because both knights have loved her long,
And for two to wed one were a shameful wrong,
Be the bridegroom's right on the side of the Strong!"
—"That's where the horse kicks!" quoth Snorro.

XV.

The lists were cleared: Knight fronted Knight;
'Twas axe against axe in the deadly fight,
Now Odin and Hilda sustain the Right!
They fought, and down rolled Snorro!

XVI.

And Kandric's horse, as his foe lay prone,
Clave open with hoof his shoulder-bone.
"Ha!" Kandrick cried in a scoffing tone,
"That's where the horse kicks, though, Snorro!"

XVII.

But up leapt Snorro, and found his feet—
"Thor's curse on him who shall first retreat!"—
He struck Max dead from steed and seat,—
"For Man has two arms!" quoth Snorro!

XVIII.

"And now for Oswilda! Where doth she bide?"
Then out spake the King, "The world is wide—
"Forth, Snorro, and seek thee a faithfuller bride!
This hates thee like Hell, O Snorro!"

XIX.

And out spake the bride, "I hate thee like Hell;
With my Lord the King will I henceforth dwell.
The Ridder thou slewest I loved not well,
But thee I abhor, O Snorro!"

XX.

Then Snorro fell with his face to the ground.
 He stirred not, he spake not, he looked not round,
 But the soul forsook him without a sound.
 So dark was the death of Snorro!

The Catacombs of St. Denis.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

I.

"Wandering, amid these caverns, backwards to the times
 Of Clovis and Clothaire, when Frenchmen loved and hated
 With souls of living fire, and Might was all in all,
 I see, in History's tome, ten thousand crimson crimes;
 But none of a dye deeper than have desecrated
 Thy vaults, thou Golgotha of Gaul!

II.

"Monarch of mine own mind, asking no boon of Power,
 Courting the smiles of none,—fortuneless, yet not cheerless,
 But blest in that Content which Wealth so rarely brings
 I cast my free thoughts forth to live their fleeting hour,
 Zealous alone that they speak Truth in language fearless
 Alike of Peoples and of Kings."

III.

"Good!" cried a swarth-faced stranger near me, bent with Age;
 "The words thou utterest, friend, seem to me wise and weighty.
 Thanks to the thirty thousand Gods, whose changeless Will
 Governs this world of ours, that I meet such a sage
 Here, where in one week more I close a life of eighty
 Winters of mingled Good and Ill!"

IV.

"Whence art thou?" I inquired. "The world," he spake, "is wide
 And uniform! Sand, grass, mountain, and plain, and city,
 Weary the traveller's eye; but, if thou fain wouldst know,
 I come from Egypt's shore, where from the elder time
 Men have learned not alone to study Man, but pity
 Him, as a being doomed to Woe!

V.

"They kill their enemies—true! but deify their Kings
 In *my* land,"—so the Old Man went on—"France, too, hath glorious
 Memories, my father told me, of her bygone Great!
 Show me the tombs of those whom *thy* land's Poesy sings!"
 Thou hesitated, son! Were the task too laborious?"—
 — "All, stranger—all are desolate!"

VI.

"Ah, so! I understand! You Frenchmen burn the bones
 Of Kings to save their souls! But surely some inurner
 Of royal dust hath saved the relics of a few.
 Have your First Francis, your Fourth Henry—they whose thrones
 Still daze men's eyes—no monuments?"—"Ask the charcoal-burner
 Who lived in Seventeen Ninety-two!

VII.

"Stranger! 'twas a Man-blasting, God-accusing time,
 That Ninety-two! A God-and-Man-exalting era
 No less! Our guns fell short of nitre, and we caused
 The Dead to yield it up to them! A ghastly crime
 No doubt; but every nation bows to some chimera.
 France worships Glory!"—Here I paused.

VIII.

—"France? Nitre? Glory-worship? What! Thy countrymen
 Rifled their fathers' tombs for murder-weapons? Frenchmen
 Compelled the Dead to slay the Living?"—"It was thus!"—
 —"Most horrible! New Zealand cannibals in their den
 Could scarce do more! The King of Dahomey's bloody henchmen
 Would shrink from aught so barbarous!"

IX.

—"Thou dost not own the Prophet?"—"No! Mine is a far
 More ancient creed than his: I honour, without fearing,
 A multitude of Gods, and thine among the rest.
 Conscience hath been my guide, Virtue my polar star,
 Through my life's pilgrimage. Glad thought, now, when I am nearing
 The habitations of the Blest!

X.

"You Frenchmen have weak eyes! The light that Jesus Christ
 Shed on the world—and no man worships more than I do
 That first of Gods and Men—dazes your infant sight!
 Oh, yes! your souls are dead,—else had His words sufficed
 To enkindle them; and Paris, now, like Tyre and Sido,
 Damned—could rule Earth with giant might!

XI.

"These words are bitter, son!"—"Father, they burn like fire!
 Spare me, I would conjure thee!"—"Ah! when'er Truth flashes
 Through certain minds, it always burns! Canst thou defend
 A people of regicides—a race that in blind ire
 Decapitate their sovereigns, and destroy their ashes?"—
 —"But I was born in France, my friend!"

XII.

—"Blush for thy country, then!" The Egyptian moved away
 And disappeared. Night's shades were gathering darkly over
 The grey walls of Saint Denis'. With sadness in my soul
 I also left the spot. Oh, France! France! hath Decay
 Rotted thy heart indeed, or wilt thou yet discover
 That God's Truth is thine ultimate goal?

The Worst Loss.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF DJAMEELAH.)

I.

"Merchant! I have lost the bright and beauteous
 Jewelled shawl thou soldest me so lately."
 —"Art, my lord, is in these days a duteous
 And withal a most industrious handmaid.

One so rich as thou may have a greatly
 Finer shawl, believe me, at command made."
 —"Thanks, good Merchant! Make me, then, I pray thee,
 A much finer shawl, and I will pay thee!"

II.

"Architect! my handsome country villa
 Yesterday took fire, and nought could save it.
 It now lies a ruin!"—"Allah-el-illah!
 Fire, like Air, will find or force expansion—
 Fire must burn, and woodwork may not brave it!
 But—I'll build thee a far handsomer mansion."
 —"Thanks, good Architect! The cost may make me
 Poorer, but, Inshallah! 'twill not break me."

III.

"Boatman! I have dropped a golden casket
 Of rich pearls (my whole wealth) in this river.
 I shall die!"—"Not so! Take up a basket,
 And hawk figs! The river hath bereft thee
 But of rubbish. Thank the Bounteous Giver
 Of all Good that Health and Hope are left thee,
 And be calm!"—"Well, Boatman, thou advisest!"
 Action, Action, is in all states wisest!"

IV.

"Hakim! All thy skill proves unavailing—
 Lo! he dies! My charming boy hath perished!"—
 "Be consoled, my friend, and cease thy wailing—
 This dear youth departs to another Father.
 Four sons, too, are left thee yet, as cherished,
 And more charming still, O! learn to gather
 Flowers amid thorns, and Comfort from bereavements—
 Peace and Patience are Life's true achievements!"

V.

"Moolah! Moolah! I feel broken-hearted."
 —"And why so, son? Whence this bitter anguish?"
 —"All is gone! My last stay hath departed,
 I have lost my NAME!"—"Oh, wretched mortal!
 Lost thy Name! Then, henceforth must thou languish
 In lone woe, shut out from Hope's last portal!
 Go, and consecrate thy soul to God by Sorrow,
 For on thy Life's Night shall never dawn a Morrow!"

The Mass of the Birds.

(FROM THE WELSH OF DAVYTH AP GWYLYNN, AN ANGLESEA BARD OF THE
 FOURTEENTH CENTURY.)

This morning, lying couched amid the grass
 In the deep deep dingle south of Llangwyth's Pass,
 While it was yet neither quite bright nor dark,
 I heard a new and wonderful High Mass.
 The Chief Priest was the Nightingale: the Lark
 And Thrush assisted him; and some small bird
 (I do not weet his name) acted as Clerk.

My spirit was lapt in ecstasy : each word
Word after word, thrilled through me like the deep
Rich music of a dream : not wholly asleep
Nor all awake was I, but, as it were,
Tranced somewhere between one state and the other.
All heavy thoughts that through the long day smother
Man's heart and soul with weariness and care
Were gone, and in their place reigned pure delight.
The nightingale, sent from a far and bright
Land by my golden sister,* prophesied
Of blessed days to come, in a sweet voice ;
And the small Bird responding, sang, " Rejoice ! Rejoice !"
I heard his little bell tinkle and jingle
With a clear silver sound that filled the dingle.
Heaven is a state wherein Bliss and Devotion mingle,
And such was mine this morn : I could have died
Of rapture ! Never knelt upon his hassock
Bishop or deacon with a holier feeling.
How beautifully shone the Thrush's cassock,
Covered all over with a thousand strange
And lovely flowers, like those upon an Arabesque ceiling !
The altar seemed of such resplendent gold
As no man, even a miser, would exchange
For all the jewels in the East of old.
Two hours I lay admiring all I saw,
Yet those two hours appeared to me no more
Than as a moment : I look back with awe
And wonder at what then I thought and felt,
And would give all my fame, and all my lore,
Yea, even almost my life, but to restore
The rapturous emotions that then dwelt
Within my bosom ! Ah ! this may not be—
But glory unto God, who in His infinite love
Created Man to enjoy to eternity
Even greater happiness in His own Heaven above !

J. C. M.

* A young lady of the name of Morvyth, to whom the bard appears to have been tenderly attached. She resided in the county of Chester.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AMONG the names which intestine commotion has from time to time withdrawn from obscurity and rendered historical, none has come down to posterity with a fairer or more honourable reputation than that of Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, who one hundred years ago was zealously engaged, with his numerous and valiant clan, in the last enterprize of the Stuart party.

The object of the present paper is not to pass over ground so much beaten as the expedition in question, nor to detail the particulars of the conspicuous part borne in it by Lochiel, which narratives approved by general acceptance have already sufficiently set forth—but to throw together, in a very brief form, a few circumstances less generally known regarding that memorable Highland chief.

Born about 1698 or 1700, he was too young to bear a part in the insurrection of 1715 (as his grandfather, the celebrated Sir Ewan, of Lochiel, was too old, being then eighty-seven years of age), which preserved for him the succession to the estate and chiefdom, on Sir Ewan's death, in 1719. His father, John Cameron, of Lochiel, had been outlawed and attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715, and mostly remained an exile for thirty-two years, the whole term of his subsequent existence.

Lochiel not only imbibed attachment to hereditary and indefeasible right, from the martial achievements in behalf of the Stuart family of his renowned grandfather, the most famous chief of his own day, but from the courageous example of his father, who, with his younger brother, Allan, perilled his life, and lost his fortune in that cause.

This Allan Cameron, the uncle of the subject of my paper, was a man of very considerable abilities and address, and for many years one of the prime agents of the Stuart family. In company with Stuart of Appin, he was commissioned by the Highland chiefs to present at court what was commonly called the "sword-in-hand"

address, in 1712, and it well deserved that name, for it openly asserted principles altogether inconsistent with the Hanoverian succession.

It is, I think, highly probable that Allan and his colleague were the Highland gentlemen mentioned by Swift, in a letter of that period, as having dined in his company at Lord Treasurer Harley's, and whom he specially distinguishes as "very polite men," no small compliment to two Scottish Highlanders, from that caustic pen. Allan exercised a very considerable influence over the mind of his nephew, the young chief, and employed it all in establishing his principles, and inflaming his zeal, on behalf of the Stuarts.

Lochiel, in his youthful days, paid many visits to France, and when about to return home from one of these, in 1729, received a regular commission from the old Chevalier, to treat with such of his friends in Scotland as he considered trustworthy.

This was accompanied by a letter from his uncle, Allan (who was chamberlain to that unfortunate prince), then at Albano, in Italy, which contains ample proof of the tact and ability already attributed to that relative. A few extracts are subjoined:—"You are to keep on good terms with Glengarry and all neighbours, and to let bygones be bygones as long as they continue firm to the king's interests. You must see to win them by courtesy and good management, which will, I hope, enable you to make a figure amongst them—not but that you are to tell the truth, if any of them fail in their duty to their king and country. . . . As to Lovat, pray be always on your guard, yet not so as to lose him; on the contrary, you may say that the king trusts a great deal to the resolution he has taken to serve him. . . . But, dear nephew, you know very well that he is a man whose chief end has always been his own interest. It is true he wishes our family well, and, I doubt not, would wish the king restored, if he has grace to lend a help-

ing hand to it, after what he has done. So, upon the whole, I know not what advice to give you concerning him, only you are to make the best of him you can; but always be upon your guard, for it is best not to put too much in his power, before executing a good design. The king knows very well how useful he can be, if sincere, which I have represented as fully as necessary."

Thus ably instructed, and possessed himself of an excellent understanding and accomplished manners, Lochiel was an invaluable auxiliary to the cause which, unhappily for himself, he so ardently espoused; and he brought a strength to it, superior to any resulting from mere force of intellect, or gentlemanlike bearing—the solid respect attached to an upright, honest, honourable character, which, through his entire life, he maintained unblemished, by the universal admission of friend and foe.

Placed at the head of a numerous and warlike clan, long distinguished for military achievement, but as much distinguished for predatory habits, he set his face steadily and consistently against every act of aggression and violence. "Burt's Letters from the Highlands" prove that he had done so as early as 1726. "The chief of the Camerons," writes that intelligent officer, "has, as I am very well informed, positively forbidden all such outrages (cattle-lifting, &c.), which has not at all recommended him to some of his followers."

But, however some of the fiercer spirits might chafe at being reined in from their accustomed turbulence, the clan in general soon became sensible of the inestimable qualities of their amiable chief. A chieftain of the clan, a few years deceased, and a worthy example of a hospitable, warm-hearted Highland gentleman (the late Cameron of Clunes), who was probably better acquainted with the local history of his sept than any person now surviving, and on whose authority many of the statements in this paper are made, gave me the following description of the estimation in which the subject of this memoir was held by his clan:—"There never was a chief more beloved than Donald of the Forty-five. He took the greatest pains to improve his clan, and was himself a most

amiable gentleman, so just, generous, and condescending, that he governed them entirely by the love which they had for him personally!"

His generosity was indeed only restricted by his means. His estate, though forty miles in extreme length, by many in breadth, did not produce more than £600 or £700 a year. The same estate now produces £10,000 per annum, as it is possessed by his great grandson. Indeed the rental itself of the estate did not amount to the sum above stated, but part of it was covered with vast woods, and where these were contiguous to the sea, Lochiel had many large transactions in their timber with the merchants of Whitehaven, and others.

His residence at Achnacarrie, in Glenmarkaig, through which a river rushes connecting the two large lakes, Arkaig and Lochy, and which was surrounded on all sides by extensive woods, formed a romantic and suitable abode for a Highland chief.

The tourist will there vainly seek any extensive ruins of Lochiel's mansion, burned by the military in 1746; nothing of it remains but a small portion of a cross wall. With the exception of a cross wall and a stone foundation, it had been entirely built of wood, which was the most abundant material in the neighbourhood, about the year 1725.

A summer-house erected by him may be seen by the river-side, within which a large ash-tree grows, marking the long period during which the building has been roofless. This was a favourite resort of his, and from the window it is said he could shoot a deer in the opposite wood, or draw a salmon from the stream, in order to which a bell rang when a fish was taken by machinery fixed in the river.

Lochiel had considerable taste for the improvement of grounds. He laid out gardens, and formed plantations of trees (such as beech) which did not grow naturally in his forests.

Just at the time of the young Chevalier's landing in the highlands, he contemplated the drainage of a large tract of ground, and the addition of it to his demesne, as well as the erection of a new mansion-house, for which preparations had been made, and timber actually sawn, which was thrown by the soldiery into the general conflagration.

gration, at the burning of the house already in existence at Achnacarrie.

Amidst such pursuits, and acts of real benevolence and general utility to his country, mingled, however, of course, with political plots, many years of his life passed away in the enjoyment of domestic happiness.

He was already closely allied to the clan Campbell, by near relationship to the Breadalbane family, and also to the Lochnell, the oldest cadets of Argyle, of which house his mother was a member, and he drew the bond of union with a clan generally so opposite in politics, still closer, by marrying the daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Auchencrook, Bart.

His father-in-law, however, was of the same political principles with himself, and they were alike Protestants in religious profession—a curious inconsistency, but one very common in Scotland at that day.

There were persons of all religious persuasions to be found among the Scottish adherents of the Stuart family, but men of rank were in general (as Lochiel was) of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Romanists (except among the very lowest class of Highlanders) were comparatively but few in number. The strength of the Jacobite conspiracy was among the Episcopalians.

So truly respectable a character as Lochiel, in whom Jacobitism was presented in the fairest colours, naturally attracted the notice of the friends of government in Scotland, and many efforts were vainly made by them to detach him from his party.

The celebrated John Duke of Argyle, to whose family and clan Lochiel was related, always paid him the most flattering attentions, and in conjunction with President Forbes, threw temptations in his way, which would have deprived the Stuarts of a less honest and resolute adherent.

While Lord Lovat played the game of fast and loose, watching any opportunity of personal advantage which either party afforded him, trusted by none, and disliked by all, Lochiel, steadfast in his political attachments, and earnest for his cause, attracted universal esteem, and his most bitter opponents lamented the fatuity which had thrown so worthy a man into the ranks of the Pretender.

I need not recapitulate the circumstances connected with the landing of Charles Edward, and the arrangements for insurrection. The histories of Home and Chambers are, upon these points, sufficiently satisfactory.

Lochiel was exceedingly distressed by so unadvised and rash an advent, and, in the first instance, dispatched his brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, with a message to the Chevalier, absolutely declining any association with so wild an enterprise.

It had been happy for himself, as well as his family and country, if he had been content with this intimation of his views; but on farther reflection he thought his loyalty required him to wait upon the prince, and explain them in person.

Mr. Home is very distinct and particular in his account of the interview which took place between Charles Edward and Lochiel, at Boradale; and there cannot be the smallest question that he is a faithful narrator of the real truth. The genuine character of the chief remarkably appears in that singular conversation—sensible and prudent, yet full of loyal enthusiasm and devoted bravery.

“I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power,” was its decisive conclusion.

In the diary of Bishop Forbes, published by Mr. Chambers, an assertion is made, on the authority of Macdonnell of Glengarry, that Lochiel required security to be given him for the value of his estate, before consenting to join the standard. Even if it were true, it is no blot upon the character of the chief. In the next place, the character of the bishop's informant was very indifferent, and altogether unworthy the gallant race from which he sprang. It is too bad to find a craven, who himself skulked from danger, and allowed his brave clan to be led out by his younger brother, presume to cast a reflection upon such a man as Lochiel, who asked no clansman to encounter peril which he himself did not face before him, and of whom a friendly opponent wrote—

“Not like the pretty, prudent, modern way,
Bid others go, himself at home to stay,
But like a warrior bravely drew his sword
And reared his target for his native lord.”

It may be observed, last of all, that

there is not the slightest trace of such an arrangement discernible in the correspondence between the Stuarts and Lochiel, subsequent to 1746, as we have it published in the appendix to "Brown's History of the Highlanders." On the contrary, the high and disinterested character of the chief stands in honourable contrast with the selfishness of others.

When Lochiel had once determined upon the hazardous enterprize which put an end to the happiness of his own domestic circle, as well as to that of so many other families, he threw all his energies into the task of marshalling his clan for the field. His call was cheerfully responded to by that warlike people, and all his chieftains were anxiously engaged in preparing their numbers against the day of rendezvous—

"Then through the wild Glennevis,
And down by Lochy's side,
Young Donald leaves his shealing,
And Malcolm leaves his bride."

His accession to so rash an adventure seems to have surprised some who were best acquainted with his principles and character. Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Sleat, writes to President Forbes, "Young Clanronald is playing the fool, and, what is much more extraordinary, Lochiel's prudence has altogether forsaken him." The Lord President himself also writes about the same time to Cluny Macpherson, "I am prodigiously concerned at the folly of our friend Lochiel."

The night of the 18th of August, 1745, was surely an anxious and agitating one at Achnacarrie. The next day was appointed for the erection of the standard at Glenfinnan, and parties of men were arriving from different quarters during the entire night. The house itself was filled with soldiers of the Royal Scots, nearly two hundred of whom had been taken prisoners the day before, by Macdonald of Keppoch, and handed over to Lochiel for safe custody. Lochiel treated these prisoners with the greatest humanity and courtesy; and finding one of the officers wounded, sent him on his parole to Fort Augustus, that he might be properly taken care of. I fear that this officer broke his parole.

At an early hour on the morning of the 19th, the main strength of the Clan Cameron had arrived; but a large company, who resided in Morven and

Suinart, in Argyleshire, were not to come to Achnacarrie, but to join on the march to Glenfinnan, to raise whom and bring them up, Lochiel had sent his brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, two days before. All the Lochaber Camerons had come up under their different chieftains, by six or seven o'clock: Letterfindlay, Glennevis, Glendessary, Calaart, Eracht, Strone, Clunes, Lindevra, &c., &c., all produced their plaided warriors.

Like other large highland clans, the Camerons consisted of various tribes, of which the three principal were, the Mac Martins, under the Laird of Letterfindlay; the Mac Molonys, under Strone; and the Mac Sorleys, under Glennevis. It was often a matter of great difficulty in clan regiments, to adjust the claims of the various chieftains to regimental rank, and required all the authority of the chief to prevent dissension. Lochiel's arrangements were, on this occasion, submitted to with little murmuring, although in general he gave the youngest cadets the highest rank, which was reckoned by some an innovation upon the ancient highland usage. It greatly facilitated the matter, that the Laird of Mac Martin, or Letterfindlay, who was the head of the most numerous tribe in the clan, as well as the oldest cadet, was at this time a child, so that the nomination to the command of the tribe rested with the chief, who appointed his uncle, Ludovic Cameron, one of the youngest cadets, to lead the Mac Martins. This Ludovic Cameron was of a school very different from his nephew Lochiel, and has received a character from Pennant, in one of his tours, which I believe him to have merited; but although selfish and unscrupulous, he was an adroit and able partizan, and was of very signal use in recruiting for the clan regiment.

Arrangements having been completed, the Camerons marched in two columns, with the prisoners in the centre, for Glenfinnan, which was many miles distant, amidst the tears and exclamations of a crowd of females, old men, and children, who had assembled to see them depart.

"The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch's sounding up the glen;
And I will tarry at Achnacarry,
To see my Donald and all his men."

They marched by Strone, and then by

the side of Lochiel, past Kilmalie Church, and the enormous ash-tree that grew beside it, full in the view of the garrison of Fort William, but they were far too numerous to apprehend any molestation from that quarter.

They passed Achdalu, the scene of a triumph of Sir Ewan's over Cromwell's soldiers, and Fassavern, the residence of Lochiel's brother, John Cameron, who took no share in the insurrection, and had done his best to dissuade his brother, the chief, from the rash enterprize. While Lochiel rejected his brother's prudent counsel, he allowed him in his own person to follow the bent of a cautious and pacific disposition.

When Lochiel and his clansmen arrived at the head of the loch, and were now but a few miles from Glenfinnan, the Camerons of Morven and Suinart, headed by his brother Archibald, and Cameron of Dungallon, were seen advancing to join them. Loud were the mutual shouts of congratulation with which the junction was effected. The clan now formed a body of eight hundred men, and surpassed the other septs that joined Charles Edward, as well by early adhesion as by superior numbers.

The public are indebted to Mr. Chambers for a correct version of the legend of Jenny Cameron, of whom so many stories, altogether false, have been told. She was the sister of Cameron of Dungallon and Glendessary (one of the majors of Lochiel's regiment, and a person of considerable importance as to property), had now attained to middle age, never saw Charles except once, and that in public, on the day the standard was raised, for a short time, and was always a person of the greatest propriety of conduct and character.

I need not enter upon the general facts of the insurrection, which are so well known. Lochiel's conduct was throughout distinguished by the highest gallantry, as well as by signal humanity and moderation. He not only warmly and consistently, in the council of chiefs, opposed every design of a merely aggressive and vexatious character, but what was a more difficult task, withheld by terror the canaille of his own people from acts of rapine and violence. Mr. Chambers

mentions, with some surprise, that upon one occasion he shot one of his men for committing a robbery upon a lowland farmer; but what officer could lead troops, and especially Highlanders, through a country, with any regard to discipline, without inflicting summary punishment upon the rapacious and insubordinate?

Lochiel shared his last farthing with his men, and lived himself on the march as they lived; but he would not connive at the smallest act of oppression upon their part, and, however mild and indulgent towards them in his general disposition, was on this point resolute and inflexible. He was the first man to enter Edinburgh when the Highlanders took it by a *coup-de-main*, but was careful to preserve the sentinel at the gate from injury, by grasping him by the arm, so that the city was occupied by his detachment without spilling one drop of blood, or depriving any one of the smallest item of property.

Indeed, the generally admitted moderation and good discipline of the Highland army in this expedition, were greatly owing to the influence of Lochiel, and the admirable example set by him throughout to the other chiefs and commanders. At the battle of Prestonpans he was the foremost chief in leading his men into the right of the enemy's line; a contemporary ballad thus describes his conduct—

"The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man."

And although under a heavy fire of artillery and musquetry, with a threatened charge of dragoons, nothing could be more completely successful than his attack.

It is said that he was not favourable to the march into England, considering the Highland army quite too small to produce any decisive result in that country, though sufficient for the occupation of Scotland.

There can be no question that at Derby he joined Lord George Murray in urging a retreat, while there was still time to make one. They argued that there had been no movement throughout England in their favour, and that even if they did get to London without a battle, or after a successful engagement, they had not men enough to secure and guard the public places.

As Lochiel and Keppoch stood in the street of Derby, talking to Lord George Murray, after the determination had been taken, a person came up to them and said, "Ob, shame! a Cameron vote for retreat! a Macdonnell turn his back upon the enemy!" It was certain that the three brave men who stood there together had courage enough, as they amply proved, to face any peril, but they did not choose to lead on their men to what plainly appeared inevitable destruction. At the same time, such was the panic which prevailed in London, that it is hard to say what would have been the result of their continued and rapid advance upon that capital. They would probably have beaten any of the three armies that covered it, the more that the Highlanders would have fought with unusual desperation, as having no retreat. But their numbers were small, and the risk was fearful.

An anecdote is preserved of Lochiel, during the march into England, which marks the extreme terror that had seized the minds of the country people. One evening, as he entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady threw herself at his feet, and implored him to take her life, but to spare her children. Lochiel, astonished, asked her what she meant, and desired her to explain herself; upon which she said it was commonly thought the Highlanders ate children as their common food! The chief assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any person whatever. After looking at him for an instant, she called out, "Children, you may come out; the gentleman won't eat you," when several children came from a press, and threw themselves at his feet.

The Highland army was exceedingly incensed against the city of Glasgow, and resolved, on its return from England, to visit it with particular vengeance. It had well nigh been determined to give the city up to plunder,

as a punishment for its zeal in the service of government, when Lochiel, with his usual aversion to harsh and oppressive measures, interfered in its behalf. The merchants and principal men of Glasgow were very sensible that any favour they obtained was through his influence, and, however odious to them his political principles might be, he was long remembered by them with respect and gratitude.* About this time, in concert with Secretary Murray and Cluny Macpherson, he wrote a letter to Lord Lovat, which a good deal marks the diplomatic talent early cultivated in him by Allan, his able uncle. The letter itself may be found in Lord Lovat's trial, as well as a remarkable one from that cunning and unprincipled nobleman to Lochiel.

Lochiel, in his letter to Lovat, designates the conduct of Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod as "the shameful apathy of the one, and the scandalous activity of the other." Sir Alexander had hitherto been simply quiescent, but Macleod had raised men for the service of government. It is an undoubted fact, that they were both under positive engagements to the Stuarts.

At the battle of Falkirk, the Camerons were placed opposite the best English regiment in the field—viz., Barrell's, which bravely stood its ground, when all the rest of the army broke into a general flight. The ground certainly favoured it, for there was a ravine in its front, which prevented the Camerons attacking sword in hand, according to their wont. Lochiel lost a good many men by the severe fire, and was himself wounded in the leg; but his regiment imitated his gallant example, and in the end he pursued his foes into the town of Falkirk, when darkness alone saved them from entire destruction.

Shortly after this affair, the Highland army separated into various bodies, and Lochiel, with his neighbours, the Macdonnells of Keppoch, and

* A merchant of Glasgow many years ago assured me of this, and informed me that he heard by tradition of townsmen, that Lochiel was a man of fine person and engaging manners. He was called by his clan "Donald Bean," on account of his light-coloured hair and fair complexion.

Stuarts of Appin, marched for his own country, to lay siege to Fort William.

While engaged in that design, he forwarded, in conjunction with Keppoch, an emphatic remonstrance against the conduct of the Clan Campbell, with reference to the people of Lochaber.

It appeared that the Campbells, taking advantage of the absence of the able-bodied, had devastated a part of the country, and committed outrages on the helpless inhabitants—burning houses, stripping women and driving them to the mountains, shooting horses, houghing cattle, &c. &c.

Lochiel felt the wrongs committed against his vassals the more keenly, that he himself had exhibited very different conduct, and had even offended some of his brother chiefs, by preventing, through his superior influence in the Highland army, incursions upon the property of those very same Campbells.

He also felt that the Clan Campbell ought to have remembered his near relationship to their most considerable chieftains, and however they might have opposed him fairly in the field, ought not to have selected his people as the prime objects of peculiar and malicious outrage.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he expressed himself warmly and indignantly in a joint letter despatched by him and Keppoch to Stuart of Invernahyle, that he might make the contents known to the Campbells, and from which I subjoin a few extracts:—

“As you happen, for the present, to be contiguous to the Campbells, it is our special desire that you communicate our sentiments (which, God willing, we are determined to execute) to their sheriff Airds, and to other leading men amongst them. . . .

When courage fails against men, it betrays cowardice to a great degree to vent the spleen on helpless women, and dumb brutes that cannot resist. We purpose to apply for permission to enter their country, with power to act at discretion, and should we be fortunate enough to obtain it, hope to show that we wage war, not against women and the brute creation, but against men. . . . No such act was committed by us since the commencement of the war, though we had

it in our power, if barbarous enough, to take advantage of it. . . .”

Lochiel added the following postscript to the letter:—“I cannot omit taking notice that my people having been the first that have felt the cowardly barbarity of my pretended Campbell friends, I only wish that I may live to have an opportunity to thank them for it in the open field.

“DONALD CAMERON.”

The crisis of the adventure now rapidly drew nigh, and Lochiel having raised the siege of Fort William, arrived, on the evening of the 14th of April, 1746, at the camp of the Chevalier, in the park of Culloden.

The sound of the Cameron pibroch was a joyful one to that prince and his officers, as they were never in so much need of valiant men and undaunted leaders.

The Duke of Cumberland was within a few hours' march of them, yet their forces were not nearly concentrated. So entirely had the commissariat been neglected, that they had not provisions sufficient for the men already with them, even for a single day. Under these circumstances, Lochiel, at a council of war on the 15th, agreed with the other principal officers to a night attack on the enemy's camp at Nairn, though he was sensible of the risk of attempting it with such an inferior force.

Mr. Home, in his account of the transaction, says—“Lochiel, who was not a man of many words, said that the army would be stronger next day by fifteen hundred men at least.” Had all the other regiments in the small army marched with the same alacrity as Lochiel's during that eventful night, the Duke of Cumberland's camp would have been reached by one o'clock in the morning, and an attack have been made with the fairest prospect of success. The Atholmen and Camerons, led by Lord George Murray and Lochiel, had the van of the column, followed by the other Highlanders, and had been retarded throughout the night by repeated messages from the lowland regiments in the rear, requesting them to march slower, so that on reaching Culraik at two o'clock in the morning, they were still four Scotch miles from

the enemy's position, which they could not now hope to reach before daylight.

It had been a better arrangement to have marched the clan regiments, amounting to about 3,000 men, in a completely separate body, and that the lowland regiments should have followed only as far as the wood of Culraik, and there in position have awaited the issue of the attack, and in case of failure have covered the retreat. The Duke of Cumberland knew from spies that the Highlanders were marching towards his camp, but he had no idea that they meditated anything more than taking their ground in the night, and attacking early the next morning, as they had done at the battle of Prestonpans.

If the attack had been made (as would have been done) fiercely and resolutely, with shouts rendered more terrific by darkness, and from more points than one, with the advantage derivable in such a combat from the nature of the Highland weapons, there can scarcely be a doubt that the issue must have been disastrous to the Duke of Cumberland's army.

Here again, then, the fate of England trembled on the beam; never was the House of Hanover, in all probability, so near ruin, as when saved by the bad marching of a few inferior regiments. The weary and starved clansmen had but little time to rest after returning to Culloden, and altogether contrary to the opinion of Lord George Murray, Lochiel, and the most sensible officers, were formed on the open moor to meet the far more numerous army of the Duke of Cumberland.

The Camerons stood in the right wing, next to the Atholmen, which had hitherto been the position of the Macdonalds, and which Lochiel had himself persuaded the other chiefs to yield to them without dispute, at the battle of Prestonpans, and doubtless he was governed by his usual good sense on this occasion. Though Macdonald of Morar, in his journal, has this record, "our sweet-natured prince was persuad-

ed by Lochiel and his faction to give this honour (the right) to another, which we judge they will be ready to yield us back next fighting-day." This sarcasm is, however, pointless, for the Camerons, even surpassing their usual bravery, fought on the right, not merely with valour, but with headlong desperation, while the Macdonalds, by their weak and irresolute conduct on the left, and more especially by suffering the gallant Keppoch* to perish alone before the English line, dishonoured their long-established martial reputation.

When the right wing and centre, after suffering dreadfully from the cannonade, moved under the orders of the intrepid Lord George Murray, against the hostile line, Lochiel led his regiment right upon Barrell's (the present 4th Foot), his former adversaries in the field of Falkirk.

Under a fearful shower of grape-shot, which tore their ranks and levelled many of their boldest, and a close-sustained fire of musketry, the Camerons rushed on, sword in hand, and, within two minutes, entirely pierced and broke Barrell's regiment, killing and wounding more than a hundred, and forcing the routed corps to run towards their right, in a disorganised mass. The same fate, at the same instant, overtook Munro's regiment, on the right of Barrell's, under the attack of the Macintoshes, &c.; and had the singularly gallant onset of the right wing of the Highland army been duly supported, a different story might have been related of the field of Culloden. But the attack had no support from any quarter, and, after the exhibition of extraordinary daring and prowess, and the loss of innumerable lives, was finally defeated by the fire of the second line of infantry, and the dragoons coming in on the flank.

Lochiel did not himself share in the short-lived triumph of his valiant clan. He was within ten paces of Barrell's line, and had fired his pistol, and was drawing his sword, when he fell, wounded with grape-shot in both an-

* There was not cordiality between this brave chief and his clan on the subject of religion. Sir Walter Scott tells us that he was a Protestant, while they were Roman Catholics, and he had offended them by positively refusing to allow a Romish priest to be with them in the expedition.

cles. He was seen falling by a person in Barrell's regiment, who knew him, and hence a report of his death was generally believed; but the two brave and strong brothers, between whom, according to Highland usage, he advanced to the attack, and whose sole duty it was to guard the person of the chief, raised him up, and bore him away out of the sanguinary tumult. Before they arrived at the rear of the Highland army, it was evident that the day went against it, so they carried the wounded chief into a hut, and proceeded to take off the clothes he wore, appropriate to his rank, and to dress him in a common Highland plaid. While they thus consulted for his greater safety in retreat, the house was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, and a file had actually dismounted to enter it, when the whole party was called off elsewhere, by a peremptory order. By this time some other clansmen had come to the assistance of their beloved chief, and when the dragoons drew off, he was brought out of the hut, and placed upon a Highland pony. He was in a weak and fainting condition, and could scarcely be supported on the pony by a man on either side, while it was led out of the field, and towards a rough and inaccessible country, where danger of pursuit was at an end. The painful and distressing journey was continued, from day to day, until he reached the covert of his own forests, but he was frequently on the very point of expiring, from agony and exhaustion.

He did not stop at Achnacarrie, but sought a concealment near the head of Locharkaig, where he remained until his wounds were beginning to heal. A dead body was found, some weeks after the battle of Culloden, which was mistaken for his, and this second report of his death greatly contributed to his escape from his numerous pursuers.

He had many hair-breadth escapes, and was, on one occasion, surprised alone, while asleep, by a soldier, but who allowed him to get off, on receiving a guinea. This soldier was, of course, ignorant of his rank, as the reward offered for his apprehension was very considerable.

I need not detail circumstances so well known as the failure of an attempted rally after the battle of Cul-

loden (which was to have been made at Achnacarrie; but Lochiel alone, wounded as he was, kept his appointment), the devastation of the country by the Duke of Cumberland, and the adventures of Lochiel after he met Charles Edward in Badenoch. He gave his distressed clansmen who resorted to him in his covert, all the consolation and assistance in his power, advising them to the best course, and sharing with them his last shilling. He thus wrote to some brother chiefs, who had appointed with him a rendezvous:—"The above is our present determination, and what I have advised all my people to as the best and safest course, and the interest of the public, yet some of them have delivered up their arms without my knowledge, and I cannot take it upon myself to direct in this particular, but to give my opinion, and let every one judge for himself."

The embarkation of Lochiel, in company with Charles Edward, in September, 1746, is said to have been an affecting scene. A considerable number of Highlanders had assembled on the shore, and many were the tears shed on all sides. The chief promised his mourning clansmen that he would shortly return to their relief—a promise which he afterwards vainly exerted himself to fulfil, for his heart was with his bleeding country—

"Lochiel's awa to France,
But he'll be back again,"

expressed the vain expectations of his sorrowing vassals, who were never to see him more.

In France, Lochiel was joined by his family, whom, at one time, he had little hope of ever seeing again; but however the feelings of the husband and father were gratified, the heart of the chief was continually wrung by the melancholy tidings concerning his friends and vassals, which he received from Scotland.

So far from pressing his own individual interest on the notice of the Stuart family, for whom he had performed and suffered so much, he continually urged an expedition for the relief of the Highlanders, whose blood, he said, cried to him and claimed his help; and even when offered the command of a regiment in the French

service, he expressed the uppermost desire of his heart in the following noble words:—"Others may desire to make a figure in France, but my ambition is to serve my king, and serve my country, or perish with it." It is recorded, on excellent authority, that the Duke of Cumberland caused it to be intimated to him when in France, that if he only sent him a message, he would procure for him pardon and favour from the British government, but that Lochiel shrunk from owing obligation to one whom he regarded as the destroyer of his country.

Placed in the command of the regiment of Albany, and quartered in the fortress of Bergue, near Dunkirk, on the frontiers of the Netherlands—a most unhealthy situation—he took his last illness, and died in October, 1748, of an inflammation in the head (as reported to the old chevalier, by his cousin Macgregor Drummond, of Bochalduy), or, perhaps, of one of the country fevers. His death made a great impression at the time in his own country, and the following lines, written by a political opponent, appeared shortly afterwards in the *Scots' Magazine* :—

"Dead is Lochiel, the terror of whose arms
So lately filled this Island with alarms!
Be just, ye Whigs, and though the Tories mourn,
Lament a Scotsman in a foreign urn,
Who, born a chieftain, thought the right of birth
The source of all authority on earth—
Mistaken as he was, the man was just,
Firm to his word, and faithful to his trust;
Humane he was, protected countries tell,
So rude a host was never ruled so well;
Not his the pretty, prudent, modern way,
Bid others go, himself at home to stay,
But, like a warrior, bravely drew his sword,
And reared his target for his native lord.
Fatal to him and to the cause he loved,
Was the rash tumult which his folly moved;
For this condemned in foreign realms to bear,
Midst Gallic bands, a mercenary spear;
But Heaven, in pity to his honest heart,
Forbade him long to fill so mean a part:
To ease at once his fortune and his mind,
With exile wretched, and with error blind
The awful mandate unto death was given,
And good Lochiel is now a Whig in heaven!"

Pennant, also a Whig, thus writes of him:—"Achnacarrie, once the seat of Cameron of Lochiel, but burnt in 1746. He was esteemed by all parties, the honestest and most sensible man of any that engaged in the wicked and absurd attempt of that and the preceding year, and a melancholy instance of the victory of the prejudices of education over a naturally fine understanding and well-meaning heart." Douglas says of him, in his "Baronage":—"He was a man of good parts, great probity, an amiable disposition, universally esteemed, and was at great pains to soften and polish the manners of his clan."

Sir Walter Scott writes of him—"It might have been our lot to have represented patriarchal authority in a

very different light, as exercised by Donald Cameron of Lochiel, who, to the high spirit, courage, and loyalty of a Highland chief, added the manners of an accomplished gentleman, and the morals of a good Christian."

Campbell, who would have rendered his name famous in literature, by the beautiful poem of "Lochiel's Warning," even if he had written nothing else, thus speaks of his character:—"He was famed for the social virtues, as much as his martial and magnanimous, though mistaken loyalty." It would be easy to multiply similar testimonials.

After Lochiel's death, an ingenious application was made to the Court of Session to obtain his forfeited estate for his eldest son, on the ground of his

being erroneously described in the act of attainder as "Donald Cameron the younger, of Lochiel," whereas he was the real fiar of the estate, though his father was alive, having succeeded at once to his grandfather, on account of

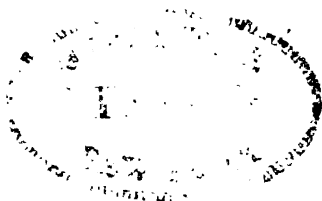
his father's attainder in 1715. The application was, however, refused, but the estate was restored by act of parliament with the other Highland forfeitures, in 1784.

X.

NOTE.—In an article on the United Irishmen, in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, it was remarked of one whose courage failed in the last extremity, that "this is not the stuff traitors should be made of." Lochiel's brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, a physician by profession, but who took a forward and courageous part in 1745, showed the very material referred to as desirable under such circumstances, at his execution, under the act of attainder previously passed against him, in 1753.

"When Dr. Cameron came to the place of execution, he looked on the preparations and spectators with an undaunted and composed countenance, and on being loosed from the sledge, he started up, and with an heroic demeanour stepped up into the cart, whence looking round with unconcern on all the awful apparatus of death, he smiled, and seeing the clergyman who attended him coming up the steps, he endeavoured with his fettered hands to help him up, saying, 'this is a glorious day to me—it is my new birth-day; there are more witnesses at this birth than were at my first.' . . . He thus addressed the sheriff:—'Sir, you see a fellow-subject just about to pay his last debt. I the more willingly resign my life, that it is taken from me for doing my duty according to my conscience. I freely forgive all my enemies, and those who are instrumental in taking away my life. I thank God, I die in perfect charity with all men. As to my religion, I die a sincere though unworthy member of the church in which I have always lived, the Church of England, in whose communion I hope, through the merits of my blessed Saviour, for forgiveness of my sins, for which I am heartily sorry.' . . . He then said, 'I have now done with this world, and am ready to leave it.' He joined heartily in the commendatory prayer, repeated some ejaculations from the psalms, after which he embraced the clergyman and took leave."

Dr. Cameron has, I think, been condemned in rather too sanguinary a manner by Mr. Brown, in his "History of the Highlanders," with regard to the abstraction of a sum of money belonging to Charles Edward, which was concealed in the Highlands. I shall only observe that the witnesses brought forward against him, viz., Macdonnell, of Glengarry, and Ludovic Cameron, of Torcastle, were "arcades ambo," and unworthy of credit in a court of justice, in any case where their own interests were at all concerned. That Dr. Cameron did remove some of this money, I believe; but in 1752 he wrote an explanation of the transaction to Cluny Macpherson, stating that he was compelled to do so by the extreme destitution of his deceased brother Lochiel's family. Unless his own application of the circumstances were fully had, it is most unfair to asperse the memory of this courageous partizan and humane gentleman, on such evidence.



A LAWYER'S REMINISCENCES.

"Is there no hope, sir?" said an old, white-headed man, with a feeble, tremulous voice, to the physician, who had just mounted his horse, and was about to turn down the avenue to the high road.

"None!" replied the physician, kindly looking on the questioner—"none, I fear, in this world."

The old domestic muttered a few words in a low voice, raised one hand to his tearful eye, and turned, with faltering step, towards the house.

"And what a cheerless life is theirs," said the physician inwardly, "who believe there is not a better. If earth had aught of happiness, surely one might have hoped to find it in such a spot."

As he spoke, his eye fell mournfully on the scene before him. He checked his horse for a moment, sighed, and proceeded on his way. And beautiful, in truth, was the spot which he had just quitted.

A cottage, the very model of rustic elegance, over whose light trellis-work the dark foliage of the fragrant clematis hung in rich and heavy masses, relieved by the countless flowers of the creeping rose, crowned the summit of a gentle hill. On the left, in the friendly shelter of a picturesque clump of evergreens, shadowed by a few of the more stalwart children of the forest, was a small but tastefully-disposed flower-garden, and in front a lawn of the brightest verdure descended, with an easy slope, to the broad bosom of the river, beyond which stretched a rich and cultivated plain to the foot of the blue but clearly-defined chain of hills, behind which the sun was hastening to his setting.

The whole scene was one of complete repose—the daily toil of the husbandman had drawn to its termination—the spade and the sickle were laid aside until the morrow; the river was calm as a crystal mirror; the rustle of a leaf, the chirp of a bird, disturbed not the silence; and the distant lowing of some one of the beautiful cattle, chewing the cud in quiet groups

through the broad pastures, or gazing on the surface of the stream, solitary and motionless, gave the only indication of life abroad.

A like stillness prevailed within the cottage. The cheerful room, usually occupied by its inmates, was tenantless, the Venetian blinds drawn down, and the air of the apartment itself seemed clearly to indicate that for some days it had not been frequented by its accustomed visitants. What it was, indeed, that would lead one to this conclusion, it might be difficult to say; the furniture was arranged as usual; drawing-portfolios, music, books, were distributed with the same graceful negligence as on ordinary occasions. Yet the room wore that lonely aspect which told as if, by some hidden sympathy in our nature, that the pulse of human life had not throbbed there lately, and the most careless observer could perceive that the fair being, the evidences of whose refined occupations were on all sides visible, had long neglected them. The spell, beneath whose holy influence, at other times—

———"the chamber seemed,
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where angel forms had lately beamed,

had withdrawn its charm from the silent walls.

One room in the corresponding angle of the building was not thus unoccupied. It was the noiseless bed-chamber of an invalid, the two windows of which commanded the prospect described at the beginning of the narrative. Of one of them the blind was quite down; that of the other partially raised, and the casement open, admitting the fragrance of the air without, while a flood of rich crimson light streamed through it on the opposite wall, on which hung the sword of a British general officer. The chamber had two occupants. In the bed lay one who, notwithstanding his snowy locks rivalled the whiteness of the pillows which they rested on, was plainly of no very advanced age; he certainly had not seen sixty winters, nor did his form seem to have suffered from any lingering malady; but it required no

very skilful glance to see that the sand of his existence was nearly run. The deadly paleness which overspread his finely-moulded features, combined with a hectic flush which momentarily displaced it, and the prominence of the deep blue veins that traversed his broad marble forehead, told sufficiently of a disease beyond the healer's art. Beside his pillow sat a fair being, in whose form the light gracefulness of the girl had already given place to the stately beauty of maturer womanhood. Her attitude, as she leaned over the pillow, displayed her finely-proportioned figure in all its loveliness, while her rich dark hair, drawn plainly back from her pure and lofty forehead, showed the profile of a face, possessing all the dignity which could be combined with feminine softness, to which the deep blush mantling her entire countenance, and the tears that suffused her clear blue eyes, lent an unwonted tenderness of expression.

She leaned on one hand over the pillow, the other lay clasped in that of the invalid, whose eyes looked steadily into hers, as, with the most supplicating tone and looks, she exclaimed—

"Spare me, dear father, do spare me this. God knows I have had my share of sorrow, and now that I am losing my last—my only comforter—you cannot, with your latest request, pour this bitterness into the cup that I have yet to drink. Think only what you ask of me—to drag before a heartless world, subject to the jest and jibe of every scoffer, the sacred confidences of a love like mine—to have bandied in a public court, every affectionate word, every endearing epithet, which, in the security of a trusting heart, I have lavished on one who—" (here her eye dilated, and the throbbing veins of her temple swelled almost to bursting)—"has deserted and betrayed me. You cannot," she added, resuming her deprecatory manner, after a moment's pause, and sobbing loudly—"you cannot, surely, ask me this."

The old man trembled violently—paused—compressed his lips, and, with a powerful effort, which all but rent the feeble ties that bound him yet to life, quelled his struggling emotions, and, with calm but emphatic tones, replied—

"Emily St. Aubyn, you are my child. You bear a name of which I

am the first inheritor who have seen insult flung upon it, and not wiped that insult off with his blood who dared to offer it. There was a time when your father's sword," he added, and a tear trembled in his eyelid, as his glance fell on the scabbard—"would have been enough to avenge your quarrel—it is not now. But, Emily, that name must not be sullied by a slander, on which a stain has never fallen from the act of one who bore it. Your woman's heart may—nay must, shrink from this exposure; but is it—this exhibition of an artless, innocent affection, to be withheld at the cost of a sullied name? No! no, my dear, dear child," said the old man, softening as he proceeded—"for your sake, for the sake of truth and honour, this request I must make of you. Urge me not, Emily, to lay it on you as a dying command."

While her father spoke, a marked change came over Miss St. Aubyn's face; the deep crimson which before had coloured it gave place to a marble whiteness. As he ended, she raised her head from the hand which, till now, had supported it, allowing the arm to fall upon the pillow, and, with a strange firmness, said—

"Enough, father—your request is granted—your name shall not be stained through my weakness, cost what it may."

"Emily," said her father, hurriedly, while the hand which held her's relaxed its grasp, "God bless you, my child. I am faint—very, very faint—this painful scene—bring me a glass of water—call!"—and, overcome completely, he swooned away before his daughter could raise the draught she had brought him to his lips.

She rang the bell hurriedly, and, alarmed by the violence with which it was pulled, two or three servants hastened to the room, only in time, however, to see their mistress an orphan. General St. Aubyn was no more.

The scenes of the house of mourning shall not be drawn from their sacred concealment by my pen; nor the sorrows of its lovely and heart-broken inmate needlessly dilated on. I willingly drop a veil over the six weary months that followed, to let the reader know something of the previous story of those who have been here introduced to his notice.

General St. Aubyn was the only son of an officer who had served with distinction in the campaigns of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. His family, as the name implies, were originally French, and had once ranked amongst the proudest of their native land in possessions and in station. His father, who had married an English lady of considerable fortune, was one of the thousands whom the bursting of the South-Sea bubble had brought from affluence to ruin, and died, shortly after he himself, at the age of eighteen, entered the profession, in which his gallantry rapidly won for him both honors and renown. At the age of thirty he married the mother of Miss St. Aubyn, who brought him no other dowry save (what the world wisely refrains from setting any value on) beauty, accomplishments, and virtue; and, after a few years of unclouded happiness, found himself suddenly bereft of a treasure which that world had nothing to replace. Proud, shy, and sensitive, the loss of his idolized wife would have produced fatal effects on his character, had she not left him a daughter, in whom thenceforth were centered the affections which had clung with such fidelity to her. Emily St. Aubyn was little more than two years old when she lost her mother, and not very long after her father retired from the service, rich rather in honors than wealth, to watch the development of the tender flower round which, with the fond contemplation of the present, twined softening remembrances of the past, and serene anticipations of the future. He passed a considerable time in France and Italy, and about four years before the period at which our tale has its beginning, became the owner of the cottage already described.

The immediate spot in which the General settled, was attractive rather from its natural beauty, than from the society of which it could boast. Its seclusion was, however, far from unpleasing to Miss St. Aubyn, who, with a mind stored with every thing that could adorn her sex, possessed a pride that led her rather to shun than to court attention from those moths of society, who flutter round the light of each new beauty of the hour, and escape the scorching which is the common doom of their insect brothers, only because Nature has formed them of

less delicate material—Miss St. Aubyn was worthy of higher homage. It is not wronging her to say, she felt she was. Of admiration unsought and uncared for, she had, however, no unenvied share. Many and deep were the libations quaffed to that beauty which, least of her many charms, made dire havoc amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood, and carried its unconscious possessor through the entire round of female artifice, from "horrid prudery" to "impudent flirtation," with the mothers, aunts, and daughters, for a circuit of full thirty miles. The extremes, far from being irreconcilable, shewed only the fearful extent of her duplicity, and within a very few months Miss St. Aubyn was hated by all the women, and worshipped by all the men within the dread space alluded to.

Amongst the visitors at the cottage during the first year of her residence in it, there was, in truth, but one in whom its mistress felt even a passing interest, nor was the feeling of gratification which her slight intercourse with that one created anything beyond. With Arthur Crawford it was far otherwise. Quiet and unpretending in his demeanour, careless to a fault of applause or observation, the calmness of his exterior hid an under-current of feeling as impetuous as it was deep. A mind naturally refined and comprehensive, fostered by varied and extensive reading, long and enthusiastic observation of nature and of art, and still more by deep and frequent communing with itself, reached its full maturity, while his heart still retained all the warmth and freshness of boyhood. To genius and passion he united a high, unswerving sense of principle; ruling equally over both, and ready, whenever necessary, to assert its own dignity at the sacrifice of either fame or love. Chance brought him for a short time to Miss St. Aubyn's neighbourhood; their intercourse was, as that of congenial minds must be, familiar and unrestrained—it was of short duration. He left her—perhaps not without hope—and left with her all he had then to give, the silent homage of a heart which would have made any sacrifice for the power to speak that homage with honor. It could have made none so great as allowing it to remain unspoken.

The following year was an eventful one to Emily. About three miles from the General's residence was the stately mansion of the Vandeleur family. Its present proprietor was old and childless, morose by nature, and not the less so that the softening influence, which the ties of family exert over the worst dispositions, had never come to curb the harsh and dogged inclinations of his youth. The wealthiest resident in the district, without one idea above his sordid possessions, the acerbity of his temper was increased by the thought that he should be succeeded in these possessions by one to whom travel and education had, in all probability, given tastes more exalted, and feelings more refined than his own. Henry Vandeleur, his nephew, on whom the estates of the family were strictly entailed, was indeed, if report spoke truly, the very opposite in character and habits to his worthless uncle. At the time when the St. Aubyns came to reside in the vicinity of Vandeleur Court, he was absent on the Continent, where he had been travelling for nearly three years, and about the close of the second summer of their residence there, he returned from abroad. Handsome in person, easy, polished, and courteous in address, fluent in conversation, and skilled in all the lighter accomplishments of the day, from the hour of his first meeting with Miss St. Aubyn, she seemed to absorb his every thought. Her society he constantly sought. Parity of years—kindred pursuits and occupations—these, too, for the greater part, unshared in and unappreciated by most of their mutual acquaintances—and that mystic electricity of the soul which, like the soul itself, defies inquiry into its origin—ere long won him the affections of Miss St. Aubyn. Vandeleur saw quickly into her feelings—he spoke his own, and met with the response he sighed for.

To narrate the details of the period which followed, is not my intention. Suffice it to say, that the income of Mr. Vandeleur not being such as to render an immediate marriage prudent or advisable, it was agreed to defer the union for the long space of three years, at which time he would, under the will of his grandfather, be entitled to property of some amount, while in all likelihood, from his uncle's advanced age, he could scarcely survive even so long.

During this space of time, the intercourse of the lovers was the most intimate and unrestrained. Miss St. Aubyn's communications with Vandeleur, verbal or written, were the simple exponents of her feelings. She dreamed not of concealing her emotions, for she knew of none that she should blush to reveal. If he were true, he had a right to know them; if she believed he could be false, she would have spurned him, as a reptile, from her feet. No woman, whose love is worth possessing, will bestow it on a man whom she can doubt.

If the flight of Time be swift, how rapid must it be when he adds Love's pinions to his own. Only six short months remained to the day which was to make Miss St. Aubyn a bride in name—in heart and feeling she had been so long. One morning Vandeleur called as usual; there was something of embarrassment, scarcely noticeable however, in his manner, but it did not elude Miss St. Aubyn's eye. They were alone in the shrubbery together. Emily, for a time, was silent; she seemed to expect that Vandeleur would allude to the cause of his apparent uneasiness—she felt disappointed that he did not.

"Henry," said she, at last, "you are labouring under some annoyance: what is it?"

He started slightly, but replied, looking affectionately in her face—

"Yes, Emily, I am indeed; I meant to speak of it to you, but—I must leave you for a time."

"Leave me!" said she, a sudden paleness coming over her lovely face—

"Not, surely, Henry, for a long time."

"No, not a long time, Emily—but," he paused, and added, as if reproachfully, "I thought any separation would seem long to you: to me, I know, it will."

The insinuation seemed to her unkind. She raised her eyes to his; whatever she saw there, instead of replying to his last words, she said, with some emphasis—

"Henry, the thought of this separation is not the only cause of your embarrassment to-day. The reason of it may be—I have a right to know it."

Vandeleur coloured deeply, but, with assumed playfulness, replied—

"My dear inquisitor, that you cannot learn just now. I must go to

London ; my stay will, I hope, be only a few weeks—five or six at the most : my business there is most urgent. Is not this enough ?”

“No,” said Miss St. Aubyn, firmly, “it is not, Henry. There is some mystery about the cause of your going—there should be none to me.”

“Indeed,” said Vandeleur, with a smile. “Why what a dreadfully exigente wife you will be.”

“*Exigente* wife !” did she hear him rightly. She had given him her entire heart and soul ; unlocked for him the casket of all her thoughts and feelings—had he not done the like to her ? *Exigente* wife ! what could there be for a wife to exact ?—for a husband to conceal ? The thoughts passed, with the rapidity of lightning, through her mind—not so quickly as that Vandeleur failed to trace them in her ingenuous face. Before she could reply to his words, he added—

“But come, my dear girl, you have indeed a right to know every thing from me, for to me you are every thing ; yet, I confess, I would have kept this secret from you, for, I fear, it will give you pain. Will the motive excuse the crime ?”

“It ought not,” said Emily, pettishly, but with real tenderness ; “but I will try to forgive you. You should not rob me of my share in your annoyances.”

How weak a thing is woman, when she loves. The proud, intellectual, high-souled Emily St. Aubyn was once again the fond, timorous, trusting girl. Alas ! Eve was but the first of her sex that the serpent's words beguiled !

And wherefore repeat his words ? Why state the first treacherous language of a perjured man—the first dark falsehood rung to by a confiding woman ? I will not sully with it a page consecrated to better memories.

That interview was, happily for her, the last which Miss St. Aubyn had with Henry Vandeleur. Happily, I say, for to have met him after were profanation to her unsuspecting innocence.

Nearly three months passed away, and Vandeleur continued in London. He wrote, however, frequently and fully, nor did the tone of his letters manifest any decline in his avowed affection for Emily. On the contrary, he seemed to have the deepest interest in all that related to her, expressing

only his anxiety to escape from 'the giddy whirl of dissipation in which he was involved, once again to taste the happiness of her society. The pretexts which each succeeding letter suggested for fresh delay, had all the appearance of truth, and Miss St. Aubyn was too sincere to doubt. At length an event occurred which would necessarily cause his return. His uncle died suddenly. With what hope did she look for the arrival of the first conveyance from the metropolis, which could bring him back to her. Five weeks elapsed : she was sitting with her father at breakfast, the windows open, the fragrance of her own sweet flowers stealing in through them, as if to repay their gentle mistress for her care, or to chide her for withholding her smiles from them too long. A servant entered, with a letter—the seal was black, and the direction in the well-known hand. Her heart sank within her as she took it. She opened it—not with the eagerness she was wont to do ; but calmly, and with a strange foreboding of ill : there was no flutter—her very heart beat slowly, but so loud you might have heard its throbbing. The first glance at its contents seemed to have changed her into marble. Every feature was fixed and rigid, save her eyes, which, as if mechanically, moved with a measured slowness along the page. They reached the end—they returned to its commencement ; once more the fatal characters were perused, in the same measured time, and, without a single word or utterance, she fell back, to all appearance, lifeless, in her chair.

Oh, perfidy of man to woman !—treacherous, coward crime, is there no guard against thee ? Yes ! the world has a code of honour which says, “betray her at thy peril when she has father, husband, brother to avenge her wrong,” and the world's “men of honour” keep the commandment !

Miss St. Aubyn had a father—but for the present let us return to herself. She was removed to her chamber—medical aid was at once procured ; for three days she lay in complete unconsciousness. When she awoke from it, it was to a sense of entire desolation. The first dawn of perception brought back what had occurred in all its cold reality. There

was none of that indistinctness, none of that perplexing doubt which, to some minds, would have made the entire seem a fearful dream. With a character like hers, the blow which could subdue, left a mark which was indelible. The simoom had swept over her existence, and not one hope remained which might blossom in the future.

And how felt she towards Vandeleur? The dream of love had passed away for ever, and what replaced it? Not hatred, not revenge—he was far beneath them—but a lofty, almost superhuman disdain. All the weakness of her sex was gone. Did he kneel before her now, in heartfelt, unfeigned repentance—did he bring a spell to efface every memory of his deceit, she would scarcely deign to spurn him. Pride triumphed over love: but Love too had *his* triumph, and rent the veil of the sanctuary which was his no longer—Miss St. Aubyn's heart was broken.

From the moment when that fatal letter was perused till his child's consciousness was again restored, General St. Aubyn scarcely left her side. Worn out by his anxious and dreary watching, with his spirit already crushed by the blow which ruined her happiness, the recognition which that consciousness brought with it, fraught with such bitterness to both, was too much for his exhausted frame. He struggled against his own weakness, but in vain; and a few days laid him on that couch from which he was never more to rise.

What a holy thing is woman in the hour of sickness, of affliction!—how deep her self-devotion; how unearthly her fortitude; how cheaply purchased is her angel ministry, at such a moment, by the trifling attentions, the petty cares which she imposes in the day of prosperity upon man! Yet his selfish nature will refuse to gratify what he is pleased to designate her caprices, because he knows that, when the hour of sorrow comes, the treasures of her priceless affection will be yielded up as fully as if he had studied to deserve them.

The love that smoothed the pillow of General St. Aubyn had been well earned; but deep indeed must have been the springs of that affection which could triumph over his daughter's misery, and make her the soothing at-

tendant on her parent's illness. The moment, however, that he required her care, her own griefs seemed to lose their sting, and for weeks she continued to minister to his every want with that kind and tender solicitude which woman only knows. Alas! that solicitude was destined to be unavailing. The day that was to have seen his daughter a bride, closed upon his dying struggle. We have already witnessed the last sad scene between the father and the child.

The contents of Vandeleur's letter the reader is as yet unacquainted with. Let us now turn our eyes to the cold and heartless document. It was couched in these words:—

“MY DEAR MISS ST. AUBYN,—I have just heard of the sudden and melancholy death of my dear and affectionate uncle. The shock which it gives me is great; so great indeed that it is with difficulty I write. I feel, however, that I owe this letter to you, as circumstances connected with this sad event preclude all possibility of my fulfilling those engagements towards you, which I have looked forward to the accomplishment of with such deep and ardent longing. The day before my departure from —, I first became aware of my dear relative's objection to our intended marriage. I dared not communicate it to you. I well knew that the sensitiveness of your nature would make you at once shun a union to which any member of my family would manifest a dislike; and, selfishly I own, I withheld from you a resolve which I knew, if communicated, would seal my unhappiness. I felt at the same time that his wishes, if persevered in, commanded my obedience. Alas! I trusted such would not be the case. I hoped that my remonstrances, my prayers, would conquer his opposition; and to show my anxiety to fulfil his wishes even when most repugnant to my own, at his desire I left you. Till yesterday I still indulged in my dream of happiness, to be awakened from it with what bitter cruelty! The same post which brought me intelligence of my uncle's unexpected death, brought me his solemn command to give up all idea of this marriage. I cannot dwell upon the subject—I scarcely know what I write. To find, in one dark instant, the future

made a dreary blank—to lose all hope of that which gave value to existence, is too much to be calmly dwelt on. You, too, I feel I have wronged; I should have been more explicit—more frank. Even you would pardon me if you knew my present feelings. May God bless you, and give me peace!

"HENRY VANDELEUR."

* * * * *

It was the third morning of the Spring assizes in the town of —. The court was crowded to excess; and from the anxiety manifest on the countenances of those present, especially the junior members of the legal body, who were chatting in noisy groups, it was evident that a trial of consequence was expected.

"The girl herself will be examined, of course," said a young gentleman who had been called the previous term, shewing at once his profound acquaintance with the system of jurisprudence into which he had been initiated.

"No," replied a solemn-looking brother, his senior by a few months, "an action for breach of promise is a simple *assumpsit* in which the woman herself is the plaintiff; not an action for loss of service, in which the father sues. She can't give evidence in her own case."

"Then we shan't get a look at her," exclaimed the first speaker, disconsolately, and little enlightened by the legal explanation.

"No, it's not likely," repeated the second.

"Besides," added a quiet-looking young man, "the poor girl is really dying. They say she can hardly live another week."

"Live another fiddlestick!" said a fourth, who, being remarkable for his attention to the fair sex, was of course an authority in such matters. "What a great deal you know of women! It's all a sham to increase the damages. The girl was a consummate flirt."

"Was she, though?" asked two or three voices at once. "You knew her, then?"

"Knew her! of course I did," said the last speaker, half astonished at the question, and smiling consciously. "She was certainly a devilish nice girl, though; and, after all, I may judge her unfairly in considering her conduct to myself—towards others, I must say, I never saw her otherwise than —"

"Silence in the court—hats off!" shouted the crier, interrupting the self-complacent Lothario; and the judge made his appearance on the bench.

His entrance caused a momentary bustle. The callous and coxcombical remarks continued, however, *sotto voce*, varied with such observations as the following, as the names of the jurors were called over, and the oath administered to them "well and truly to try" the issue—

"'Gad! there's old Harding of Myrtleville. Won't he give a sweeping verdict! He has six lovely daughters out, and is working heaven and earth to get rid of them."

"By Jove! who is that in the scratch-wig?"

"Oh, faith! a set off to Harding. French of Powderflask-hall; as great a *roué* as there's in the kingdom. I'll back him to find for the defendant, or a farthing damages for the plaintiff if it goes very hard with his conscience."

In this manner the scrutiny went on—such of the gentlemen of the jury as were unknown to the parties being tested by the colour of their noses, the length of their chins, the spruceness or negligence of their attire, and other powerful indications of their respective dispositions; till at length the crier called the case of "St. Aubyn against Vandeleur."

A young man, about twenty-eight years of age, rose rather hurriedly; he was slightly flushed, and his manner somewhat embarrassed. It was Arthur Crawford. He opened the case. It was an action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff was Miss Emily St. Aubyn, the defendant, Henry Vandeleur, Esq. The declaration contained three counts; the defendant pleaded the general issue, and a special plea; the damages were laid at ten thousand pounds. Having made this short statement, he resumed his place, and bent over the brief which lay open before him.

Miss St. Aubyn's leading counsel now rose, and proceeded to state the case. His speech was powerful and effective. He dwelt much on the peculiar circumstances under which the action was brought—solely in fulfilment of the wishes of a dying father, to punish the heartless slanders which the defendant, not content with bring-

ing that father, and, as it was but too probable, his client likewise, to the grave, had circulated in palliation of his conduct; and, at the end of three quarters of an hour, resumed his seat, having concluded an address which evidently produced a strong effect on the minds of his hearers.

The evidence for the plaintiff was now gone into. It consisted chiefly of letters addressed to her by the defendant, proving beyond all question the existence of a legal contract between the parties; after the reading of which the medical attendants of Miss St. Aubyn were produced. Their testimony was in truth painful: they stated her to be reduced by mental suffering to a state of health, recovery from which was altogether hopeless; and one of them declared it to be his conviction, that her physical exhaustion was such as to render it scarcely possible that she could survive another month. Two or three questions of cross-examination, injudiciously hazarded, elicited replies little calculated to diminish the sympathy of the hearers with the unhappy girl, and the physicians were allowed to withdraw. Mr. Vandeleur was then proved to have landed property to the value of £3,000 a-year, and to be a legatee in his uncle's will to the amount of £15,000, on condition of his obtaining a property equivalent to that sum with any wife he should happen to marry. With this evidence, the case for the plaintiff closed.

The defendant's senior counsel now rose to reply. He was a man of long experience, extreme tact, and consummate art, disguised under an honest blunt exterior, and a homely frankness of manner, which might lead an ordinary observer to imagine that his entire power consisted in a full conviction of the fairness of his case; and that when that conviction did not exist, the ingenuousness of his nature must at once betray his knowledge of its weakness. Nothing could be more at variance with his conduct. N— never looked doubtful except when he was quite sure of a verdict. When he was not, he could not afford to lose the weight which his own apparent sense of the security of his client's case was certain to possess with a jury. To look at him now, you would say he was himself an in-

jured man. He commenced by expressing his deep regret that a case such as that before them should ever have been brought into a public court; a case painful in whatever way it was viewed, whether with reference to the feelings of the plaintiff or the defendant, and leading necessarily to the disclosure of occurrences, and the divulging of facts, which should have been kept sacred from the public eye. For his part, he came there to take an honest, straightforward course, whatever might be the result of it. His client, it was true, had denied on the record that any promise had been made on his part to marry the plaintiff, but the gentlemen of the jury should know that such denial was purely formal: there was no intention of relying on it; the promise which was the foundation of that action they acknowledged in the fullest manner—they had all along done so. That promise had been made by his client in the truest spirit of sincerity, nor did he ever dream of abandoning it, till the non-fulfilment of it became a solemn duty. When that hour arrived, he instantly made Miss St. Aubyn acquainted with the fact. They had heard the letter read in which it was communicated; they had heard comments, too, made upon that letter, on which he would not observe—he left it to the jury to say whether they were merited. To him it appeared that that letter should have at once been looked on as releasing his client from the engagement into which he had entered. Miss St. Aubyn or her advisers took a different view of it; this action was brought; the damages were laid, as they had already heard, at the exorbitant sum of £10,000. Mr. Vandeleur was literally thunderstruck; he felt that the marriage could never take place; he knew that the title of the sum would never be recovered against him, but he resolved to make reparation for even an involuntary wrong. He resolved to shield Miss St. Aubyn from the indiscretion of her own advisers, and sooner than suffer her to bring upon herself the odium of a trial, he generously offered £3,000 to have the action abandoned. That offer was refused, and Mr. Vandeleur had no option but to defend the case. There was, however, as he already stated, no

intention of denying the contract. The only evidence he should offer would be in mitigation of damages; and he felt confident that when the jury came to consider that evidence, they would see that the sum offered by his client was far beyond what the circumstances of the case called on them to give. A portion of that evidence was of a nature that it gave him the deepest pain to be under the necessity of producing; but it was necessary to his client's vindication, and he felt compelled to have recourse to it. The evidence to which he alluded was that of a person who had formerly been a domestic in General St. Aubyn's family, the constant attendant on the plaintiff herself, and had reference to her conduct and character prior to the defendant's becoming acquainted with her. If the jury believed that evidence, he felt satisfied that they would consider his client entitled to all the protection in their power, and would feel with him that it was, if not a legal, at least a moral ground for abandoning a promise which he had made under a completely mistaken impression of Miss St. Aubyn's disposition and conduct. He would not dwell upon the matter further, but would allow the evidence, when adduced, to speak for itself. They had heard much stress laid on the circumstance, that this action was brought solely in compliance with the dying wish of General St. Aubyn, and God forbid that he should lightly regard the request of a dying father. But the gentlemen of the jury should consider, that the breach of his client's engagement was in compliance with a mandate scarce less solemn—the mandate of the nearest and dearest relative he had on earth; one who to him had been all that a father could be, and who, but a few hours after he had solemnly prohibited him from entering into this marriage, was suddenly snatched into eternity. Long and painful evidence had likewise been given by his learned friends at the other side, of the state of Miss St. Aubyn's health—evidence which he believed was entitled to full credit, and which it grieved him to the soul to hear. But did it follow that her distress of mind arose from the conduct of his client. Might it not more naturally be attributed to the effect

which being forced into this trial, this public exposure of her feelings, and his conduct, might produce on a proud and sensitive woman; and to whom was attributable this necessity? Not surely to Mr. Vandeleur, but to the mistaken pride, or affection, as it might be—perhaps both—of her own father. On the evidence for the plaintiff he would make but one remark—one which he felt was called for, and he would then conclude. In proving the amount of Mr. Vandeleur's property, it was shown that in his uncle's will he was bequeathed £15,000, on condition of getting a fortune of that amount with his wife. In the opening speech of his learned friend, no observation was made upon this bequest, but it was plain enough what was intended by putting it in evidence—it was plain enough that the object was to insinuate that this legacy was what caused Mr. Vandeleur to break off his engagement with Miss St. Aubyn, and that the wish of his uncle was only a pretext for doing so. This was passed by at the moment, but it was of course to be relied on at another stage of the trial. For his part he cared not for the insinuation—the character of Mr. Vandeleur was too well known to suffer from it; the high position which he and his family had always held in the county, would shelter him from such a stigma, and for himself he would scorn to defend him from it. More he felt it unnecessary to say. He had had long experience of the intelligence and discrimination of the juries of this county; he knew well the honour and uprightness of the gentlemen who now occupied the jury-box—many of them were his intimate and valued personal friends, and in their hands he knew that he had nothing to fear for the safety of his client.

Mr. N — having concluded his address, the letter written to Vandeleur by his uncle, requiring him, under pain of his displeasure, to break off his intended marriage with Miss St. Aubyn, was put in evidence, and then followed the vilest part of the degrading exhibition. Mademoiselle Louise Tussaud was called and sworn.

The witness, a Frenchwoman, was a fashionably dressed person, of about five-and-thirty, but evidently had bestowed what skill she could to keep

the last decade modestly concealed; she was highly rouged, and endeavoured, by a perpetual smile, to carry off the natural expression of a face in no slight degree sinister and malicious in its character. It wanted not the counsel's prefatory speech to indicate the purpose for which she was produced, for a glance would have told that her evidence could have but one object—to slander one who in all likelihood would soon be beyond the reach of human malice. What might be the precise nature of her evidence was, however, matter of deep anxiety to the entire audience.

She had resided, she said, in General St. Aubyn's family for nearly two years, and left him only a few months before he settled at ——. When she left him, Miss St. Aubyn was in her nineteenth year. She had been her confidential attendant. She recollected the Count de L——; was the bearer of letters to him from Miss St. Aubyn. General St. Aubyn was not aware of the correspondence between his daughter and the count. Miss St. Aubyn had conversations with her upon the subject of the count's attentions; believed from them that there existed a mutual attachment between him and her mistress; knew she would have eloped with him, if the general had not suspected her intentions, and taken measures to prevent it. Other questions were then put her respecting Miss St. Aubyn, involving calumny of a deeper dye, and her direct examination closed.

The evidence of Miss Tussaud had been wholly unexpected by the plaintiff's counsel. A few skilful questions, however, much disconcerted her, and served to throw no little doubt over her entire testimony. She admitted that she did not leave General St. Aubyn's service at her own desire, but attributed her dismissal to the fact that she had been discovered by him to be the bearer of messages between his daughter and the Count de L——; and at the conclusion of her cross-examination, there were few persons in court who did not believe her story to be an entire fabrication.

In reality it was not; but small, indeed, was the truth mixed up with its monstrous falsehood, it being nothing more more than that she had been dismissed by General St. Aubyn, on his

discovery from his daughter that she had endeavoured to bring her into communication with the person alluded to, the Count de L——, who had made various attempts to win the favour of Miss St. Aubyn, but had never met with the shadow of encouragement. After her dismissal from the general's, Miss Tussaud removed to London, where she got engaged as a milliner, and having become acquainted with Vandeleur's valet while the former was in London, her previous knowledge of the St. Aubyns became known to him. Having learned of Vandeleur's resolve to break his engagement with her former mistress, she insinuated that she knew facts relating to her history which would give him ground for doing so. He readily caught at the opportunity, and though he placed no reliance on her story, he had the unparalleled baseness to hint it as one of the reasons for his conduct. The scheme foiled itself. The vile slander reached, in a faint and modified form, the ears of his victim's dying father; it stung him to the quick. He knew his child was spotless, and resolved that in her purity she should triumph over the calumniator. The ordeal had come—a few short hours would decide whether she should pass through it unscathed.

With the evidence of the dismissed waiting-maid closed the defendant's case, and now came the time for the plaintiff's counsel to reply. The deep interest excited by the trial had reached its extreme point, and every one present watched with breathless anxiety for the rising of Mr. F——, whose turn it was to speak, and from whose well-known eloquence an address of no ordinary power was anticipated. He was not in court; in a few minutes, however, he entered, but instead of proceeding to address the jury, he whispered some observation into the ear of the young lawyer who had opened the case. The latter listened intently, looked evidently much embarrassed by the communication, and seemed to remonstrate strongly with his senior, who, however, appeared to press his proposition, whatever it was, with much eagerness, and the young man at length seemed reluctantly to assent to it. At this moment the judge asked if it were Mr. F——'s intention to address the jury.

"My lord," said F—, "I have only just concluded an address of nearly four hours in the other court, and am quite unable to speak in this case. In addition to the fatigue I feel, I have heard none of the defendant's evidence. I believe, however, my learned friend, Mr. Crawford, will take my place, and I feel I can trust the case to him without hesitation."

I glanced at Crawford; he was ghastly pale. I knew his powers—what a splendid field for them. He had already acquired a high reputation; what could he mean by hesitating?

"Will you then address the jury, Mr. Crawford?" asked his lordship.

"As my learned friend presses me to undertake it, my lord, I will not refuse, though it is a responsibility I would gladly be relieved of," he replied, with a steadiness of voice with which the embarrassment of his manner strongly contrasted. "In a moment I will be prepared."

A feeling of disappointment at being deprived of a speech they had calculated on, from a counsel of known eminence, was manifest on the countenances of those present. Curiosity to hear how a young, and to most of them an unknown man, would acquit himself in so arduous and interesting a case, very naturally succeeded, and when, after a hurried glance over a few notes on the margin of his brief, Crawford turned to commence, the silence was absolutely deathlike. For a moment I feared for him; but his collected air, and the calm firmness with which he began, at once reassured me.

He commenced by remarking the wide difference between the case before the jury, and all ordinary actions of the kind, being, as he said, "the last act of the dying, in fulfilment of the last wishes of the dead." He then entered into a lucid and impressive review of the evidence for the plaintiff, sketching, with a touching eloquence, the story of her attachment to Vandeleur, and his base desertion of her, and closing with the testimony of the medical witnesses; after a hurried glance at which, he said—"Gentlemen, I cannot dwell on this. I cannot trust myself longer with this detail of suffering. I had once the happiness of a short, a very short, acquaintance with Miss St. Aubyn.

I saw her, not many months before her intimacy with the defendant began, in her own home, the idolized child of a brave and honoured father. I thought that if worth, and loveliness, and virtue, could secure happiness on earth, grief could never cross the threshold of that home. Gentlemen, that home is desolate; the grey hairs of that father have gone down in sorrow to the grave, and the child lives but to fulfil his last request, and follow him. I must drop a veil over miseries which I dare not contemplate." Here he became much affected; but, after a few moment's pause, he went into a recapitulation of the evidence which had been relied on for the defence, which he made the ground of a withering invective against Vandeleur, especially the vile fabrications of the "immaculate waiting-maid," and concluded thus—"I have charged the defendant with duplicity, falsehood, and slander; and I now charge him with abetting perjury, to make the slander effective. I have done, gentlemen, with the evidence, and I call on you for a verdict. There are amongst you fathers—remember that your children, too, may be deceived and calumniated. My client has no longer a father; but her father on his death-bed bequeathed to you the sacred office of protecting the honor of his child. In your hands, I feel that it is safe. I call on you, then, for a verdict. I ask for the entire damages claimed by my client, as the only mode you have of showing your sense of her wrongs, your horror of her betrayer. You cannot, indeed, make her what she once was. You cannot restore her what she has lost. Can you remove the effects of physical and mental sufferings of months' duration? Can you obliterate the memory of love repaid by slander—of confidence returned by deceit? Can you give her back a peaceful home? Can you give her back the buoyancy of heart, of which she has been robbed by her betrayer? No, gentlemen; it is idle to speak of justice; it is idle to speak of reparation. You have them not in your hands. But there is one thing which you can do. You can by your verdict vindicate my client's honor; and, as fathers, as brothers, and as men, I confide that honor to your keeping."

With these remarks, he resumed his seat.

His speech, of which I cannot even profess to give the substance, was powerfully effective; not so much, indeed, from his language as from his earnestness of feeling, and the deep impressiveness of his manner. The moment he got over the first few sentences, he seemed completely carried away by his case; the outbursts of pathos or indignation were evidently not assumed by the advocate, but felt by the man, and his delivery of the concluding portion of his address was, beyond description, eloquent. Upon the conclusion of Crawford's speech, the jury began to speak with each other, and the judge at the same moment commenced turning over his notes of the evidence, preparatory to charging. After a few moments, he commenced—

"Gentlemen of the jury—The present action.—"

"My lord," interrupted the foreman, "I believe it will be unnecessary for your lordship to trouble yourself by going through the evidence. We have agreed on our verdict."

"Indeed!" said his lordship, a little surprised.

Crawford started from his seat, breathless, and pale as a statue. The issue paper was handed down.

"For whom do you find, gentlemen?"

"We find for the plaintiff—£6,000 damages, and 6d. costs," replied the foreman.

Crawford's eye brightened—one flush of triumph gleamed upon his features—in an instant that marble hue replaced it, and, with an air of utter exhaustion, he sank into his place. I drew near him—

"My dear fellow," said I, "you have made a splendid effort; but you are fatigued—you had better leave the court."

He smiled faintly.

"You are right," he replied. "I am knocked up, I believe; it came on me by surprise. I'll take your advice;" and we left together.

When we reached the street, I found it was later than I thought; and having an engagement to dine with a friend some miles from town, I parted Crawford in a few minutes. As I was leaving him, I shook him warmly by the hand, and exclaimed—

"*Au revoir*, my dear Arthur, you have a splendid career before you. I shall yet see you on the bench."

"Perhaps so," said he, with a forced smile; "but I fear you are a bad prophet."

We parted. I slept in the country that night, and next day arrived in town just in time to drive to the courthouse, where a case in which I was engaged was expected to be called on early.

I had just entered. Another case was called. After a few moments, the agent hurried into court, apparently in great excitement—

"My lord," said he, addressing the bench, "I have to apply for a postponement of this trial on a very melancholy ground. Mr. Crawford, who was engaged in the case, has been wounded—I fear mortally—this morning, in a duel."

There was a deep sensation in the court; but I waited for no more. I rushed to Crawford's lodgings. Alas! the tale was but too true. I found he had but a few hours to live. He had given Mr. Vandeleur a meeting that morning, and in the first fire received the fatal wound.

As I entered his room, he smiled.

"Well," said he, "was I right in doubting your prediction? At least it will be a satisfaction to you to know that I am a happier man than I should be, if it were true."

I will not dwell upon my interview with him. Life was fast ebbing; but he suffered little pain, and was not only resigned, but cheerful. He made one request of me, which I too soon had the sad satisfaction of executing—that he should be interred in the church-yard of E—. That evening he was no more.

It was a bright, dewy April morning; the sun was just rising, and a group of persons were moving towards the gate which led from the little churchyard just alluded to to the high-road. The old clergyman of the parish, and the physician whom we have already seen at the beginning of this story, were walking silently together, a little in advance of the rest, and one tottering, aged man was leaning both his hands on an oaken staff, and looking on a new-made grave, while the large tears flowed slowly down his furrowed cheeks, and a

group of young and unconscious children were gazing wistfully in his face.

"It is a strange superstition," said the physician, rather musingly than addressing his companion, "which makes the heavens weep over the interment of the beautiful and the good. Those who know this world's hollowness would find a happier omen in their smile."

"And those who do not," replied the clergyman, "might learn it sadly from the story of Emily St. Aubyn."

Yes, reader, on her grave fell the first ray of that morning's quiet sunshine. Five days after the termination of the trial above described, her

bruised and gentle spirit passed away to that world "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But what of Vandeleur? After the fatal duel with Crawford, he left the country, resided in France for five years, where he married an English heiress, whose fortune was far beyond what entitled him to the legacy bequeathed by his uncle. He returned to Ireland, sat in parliament for his native county for eighteen years, and died in the midst of a large and prosperous family. Is the reader startled by the sorrows of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked? Does he forget that **JUSTICE IS ETERNAL**?

FEMALE FANATICISM IN SCOTLAND.

MESDAMES BUCHAN AND BOUVIGNON.

THE Scotch are not reckoned a fanatical people, nor easily led away by the seductions of empirics and impostors. In spiritual matters, they are strongly prejudiced in favour of their own creed, and their Presbyterian form of church government; and of this tendency of their *perferuidum ingenium*, they have given the world abundant proofs, in many a bloody campaign and battle-field. Often have they drawn the sword, and marched under "the blue banner," in defence of their national worship.* To that they have adhered with an unflinching constancy of attachment—with a determined resistance to alteration, or infringement from any quarter—that has scarcely been surpassed in any other country in Christendom. For the Covenant and Confession of Faith, their ancestors were content to suffer torture and imprisonment, exile and martyrdom. On the front of their ecclesiastical standards, they seem to have inscribed the prickly motto of their emblematic thistle, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*"—for, whenever kings and nobles ventured to bring their prerogatives in collision with the kirk, they found cause in the

end, as the two Charleses and the two Jameses did, to regret their temerity. Presbyterianism has always been viewed as the *paladium* of the kingdom—the symbol of the nation's independence—as much as the old patriarchial stone on which their Malcolms and Alexanders were crowned, and the loss of which was accompanied with the most direful prognostications of slavery and ruin. Nothing in the whole history of Scotland is more obvious than this indomitable spirit of adherence to the principles of John Knox, and the platform of church discipline which he erected. And it survives at the present day; for it is a remarkable fact, that amidst all the sectarian eruptions and secessions that have taken place down to the exode of 1843, the constant complaint of the dissentient parties has been, that the church was not holding faithfully by her original standards, was falling away from her genuine Presbyterian constitution, and, therefore, that they, the seceders, and not the establishment, were the true kirk.

But though we have ample testimonies to the zeal and veneration with which the Scotch have clung to their

national faith, to their patient endurance in suffering for it, and their fiery controversies in maintaining their purity, we meet with rare instances in which they have allowed their zeal for religion to degenerate into fanaticism. Credulity, except in money-making speculations, like the Darien expedition, or the South Sea scheme is not one of their national characteristics. To superstition they are not addicted. Saints, and holidays, and relics, and pilgrimages (unless to London, in quest of situations), and miracles, and festivals, have long been swept from their calendar. Impulses, illuminations, visions, gifts of the Spirit, and other celestial pretensions, that have misled weak minds, and kept them in thralldom to designing hypocrites, have never been able to maintain a local habitation and a name north of the Tweed. To the yoke of clerical leaders they have always shown a willingness to bend, and to an extent scarcely reconcilable with the innate stubborn independence of their character. But then it was essential that these leaders should hoist Presbyterian colours, and draw the sword of eloquence against some reputed heresy or grievance, such as lay-patronage, secular domination, Prelacy, Antinomianism, Bouvignonism, aggressions of the civil magistrate, &c., all of which have, in turn, been cast into the Theological arena, to the imminent jeopardy of a new age of conventicles, and a second Bothwell-brig.

With all their religious enthusiasm, however, it is curious that the Scotch have seldom yielded to the artifices of impostors, or been duped by those impious blasphemies and extravagances, under the mask of sanctity, that have often taken root and flourished in the neighbouring kingdoms, and on the Continent. Had Naylor and his Quakers in Cromwell's time, or the Fifth Monarchy Men, or the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, or the Munster Anabaptists, or Jacob Behmen the Mystic, or John Tetzels himself, with his wallet of indulgences, ventured to pitch their tents by the Forth or the Tay, we question whether they would have gathered a single congregation. Peter the Hermit would have excited no crusade, unless against the Romish cathedrals, or the king's authority, and then he must have

sworn to the Covenant, and professed himself a disciple of John Knox and the "trewie kirke."

Strange as it may appear, the only fanatical pretenders that have acquired any celebrity in Scotland, were women; and, more surprising still, their doctrines were of the most visionary and extravagant character, outraging common sense and moral decency, surpassing in absurdity anything ever offered to the plainest understanding.

Of these two impostors in petticoats, the one, Mrs. Buchan, was a native—a person of dissolute habits and humble parentage, almost illiterate, but naturally clever, artful, and enthusiastic. The other, Madame Bouvignon, was a foreigner, a Fleming by birth, who claimed to be divinely inspired, set apart by the special interposition of Heaven to revive the true spirit of Christianity, which had been extinguished amidst the theological wranglings and animosities of the age. Her opinions, however, were imported into Scotland, and spread particularly in the shires of Perth, Aberdeen, Banff, Ross, and other parts of the Highlands, so as to call down the anathemas of the Church and the General Assembly, which passed various acts, between 1700 and 1710, for suppressing her writings, which were denounced as containing "a mass of dangerous, impious, blasphemous, and damnable errors."

Nothing could be more unlike than the personal character of these two fanatics, although in religious pretensions they bore a strong resemblance to each other. The Scotchwoman was gross, conceited, and carnal. Her followers consisting, with one or two exceptions, of ignorant people, chiefly of the working classes. Antonia Bouvignon, was lively, learned, and insinuating, possessing great order of mind and fluency of speech, so that she recommended her pernicious heresies not only to the imaginations of the unlettered multitude, but to the acceptance of educated and ingenious men, who were persuaded of their truth, and laboured to diffuse far and wide the contagion of her fanaticism. Some of her works were translated and extensively circulated in the North of Scotland, and a clergyman in Aberdeen was deposed from the office of

the ministry, for adopting and defending her errors. It is this circumstance of her "damnable doctrines" having been implanted in the spiritual soil of the country, and still required to be solemnly abjured by every clerical candidate for the kirk, that gives this famous impostor a title to take her place in the same niche with Mrs. Buchan, of whose romantic history, lately published in Edinburgh, we now propose to offer a short account; and when we inform the reader, that this illiterate, sensual fanatic "gave herself out to be the third person in the God-head, and pretended to confer immortality on whomsoever she breathed, and promised eventually to translate direct to heaven in a body, without tasting of death, all who put unlimited faith in her divine mission;" that she also personified the woman described in the Revelations, as being clothed with the sun and the moon; and pretended to have brought forth the man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, in the person of one of her converts, a Rev. Hugh White, who had been a dissenting minister at Irvine; and when we further state, that these celestial claims and pretensions were mixed up with the most degrading and criminal practices, sensuality, prostitution, infanticide, our astonishment increases, that blasphemies so palpable, and vices so revolting, instead of being visited by the penalties of the law, should have found adherents and proselytes among the sober, pious descendants of the Scottish Covenanters. Yet such is the fact.

The delusions of this female hypocrite drew after her a number of individuals (altogether about sixty) who preferred her society to the ties of domestic life, and quitted their homes and their relations to follow her, in the vain expectation of passing from this world to immortality, without being subject to the common lot of human nature. These ridiculous fanatics adopted the title of Buchanites, after the name of their founder, who was variously styled by her devotees, "Our Lady," "Friend Mother," "Luckie Buchan." They held her in great veneration, and such was her ghostly authority over them, that it was ascribed to the influence of demoniacal agency, or a familiarity with the *black art*. In this latter science, her

proficiency was supposed to be such, that "she could cause any person on whom she laid her hand instantly to forget all earthly concerns, and follow her, though it were to the utmost limits of the earth, with the most implicit devotion." This belief, no doubt, was fostered by her arrogant presumption, and her extreme volubility of tongue, for she affected the air of an apostle, and spoke and wrote with a facility quite extraordinary in one who could scarcely have received more than the first elements of education.

But even when her personal influence declined, when her mission proved a ludicrous failure, and when this impious dispenser of immortality could not exempt herself from the stroke of death, her disciples clung to the delusive hopes with which she had indoctrinated them. They were firmly persuaded of her divinity; kept the confined body for years unburied, and gave out that she had privately ascended to heaven as the precursor of their translation.

A sect professing such extravagant tenets could not be expected to gain many proselytes, and it is but justice to the people of Scotland, to allow that Buchanism found no countenance among them. The odious rites were perpetrated within the walls of its own humble convent, and never ventured to show themselves in open day. Society received no taint from its contagion, and gave little heed to its visionary pretensions. With the business of life its doctrines never ventured to mingle, but remained isolated, shunned and detested in every neighbourhood where it pitched its tabernacles. Nor was it formed or designed for perpetuity. By its rules there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage; the limit of its duration was the lives of its members, and accordingly, after an existence of a few years, it dwindled away to a solitary octogenarian couple, the last survivor having died in January, 1846.

The author, to whom we are indebted for the memoir of Mrs. Buchan and her infatuated group of enthusiasts, is Mr. Joseph Train, a name not unknown in Scottish literature, and worthy of a passing notice. Sir Walter Scott found in him one of his most valuable coadjutors, and makes frequent mention, in his works, of the

assistance he derived from his indefatigable researches and contributions. Mr. Train belongs originally to the Land of Burns, being a native of Ayrshire—of humble parentage, and indebted chiefly to his own diligence for his education, and his future success in life. He was early intended for some mechanical employment; but the drudgery of manual labour did not accord with his lively imagination and his taste for letters. The ardour of his love for the muses was such, that when a young man of twenty, and quartered, in 1800, with the Ayrshire militia at Inverness, he accumulated a guinea and a-half in sixpences, saved from his pay, to purchase a copy of Currie's edition of the works of Burns, published at Liverpool. The peace of Amiens, having closed Mr. Train's services as a militia-man, his patron, the colonel of the regiment, Sir David Hunter Blair, obtained for him an appointment in the excise; and this has continued to be his occupation, since 1810, in various districts of Scotland, Largs, Newtonstewart, Perth, Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queenferry, Falkirk, Wigton, and Castledouglas, where he still resides, as a retired supervisor, cultivating his favourite antiquarian studies, and paying occasional court to the muse. His poetical effusions are numerous, and far above mediocrity. Like his illustrious countryman, Burns, who wrote many of his best lyrics while following the uncongenial profession of a *gauger*, Mr. Train was doomed to regale his poetic fancy from the odorous fumes of whiskey casks, malting vats, and illicit distilleries.

The bent of his genius, however, and the opportunities he enjoyed of an acquaintance with many of the interesting and picturesque localities in Scotland, inclined him to the prosecution of traditional and antiquarian researches; and it was in this capacity that he rendered himself so useful an auxiliary to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Train was necessarily one of the twenty who was in the secret of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels;" and, in several instances, premature revelations were in danger of coming to light, in consequence of his communications bearing a suspicious resemblance to characters and events described in the fictions of the Great Unknown.

His first introduction to Sir Walter was the result of one of his earliest productions, "Strains of the Mountain Muse," published in 1814, consisting chiefly of metrical tales, illustrative of traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, accompanied with topographical and legendary notes. Sir Walter at once procured a dozen copies and the address of the author, became his patron and friend, encouraged his antiquarian pursuits, and commenced a correspondence with him, which was only terminated by the death of the Mighty Minstrel. Mr. Train's contributions to the Waverley Novels, it would be out of our province here to enumerate: they are duly acknowledged by Sir Walter in his prefaces, and afterwards by Lockhart, in the third, fourth, fifth, and seventh vols. of the "Life." When composing the "Lord of the Isles," the distinguished poet received from his newly his description of Queensbury Castle, the landing of Bruce from Arran, and the hospital founded by the royal fugitive at Kingscase, near Presterrick.

It was upon this occasion that he transmitted to Sir Walter one of the *magus*, or drinking-horns, provided by Bruce for the use of the lepers. This interesting relic was among the first of the many valuable antiquarian remains afterwards presented to him; the extensive collection of which now forms one of the chief attractions at Abbotsford. A Roman battle-axe, found in the Moss of Cree; a razor of the fifteenth century; the *spleuchan* of the famous freebooter, Rob Roy; a fragment of the oaken bedstead that belonged to the Black Douglas; a curious brass visor, with moveable projecting horns, where the eye-holes should have been; an Andrea Ferrara, said to have been worn by the notorious persecutor, the Laird of Lagg; the stock-bow of Sir John the Græme, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk in 1298; a drinking *quaigh*, made from Wallace's tree in the Torwood; the *ladle* of the last resident hangman in Drumfries, with an account of the manner of using it, as described in the 13th volume of the Waverley Novels. These, with a variety of other rare and time-honoured curiosities, were furnished by the obliging exciseman during his inti-

macy with Sir Walter. "And," as Mr. Lochart says in his *Life* (chap. x.), "if ever a catalogue of the museum at Abbotsford shall appear, no single contributor, most assuredly, will fill so large a space in it as Mr. Train."

But valuable as his antiquarian pursuits were, the amount and value of his literary services were still greater. To most of the novels he made some contribution or other. When alluding to his first interview with the then Great Unknown, Mr. Lockhart observes (vol. iii., c. 1):—

"To this intercourse with Mr. Train, we owe the whole machinery of the 'Tales of my Landlord,' as well as the adoption of Claverhouse's period, for the scene of some of its first pictures."

The very name of *Cleishbotham* was borrowed from the professional *soubriquet* of a Galloway school-master. The account of the wandering Astrologer, which formed the groundwork for *Guy Mannering*—the curious history of *Old Mortality*, and the hint to make Viscount Dundee the hero of the tale—the sketch of "Faithless Fanny," the prototype of Madge Wildfire—the traditions on which the dramas of *McDuff's Cross* and the *Doom of Devorgoil* are founded—the first notice of the motley Morrice Dancers, so graphically portrayed in the *Fair Maid of Perth*—sketches of Skipper Hawkins, the original of Dick Hatterick—of Flora Marshall, the supposed Meg Merrilies—of Andrew Gummell (a native of old Rumnock, in Ayrshire), the Edie Ochiltree of the *Antiquary*—of Wandering Willie in *Red Gauntlet*—of the ravages perpetrated by the Earl of Derby in Kirkcudbrightshire, as described in *Peveril of the Peak*—of the story of the Fifeshire Surgeon's Daughter, forming the nucleus of the admired tale bearing that name in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*—all these, and sundry other anecdotes of curious manners and customs, family legends, superstitions, &c., embodied in the Waverley series, owe their paternity to the unwearied diligence of the devoted supervisor of excise. The death of Sir Walter in some degree removed the main stimulus that had urged Mr. Train on in his antiquarian and traditional inquiries. But

he has not been idle for the last dozen years "in his cottage pleasantly situated on the banks of the Carlingworth Lake, in the neighbourhood of Castle Douglas." A short time ago, he published a "History of the Isle of Man;" and more recently appeared "The Buchanites from first to last," giving a detailed account of the founder and the fanatical extravagances of that miserably-deluded sect to whose history we now return.

Mrs. Buchan, as her historian informs us, was the daughter of John Simpson, the keeper of a small hedge ale-house, or dram-shop, on the old road between Banff and Portsay, at a place called Fatnuacken, where she was born about the year 1738, and received the name of Elspeth. Before she had completed her third year, her mother died, and the father having married again soon after, she was put under the charge of strangers. The wretched circumstances of her foster parents is described as such, that "her bedding consisted of a bag stuffed with straw laid down on the ground beside the fire at night, with an empty sack for a coverlet, which were removed in the morning, and stowed away till required again in the evening." Her earliest occupation was to herd her master's cows; but according to her own account, she was not particularly trustworthy, for she confesses, "I had no pleasure in working, and ever forgot the directions given me." Her next employment was in the family of a distant relation of her mother's, by whom she was taught to sew and read. The husband of this woman was a Banffshireman, and a West India planter, and as they were about to proceed to Jamaica, young Elspeth was taken along with them to Greenock. It was here that her future prospects and the entire current of her life underwent a lamentable change. While waiting for the ship that was to convey them across the Atlantic, "she left her friends, to associate with idle company, and appears then to have contracted these depraved habits which she afterwards inculcated respecting matrimony." The streets of Greenock and the company of sailors, and other low vagabonds, were not certainly the most respectable nursery for the gifts and graces of a saint, and one, too, who

aspired to such intimate relationship with the Deity. No doubt, some of her doctrines—perhaps the most popular—were learned in this school; and the most remarkable feature in her subsequent career is, that she contrived, after this discreditable noviciate, to get a single dupe to believe in her divine mission.

How long she followed her Greenock profession does not appear on the record. Her next movement was one contrary to the principles she afterwards inculcated; for it is stated that “she trepanned, at Ayr, a working potter, named Robert Buchan, to be her husband!” This union, however, does not appear to have been legally solemnized, as no voucher or entrance of it can be discovered in the parish registers. It soon proved to be not a happy one; for her licentious conduct at Ayr obliged the husband to remove with her to Banff, where he commenced a manufactory of earthenware on his own account. Not being successful in this speculation, he repaired to Glasgow in search of employment, leaving his wife with three children at Banff, “to provide for themselves as they best could,” by teaching children to sew. Her family, at this time a son and two daughters, were grown up, and having imbibed their mother's virtues, they afterwards joined the Buchanite Society. Humble as her occupation was, she might have earned a comfortable livelihood by it, had not her Greenock propensities interfered with the sedate carriage expected from an instructress of youth.

It was at this period, in her thirty-sixth year, that her irregularities took a new direction, and assumed a religious form. Her family and her school were neglected. Her whole attention was absorbed with devotional exercises, disputing about theological subjects, and frequenting “fellowship meetings,” at which she is said to have excelled as an orator, and an ingenious expounder of Scripture. Her views were not reckoned orthodox, nevertheless she made several converts; amongst others, the wife of a Captain Cook, of the revenue cutter on that station. Their chief occupation was to spend many hours together, “mourning for their own sins and the sins of others;” but the captain not relishing

this employment of his wife, and thinking her “mad with religion,” kept her shut up in a dark room for three weeks, and was reported to have threatened Mrs. Buchan's life. The clergy also took the alarm, being offended both with her doctrines and her loose conduct, and became chiefly instrumental in raising the populace against her. But the more she was opposed, the more resolute she was “to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission.” Her pretext, like Cromwell's, when he wanted a reason to sanction his own earthly purposes, was, that she was “seeking the word of the Lord;” and so earnest was she in her inquiries that, she writes, “had a gallows been erected at every door, I would not have stayed from going there.” According to her own account, she went through a sort of refining process, before entering upon her apocalyptic duties, for she says—“In the year 1774, the power of God wrought such a wonderful change on my senses, that I overcame the flesh, so as not to make use of earthly food for some weeks; which made all that saw me conclude I was going to depart this life.” This victory over the flesh must be understood as referring solely to the stomach; for in no other sense was it admitted as an article in Mrs. Buchan's creed.

The hostility of the clergy, the desertion of her school, and the imminent danger of her life, induced “our lady” to remove with her family to Glasgow, where she arrived in March, 1781, and was cordially received by her husband, then employed in a pottery in that city—the delf-work at the Broomielaw. Here she kept up a correspondence with her associates in the north—the members of the Banffshire Fellowship Societies; but her early propensities seem not to have been eradicated, for “an unfavourable report regarding her mode of life reached her native place,” and drew from some of her friends there an advice “to mend her manners.” To these insinuations she replied in a spirit of Christian forbearance; regretting the trouble her advisers took about her concerns, and promising “to plead for them night and day at the throne of grace.”

During her residence in Glasgow at

this time (1782), she formed an acquaintance with two persons, the Rev. Hugh White, and Mr. Andrew Innes, afterwards the two most zealous and most celebrated of her disciples. Mr. White was then minister of the Relief Congregation at Irvine, near Ayr. He had the reputation of being a popular preacher, and was certainly a man of talents, and a scholar. His native place was St. Ninians, near Stirling; but he had been professor of logic in an American college, and was reckoned a profound theologian. His besetting foible was vanity and self-conceit; and he must have been unsteady in his opinions, as he changed from the established church to the secession. His weakness in these respects rendered him an easy captive to the spiritual flatteries of Luckie Buchan. She had an opportunity of hearing him preach at a sacrament in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, in December, 1782, and being taken with his oratory, she informed him by letter of the conquest he had made, and of his being "the first minister who had spoken effectually to her heart." The epistle is a curious specimen of artful compliment and blasphemous assumption. She tells him that before seeing him with the bodily eye, she had often viewed him by the eye of faith; that he was "a promised seed, actually born from above," the apocalyptic child, "that has lain in the womb of the everlasting decree from all eternity."

This communication was received at first as an effusion of genuine piety; and as such Mr. White showed it to several of his congregation, who were so pleased with Mrs. Buchan's religious views, that they wished her personal acquaintance. Accordingly, Mr. White invited her to Irvine, where she became his lodger, and met with a welcome reception from the whole sect, who seem to have paid her the utmost reverence.

"From her heavenly conversation and extraordinary gifts (says the narrative) they soon began to consider her a valuable acquisition to their party. Religion was her constant topic, in every company and on all occasions she introduced it. Her time was wholly employed in visiting from house to house; in praying and solving doubts, answering questions, and in expounding the Scriptures." It is not easy for

Satan long to pass as an angel of light. Some of the congregation began to question the orthodoxy of her principles; they accused their minister of having inbibed them, and requested him to dismiss her as a dangerous person. With this peremptory demand he was obliged to comply. In a few weeks Mrs. Buchan quitted Irvine, and repaired to Glasgow, where she continued to correspond with her reverend neophyte, for the purpose of encouraging his "young faith," assuring him that her birth pains of heavenly love towards him far surpassed the love of woman; and rejoicing that her lot and his had had been cast in the same land! Her correspondents at this early stage of her mission, amongst whom was the Rev. Francis O'Rely, of Northampton, were numerous, for one of her disciples says, "when Friend Mother came to Irvine, she brought with her a little hair-trunk filled with letters from various ministers and religious societies in the North of England."

Another of her converts at this time was Andrew Innes, the last survivor of the sect, who may also claim the honour of being its historiographer, as it was chiefly from materials furnished by him that Mr. Train drew up his narrative. This attached devotee, second only in Luckie's affections to the Great Man Child himself, was from Muthill in Perthshire. His parents were humble *cotters*, and he was bred to the business of a carpenter; but hearing of Mrs. Buchan's fame in the West, and the excitement caused by Mr. White's heresies, Andrew resolved "to cast in his lot with them, although most violently opposed by his mother and many of his friends." It was in 1787 that he first met our lady, to whose person and pretensions he afterwards adhered with romantic devotion. His exertions contributed much to the forming of the Buchanite society, of which he remained an effective member to the last, and in right of survivorship he became possessed of all the property belonging to that community.

The trial of Mr. White for heresy before the Relief Presbytery at Glasgow, was the occasion for a general rendezvous of his friends at Mrs. Buchan's lodgings there. Although the reverend gentlemen had not openly de-

clared his ghostly idol to be actually the woman prophesied in the Revelation, yet he boldly affirmed her to be a saint of no ordinary character, and the harbinger of a light that would expel the darkness of Antichrist which had so long overshadowed the earth. His congregation, however, offended at the delusions and blasphemous opinions he had imbibed, threatened him with deposition for propagating tenets contrary to the Confession of Faith. A paper being drawn up by his opponents, containing what was supposed to be the new doctrines, he acknowledged them as his principles and subscribed them as such; and with regard to his quitting Mrs. Buchan, "he was so enamoured of her mystic views, that he declared he would sooner cut off his right arm." In short, Mr. White's vanity led him to believe that he was destined to be a second John Knox, the founder of a new church; and in this delirium his spiritual mother encouraged him. "Believe me (she wrote), my dear love, there is nothing in glory, grace, or providence but what is on your side. Although hell and earth, men and devils, be raging against us, they can only rage in their own ground, and cannot harm us. * * * * * You are on the Lord's side, therefore the enemies of the Lord are up in arms against you; but go you forward, fear not, for the *breaker* is come up before them. The great I AM will keep you like the apple of his eye."

Mr. White's friends regretted his infatuation, and judged of his prospects in a different light from the frenzied view of it taken by Mrs. Buchan. He had a young wife, and two children still in infancy. But all expostulation was in vain. His opinions and his whole deportment had undergone a change so marvellous, that people attributed the influence of Luckie over him to her skill in the black art. He would listen neither to the voice of reason nor the sympathies of domestic affection. His trial proceeded, and the Presbytery were obliged to eject him from the ministry. This was in August, 1783, the decision of the court being unanimous, finding him guilty "of entertaining a number of sentiments contrary to Scripture." While his relations pitied and lamented his delusion, the result was hailed as a

triumph over Satan and the malice of the world, by the crafty woman by whom he was so unaccountably misled. She wrote both to him and Mrs. White, exhorting them not to fear their enemies:—

"Poor short-sighted creatures, they see nothing on the other side of death. They think that I have done all this; and many are praying that you had never seen me; but I am sure, if they knew how happy I would be to spend my last breath, and the last drop of my blood, for Hugh White, they would not give themselves so much trouble. I am glad to think you are so well prepared for this stroke; but it will do you no harm, for although the whole course of nature were set on fire, it would not singe one hair of your head!"

The deposition of Mr. White excited no small sensation in the West, especially in Glasgow, where Mrs. Buchan then resided, in her old lodging in the Salt Market, receiving visits from crowds of Irvine people, and disputing with her enemies on religious matters. A small remnant of Mr. White's congregation embraced the new doctrines, and resolved to adhere to him. These formed the nucleus of the sect; the most zealous and influential of whom, at this time, says the narrative "were Mr. Peter Hunter, writer and town-clerk in Irvine, and John Gibson, builder there. Many individuals of both sexes followed in their wake. Mrs. Buchan had informed them of the apocalypse that had induced her to travel from sea to sea for the fulfilment of that holy revelation; but though thus employed for nearly ten years, she confessed she had been only a gazing-stock to the people, and the butt of the devil's wrath. No person was so impressed with the belief of her divine call as to follow her from Banffshire; nor after her departure from her native place, did the whimsies advanced by her disturb, in the slightest degree, the order of any community. In Glasgow, the only convert she appears to have made was Andrew Innes!! Andrew's first interview with Luckie happened the preceding year, as we have mentioned. Having travelled from Muthill to Glasgow, to attend the Relief Sacrament, he accidentally met her in his landlady's kitchen, and accompanied

her to chapel. The consequences he must relate himself :—

“After service, she invited me to her lodgings, which were then in the upper flat of an old wooden house in the Salt-Market, and was but poorly furnished. As soon as I went in, she rose and conducted me to Glasgow-green, where she laid open to my view how the kings and hosts of Israel became a curse to the people, and how David, by his adultery with Bethsheba, occasioned the death of so many people; with other parts of Scripture, which I knew to be truth so simple and easy to be comprehended, that I wondered I had never seen them before in the same light. We parted in the evening, and I called by appointment again at her house on Monday, for the purpose of seeing her letters of correspondence, which were chiefly with ministers of various sects in Banff and Aberdeenshire.”

The doors of the church being closed against Mr. White, he preached in his own garden, but his hearers being often disturbed by persons throwing stones and brick-bats among them, he was forced to retire into his own house, where their meetings at night continued for some time, Mrs. Buchan always taking a leading part. The nature and results of these nocturnal conventions are thus described :—

“The room was always crowded to excess; and the enemies sometimes remained after the public service was over, to contend about disputed points of doctrine, from which no good resulted to either party. The friends and relations of those who had become members of the society, were determined to throw every possible interruption in their way. Customers deserted merchants who were members; tradesmen, labourers, &c., were thrown out of employment; parents were set against their children, servants against their masters, and drunken sailors were encouraged to watch and molest every person about to enter Mr. White's house in the evenings. And these practices not being discouraged by the magistrates, they grew the longer, the more presumptuous, till at last they attacked the doors and windows with sticks and stones; and when he applied to the magistrates for protection, he was only told to send away that offensive woman, and the people would be quiet as formerly.

“For greater privacy, they afterwards met at the house of Mr. Hunter; but their meetings there being

discovered also, and the indignation of the populace being roused by the reports circulated of their doctrines and manner of worship, the doors and windows were demolished; and Mrs. Buchan, while endeavouring to escape the fury of the mob by a back way, was intercepted. She was accompanied by Mr. Gibson, a very strong man, who, when one of the rabble was about to lay violent hands on her, grasped her round the waist with his arms, and would not part with her till a drunken fellow cut one of his hands with a *jockteleg* (clasp-knife), whereupon a general shout of joy was raised for the capture of the *witch-wife*, who had cast her “glamour” over the minister. After dragging her through all the streets of the town, nearly in a state of nudity, many were for ducking her in the river, but the majority was for parading her home to her husband to the sound of an old tin-kettle; and they actually trailed her to Stewarton, a village about eight miles from Irvine, on the Glasgow road. Andrew Innes says :—Mr. White and I, concealed by the darkness of the night, followed at a short distance all the way. We heard them once insult her about her feigned attachment to Christ. They would raise her up as high as they could, calling aloud for her to fly now to heaven, like Enoch or Elijah, at the same time letting her drop to the ground, exclaiming ‘She cannot fly yet; we must take her on a little farther, and try her again.’ When they came to a bridge at Stewarton, they took her to the ledge, for the purpose of throwing her into the river, and would have done so, had not one of the party opposed them, saying, ‘She has done us no personal harm, therefore we will not kill her outright—let her husband do that if he pleases, when he gets her home.’ This timely interruption seemed to divert them from their intention of drowning her. As they dragged her into Stewarton, the noise they made in the streets, caused the people to come running out many with candles in their hands. The crowd soon became very great, and the night being very dark, they lost sight of her suddenly, nor could they find her again.”

This was rough handling for a prophetess, who claimed to have a heavenly commission—and, had her persecutors been amenable to the ordinary feelings of superstition, the circumstance of her mysterious disappearance might have shaken their incredulity of her being an impostor. But, the mystery was soon revealed. Luc-

kie showed that her nimbleness of heel was not inferior to the volubility of her tongue. She had taken advantage of the "sleety night" to retrace her steps—and when her scattered followers were assembled in Mr. White's parlour, mourning for her loss, (says Andrew Innes,) and the opinion gaining ground that she had actually ascended to heaven—

"In she stepped, in the grey of the morning, in a most pitiable plight; she was bare-headed, barefooted, with scarcely a rag to cover her nakedness, and all her person over with blood; yet she was cheerful, and said, 'I suffer all this freely for the sake of those I love.' On escaping from the hands of her enemies at Stewarton, she made her way back to Irvine, by climbing over dykes, and squeezing through hedges, not daring to keep the public road, lest they might be in pursuit of her. Mr. Gibson washed and dressed her wounds, and when she was put to bed, we each retired to our respective places of abode."

Her presence in Irvine, and the congregating of her friends again, was the signal for another attack. Crowds assembled, the house was beset, the doors and windows battered with stones, and the lives of the inmates put in jeopardy. The magistrates were obliged to interfere, and immediately ordered her removal. In this extremity, Mr. Hunter engaged a man with a horse and cart, to take her to Glasgow—Mr. Gibson volunteering to attend her as sick-nurse, and Andrew Innes as an escort, to report her safe arrival. Her finances were so low at this time, that, on leaving Irvine, she did not possess even the smallest silver coin, and Andrew gave her his watch, which he understood she pawned for a few shillings, to relieve her immediate wants; but when she received a farther supply from her more wealthy adherents, she redeemed the pledge, and returned it to its proper owner. In Glasgow her dupes continued to frequent her house, so that her family affairs were utterly neglected, and her husband reduced to abject poverty, by the extension of her hospitality to swarms of visitors, to whom he was an entire stranger. The consequence was, he was obliged to have a legal divorce, a step rendered all the more necessary from her revolting doctrines on the

subject of "carnal marriages." It is remarkable that she never adopted her husband's name in her early letters, which are all signed "ELSPETH SIMPSON;" and which make no disclosures on the grand point of her intention to carry her disciples to heaven in the body, without tasting of death. Her correspondence, at this period, is filled with rhapsodies about the overflowings of her love for her spiritual children, "amidst a generation of vipers," and the destroyers of this world "all coming against us like bulls of Bashan, with their mouths wide open to devour." She warned them that "Satan was trying to sift them," but that they were to rejoice in tribulation, for their past sufferings would now be "no more than a dream, or a tale that is told."

A change of locality was now deemed advisable, and as Andrew Innes's mother had come to Glasgow in quest of her strayed son, Luckie Buchan was persuaded to accompany them to Muthill, "a pious wheelwright" of that place, Duncan Robertson, having been dispatched with a riding-horse to meet her at Kilsyth, and assist her in her journey. She professed great reluctance at parting with her "loving friends and sweet babes" in the west; but she was reconciled to her new abode by finding she was kindly received, and might get another "little vineyard" to bear fruit, as at Irvine. Her only desideratum here seems to have been Mr. Hugh White, who was, of course, strongly urged to take up his residence with her immediately.

"There being great desire and need of you (she writes); they are thirsting for the water of life, and receive it greedily. There are not a few young creatures here that have some breathings of love, but they are like to be choked with ignorance. I trust you will make no delay in coming here while the edge is on the people's minds. As to removing your family, you need say little about that till you come yourself. My body is loaded with a great cold, but my senses are like pipes of new wine, all running from a free fountain."

With this warm intention Mr. White complied, and travelled on foot in the latter end of November, from Irvine to Muthill, a distance of seventy-six miles, in two days. His companions were Andrew Innes, James Ste-

wart, and Agnes Wylie. At this time two of Mrs. Buchan's daughters, Peggy and Anne, resided in Irvine, the elder being a servant with Mr. White. These are the young women whom she afterwards gave out to be, "one an incarnation of Christ, the other of the Holy Ghost!"

Mr. White's reception at Muthill was not so kindly as that of his female forerunner had been. He discovered no symptoms of religious "thirst" anywhere except in Friend Mother. The people had too deep a reverence for the Established Church and the Confession of Faith, to listen to "the abominations taught by Mrs. Buchan, and confirmed by Hugh White," of which they were faithfully warned by the clergy. They refused to admit him into their houses, or to take him by the hand, or to touch him, as it was confidently believed Luckie had bewitched him; and when he preached, "many of the men who had assembled to hear him, rose to their feet, and waved their staves before him in a very threatening manner." Discouraged by this opposition, the two fanatics and their disciples resolved to venture back to Irvine, where some of Mr. White's former congregation seemed to think that poverty would make him recant, and that the Buchanites would thereby be scattered. In this they were mistaken, "and when they saw cart after cart arrive from Muthill, laden with people, goods, and chattels, their rage became ungovernable." Mr. White's house was again attacked, and the windows demolished. The inhabitants petitioned the magistrates to have the lady apprehended and punished legally as a blasphemer, and her reverend paramour also, as a disseminator of her dogmas. A sentence of banishment was issued (May, 1784), ordering her to leave the royalty within two hours. The summary decision was instantly obeyed; "and such was the hurry, that some had scarcely time to pack up a hand-bundle, put out the fire, and lock the door." One left a washing on the green—another left a cow bellying at the crib. Although the act applied only to Mrs. Buchan, her followers resolved to share her exile.

"With this intention (says Andrew Innes), we had rallied round her in Mr. White's parlour, each man with a staff

in one hand, and a small bundle in the other; each woman with her coats kilted, and a small bundle in a handkerchief, tied round her waist. Mr. and Mrs. White seemed rather downcast, but Friend Mother was more cheerful than ordinary. She spoke to us individually, and quoted passages of Scripture with surpassing aptitude, to fortify our minds in that trying hour. She often repeated the twenty-eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Matthew with great composure and dignity—"Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they shall see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." When the magistrates and constables appeared at the door, she proceeded with them, Mr. White accompanying her on one side, and Mr. Gibson on the other. The women and children followed, the men bringing up the rear. The streets through which we passed were crowded to such excess, that the constables could scarcely open a passage. All those that came from Muthill were very ill used; the people made sport of pushing their staves between our legs so as to make us fall, and then pushed others over us; chiding us at the same time for ruining ourselves by following an old witch-wife, who had evidently cast her cantrips over us. Just as the magistrates were about to return, a drunken sailor tore off the cap of our Friend Mother, and pulled her to the ground; and then ran past the magistrates, exclaiming, 'I have got a right handful of her hair,' and joined his companions without being molested by the authorities."

About this period these fanatics attracted the notice of the poet Burns, then residing at his farm of Mossgiel. In a letter to a friend in Montrose, he alludes to their society, and describes their tenets as "a strange jumble of enthusiastic jargon." Of their libertine principles he also speaks freely, but without exaggeration:—

"Old Buchan (he adds) pretends to give them the Holy Ghost, by breathing on them, which she does with postures and practices scandalously indecent. They hold a community of goods, and live nearly an idle life, carrying on a great farce of devotion in barns and woods, where they lie and lodge altogether; and hold likewise a community of women, as it is another of their tenets that they can commit no moral sin. I am personally acquainted with most of them, and can assure you the above mentioned are facts."

The ejected emigrants, on quitting

Irvine, which they denounced as another Sodom, to be overtaken with some signal judgment for the wickedness of the people, bent their steps towards the south. The cause of their moving in that direction, Mr. Innes explains:—"After consulting on the road a short time, we agreed to keep our faces as steadily as possible towards that part of the heavens where we supposed the Saviour of the world would appear at his second coming (Matthew chapter 26th), and moved off very slowly," &c.

Their society consisted of forty-six, but was afterwards re-inforced to sixty, chiefly by converts from England. The style of their travelling was picturesque. Mrs. Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, the discarded minister, and one or two of her higher dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder followed on foot. Allan Cunningham states that Luckie sometimes rode in front on a white pony, "and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the gardens of mercy, and with drink from a large cup, called the comforter." Her company "were for the most part clever chiefs, and bonny, spanking, rosy-cheeked lasses, many of them in their teens. Over their dark petticoats they wore short gowns, reaching from the chin half-way down the thigh, and fitted close to the bosom. They were bare headed, and their locks of unusual length were restrained from falling in a fleece over their back and breast by small buckling-combs."

They had difficulty in procuring food, as the country shunned them. Oat cake, when they could purchase it at the farm-houses, and cold water, was their common fare. When they came to a stream they sat down on the bank, Friend Mother dividing to each a bit of cake, and a tankard of water was handed round, brought from the rivulet by one of the women. All shared alike; the only distinction in the way of luxury being that our lady "after she had divided the bread, *lighted her pipe and took a smoke of tobacco.*" In the article of lodgings they were miserably provided for, as few public houses could accommodate them, and farmers declined to harbour them. Near Dundonald they were permitted to occupy a cart-shed and a

hillogic for the night. At New Cumnock they were granted the use of a hay-loft; but at Slunkford the farmer would not give them his barn, nor even allow them the shelter of his haystack. Mr. White preached to them and cheered them on their journey, by drawing comparisons between their difficulties and those of Christ and his apostles. During their march they chaunted, like the Seekers of the New Jerusalem, hymns, as a kind of rude psalmody, which attracted general attention wherever they passed. "They made the hills and woodlands ring with rhymes of their own composing, sung in full chorus to what is called profane music," one of their favourite airs being *The Beds of Sweet Roses*, then a popular song in the West.

The first resting place they procured was at New Compe, a farm-house in Nithsdale, near Thornhill, thirteen miles above Dumfries. There the wandering Buchanites were induced to halt, in consequence of one of the wealthiest of their members, Mr. Hunter, being apprehended and carried back to Irvine, on the charge of having deserted his business and property, but in reality to detach him from the idle company he had joined. The tenant of the farm, Mr. Davidson, at first gave them only the temporary use of a barn; but finding they consumed and paid ready money for a considerable amount of his farm produce, and assisted him in his field labours, he allowed them to remain for some time, and afterwards gave them ground to erect a house for themselves, called *Buchan's Ha'*, a name which it still retains. "It was here," says Andrew Innes, "like the disciples of Christ after Pentecost, our apostolical life commenced, all that believed were together, and had all things common." Their money was put into a joint-stock purse, and placed at the disposal of John Gibson, who was both treasurer and purveyor of the kitchen. Janet Grant, who had kept a cloth-shop in Irvine, was mistress of the robes, and had charge of all the unoccupied clothes, to keep them clean and whole, and give them out when any person wanted a change. The other women assisted in washing, knitting, and darning stockings, and they had tailors and cobblers for mending their shoes and outer garments. They oc-

casionally wrought at hay or harvest for their neighbours, but never accepted wages, and always took their meals apart by themselves, concluding it with singing one of their own rhymes.

Their food was mean and scanty, consisting of potatoes and salt, or herrings, or "a drop of milk, when that was attainable." It was cooked in the farmer's kitchen, and served on a small table, round which they sat; and if any religious discussion was going on in the barn, they would run, with a potato, *en chemise*, in their hand, to hear the controversy. Having neither hay nor straw to sleep on, they were obliged to pull heather from the moors, which they bound in bundles of about six feet long and four broad, "thereby forming a bed for two persons." Those bundles were placed in a double row on the barn floor, closely pressed together, with the tops uppermost for softness, the space between being scarcely more than sufficient for a single person to pass; their only covering was one blanket to each bed, and for pillows they used their body-clothes. By degrees, and after they had erected their house, which they built entirely themselves, their condition improved—each had two blankets, and for bedsteads they nailed four rough boards together, which were filled with straw for mattresses as soon as it could be procured. Their cabin was only one story high, thirty-six feet long, and sixteen broad, covered with heather. It was provided with a loft, supported by poles, and this primitive attic was the general sleeping apartment. To this bed-room they ascended by a trap-ladder in the middle of the house, there being only two beds below in a small closet.

"Our furniture (says Andrew Innes) consisted of two long tables, or deals, surrounded by links or cutty stools. In the kitchen was a dresser, a meal-chest, and a few stools. In Mr. White's closet was a table, and a few chairs, intended for strangers."

In this miserable hovel, and in beds of heather or straw, so closely jammed together that a person could scarcely move between them, were immured about sixty individuals of both sexes, who embraced some of the worst dogmas of the ancient Essenes, and of the modern Socialists. Among them the

marriage relation was entirely disregarded. Children did not know their parents; the title of Mr. and Mrs. was abolished, and new names substituted for the old; thus, Mr. Hunter, who had returned, was called Peter—Mr. White, Isold Whitehead—and so of the rest, except the Man-Child, who wished to be named Friend White. For these changes, Scripture reasons were assigned; but the general belief was, they adopted this device for the purpose of committing and concealing crimes of a flagitious character.

The fixture of these abominable enthusiasts in the Vale of Nith, where many persons alive still remember them, created a strong sensation, which was soon inflamed into violence by Mr. White's preaching, and announcing Friend Mother as the "mysterious woman predicted in the Revelations, in whom the light of God was restored to the world." Disgusted with these blasphemous ravings, the people attacked their house, smashed doors and windows, ransacked the beds and chests, and even the farmer's draw-well, for "Luckie," who might have been torn to pieces, had she not escaped privately to Closeburn Castle, the seat of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Monteith, being warned on the previous evening of what was to take place; for guns were fired and lights kindled on the hills, as signals to collect for the attack. Forty-two of the rioters were tried for the assault, and upwards of twenty of them were fined at Dumfries by the sheriff of the county. The clergy of the local Presbytery also interfered, and attempted to have "Mrs. Buchan and the man-child, White," libelled before the church court for teaching blasphemous doctrines; but they did not succeed, and the proceeding was abandoned. Luckie's correspondence must have been voluminous; for she sometimes wrote all night, and complained grievously of the expense of postages. She paid a visit, accompanied by her "high priest," to a very old acquaintance, near Moffat, the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of Wamphray, in the hope of converting him. She boldly maintained, "She was actually the spirit of God, which all unbelievers would soon know to their cost." But when the neighbours learned that the manse was polluted by such unholy visitants, they threat-

ened to mob them, and call the minister to account.

Much of Mr. White's time, while at Closeburn, seems to have been occupied in writing hymns for the use of the society, and in composing the *Divine Dictionary*, or summary of their doctrines; for as they professed having Scripture to support all their opinions, they deemed it necessary that they should publish to the world such an exposition of their Faith and Practice as would tend in future to silence their enemies! The work is described as a complete jumble of fanatical nonsense, and denunciations against those who dared to disbelieve the divine mission of the mysterious woman. "It showed them," says the historian of the Relief Church, Mr. Struthers, "to be illiterate, erroneous, visionary, and rhapsodical. So little reason was mixed up with their madness, that it is often impossible to comprehend their ravings, and to say exactly what, on various topics, was their belief." It treated of the propagation of mankind—the human soul—the decrees of God—the nature of true devotion—the meeting Christ in the clouds—and pretended to give "a divine receipt, instructing how all may live for ever." The principal object of the work, however, was to proclaim to the world that they (the Buchanites) "are actually waiting for the second coming of Christ, and believe that they alone shall be translated into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." This leading article of their creed was engrossed in the title-page of the work: and the publication blasphemously concludes by declaring that "the truths contained in it were received from Divine inspiration, by a babe in the love of God, HUGH WHITE, revised and approved by ELSFETH SIMPSON!" Repeated warnings are given in it "to this poor deluded world" not to despise their admonitions, but to repair forthwith to New Compe, if they would be saved from sin and death, for there alone was the light of God restored back to this earth. "Never mind the style but attend to the sentiment," was the laconic advice they gave to all readers of the *Divine Dictionary*.

If their ambition was, as stated, to spread their fame by this publication, they were grievously disappointed.

Their worst enemies could not have advised them to do anything more injurious to their expectations of success. It was scarcely known beyond their own locality, and no clergyman deemed it worth while to lift a pen to refute it. Even the printing of such infamous doctrines could not be tolerated in Dumfries; and such was the popular odium against Mr. Jackson, who threw off the first sheets, that the remainder was transferred to Edinburgh, in Mr. Innes's pocket.

Their only other writings appear to have been hymns; but judging from a single specimen, the inspiration of their muse could not have proceeded from a very sublime fountain. The following stanzas commence a kind of psalm, or song of deliverance from their ill-treatment, by the "People of Closeburn:"—

"The people in Closeburn parish residing,

Came often our sermons to hear;
And rudely they questioned our words,
though most pure—

Our persons they threatened to tear.

"They often, with batons and cudgels combined,

With billets of wood, and with stones;
But He who has power all men to controul,

Prevented them breaking our bones."

Mrs. Buchan herself, in one of her letters to the Rev. Gabriel Russell, of Dundee, celebrates her troubles and her triumphs, at New Compe, in a similar strain:—

"I have been, these ten years past, the very butt of the great red dragon's wrath, and a gazing-stock to a worthless, blinded world, who are continually spewing out floods of falsehood, cruel mockings, and murdering plots against us, either to scatter or kill us; but oh, praise! praise! eternal praise and thanksgiving to Divine wisdom and Almighty power, the worst of their intentions have hitherto turned out for our good, for none of our society has yet fallen before the enemy."

Instead of diminishing, the society increased, having about this time gained an accession of more than twenty persons, the greater part being from the North of England. George Hill, a well-educated young man, a native of Edinburgh, and at that time

clerk to the Closeburn lime-works, was the first to join them; and he, with Mr. Hunter, the ex-town-clerk of Irwine, proved useful assistants, as amanuenses, to Mr. White. The fame of the sect, and of the "Lady of Light," or "Great Luminary," as Mrs. Buchan was now called, was carried to England by James Brown, a merchant tailor from Sunderland, who had accidentally visited New Comple, and was captivated with their expectations of passing into glory without tasting of death. A more important acquisition was Mr. Thos. Bradley, from Hartlepool, in Durham county, who disposed of his property in Yorkshire, and his farming-stock at Stranton, and joined the Buchanites. His friends attempted to prevent this foolish expedition; but he absconded before day-light, with clothing and victuals, for the journey, wife, children, and chattels, in a large wagon drawn by two horses, and was received joyfully at New Comple—his wealth being of material advantage to the society.

It was to be expected that doctrines so palatable to human nature, both spiritually and carnally, would attract proselytes of somewhat equivocal character. One applicant of this kind that appeared, was a young naval officer, Mr. C. E. Conyers, lieutenant of marines, who consented to "leave all the vain-glory of his former life," and cast in his lot with "those blessed expectants of immortality." But as it was a rule of the society that no member could retain any earthly drag or entanglement, whereby his ascension to the next world might be retarded, Mr. Conyers was obliged to resign his half-pay, which he did in a letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, intimating his determination to hold no longer any commission under an earthly crown. On first appearing in his new service, he was bare-headed, which our lady took as a mark of profound respect and superior breeding, to which she was not always accustomed. It soon transpired, however, that he had been regaling himself the night before at a neighbouring wayside inn (Brownhill), and having no money to pay his bill, the landlord kept possession of the hat. This explained the mystery of the obeisance; but the old hat was redeemed, and the next time

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the owner appeared bare-headed was on the scaffold at Tyburn. The society had early discovered that, notwithstanding his seeming zeal, "he was a wolf in sheep's clothing," and had sought their community for other reasons than the hope of an immediate translation to heaven. He had defrauded a life assurance company in London; and probably expected to be carried into the clouds before his villainy was detected. He was mistaken. The officers of justice traced him to his lurking-place, and handed him over to the fate he deserved. Other "moneyless rakes" sought admission, but in vain; none being accepted in future without being subject to examination and investigation by Mrs. Buchan, in which she was the chief actor, but of which delicacy forbids a more particular description.

Various circumstances now made it necessary that Friend Mother should give some evidence of the truth of her doctrine. Their creed had been published to the world. Expectation was excited. The English converts had been summoned to "make haste and join their loving brothers the saints in glory." The faith and hope of the whole community were wound to the highest pitch, "longing for the time of the bride's translation." Scripture confirmed these devout warnings. The 1260 days which the woman in the Revelations was to tarry in the wilderness, after giving birth to the man child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, had nearly expired, reckoning from Mr. White's conversion at Irvine. This coincidence of dates and hopes led the sanguine enthusiasts to believe that the great event so ardently desired was at hand. An accident, the burning of a neighbouring farmer's premises, "one of their most violent enemies," brought on a premature crisis. Imagining the nocturnal conflagration to be the commencement of the general judgment that was to destroy all unbelievers, a panic seized the whole inmates of Buchan Ha', from the oldest to the youngest. Andrew Innes, who was an eye-witness to this *Midnight Manifestation*, as he calls it, says:—

"All the members below instantly started to their feet, and those in the garret hurried down as fast as they pos-

sibly could through the trap-door. But it being about midnight, and there being no light in the house, Mr. Hunter, in the agitation of the moment, tumbled headlong down the trap-ladder. In an instant, however, he bounded from the ground, and with a voice as loud as a trumpet, joined in the general chorus, which every one in the house sung most vehemently—

“ Oh ! hasten translation, and come resurrection !
Oh ! hasten the coming of Christ in the air.”

“The bodily agitation became so great, with the clapping of hands and singing, that it is out of my power to convey a just idea of the scene. Every one thought the blessed moment was arrived ; and every one singing, and leaping, and clapping their hands, passed forward to the kitchen, where Friend Mother sat with great composure, while her face shone so white with the glory of God as to dazzle those who beheld it, and her raiment was as white as snow.”

The extraordinary noise and tumult collected a crowd of neighbours, who dispersed when the agitation subsided. Here a curious scene is described by old Andrew :—

“ I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewed with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors, as useless in our expected country. We did so, because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number ; I never saw it more, but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewellery, and sold them in Dumfries.”

This sudden explosion of fanaticism did not in the least disconcert Mrs Buohan, who quietly *called for a tobacco-pipe and took a smoke* ; “telling her people she now saw they were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change she intended them to undergo.” The failure on this occasion she ascribed wholly to the want of faith in her followers, and therefore another ordeal was prescribed for them. As Moses and Elijah fasted forty days and nights, as Christ remained the same time in the wilderness without food, and finally, as Peter, James, and John needed no terrestrial support on the Mount of

Transfiguration, so Friend Mother, in order to bring her dupes into the spiritual state necessary to their translation without tasting death, enjoined a total abstinence from all earthly nourishment for forty days. This she declared to be an indispensable preliminary, and assured them at the same time, that as the blood receded from their veins, the Holy Spirit would occupy its place, and that they would consequently become spiritual bodies, like the great founder of their society.

Severe as this test of orthodoxy was, it was cheerfully and unanimously complied with. The enthusiasts shut themselves up from all intercourse with strangers, doors bolted, windows nailed down and screened—their only exercise being reading, and singing hymns composed for the occasion, one of which began thus :—

‘ On words of God his children feed,
For little by this mouth they need,” &c.

In this imprisonment they continued like so many Jonahs in the fish’s belly. The narrative thus describes their condition :—

“ We never went to bed ; some stretched themselves on coverlets by turns on the floor. The infirm generally lay couchant on the beds in the cock-loft, and being about the middle of June, we scarcely knew night from day. When the fast commenced, we had eight gallons of molasses, a little manna, and a few stones of oatmeal ; but during the whole six weeks of the fast, there was no such thing as cooking victuals, and no complaint was made for want of food, even by the children. There was, indeed, sometimes a desire for a little drink, and as Friend Mother was always stepping about among us, she kept a little treacle mixed with hot water, which she gave to any person that was thirsty ; but it was very seldom required.”

The only recipient of this liquid was “ an old blind and deaf woman, who lay in bed most of the time.” Whether this insane attempt to live without food amounted to total abstinence, it is impossible to know. Certainly, the fasting was not imaginary, as the personal appearance of the whole fraternity showed, for they were reduced to skeletons. Mrs. Hunter, fearing that her husband and children

might be starved to death, succeeded in having them conveyed home, by virtue of a warrant, charging him with "folly and ill-behaviour, in having left a good property and an excellent business for the purpose of following a filthy, lascivious witch, to the ultimate ruin of his family." For this act of defection, the Lady of Light opened her spiritual artillery in full wrath against the offending female, denouncing her as an imp of Satan, "with all the cunning of a serpent and the deceit of a devil." To prevent desertion in future, any one suspected of an intention to leave the society was locked up, and every day *ducked in cold water!* But before this rule had passed, Mrs. Innes had contrived to carry off her two daughters, also residing "under the wings of mercy at Buchan Ha."

It would appear that before the expiry of the forty days, Luckie resolved to give her adherents confirmation of the fulfilment of her promises. They were assembled first on a small green hillock behind their cabin, where they remained till midnight, "singing with such united strength that the deeply-mixed melody of their voices was frequently heard at Closeburn Castle, a mile distant." They then moved slowly off towards Templeland Hill, which they ascended before day-break, to hold a "love meeting" preparatory to the grand translation. Platforms were erected for them to wait patiently until the wonderful hour arrived. The hair of each head was cut short, except a tuft on the crown "for the angels to catch by when drawing them up." Mr. White was so confident, or appeared so, of being carried aloft, "that he dressed himself in his canonicals, put on his gloves, and walked about scanning the heavens." Luckie Buchan was herself the most conspicuous figure. "She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon." Her platform (an empty cask turned upside down, according to some accounts) was exalted above the rest.

The utmost anxiety prevailed among the spectators who witnessed this ex-

traordinary scene, "expecting every minute that the sound of the archangel's trumpet would break upon their ears." The finale was ridiculous enough. The momentous hour arrived; "a gust of wind came, but instead of wafting them upwards to the land of bliss, it capsize Mrs. Buchan, platform and all!" After this "unexpected downcome," Luckie and the whole band made their way back to New Comple. An eye-witness who had been on the hill says—

"We all hastened to see them retrace their steps to their wonted abode, and such a company of half-famished creatures I never saw before. They were all deadly pale, and emaciated to the last degree; they seemed like living skeletons just escaped from the grave, or newly imported from Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, with the exception of Luckie herself. She was like one of those beauties who crowd the canvasses of painters with *hillocks of rosy flesh*. Her hair was unbound, and hung profusely over her back and shoulders. She was downcast and melancholy, as were all her followers, evidently from the exposure of their reckless folly."

It is plain that Friend Mother had not abstained from terrestrial nutriment, and her credulous dupes believed her when she told them that "being a partaker of the Divine Nature, she partook of earthly sustenance during the fast, merely to prevent her tabernacle from becoming too transparent for human eyes to behold!"

Two of the Englishmen, the Sunderland tailor and the Durham farmer, broke down in the middle of the fast, not liking that species of training; they waited the result at a little distance, and had their faith considerably shaken. One of Mr. Bradley's children was obliged to be removed nearly lifeless; and after tasting food she became quite delirious, and at last died insane. Andrew Innes was also compelled to depart privately for Muthill, before the termination of the fast, in consequence of Catherine Gardiner who, had left the society pregnant, being advised to enforce her claims upon him by law. Being completely exhausted, with hunger, he was conveyed away "by cock-crow, on the landlord's old mare," so weak, that he required to be lifted on horseback, and his tattered habiliments hurriedly put on by mis-

take, a world too wide for his shrunken person, he afterwards married Catherine, who returned with him to New Comple, and treated her with the affection of a wife, although the old heartless vagabond confessed that he submitted to the ceremony, knowing that the most legal union that marriage could form, would be done away on entering the society. She lived with him fifty-eight years, having died in November, 1845.

The failure of the attempt to scale the skies was a sore disappointment, and may be said to have exposed the absurdity of this "most romantic enthusiasm." The lady of light sank in the estimation of her followers, who began to doubt the reality of her pretensions. The English people, all of them Methodists, and many of whom had placed their whole worldly means at the disposal of the society, were reduced to beggary, and returned home loudly inveighing against the darker shades of Luckie Buchan's character, and the miseries she had entailed upon them by "her irreligious fooleries." The Sunderland tailor was the most violent, as he had additional cause for unbelief, having witnessed the failure of a pretended miracle in a time of severity, whereby Friend Mother promised to draw a supply of cash from heaven. They went to the summit of a neighbouring hill, with a sheet held by the four corners, to receive the money; but the man tired before the golden shower fell, leaving Madam alone, who upbraided him, when she came home with £5, for his want of faith. Mr. White, too, became arrogant and disrespectful, accused his spiritual mother of being a deceiver, debarred her from quitting the house, or receiving visitors, and, in a short time, was the means of breaking up the society. Quarrels ensued about the distribution of the funds, the treasurer's honesty was questioned, and on his claim for £85 being refused, he obtained a *fuga* warrant against Mr. White and Mr. Buchan, who were apprehended and laid in Dumfries jail. From this unpleasant situation they were liberated by the spontaneous generosity of Thomas Bradley, who lodged the sum claimed by Gibson, by way of bail, until the matter should be decided in due course of law. The decision of the sheriff went against

the treasurer, as it appeared he had put his money voluntarily into the general funds of the society. Failing in this issue, Gibson impeached the luckless couple before the kirk sessions of Closeburn, for having carried on an improper intercourse. Several of the disaffected members were summoned as witnesses to establish the charge, but not appearing in court, the case was dismissed, although Andrew Innes afterwards admitted that "the fact of Mr. White and Mrs. Buchan sleeping together was never intended to be kept a secret in the society." Ultimately, Gibson returned to Irvine, to resume his occupation as a builder; his wife, however, refused to accompany him, because, "like Judas, he had betrayed his mistress."

The county magistrates now became apprehensive least, in the dilapidated condition of the society, its remaining members might fall a burden on the parish for support. To avert this danger, an order was issued that they should leave Dumfriesshire; and accordingly, on the 10th March, 1787, they moved off in a body from New Comple; their landlord, Mr. Davidson, supplying horses and carts for removing their bedding and furniture. They were under great alarm of a second attack, as crowds had assembled from various parts to witness, as they expected, the final dispersion of the society, and endeavour to recover their infatuated friends. But they were allowed to depart without much injury, though not quite unmolested, as we learn from Mr. White's poem on the occasion:—

"The tenth day of March, being closely impending,
Like voracious hawks which the doves doth pursue,
Or wolves, which the sheep and the lambs doth
devour still,
Came Closeburn's people God's course to undo," &c.

The emigrants took up their next residence at Tarbreach, and afterwards at Auchergibbert, a small farm on the borders of Galloway, in Kirkpatrick Deeham parish, the lease being in Mr. White's name. There they had literally to begin the world anew; and as they had never wrought for wages, a shower of money would have been of real service to them—their whole stock consisted of only one cow, a calf, two stirks purchased on credit, and a pair of old horses, gifted to them by Bradley and their

former landlord—they had to erect the entire farm-steadings, which they accomplished themselves, there being builders, carpenters, and tin-smiths, as well as spinners and knitters in the society. These expenses obliged them to take hire for their labour; the women spun yarn, at 3d. the hank—and the men went to harvest, at 8d. a day, with victuals. Luokie occasionally superintended “her bairns” personally in the fields; the deference they paid her was quite extravagant—they threw down their sickles, embraced each other, moved towards her with their heads uncovered, singing at the pitch of their voices, the hymn “O hasten translation” to their favourite tune, “Beds of sweet roses;” and forming a circle, kneeling round her, she laid her right palm on the forehead of each, when they started up in succession, like automaton figures, raised by the pressure of internal springs. But it was in the kitchen that her maternal cares displayed themselves most usefully. Her prowess in cookery, according to Innes, must have been miraculous, as she could turn simple fare into the most delicious dishes, make a few potatoes, carrots, or cabbages, with a handful of oat, or barley meal, feed upwards of forty persons daily—and produce “more palatable and substantial broth from a single spoonful of butter, than any other person could do with a whole joint of mutton and plenty of vegetables of the best description.”

The supernatural gifts, however, that nearly rivals the miracle of the loaves and fishes, could not prolong the author's life beyond the natural time. The disobedience of her children, and especially the violent and uncourteous conduct of Mr. White, had broken her peace of mind, and crushed her spirit. She rebuked their ingratitude and unbelief in bitter reproaches:—“Since I cannot prevent some of you going hell-ward, I will cast my body down in your way, and those who wish to do so may go over it.” Her declining health left no doubt of the result, however reluctant her followers might be to credit the possibility of her death; and after a severe illness, she expired on the morning of the 29th March, 1791, in the seventh year of the Buohanite *Hegira*, or

flight from Irvine. Her last breath was received by the group of devotees who stood in consternation around her bed, “all being greatly agitated, with the exception of Mr. White; nothing was then to be seen but the deepest emotions of distress—nothing heard but the unsubdued wailings of heart-felt sorrow.” Before becoming speechless, she had exhorted them to continue steadfast and unanimous in their adherence to her doctrines.

“She said they had received a convincing proof that she was the Spirit of God—that Christ was her elder brother, and that she was, consequently, the third person in the Godhead, or the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, she could not die; and though she would appear to do so, they needed not be discouraged, for she would only sleep; and if their faith was pure and without alloy, she would return for them at the end of six days. But if they still remained faithless, she would not come back to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; and if they still continued unprepared, fifty years would elapse before she would reappear on the earth; but then, at all events she would descend to convince the faithless world of its error in supposing her to be only one of the false prophets mentioned in the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy.”

To this graduated scale of faith most of her disciples clung to to the last. A rude coffin of boards, without being planed or blackened, was prepared, into which the body was laid, wrapped in a simple shroud; “and what was most singular (says her devoted chronicler, Innes), our hands, after touching her emitted an odoriferous perfume, which spread over the room, as if we had been handling myrrh, or some other aromatic herb.” The greatest pains were taken to conceal the death, and strict orders given that no lamentation should be made, nor any appearance of funeral rites. That no obstacle might interpose to obstruct the ascension, the lid of the coffin was not nailed down; and instead of being carried to the grave, it was secretly removed at night to the barn. In his zeal to maintain his mistress's immortality, Andrew contrived to abstract the corpse the first night, and hid it “in a mow of corn,” to prevent its being buried. But fearing the rats might set upon it, and the trick being discovered,

"he plainly told where he had concealed her." A platform was then erected in the centre of the barn, on which the coffin was placed; and as the sixth day approached, the return of Friend Mother was waited for with breathless expectation. A second stratagem was now attempted to prove the fact of a veritable resurrection. The body being clandestinely removed by those who watched it, and a hole cut in the roof, exactly close where the corpse lay, "they next day told the rest of Luckie's deluded followers, that an angel had come and carried her away before their eyes; in proof of which they showed the aperture in the roof through which they had ascended."

The two daughters of Mrs. Buchan had quitted the Society two years before her death, in consequence of her rude treatment by Mr. White. Annoyed by the reports in circulation, some alleging the body was thrown into Auchergibbert loch, others that it was buried in the house under the hearth-stone, they applied to the sheriff to cause Mr. White to surrender the remains of their deceased parent. But the public agitation being great, it was deemed more advisable to have the corpse regularly buried; and accordingly, at the dead of night it was interred under the coffin of another, in the church-yard of the neighbouring parish, Kirkguzion; the only individuals present or cognizant of the fact being Mr. White, Mr. Hill, and the steward depute, Sir Alexander Gordon, by whom the secret was disclosed thirty years afterwards.

The body, however, which had been carefully packed in feathers, was not allowed to remain long in its resting-place. White, Robertson, and Hill carried it away, and deposited it beneath the hearthstone, in the kitchen of Auchergibbert. Thence it was removed, with all possible privacy, to their next abode, at Longhill, where it was enclosed in a large chest, previously used for holding the spare blankets of the society. Finally it was conveyed, like the bones of Joseph, to the last residence of the Buchanites, at Crockettford, near Castle Douglas, where it was kept many years, in a little abutment, or charnel-house, attached to the dwelling, and immediately behind the bed-room fire-place of Andrew Innes, who displayed a

singular enthusiasm in the preservation of this sacred treasure. Twice every day in the year he regularly warmed the skeleton with a heated flannel-cloth, which he pushed through a hole, made on purpose, at the back of the grate directly above the coffin, into which it fell, and was carefully spread over the remains by this superstitious devotee, who had private access to them by a lock-door in his sleeping apartment. Daily did the old man pay his respects to this venerated mummy, with its dark brown skin cemented like parchment to the bones; and when he expired his last directions were, that the coffin, or packing-box, with its precious contents, should be interred with his own in the kailyard, "on the left flank of the line of the graves of his former associates." Time had not dulled the edge of his fanaticism, and to the end he cherished his darling hope of translation without death, consoling himself with the pleasing reverie that "every night he slept in Friend Mother's house, and breakfasted every morning with her family."

The sequel of this strange record of human vice and folly is soon told. The death of the founder dispersed, but did not annihilate the sect. White, whose zeal gradually subsided after the failure of the Templand Hill demonstration, and whose contempt for Mrs. Buchan increased so far as to lead him to assume that the apostleship of the society himself was the first to break up the concern. Farming added to his wealth and to his worldly-mindedness; and as Luckie waxed old his affection for her waned, and reverted to his wife and family. The disingenuous part he acted in first pretending that the dead impostor was only in a trance; and, when the delusion would no longer avail, having her clandestinely buried, that her votaries might believe that she had ascended to heaven, was the natural prelude to his recanting her doctrines altogether. Having disgusted his associates with his arrogance and hypocrisy, and providing for his worldly comforts as far as he could, he emigrated to America, in June, 1792, taking with him such members as could pay their passage, or be persuaded of his power to promote their interests in that country. His abortive attempt to become the leader of a new sect in Scotland, appears to

have deterred him from setting up in that capacity to propagate his dreamy mysticisms in the new world. He adopted the profession of teaching; and when last heard of, he was school-master in a small village in Virginia, occasionally preaching to a few Universalists. His fellow-emigrants were all unfortunate, with one exception, Joseph Innes, Andrew's brother, who realized property to the amount of £8,000. George Hill, who had married Jean Gardner (Catherine's sister, and one of Robert Burns' many "darling Jeans"), became a bookseller in Baltimore, but was reduced to abject poverty by the failure of a shipping company. Mrs. Buchan's son had been long removed from the society; he entered the British naval service about the beginning of the French revolution, and was killed at the battle of Trafalgar.

The secession of Mr. White left a remnant of fourteen, who immediately removed to the neighbouring farm of Larghill, a waste moor of four hundred acres, which they had leased at a rent of twenty guineas a-year. There they were again obliged to erect a house, and support themselves by manual labour, the women spinning, and Duncan Robertson exercising his trade of wheel-making; no distinction in regard to the sabbath being observed in carrying on their in-door work. The costume of the society, male as well as female, was cloth of their own manufacture, and all of a light green colour. Being of small stature, this peculiar dress gave them in their lonely moor more the appearance of a race of elves than human being. All their farm utensils, barn and stable doors, carts, corn sacks, &c., were marked in large characters, "*Mercy's Property*," a device fallen upon to preserve the community of goods and chattels, in case of any one assuming, like Mr. White, authority over the rest.

When the farm (which once belonged to the famous persecutor, the Laird of Lsg), was improved, the proprietor took it under his own management, which obliged the faithful remnant again to shift their quarters. Having purchased five acres of building ground, at Crocketford, at a cost of £900, they removed, in 1808, to their new premises, which were destined to be the final resting-place of

the remaining members of the society. Many of them had paid the debt of nature, and were always buried in the *hail-yard*, ostensibly to prevent the graves being trodden by strangers, but more probably because no other burial ground would receive them. It was their rule to show no symptoms of grief, nor wear any of the usual badges of mourning.

Of the fourteen residuaries, two were interred at Larghill, the other twelve sleep under the green sward at Crocketford; Andrew and his partner (he refused her the name of wife), being the last survivors. Old Katie's shrivelled form must have been of grotesque appearance. Originally diminutive, the pressure of fourscore years had bent her down to the pigmy size of fifty inches. Her head, naturally large, was augmented by an incredible accumulation of caps and bandages, so as nearly to conceal her little hatchet face; the most conspicuous feature of which was a pair of black horn-mounted spectacles, with coloured yarn wrapped round the bridge, to save the skin of her nose. Her attachment to Andrew was inalienable; her great anxiety being lest the timber soles of his clogs, as he sat with his feet on the ribs of the grate, might take fire and roast his legs before he could shift his chair. The old man survived her little more than a year; and with him the name, and race, and doctrines of the Buchanites became extinct. He was certainly the most devoted of all the adherents to this delusion. In defiance of all evidence, his belief remained unshaken in the anticipated resurrection of Friend Mother, and the reality of his own translation. The first decade came, and the fifty years elapsed without shaking his convictions; and when his end came, he met it with the firmness of a stoic, the hope of a martyr, and the credulity of a fool.

The details of the history of this sect furnish one of the most extraordinary instances of fanaticism, superstition, and profligacy, that modern times have to record. Its tenets were not calculated to win converts; it made not a single proselyte in Galloway, and was merely tolerated because its professors were civil and obliging neighbours.

It were easy to trace a striking re-

semblance between the mystical and blasphemous reveries of Mrs. Buchan and those of Ann Lee, Johanna Southcote, Jane Leadley, John Peterson, the Gorlitz tailor, Behmen, the Heren-hutters, Muggletonians, and scores of other semi-bedlamite reformers. There was no doubt, however, that the real prototype of Elspeth Simpson was Antoinette Bouvignon, whose heresies were flagrant in Banffshire, a few years before Mrs. Buchan was born. This celebrated fanatic excited no small disturbance with her religious pretensions in Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Denmark, being driven from city to city, in consequence of her visioary and indelicate doctrines, until she at length died, in 1680, at Francker, in the province of Friesland. She was a great pretender to divine effusions, sacred elucidations, &c., and had her spiritual children, of whom she tra-vailed in birth—her dear proselytes,

M. de Cort, and Peter Poirer, a great master of the Cartesian philosophy. She carried a printing-press with her in all her wanderings, and published a vast number of books, stuffed with very singular doctrines; but the work by which she is best known in Scotland is, "*The Light of the World*," which was translated into English, with an apology, of which Dr. George Gordon, of Aberdeen, was alleged to be the author. It would be needless here to attempt any analysis of her wild incoherent doctrines; they spread extensively at the time, and required the utmost vigilance of the General Assembly to extirpate. They are now, however, become obsolete, or only known as matter of record in the laws and proceeds of the church courts. Buchanism and Bouvignonism are alike extinct, destined to pass away like hundreds of other memorials of human folly and misguided religious feeling.

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THE COMIC ALPENSTOCK.*

BY GUIDO MOUNTJOY.

CHAPTER I.

"Parturiunt montes—progredditur ridiculus mus."—HORACE.

THIS is a laughing age, and it is not the less wise upon that account. The greatest fools to be met with are by no means the gayest and pleasantest fellows. Quite the contrary. Look at Punch! Who would not rather travel in Punch's company than in Plato's? The world was long enough on its centre of *gravity*; it is on its centre of *levity* just now, and, if we mistake not, it is just as steady as at any former period. Levity and folly are not necessarily synonymous terms; but the charlatan always wears a grey beard, and "gravity," as Lord Shaftesbury observes, "is of the very essence of imposture."

Everybody can cry, but few know how to laugh, and still fewer know where to find food for laughter, or have any idea how widely the materials for mirth are diffused throughout the universe. There is not more surely a truth and a moral, than there is a laugh, or at least a smile, in everything. As the dark cold flint carries the bright spark within it, waiting to be elicited by the steel, so is the most seemingly serious subject pregnant with mirthful matter, if you only know how to get at it, and have the skill to tickle it out, as the angler tickles a trout out of a stream. I am one who believes that there *do* exist

sunbeams in cucumbers. If the Lاطان alchemist laboured in vain to extract them, it was not the fault of the cucumber, but his own want of power to reach the hidden *laugh* of things.

"Laugh when you *must*," says Pope; "laugh when you *can*," I say; and, if you take me for your guide, you will laugh, too, when you *canter*. I derive the word *ride* from *ridere*, to laugh;† so, if you are for a jolly party to Switzerland, and disposed to *hill-arity*, in the name of Momus let us go this moment, demand our passports, and take a good *long* laugh through the Alps.

"How, sir, do you propose to travel?"

"Laughing—is it not better than crying or yawning?"

"But, I mean, *in* what?"

"In good humour, the lightest and easiest travelling carriage."

"Well, and what shall we take with us?"

"Spirits."

"What kind of spirits?"

"High spirits, as we are going to the mountains; keep your low spirits for your tour in the Pays Bas, but don't expect to have the company of Guido Mountjoy on that excursion."

"Nothing but spirits?"

* "The Alpenstock" is the title Latrobe gave his *serious* guide to Switzerland; but it will serve for a *comic* one equally well. The Alpenstock is the staff, or pole, used by those Alpine tourists, whose *ambition* is of the *vaulting* kind, and who *pique* themselves upon climbing the *peaks* of mountains. Murray tells us it is "an indispensable companion," and compares it to "a third leg," which would certainly be a valuable acquisition to a comic tourist.

† Curran was evidently of the same opinion, as appears by his motto suggested to the equestrian tobaccoist, "*Quid rides*."

"Health."

"Health and spirits ;—anything more?"

"A strong pair of shoes."

"Anything else?"

"The 'Comic Alpenstock,' of course."

"Shall we take Mr. Murray?"

"Take the three M's—Murray, Mackintosh (not Sir James, but your Indian Rubber), and Money."

Money is absolutely indispensable. You can't see even the Swiss cottage at the Coliseum for nothing, so do not expect to see Switzerland itself on better terms. The best Alpenstock (next to the Comic) is a stock of it. The French have an old proverb—"point d'argent, point de Suisse," which may be translated, "no money, no Switzerland." If you are out of money or out of elbows, take Guido's advice, and don't venture out of England; you will find it hard enough to make yourself comfortable in it. If, however, you doubt the soundness of this doctrine, just try an experimental trip to Wales or the Lakes of Cumberland with empty pockets. If ever you reach Snowdon or see Windermere, I don't despair of your accomplishing an Alpine tour.

Whatever money you take, let it be your own. Take that of any body else, and it will probably delay your journey for *seven years*. To be sure, in that time you will have an opportunity of making yourself acquainted with Australia, and if you miss the *chamois*, you will have the pleasure, *en revanche*, of making the acquaintance of the *kangaroo*.

But if you can coax the *l'argent* out of an uncle or a grandmother, do so by all means; there is no objection that I can see to raising the money in that way; only remember to write your uncle, from Zurich or Berne, a prolix account of the Swiss constitution, and to present the old lady, on your return, with your blouse, your pole, or your flask of Kirschwasser. It will demonstrate your gratitude, and may possibly lead to another grant in the following summer for a tour in the Tyrol, or a ramble in the Pyrenees.

As to the derivation of the word Alps, doctors, as usual, disagree. Grammarians are the most quarrelsome people in the world, with all their talk about *concord*s. Alps, or Alpes, quoth one, is *quasi* Alpe Mon-

tes (the white or snowy mountains). The transmutation of *b* into *p* is nothing to an etymologist of any spirit; but to detect the word *montes*, with no other clue to it but the final *s*, that was worthy a Cruquius or a Bentley.

Another authority assures us that Alp comes from *scalp*. No change can be simpler, only knocking off the two initial letters—merely the process of *scalping*.

But both are outdone by the third, who traces the word to the Latin *valles*. Alpes, valpes, valles! As pretty a grammatical pedigree as that of pickled cucumber from King Jeremiah—Jeremiah King, Jer King, Gherkin, pickled cucumber. The great beauty of the etymology in question is, that, according to it, the Alps are *not mountains at all*, but the very reverse. To *ascend* the Alps is an Irish bull; which accounts for Goldsmith (an Hibernian poet) employing that phrase in "the Traveller"—

— "Where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend"—

where "descend" would serve for the rhyme just as well.

Tourist.—"None of your etymologies satisfy me, though the last is the best, at least the most ingenious of the three. It is a most important question, but the nut is yet to be cracked."

Very well, you can proceed to Geneva, confer with the *savans* of that place, and remain there until it is cracked to your fancy. We who are not grammarians will continue our journey. "*En route, mes amis*."

But first let us secure our

PASSPORTS.

"A traveller," says Mr. Murray, "cannot reach Switzerland without a passport from a minister of some one or other of the states of Europe." By minister, do not understand a clergyman. Mr. Fumbally (the Fumballys of Fumbally Hall) made that mistake; he applied for a passport to the Rev. Mr. Wagstaff, the parson of his parish; Mr. Wagstaff gave him a written license to travel all over Europe, and Mr. Fumbally proceeded with it to the continent; but he did not make a tour of any great length—he merely went to Ostend and *back again*.

People abuse the passport system very unreasonably. When they are required to produce their passports at every stage, they growl *excessively*,

and say a variety of unhandsome things of the continental governments. On the other hand, when they are in a state which is so polite as hardly ever to call for the production of a passport, they are sure to exclaim—"Was there ever such a preposterous regulation? Here are we all provided with passports, quite regular, duly *visé'd*, signed and countersigned, fees paid, &c., and nobody seems to care whether we have them or not."

There are many things as well as passports which it is very proper and very convenient to possess, although we are not called on to produce them on all occasions. However, there is nothing to prevent your presenting your passport to every *gendarme* or public officer you meet in the whole course of your voyage. When old Mrs. Fazakerly went abroad, nobody could look at her but she pulled out her passport and brandished it in his face. You know old Mrs. Fazakerly?

For my part, without passports, custom-house regulations, and railway tickets, affording as they do such unlimited scope for blunders and cross purposes, I do not know in what the amusement of travelling would consist. I am thankful for every thing that promotes anarchy and confusion, and their legitimate issue—fun and frolic. The grand diversion on the Belgian and German railroads consists in the guards continually asking for the passengers' tickets. I am satisfied it is done for mere pastime, and a most agreeable and exciting one it certainly is. The directors deserve all praise for inventing it—

"Votre billet, monsieur!"

The following scene took place in my presence last year on one of the Belgian lines:—

"Votre billet, monsieur!"

The guard was addressing the cockney father of a family, who knew little more French than I do of Japanese. He thought the officer alluded to one of his children, whose familiar appellation happened to be Billy, and he pushed the boy towards the window to answer for himself.

"Votre billet," repeated the guard, laughing; the Belgians are the best-humoured people in the world.

"This is mon Billy."

"Non, non," said the good-humoured guard.

"I say, yes, yes," said the father,

and his wife corroborated the statement, putting her hand on Master Billy's shoulder, shaking her head, and repeating—"Notre Billy—Notre Billy—half-price—demi-prix—notre Billy—under ten—dix anneés,"—pronouncing the *dix* honestly, every letter of it.

It was excellent fun, and all owing to the ticket-system on the Belgian railways. I fell in with the same worthy family frequently afterwards, and used to call the father Cockneius Magnus, for he was certainly the finest bird of his species that "famous London town" ever produced.

THE SWISS CURRENCY.

Currency is from *curro*, to run; and money runs away quicker in Switzerland than in any other part of Europe. No matter how bad the road, the money goes fast enough; it sometimes outstrips the traveller, who gets to the end of his purse before he arrives to the end of his journey. This is inconvenient, and leads to stoppages. No *ways* without *means*. A financial embarrassment is as bad for a tourist as a *corn*-question, and he is sometimes *driven* to relieve himself from both difficulties by the same method, that is to say, by—*cutting*.

As if money had not a sufficiently fugacious tendency, in any shape, it is generally made round, so as to enable it to roll away from the owner as fast as possible. Then, not content with making wheels of silver and gold for it, we sometimes provide it with paper wings also; nay, in the case of Coutts' *circular notes*, the two principles are ingeniously combined, and we are furnished with a species of money admirably adapted for rolling down Alpine steeps, or being wafted from us on Alpine breezes.

The Swiss have got the most comical coinage in Europe. Almost every canton has a monetary joke of its own; and the joke that is current in one canton (say for a franc), will not pass in another for one farthing. Facetious, however, as the currency is, it is no joke to the traveller; he is sure to find the Swiss exchanges always against him, and his best course is to lose his money, without losing his temper also.

Some take the trouble of learning the value of a few Swiss coins; and it is not a bad plan, if you wish to avoid

being cheated. But if you agree with Butler,* that

"The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat,"

you will give yourself no more trouble about the coins of the cantons than you will about their quarrels. Indeed, if you are wise, you will, before starting for Switzerland, cultivate a taste for the pleasure of "being cheated." It will contribute enormously to your ease and enjoyment; and—mark what I now tell you—if you have any of it left, after your tour is over, you will not want opportunities for indulging it in dear old England.

The very names of the Swiss coins are enough to make Heraclitus laugh. Imagine kreutzers and zwansigers, batzen and rapps!

A funny fellow the Swiss Master of the Mint must be! The mere *coining* of the word *zwanziger* argues an accomplished wag.

READER—"How much is a *zwanziger*?"

"Six batzen."

"And how much is a *batz*?"

"Ten rapps, or rappen."

"But what is a *rapp*?"

"The sixtieth part of a *zwanziger*."

READER—"Thank you. Now I know as much about the coins of Switzerland as I do about those of the new planet *Iris*."

That will do; so let me proceed to acquaint you, that in 1834, twelve of the cantons agreed to appoint a commission to *reform* the currency; of course, to make it more amusing. The commissioners have not yet reported. It must be hard to produce a more comical system, or it would have been done by twelve reformers in less than thirteen years. They are still sitting, we believe, at *Grindenwald*.

LUGGAGE.

The grave guides, such as Murray, Ebel, &c., will tell you to take as little as possible, and reduce it to the smallest possible compass. Never mind them; do just the reverse. We are comic tourists, and half the comedy of travelling consists in the perils of portmanteaus, the adventures of valises, in blunders about bags and boxes, and the haps and mishaps of macintoshes. The more, therefore, the merrier. Six articles to each member of a party is an extremely moderate allowance. You can't do

with less, and be *pleasant*—in other words, give yourself a fair chance of always having a hunt after something; a most exciting pastime when a diligence is just starting, or the bell of a steamer has rung for the third time.

Moreover, bandying charges of negligence with one's wife, is a charming occupation in itself—a kind of travelling battledore and shuttlecock.

Some men, following the ineffably stupid direction, to travel with as little *baggage* as possible, are in the habit of leaving their wives and daughters behind them. There cannot be a greater mistake. Women (and the same may be said of lap-dogs, parrots, and mackaws) enormously increase the embarrassments and perplexities produced by the *rest* of the luggage, and, in the same proportion, heighten the farce of a journey.

"But surely, sir, it is pleasant, on other grounds, to travel in company with the fair sex?"

Perhaps so; but at present I am only talking of women as a species of the genus luggage; and, in that point of view, I rate them very high indeed.

"How high?"

A lady as high as two trunks, and three bandboxes; a lady's maid, at three trunks, four bandboxes, and a parasol. If you are a mathematician, you may state the proposition algebraically.

On the subject of boxes alone a book might be written. The following is a list of boxes, not one of which ought to be left behind upon a laughing tour:—

1. HAT-BOXES—each gentleman *one*.
2. BAND-BOXES—each lady *two*.
3. DRESSING-BOXES—each member of the party *one*.
4. WRITING-BOXES—do. do.
5. WORK-BOXES—each lady *one*.
6. CIGAR-BOXES—each gentleman *one*.

7. SNUFF-BOXES—ditto, and one to each elderly lady.

8. LUCIFER-BOXES—a few.

This gives to a party of seven, more chances than I shall stop to calculate—from boxes only—of capital sport, twice a-day, at least, during the tour. The lucifer-boxes *insure* you, further, an excellent chance of burning an hotel or two—an accident which (independently of the diversion of a house on fire) has two remarkable advantages:—you *may* get off, in the

* The author of "*Hudibras*,"—not the Bishop.

hubbub, without settling your bill, and you *must* enjoy a view of the conflagration, a most superb spectacle, particularly when the inn stands on the edge of a lake, like the Trois Couronnes at Vevay, or the Swan at Lucerne. You must be a pippin-squeezer, indeed, if you refuse, for the sake of so grand a sight, to incur the expense of a couple of lucifer-boxes—value two-pence.

I say nothing of the laughable figures of the Swiss chamber-maids, skipping along the wooden galleries, and jumping out of the trellised windows. When the costumes of the Swiss-esses are so ludicrous by day, what must they not be by night, and under such peculiarly diverting circumstances? But this I leave to your imagination, if you have one.

Never trouble yourself about the loss to the inn-keeper, on such an occasion. You travel for your own enjoyment, not for his profit. Besides, all inn-keepers are rogues, and the most roguish of all inn-keepers are the Swiss. Another consideration is this, the hotel is either insured, or it is not. If it is, the owner can be no loser by having it burned down; if it is not, he deserves to have his property destroyed, for his monstrous imprudence in not availing himself of the protection which insurance affords.

But a well-appointed tourist will take a multitude of articles with him, beyond what is ordinarily called luggage.

If you are at all scientific—and who is there now-a-days who is not either scientific himself, or who has not a scientific wife or daughter?—you will take a barometer, a thermometer, an anemometer, and a pedometer. You will not travel, or think of travelling, without a telescope, a microscope, a theodolite, and a sextant. Mr. Puddicome always takes his own altitudes, and Mrs. Puddicome makes her own observations. The little Puddicomes don't mind being wet to the skin trying experiments with their rain-gauge, and Miss Patty doubts very much whether Agassiz has hit upon the true theory of glaciers.

I need not recommend you to take a rifle, an air-gun, a pair of pistols, a portable chair, a sword-cane, a fishing-rod, a double-barreled fowling-piece, and things of that kind—they are absolutely indispensable.

The general rule is, to leave nothing behind that can by any possibility be either useful or amusing. In a pedestrian tour, the guide carries every-

thing: you pay him well, and you need not be afraid of loading him in proportion. Of all things, bring plenty of books; even though you may not read them, they prove your literary tastes and habits. I cannot say that I much approve of your very studious tourist.—I prefer the Alps themselves, to all that Byron or Rogers have said about them; and because Gibbon lived at Lausanne, that is no reason why I should lose the Lake of Geneva, while poring over the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” However, I don't object to see A., B., or C. making themselves ridiculous in this, or in any other way: only this I will add, from my travelling experience, that though I have seen more coxcombs than one reading *other* books, when they should have been reading *Nature's*, I never met one who was not ready to throw his book aside on hearing the bell ring for the *table-d'hôte*.

THE SUITE.

Much depends, of course, on the tourist's rank and fortune. If you are very rich, and very noble, you will have your physician, your surgeon, your apothecary, your cook, and your chaplain. A brains-carrier is also indispensable, and so is a secretary; a valet, and a few interpreters. Some men always travel with their lawyer or attorney. I myself never do; but it is matter of taste. Then your sons must have their tutor, and your daughters a couple of governesses—one English, and one French. I don't see how you can possibly travel with a smaller retinue than this, either with comfort to yourself, or with credit to your country. Recollect the old maxim—“*Noscitur a sociis*”—a traveller is known by his suite, as a peacock is by his train, a comet by his tail, or a minister by the party that follows him in a division.

Here we halt for a month. When we start again, we shall speak of language and costume, of the characteristics of Switzerland, physical, moral, and political; we shall instruct the pedestrian how to walk, and the climber how to climb; we shall be zoological, geological, gastronomical, and economical; we shall run some of the Alps up, and run others down—exhibit their passes, their lasses, and their asses; not forgetting the two-footed variety of the donkey race—the Asinus Johannis, or common jackass of the British islands. Digitized by Google

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

Talleyrand appointed to the Embassy at London—His Address to the King at St. James's—Signs the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance—His Retirement from Political Life—Delivers the Eloge of Count Reinhart at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences—His approaching End—His Declaration of Political Principles and Reconciliation with the Catholic Church—His Letter to the Pope—His last Hours—Death and Funeral—His Character—Anecdotes and Mottos.

Soon after the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne of France, that sagacious sovereign, desiring to draw closer the bonds of national amity with Britain; and feeling, moreover, that France, emerging from a great internal political convulsion, with a throne unsupported by the traditions of the past or the right of legitimacy, had need of support from foreign alliance, and could look nowhere at that moment for such aid and countenance so naturally as to Britain, the first of the European states which acknowledged the Revolution of the Barricades, ardently wished to send to London, as his representative, a diplomatist distinguished at once by great ability, by a predisposition to the British alliance, and by the respect which illustrious descent is so sure to obtain from the British aristocracy. With these views his choice fell on Talleyrand. On the 4th September, 1830, he accordingly submitted to the council of his ministers, assembled in the Tuileries, the question of nominating his highness the Prince Talleyrand to the embassy at London. This proposition instantly met serious opposition in the cabinet: M. Lafitte declared that such a choice would, in his opinion, be attended with considerable danger, inasmuch as it would be extremely unpopular. This opinion was still more warmly espoused by M. Dupont (de l'Eure). Count Molé, who is well known to have always leaned to a Russian rather than an English alliance, opposed such a nomination as contrary to the policy which he considered it the interest of France to adopt. M. Bignon concurred with the other ministers in disapproving such an appointment. Finding such to be the unanimous opinion of the cabinet, the king put an end to the conference.

The following day Talleyrand dined

with M. Lafitte. "I thank you," said he, to the minister, "for the compliments you paid me yesterday at the chateau. I know all: the king has related it to me." "You are aware, then," replied Lafitte, "of the terms in which I spoke of your capacity." "Let that pass," rejoined Talleyrand. "I added," continued Lafitte, "that I believed you to be incapable of violating your word." "That," resumed Talleyrand, "is what I meant to thank you for." "It is quite true, however," observed Lafitte, "that I also spoke of your unpopularity." Talleyrand smiled, and was silent. In a few hours afterwards Lafitte learned from the mouth of the king that Talleyrand was ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

This was one of the earliest cases in which Louis Philippe shewed that determination to interfere personally in the affairs of the state, which has since rendered his reign so remarkable, and excited such lively remonstrances on the part of the advocates for constitutional government, who regard the Royal irresponsibility, and the abstinence of the sovereign from personal interference in the administration of the political business of the state, as correlative principles.

The announcement of the appointment of Talleyrand to the embassy produced a lively sensation in England; and his known inclinations in favour of an alliance between England and France gave rise to the most favourable anticipations among the commercial interests, as well as among those who looked forward to the inestimable advantages of the continuance of the general peace.

On being presented at the Court of St. James's, Talleyrand delivered an address to the following effect:—

"SIRE,—Of all the vicissitudes to

which my great age has exposed me—of all the various situations into which the last forty years, so fruitful in extraordinary events, have seen me thrown, none have so entirely satisfied my wishes as that appointment which has brought me once more to this happy country. . . . Common principles draw more and more closely together these two great nations. England, like France, repudiates the principle of intervention in the internal concerns of other nations; and as the ambassador of a royalty unanimously elected by a great people, I feel myself at ease upon a land of freedom, near a descendant of the illustrious House of Brunswick."

His first efforts in his new capacity were directed to reproduce and realize the designs which, under less auspicious circumstances, he had urged upon the British Government in 1792. More successful at the close than in the opening of his long career, he succeeded in bringing into a friendly alliance two nations which rival pretensions had so long separated, but which, he contended, analogous institutions and common foreign interests ought to combine. The cabinets of Europe, seeing this aged and profound diplomatist, whose sagacity, enlarged by vast experience and whose unvarying moderation, they so well knew, appointed to represent the Revolution at one of the most distinguished of the old courts, felt a stronger faith in the stability of its results, and a more favourable disposition to be reconciled to the existing state of things, and to treat on practicable terms with the new government. Placed by the ascendancy of his renown and his talent at the head of the conference of London, M. de Talleyrand succeeded in reconciling the powers to the dissolution of that union between Belgium and Holland which they had established in 1814, and in procuring the acknowledgment of the independence of Belgium, which thenceforth would cover, instead of menacing the northern frontier of France. This object being attained, M. de Talleyrand finished his mission, and consummated his work by signing the treaty of quadruple alliance, which united France, England, Spain, and Portugal, in a common league in favour of peninsular civilization, and opposed the league of the west to that of the north, in the inte-

rest of the cause of constitutional government on the Continent of Europe.

He then finally retired from public life. He desired that between this world and the next a short season for reflection and repose should intervene. Nevertheless, one event was destined to draw him again from his retirement. The flame which was sinking in the socket was still to give an expiring flicker. His friend and contemporary, the learned though unobtrusive Count Reinhart, preceded him to the tomb, at an advanced age. They had often met and co-operated in their long and eventful career. They had witnessed the same political convulsions, the same succession of revolutions; and the departure of the one from the stage of life was a knell which foreboded the speedy exit of the other. Both were distinguished members of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. It is the custom of that body, on the decease of any of its more eminent members, to cause an *éloge* to be delivered by some one, selected for the purpose, among the survivors. Talleyrand conceived a wish to offer this tribute of respect to the memory of his deceased friend, and the Academy hailed with unmingled pleasure the opportunity of hearing for the last time that voice which had so often persuaded sovereigns, and of beholding that venerable visage, the indications of whose lineaments so often harbingered the fate of nations. The aged diplomate himself was also moved to this proceeding from the desire to bring to a final close, in the peaceful sanctuary of science, an existence which had been chequered by events so extraordinary, and agitated by revolutions for which history affords no parallel.

On Saturday, the 3rd March, 1838, the meeting of the Academy was held, at which it had been announced that M. de Talleyrand would personally deliver the academic *éloge* on his deceased friend, M. de Reinhart. It was known that this would be the last public appearance of the venerable statesmen and diplomatist. Nothing could exceed the excitement among all the more elevated and enlightened classes which this event produced. The meeting assumed all the external appearances of a solemnity. Long before the appointed hour, the hall

was completely filled. Every space where an individual could stand or sit was occupied. The elite of the high and the gifted were there. The most elevated official functionaries, those most renowned in literature, science, and the arts; the notabilities of foreign countries, the most eminent of the diplomatic corps, were all assembled, expressing in their countenances intense interest. Among this multitude our eye successively rested on the well-known features of MM. Royer Collard, Guizot, Thiers, Cousin, Villemain, Quatre-mère de Quincy, de Bassano, Lemercier, Fauriel, Molé, de Montalivet, de St. Aulaire, de Barante, de Jaucourt, de Flahault, Bertin de Vaux, de Noailles, de Valencay, Princes Esterhazy and d'Arenberg, &c.

When the chair was taken by the president, the old wreck of all the Revolutions entered, leaning on the arm of M. Mignet, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy. He took a seat which had been prepared for him, facing the president. He was costumed and coiffed as a high noble of the ancien regime, exhibiting to the attentive eyes of the numerous auditory that impassable serenity of look that no catastrophe was ever able to discompose. With a firm and clear voice, and perfect articulation, he read an elegant discourse, in which he noticed the various public functions which his late friend had fulfilled, and the eminent abilities he displayed. This gave occasion for general reflections on the qualities necessary to a minister of foreign affairs, and every order and class of diplomatist, from a consul upwards. M. Reinhart had in early life, like M. de Talleyrand himself, studied theology. This afforded an occasion for some curious reflections on the benefit which a statesman and diplomatist must derive from the early discipline of an ecclesiastical education. In illustration of these views, he adduced the examples of Cardinal Chancellor Duprat, Cardinal d'Ossat, Cardinal de Polignac, and M. de Lyonne.

Observing on the qualities displayed by M. de Reinhart, when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Talleyrand said—

"A Minister of Foreign Affairs ought to be endowed with a sort of instinct which shall warn him against

compromising himself before serious discussion. He must have the faculty of appearing frank and open when he is really impenetrable; of maintaining the most absolute reserve with the manner of the most complete *abandon*. He must display his ability even in the selection of his amusements. His conversation must be simple and varied: his remarks unexpected, but still natural and *naïve*. In a word, he must not allow himself, for one moment, day or night, to forget that he is Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Nevertheless, all these qualities, however rare they may be, can avail nothing, if good faith do not give them the support of which they stand in need. I desire to insist the more on this, in order to remove a prejudice which generally prevails. No! Diplomacy is not a science of duplicity. If good faith be necessary anywhere, it is eminently so in political transactions, because it alone can render them solid and durable. Stratagem is often confounded with reserve. Good faith can never permit the one, but it fully warrants the other. Reserve is even to be the more recommended, because, instead of destroying, it augments confidence.

"Ruled by the honour and interest of his country, and by the honor and interest of his sovereign—by the love of that liberty which is founded on order and on the rights of all—a Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is thus qualified to fill his office, is placed in the finest position to which an elevated mind can aspire."

At the conclusion of this discourse, M. Droz, the president, expressed to M. de Talleyrand with much dignity and grace the thanks of the Academy, and the octogenarian retired loaded with the felicitations of the most eminent individuals of his auditory.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, such was the vigour of his faculties, and the brilliancy of his wit, that his friends had no apprehension of the near approach of his departure from this world. It was about two months after this memorable meeting of the Academy, that he felt the sudden attack of the malady which was destined to bring his mortal life to a speedy close. He bore, with a tranquil resignation and firm courage, which never deserted him, the agony of several cruelly painful operations.

During this illness, which was destined to close his mortal career, the mind of the great statesman and di-

plomate continually reverted to the past, and his tenacious memory evolved before him the several events which he had witnessed, and in most of which he had borne a distinguished part. His nights, often sleepless from bodily suffering, were occupied with these meditations. A paper was found on his table one morning, on which he had written, by the light of the lamp, such lines as these :—

“Behold eighty-three years past away! What cares!—what agitation!—what anxieties!—what ill-will!—what sad complications!—and all without other result, except great fatigue of body and mind, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past!”

For three months, he had been in constant communication with the Abbé Dupanloup, with whom he conversed daily on the subject of religion. This was not a movement of the moment, prompted by the approach of death, or induced by the feebleness of age and the prostration of bodily indisposition—it was a step he had long contemplated. On the occasion of delivering his *éloge* of Count Reinhardt, he was heard to say, as he left the hall, “I have still one duty to perform, and I will do it.”—(*J’ai quelque chose à faire et je le ferai.*) That duty was his re-establishment in the communion of the Christian Church. He decided on doing this in such a manner, at such a moment, and surrounded by such circumstances of solemnity as would, he imagined, render it impossible for any one to question its sincerity and good faith, or to ascribe it to any other motive than a profound conviction of the truth and efficacy of the doctrine to which he gave so solemn an assent.

It has been said, but without any sufficient grounds, that the attention of Talleyrand to religious subjects was first awakened by the spectacle of the daughter of his niece, the Duchesse de Dino, a child to whom he was most tenderly attached, going to her first communion—an occasion which, among Roman Catholics, is always regarded as one of peculiar solemnity. It is not improbable that, in the state of mind likely to precede his departure from this life, he may have been more touched with such an object, than if

it had passed before him amidst the active and busy scenes in which he had been habitually engaged. But that such an incident could produce, in a mind like that of Talleyrand’s, the effects ascribed to it, is a supposition the absurdity of which is so conspicuous, that it is difficult to imagine how it could be entertained by any serious writer.

In accordance with the determination which he had taken, and to which he alluded on the occasion of his last visit to the Institute, he waited until he became sensible of the near approach of the moment of his departure from this life—a moment at which, according to the universal sentiments of mankind, a declaration of any kind is to be regarded as assuming the most solemn character, and however made, as being more than equivalent to an oath formally taken before any earthly tribunal. Talleyrand directed a few of his most confidential friends to be called round his bed, and in their presence, and that of his domestic attendants, solemnly signed two documents, which he had previously written. One was a declaration of the principles which had guided him in his political career; and the other a letter to the pope, declaring his faith in the Roman Catholic religion, and expressing repentance for certain acts of his public life, in regard to the Catholic Church.

This declaration of his principles was also annexed to his will, in which it was expressly directed that it should be read in the presence of his family. The following is a summary of this declaration :—

That in all his public conduct he was guided by a preference of the interests of France to all other things, and to all personal considerations.

That he maintained invariably that the Bourbons were restored to the throne, not by any acknowledgment of any hereditary right, but because it was deemed the arrangement which, in the circumstances then existing, was most beneficial for France;—that he had declared this to Louis XVIII. and to his family, and had earnestly counselled them to adopt a system of liberal policy in accordance with such a principle; that he denies ever having betrayed Napoleon; he abandoned him only when he saw that it was impossible that he could be at

once attached to him and to France ; and that even then he did not leave him without the most lively grief, seeing that he owed to him almost his whole fortune. He enjoined his heirs never to forget this ; to repeat it to their children, and their children's children, and to let it go down from generation to generation—that if ever one of the name of Talleyrand witnessed one of the name of Bonaparte in need, they must regard it as a sacred duty to give assistance to them.

To those who reproach him with having successively served all governments, he replies that he had no scruple in doing so ; that he acted so because he considered, that in whatever situation the country might be placed, it was always his duty to render it his services to the utmost extent of his power, and that, according to his judgment, such was the duty of every citizen.

The letter to the pope was an explicit acceptance of the Roman Catholic faith, in which he was prepared to die.

These documents were signed by him on the day of the 16th May, in the presence of eight witnesses, among whom were, the Duke de Noailles, M. Royer Collard, the Count St. Aulaire, the Baron de Barante, Dr. Cruveilheir, and the Abbe Dupanloup.

The Abbe Dupanloup had sometime previously presented to him his own copy of Bossuet's *Journée du Chretien*. On the table in his room this volume was observed, on this occasion, to lie open at the page bearing the heading, "*le Chretien prepare sa dernière confession avant de mourir.*"

In the course of that evening it was announced to him that the king had come in person to visit him. Touched with this mark of respect, he observed—"C'est le plus grand honneur qu'ait jamais reçu ma maison."—"This is the greatest honor that ever has been conferred on my house.")

A circumstance has been related of this interview, and repeated not only in the less serious productions of the hour, in which the scrupulous observance of accuracy is not expected, because it is not always possible, but in the pages of a work pretending to the severe character of history, and where a flagrant violation of truth is inexcusable. M. Louis Blanc, in his *His-*

toire de dix ans, says, in recording the death of Talleyrand, and the visit of Louis Philippe—

"It is related, and repeated even by ecclesiastics themselves, that the king having asked M. Talleyrand if he suffered pain, the dying diplomatist replied, 'Oui, comme un damné,' on which Louis Philippe let fall, in a low voice, the word—'Dejà !'"

An unanswerable proof can be given of the utter falsehood of this anecdote, and it is a proof of which M. Louis Blanc ought not to have been ignorant. It is well known to every one conversant with French memoirs, that the anecdote, if it ever had truth in relation to any one, is of a much older date than that of the death of Talleyrand. It was first, we believe, related of Cardinal de Retz, who, complaining to his physician of the pain he suffered in a certain illness, exclaimed, "Ah ! Je sens les tourmens d'Enfer." To which the physician is reported to have replied, "Dejà, monseigneur ?" The story, however, of whomsoever it be told, is in the last degree improbable, and most unfitly admitted into an historical work.

On the following day, the symptoms of approaching dissolution became unequivocal, mortification extending to the more vital regions. The last rites of the church were solemnly administered. He confessed and received the sacrament of extreme unction. The prayers for the dying were recited at his bed, in which he joined with much apparent fervor. When those addressed to his patron saints, Charles Archbishop of Milan, and Maurice, the martyrs, were said, he was heard to repeat in a feeble voice—

"Ayez pitié de moi !"

At four o'clock, the Archbishop of Paris called at the hotel to inquire after him, and on hearing of his expected decease, he observed—

"Pour M. de Talleyrand je donnerais ma vie."

The Abbé Dupanloup repeated this to Talleyrand, who, unable to resist his disposition to utter a *mot*, replied—

"Monseigneur, L'Archeveque aurait un meilleur usage à'en faire." (My lord, the archbishop has a better use to make of his life.) And heaving a sigh, expired, at half-past four in the afternoon of the 17th May, 1838, having

lived eighty-four years and three months.

By his will, which bears date in 1836, he left his niece, the Duchess de Dino, his residuary legatee. Legacies were left to his grand-nephew, the Duke of Valencay. This document is all in his own hand-writing, and bears annexed to it the declaration of political principles already mentioned. His memoirs, written by himself, are deposited in England, and his family are prohibited from publishing them until thirty years after his death, that is, until the year 1868. All publications pretending to be memoirs of him are to be disavowed by his family and representatives. The will concludes with a declaration that he dies in the Catholic faith, and directions that his remains shall be interred at the seat of his family at Valencay.

The funeral took place on the 22nd May, with great pomp. The troops of the garrison of Paris preceded and followed the cortege *en grand tenue*. The peers, deputies, the principal members of the corps diplomatique, the most distinguished members of the Institut, and those most eminent generally in literature, science, and the arts, formed the solemn procession. The pall was borne by the Duke Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, the Duke de Broglie, and Count Molé.

The titles and orders borne by Prince Talleyrand were as follows:—he was Prince of Beneventum, Chevalier of the order of St. Esprit, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in France, also Grand Cross of the Orders of the Golden Fleece, St. Stephen (Hungary), the Elephant (Denmark), Charles III. (Spain), St. Sauveur (Greece), the Sun (Persia), of the Conception (Portugal), of the Black Eagle (Prussia), of St. André (Russia), of the Crown (Saxony), and of St. Joseph (Tuscany). He was a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institut of France, and Vice-Grand Elector and Grand Chamberlain of France under the Empire and the Restoration.

Since the decease of M. Talleyrand numerous publications have issued

from the press, professing to contain authentic memoirs of his private life. These have been all, without exception, miserable compositions, got up as booksellers' speculations, merely for sale, and are utterly undeserving of credit or attention. Among these is one under the title "*Mémoires tirés des papiers de M. de Talleyrand*," the work of a pretended countess, but bearing rather the marks of the style and information of a grisette. There is another work, in four volumes, which, although more or less disfigured by recitals of a false and scandalous nature, has nevertheless marks of better information and more correct taste. In a variety of contemporary periodical works, as well as in the journals, anecdotes and *mots* ascribed to him have been, from time to time, given; but these are, for the most part, apocryphal, and many of them are *jeux d'esprits* which have been related of others at remote periods, and, like that which we have noticed in the work of M. Louis Blanc, unearthed for the occasion of being connected with the name of Talleyrand.

The *mots* of Talleyrand were celebrated, and indeed formed one of the most remarkable features of his character. His conversation was remarkable, not only for the profound knowledge of human character which it displayed, but for the polished language and exquisite wit in which that knowledge was imparted. The tenacity of his memory, and the various and extensive circle of society in which he moved, supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which he narrated in the happiest terms. Without possessing the gift of eloquence, his language was highly picturesque, and derived great force from its condensed style. No one could put more meaning into a given number of words. It has been well said of this extraordinary man, by one* who knew him long and intimately, and whom we have many a time and oft, in the salons of London, seen enjoying his exquisite conversation, that although he was so "simple and natural, yet he abounded in the most sudden and unexpected turns, full of point, yet evidently the

* Lord Brougham.

inspiration of the moment, and therefore more absolutely to the purpose than if they had been the laboured effort of a day's reflection—a single word often performing the office of sentences, nay, a tone not unfrequently rendering many words superfluous—always the phrase most perfectly suitable selected, and its place most happily chosen. All this is literally correct, and no picture of fancy, but a mere abridgment and transcript of the marvellous original; and yet it falls very short of conveying its lineaments, and fails still more to render its colouring and its shades; for there was a constant gaiety of manner which had the mirthful aspect of good humour, even on the eve or on the morrow of some flash in which his witty railery had wrapped a subject or a person in ridicule, or of some torrent in which his satire had descended instantaneously but destructive; there was an archness of malice when more than ordinary execution must be done, that defied the pencil of the describer, as it did the attempts of the imitator; there were manners the most perfect in ease, in grace, in flexibility; there was the voice of singular depth and modulation, and the countenance alike fitted to express earnest respect, unostentatious contempt, and bland complacency; and all this must really have been witnessed to be accurately understood. His sayings—his *mots*, as the French have it—are renowned; but these alone would convey an imperfect idea of his conversation. They show, indeed, the powers of his wit, and the felicity of his concise diction; but they have a peculiarity of style, such that, if shown without a name, no one could be at a loss to whom he should attribute them. But they are far enough from completing the sketch of his conversation to those have never heard it."

Talleyrand, like all other renowned wits, has had the misfortune of having the sayings of innumerable persons, more or less distinguished, appropriated to him. Yet a few which have admitted authenticity may be mentioned, as showing the quality of his sarcasm.

The following, given by Lord Brougham, may be considered as authentic:—

Being asked if a certain authoress, whom he had long since known, but

who belonged rather to the last age, was not "un peu ennuyeuse?"—"Du tout," said he, "elle était *parfaitement* ennuyeuse." A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. "C'était donc, monsieur, votre père qui apparemment n'était pas trop bien," was the remark which at once released the circle from the subject. When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel of "*Delphine*," she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. "On me dit," said he, "que nous sommes tous les deux dans vos roman déguisés en femme." Ralpières, the celebrated author of the work on the Polish Revolution, having said, "Je n'ai fait qu'une méchanceté dans ma vie." "Et quand finira-t-elle?" was M. Talleyrand's reply. "Genève est ennuyeuse, n'est pas?" asked a friend. "Surtout quand on s'y amuse," was the answer. "Elle est insupportable" (said he, with marked emphasis, of one well known; but as if he had gone too far, and to take off something of what he had laid on, he added), "Elle n'a que cédé là." Nor ought we to pass over the only *mot* that ever will be recorded of Charles the Tenth, uttered on his return to France, in 1814, on seeing, like our Second Charles, at a similar reception, that the adversaries of his family had disappeared—"Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus." This was the suggestion of M. Talleyrand. He afterwards proposed, in like manner, to Charles's successor, that the foolish freaks of the Duchess de Berri should be visited with this Rescript to her and her faction—"Madame, il n'y a plus d'espoir pour vous, vous serez jugée, condamnée, et graciée."

Considering the large space which Talleyrand filled in the public eye for more than half a century, and in all parts of the civilized world, it is remarkable that he accomplished almost nothing in either of the two characters in which men of high intellectual endowments usually excel. He never attained, nor even sought distinction, either as an orator or as an author.

Of parliamentary talent he had none. His works in literature would not fill a volume as large as that which the reader now holds in his hand. Few, however, as are the writings which he has left, they are marked, in a conspicuous manner, by the qualities which conferred so great a charm on his conversation—a thorough familiarity with the best writers of his country, and the love of the most refined society, with the most absolute freedom from all pedantry. His description of an American backwoodsman has been cited as a happy specimen of his style. "Writers of a less severe school," observes Lord Brougham, "may envy its poetical effect, and, perhaps, learn how possible it is to be pointed and epigrammatic without being affected, and sentimental without being mawkish."

"The American backwoodsman is interested in nothing; every sensible idea is banished from him; these branches so elegantly thrown by nature, a fine foliage, a brilliant hue which marks one part of the forest, a deeper green which darkens another—all these are nothing in his eye; he has no recollections associated with anything around him; his only thought is the number of strokes of his axe which are necessary to level this or that tree. He has never planted; he is a stranger to the pleasures of that process. Were he to plant a tree, it never could become an object of gratification to him, because he could not live to cut it down. He lives only to destroy. He is surrounded by destruction. Hence every place is good for him. He does not love the field where he has expended his labour, because his labour is merely fatigue, and has no pleasurable sentiment attached to it. The work of his hands is not marked by the progressive circumstances of growth, so interesting

to the agriculturist. He does not watch the destiny of what he produces. He knows not the pleasures of new attempts; and if in surrendering his home he do not leave his axe behind him, he leaves no regrets in the dwelling in which he may have passed years of his life."

The succession of governments served by M. Talleyrand, acknowledging such various and discordant principles—the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of July—each in its turn receiving his oath of fidelity, have supplied ground for the most serious charges which have been made against his political integrity. That he was deeply conscious of having rendered himself obnoxious to the criticisms of history, is most apparent from the apology he has left behind him annexed to his testament. '*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*,' is an adage which will in this case occur to every mind. Yet he is not without defenders and advocates, who, if they do not explain away these glaring indications of a time-serving spirit, find many circumstances to extenuate the unfavourable inferences which they suggest.

"That such passages in the life of Talleyrand, indicate a disposition to be on the successful side, without any very nice regard to its real merits," says Lord Brougham, "can hardly be denied; and when facts so pregnant with evidence are before the reader, he has not merely materials for judging of the character to which they relate, but may almost be said to have its lineaments presented to his view, without the aid of the historian's pencil to trace them. But the just discrimination of the historian is still wanting to complete the picture, both by filling up the outline,

* "Le Bucheron Americain ne s'intéresse à rien; tout idée sensible est loin de lui; ces branches si élégamment jetées par la nature, un beau feuillage, une couleur vive qui anime une partie du bois un vert plus fort qui en assombrit une autre, tout cela n'est rien; il n'a de souvenir à placer nulle part: c'est la quantité de coups de hache qu'il fait qu'il donne pour abattre un arbre, qui est son unique idée. Il n'a point planté: il n'en sait point les plaisirs. L'arbre qu'il plauterait n'est bon à rien pour lui car jamais il ne le verra assez fort pour qu'il le puisse abattre: c'est de détruire qui le fait vivre et il détruit partout: aussi tout lieu lui est bon; il ne tient pas au champ où il a placé son travail parceque son travail n'est que de la fatigue et qu'aucune idée douce n'y est jointe. Ce qui sort de ses mains ne passe point par toutes les croissances si attachantes pour le cultivateur; il ne suit pas la destinée de ses productions; il ne connaît pas le plaisir des nouveaux essais, et, si en s'en allant, il n'oublie pas sa hache, il ne laisse pas de regrets là où il a vécu des années."

and correcting it where harshly drawn from imperfect materials. Other passages of his life may be brought forward; explanations may be given of doubtful actions; apparent inconsistencies may be reconciled, and charges which at first sight seem correctly gathered from the facts, may be aggravated, extenuated, or repelled, by a more enlarged and more judicious view of the whole subject. That the inferences fairly deduced from M. Talleyrand's life, can be wholly countervailed by any minuteness of examination, or explained away by any ingenuity of comment, it would be absurd to assert; yet it is only doing justice to comprise in one estimate of his merits some things not usually taken into the account by those who censure his conduct, and who pronounce him—merely upon the view of his having borne a part in such opposite systems of policy, and acting with such various combinations of party—to have been a person singularly void of public principle, and whose individual interest was always his god.”

Whatever may be the differences of the estimates which may be made of the moral side of his character, it can scarcely be credited that any individual could be found to question its intellectual superiority. It requires an immoderate amount of self-esteem to produce the courage necessary to give expression to an opinion so utterly at variance with the judgment of all mankind, as that Talleyrand's was a low, common-place, vulgar intellect, incapable of comprehending the political complications in which he was himself called to take an active part. If such an opinion were promulgated by one admitted to hold a high rank in politics or letters, or by one who, having lived long and mingled much in affairs, could be supposed to possess experience whereon to found a judgment, it would be said to be singular and eccentric. But when this estimate of such a personage as Talleyrand proceeds from the author of the “*Histoire de dix ans*,” it is simply ridiculous. When Lord Brougham wrote what follows, he had but an inadequate idea of the presumption to which youth and inexperience may sometimes be carried:—

“If the integrity of this famous personage be the subject of unavoidable controversy, and if our opinion of it must of necessity be clouded with some

doubt, and, at best, be difficult satisfactorily to fix—upon the talents with which he was gifted, and his successful cultivation of them, there can be no question at all, and our view of them is unclouded and clear. His capacity was most vigorous and enlarged. Few men have ever been endowed with a stronger natural understanding, or have given it a more diligent culture, with a view to the pursuits in which he was to employ it. His singular acuteness could at once pervade every subject—his clearness of perception at a glance unravelled all complications, and presented each matter distinct and unencumbered—his sound, plain, manly sense, at a blow got rid of all the husk, and pierced immediately to the kernel. A cloud of words was wholly thrown away upon him; he cared nothing for all the declamation in the world—ingenious topics, fine comparisons, cases in point, epigrammatic sentences, all passed innocuous over his head. So the storms of passion blew unheeded past one whose temper nothing could ruffle, and whose path towards his object nothing could obstruct. It was a lesson and a study, as well as a marvel, to see him disconcert, with a look of his keen eye, or a motion of his chin, a whole piece of wordy talk and far-fetched and fine-spun argument, without condescending to utter, in the deep tones of his most powerful voice, so much as a word or an interjection, far less to overthrow the flimsy structure with an irresistible remark, or consume it with a withering sarcasm. Whoever conversed with him, or saw him in conversation, at once learned both how dangerous a thing it was to indulge before him in loose prosing, or in false reasoning, or in frothy declamation; and how fatal an error he would commit, who should take the veteran statesman's good-natured smile for an innocent insensibility to the ludicrous, and his apparently passive want of all effort for permanent indolence of mind. There are many living examples, of persons not meanly gifted, who, in the calm of his placid society, have been wrecked among such shoals as these.”

These were, properly speaking, the traits of his character as developed in the ordinary intercourse of private society. It is scarcely needful to say, that one who played so important a part on the stage of politics for so long a period of time, was not less eminent in those great qualities which such a position demanded.

“His political sagacity,” says the

same authority, "was above all his other great qualities; and it was derived from the natural perspicacity to which we have adverted, and that consummate knowledge of mankind—that swift and sure tact of character—with which his long and varied experience had matured the faculties of his manly, yet subtle, understanding. If never to be deluded by foolish measures, nor ever to be deceived by cunning men, be among the highest perfections of the practical statesman, where shall we look for any one who preferred stronger claims to this character. But his statesmanship was of no vulgar cast. He despised the silly, the easy, and false old maxims which inculcate universal distrust, whether of unknown men, or of novel measures, as much as he did the folly of those whose facility is an advertisement for impostures, or for enthusiasts to make dupes of them. His was the skill which knew as well where to give his confidence as to withhold it; and he knew full surely that the whole difficulty of the political art consists in being able to say whether any given person or scheme belongs to the right class or to the wrong. It would be very untrue to affirm that he never wilfully deceived others; but it would probably bestill more erroneous to admit that he ever in his life was deceived. So he held in utter scorn the affected wisdom of those who think they prove themselves sound practical men, by holding cheap every proposal to which the world has been little or not at all accustomed, and which relies for its support on principles rarely resorted to. His own plan for maintaining the peace of Belgium may be cited as an example of a policy at once refined and profound. He would have had it made the resort of the fine arts and of letters, with only force enough to preserve its domestic peace, and trusting for its protection to the general abhorrence which all Europe must have, in these times, of any proceeding hostile to such a power."

We shall close this sketch by the observations of the same writer on the private character of this eminent person :—

"Of his temper and disposition in private life it remains to speak; and nothing could be more perfect than these. If it be true—which is, however, more than questionable—that a life of public

business hardens the heart; if this be far more certainly the tendency of a life much chequered with various fortune; if he is almost certain to lose his natural sympathies with mankind, who has in his earliest years tasted the bitter cup of cruel and unnatural treatment, commended to his lips by the hands that should have cherished him; if, above all, a youth of fashionable dissipation and intrigue, such as M. Talleyrand, like most of our own great men, undeniably led, has, in almost every instance, been found to eradicate the softer domestic feelings, and to plant every selfish weed in the cold soil of a neglected bosom; surely it is no small praise of his kindly and generous nature, that we are entitled to record, how marked an exception he formed to all these rules.

While it would be a foolish and a needless exaggeration to represent him as careless of his own interest, or ambition, or gratification, at any period of his life, it is, nevertheless, quite true that his disposition continued to the last gentle and kindly; that he not only entertained throughout the tempest of the revolutionary anarchy the strongest abhorrence of all violent and cruel deeds, but exerted his utmost influence in mitigating the excesses which led to them in others; that his love of peace in all its blessed departments, whether tranquillity at home, or amity and good-will abroad, was the incessant object of his labours; that in domestic life, he was of a peculiarly placid temper, and full of warm and steady affections. His aversion to all violent courses was, indeed, in some instances, carried to a length which prevented his wonted calmness of judgment, and his constant and characteristic love of justice, even when an adversary was concerned, from having their free scope. He never could speak with patience of Carnot, for having continued, during the Reign of Terror, to serve and to save his country by directing the war which defended her against Europe in arms—forgetting how much less could be urged for his own conduct under the profligate and tyrannical Directory of 1797 and 1798, under the conscriptions of Napoleon, and under the military occupation of the Allies—even admitting his predominant desire to prevent anarchy and conquest—than might most fairly be offered in defence of that illustrious Republican's inflexible and uncompromising, though stern and undaunted, virtue."

LEIGH HUNT'S "MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS."*

LEIGH HUNT's last new book! Why, how many of these new books of his are there? Within a year or two at the farthest, we have had "Imagination and Fancy"—then, "Stories from the Italian Poets"—then "Wit and Humour"—and now, "Men, Women and Books." One of our fellow-labourers has given an account of "Imagination and Fancy;" and incidentally, in a paper on the "Vita Nuova" of Dante, an accomplished writer has broken a lance with him on some subject connected with one or other of the disputable points of Dante's politics or theology—we forget which. We have enlightened the world, too, on the merits of the pleasant volume called "Wit and Humour," and have followed faithfully enough the several publications of a writer, certainly the most agreeable representative of the lighter literature of England. It would seem to be an easy task to tell our readers the opinions of a writer whose style is easy and graceful, and who never involves a subject in mystery, on topics familiar to all men conversant with books, or society; yet these seemingly easy tasks are of difficult accomplishment. To review a reviewer is not a thing done without some trouble. Leigh Hunt's opinion of Pope, for instance, may be right—may be wrong—maybe neither. The value of such opinion does not in all cases consist in anything that has, properly speaking, any bearing on the estimate we ought to make of Pope, but altogether in the fact of its exhibiting Hunt's own views. Of "Men, Women and Books," then, the subject of his present work, we must be content to learn little or nothing in the abstract from our author. The title is almost an accidental one. The volume is a selection of papers, written from time to time, in the popular London and Edinburgh journals, reviews of books, and notices of one kind or other of such matters as a periodical writer, from some incident of the day or hour, or from some passing humour

of his own mind, might think likely to attract the attention of an unoccupied reader. Mr. Hunt has the great power of bringing his whole mind to bear on whatever subject is immediately before him. Nothing, therefore, is treated in any other than a perfectly truthful spirit. He assumes—and is justified in the assumption—the entire sympathy with him of those interested in the subject, and thus seems never quite alone with his own mind, as those are who are engaged in the severer sciences. Society seems a part of his very inner nature. His are books that, from this cause, render life happier, and, we have little doubt, have done much to humanize, and give something of a heart to that vast mass of life and action—the literary world of London.

Let no man think lightly of periodical literature. Its first effects, though not distinctly observable, are perhaps its best. What Addison—what Johnson—what Steele effected by their daily and weekly publications, in reforming and refining society, is wholly incalculable—and the second life of their works in our literature, is of no light use. Almost all the surviving literature of England was originally produced rapidly, and to fulfil some engagement of the day. Hunt's works were, as those of Dryden's and Swift's, the creation of the hour—the result, however, of long habits of thought and study; and some service is now done in their being collected by himself. Differences of opinion must always arise how such a work is to be best done. Much of what aids the temporary interest of such papers must be removed; and in doing this a good deal is in danger of being lost, that one would wish to spare. Hunt's "Indicator," for instance, as it first appeared—with its extracts from books—with its occasional correspondence—with its over-friendliness towards every author for whom he had any personal regard—was a far pleasanter work than the decorous volume which he has substituted

* "Men, Women, and Books. A Collection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his Uncollected Prose Writings." By Leigh Hunt. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1847.

for it. In Jeffrey's collected Essays, we miss the papers which gave piquancy to the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*. However, the difficulty is one that cannot, by any course, be wholly got over; and, on the whole, an author is himself a better judge of the delicacies that must be considered, than any other editor.

Leigh Hunt's is a name familiar to all our readers—a true poet, and recognised as such by every great master of the art that has appeared in his time—his poems chiefly valuable from the cordiality that everywhere breathes through them. In his earlier days, the intense passion expressed in Byron's poetry had possessed the mind of the country. The exhibition of passion, in frenzied words, was regarded by the public, and by the expositors of public opinion, as identical with poetry. The definitions of the ancient critics, who thought of Poetry as a means of subduing the passions, and thus effecting the rescue of the human mind from their dominion, was forgotten. Its world was not, as in the thought of Bacon, one more correspondent to the desires of the soul of man than that in which he lives—giving to the mind of man "some shadow of satisfaction on those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul—by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things." No great poem was produced in that period, when all the elements of poetry, except man's imagination, were active and awake. To have subdued and har-

monized the tumultuous strife of powers that contended in Byron, would have required a thousand-fold the genius of Byron—for to him had been lavishly given every power and every talent, except the one, without which all the others are of the earth, earthly—the tranquil power of imagination, controlling and subordinating all. Byron was rather a man of the highest poetical powers, than a great poet, in the meaning of that word when we use it speaking of Milton, or even of Shelley. It is not our habit, either in forming opinions for ourselves, or, where it would be more excusable, in endeavouring to communicate formed opinions to others, to compare one poet with another. Little is gained by it in the way of illustration, and something is lost in not looking directly at what ought to be the exclusive subject of thought—the matter immediately before us; but we cannot but think, that, under all the circumstances of Mr. Hunt's intimate acquaintanceship with Byron and Shelley, and Keats, and his ardent appreciation of their great powers, his succeeding in keeping his own stream of thought so entirely distinct from theirs—is evidence of great original power. His story of "Rimini," is, we think, as a single poem, one of greater beauty than any of Lord Byron's narrative poems, except, perhaps, the "Giaour"—and in its first form, from which, after all, it was unwise in Mr. Hunt to alter it, contained some passages likely to be remembered as long as the language in which they are written. Nothing could be more beautiful than the passage in which Francesca seeks to reconcile herself to her husband, as it was told by the poet at first:—

"The very day, too, when her first surprise
Was full, kind tears had come into her eyes
On finding, by his care, her private room
Furnished like magic from her own at home.
The very books and all transported there,
The leafy tapestry, and the crimson chair,
The lute, the glass that told the shedding hours,
The little urn of silver for the flowers,
The frame for 'broidering, with a piece half done,
And the white falcon, basking in the sun,
Who, when he saw her, sidled on his stand,
And twined his neck against her trembling hand;
But what had touched her nearest was the thought
That if 'twere destined for her to be brought
To a sweet mother's bed, the joy would be
Giovanni's too, and his her family.
He seemed already father of her child,
And on the nestling pledge in patient joy she smiled.

Yet then a pang would cross her, and the red
 In either downward cheek startle and spread,
 To think that he who was to have such part
 In joys like these had never shared her heart;
 But back she chased it with a sigh austere,
 And did she chance at times like these to hear
 Her husband's footstep, she would haste the more,
 And with a double smile open the door,
 And hope his day had worn a happy face;
 Ask how his soldiers pleased him, or the chase,
 Or what new court had sent to win his sovereign grace."

The opening lines, it is true, suggest rather an English than an Italian picture; and we can imagine some objections to the subtilizing spirit in which the bride imagines a future in which her home is to be rendered less irksome. But such lines, once forming a part of a popular poem, ought not to have been omitted; and we cannot but think, that whether Hunt's first story of Rimini could be reconciled with the narrative given by the commentators on Dante or not, it ought to have remained unaltered. The poem is now before us in two forms: one, Moxon's octavo edition of 1832, and the other, the little book published in 1846—the first in every respect the best, though inferior, or our memory strangely deceives us, to the poem as printed in 1814 or 1815. These changes in published poetry are always unpleasant to the reader whose acquaintance has been formed with a work in its first state. In the case of Rimini, some of the alterations seem made in order to render the story more consistent with the story of Francesca, in Dante. This was unwise. Leigh Hunt had the same right as a Greek poet would have to vary the characters of Medea or Helena, or shape the cloud of tradition into whatever forms most suited his own purposes; and, even with this view, the proof that his original conception is not inconsistent with Dante's tale is, that when Hunt first wrote his poem, it was Dante's story he meant to tell. For ourselves, we think he would have done well not to have troubled himself, as he does in the altered poem, with making a lame hunchback of the unfortunate husband. It happens that no English translation gives any thing like a true representation of the passage in Dante on which the poem is founded. Cary has failed; so has Lord Byron; and so—if he were not prime minister of England, we should say—has Lord John Russell. Merivale has, perhaps, gone nearest to succeeding, and yet he

has plainly mistaken the meaning of the original—where the original describes the colour as leaving Francesca's cheek, he represents her as blushing. We have not seen Wright's translation of the passage, nor is Mr. Shannon's before us, though we believe the passage is among the specimens which he has published of a new translation of the *Divine Comedy*, in the measure of the original. A commentary on Dante was published some years ago by Mr. Taaffe, in which there are some notes on the passage, which go far to show that the meaning of the original is so unfixed, or rather that the story indicated is so obscurely alluded to, that even greater changes than any Mr. Hunt had ventured on were quite consistent with all that can be found in the text of the poet. When Mr. Hunt reprints his poem, we trust that he will give it as originally written, omitting or slightly abridging a few unimportant lines, and, if he feel it desirable, adding, as variations in notes or otherwise, his recent changes; but let him feel assured that the first form of the poem is the true one. In such new edition of his poems we trust also to see the "Nymphs," and the wonderful translation from Catullus—still omitting or altering a line or two—which we find in his volume entitled "Foliage." It really is too bad, this sort of abridgment. Mr. Moxon, who has called his half-crown volume "Leigh Hunt's Poetical Works," is in honour bound to give us a second volume, printing the poems we have mentioned, and printing also the prefaces to the several editions. The book, we have little doubt, would be, even in the book-sellers' sense of the word, successful.

But we are forgetting our proper business, which is a review of "Men, Women, and Books."

Among the writers for our periodicals for the last thirty or forty years, Leigh Hunt has been one of the most indefatigable. His task would appear

to be a laborious one. A man must often write, whether he wills it or not—must often deal with subjects to which he is scarcely competent, and in which he must, to his own great discontent, be satisfied with communicating such surface knowledge as he can rapidly acquire. If his heart be in any particular subject, instead of allowing his thoughts to become gradually matured, he is obliged to allow them to be torn down, crude and unripe. If he lives among books, it can be scarcely said that he lives as a student, for with all the sympathies which, if he be wise, he seeks to form with current literature, he is apt to feel each new book an interruption rather than an assistance. It comes with an express or implied obligation of making some effort to read it; if within the line of his studies, he is, perhaps, expected to write some account of it—a hard task often—more especially when the book, as must most often be the case, can be of no permanent value. We really can scarce imagine how the mind should not break down under task-work of the kind; but Hunt is uniformly cheerful,—always lively,—often original. He is, perhaps, our most graceful living essayist.

The essays in these volumes are from the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, and from the leading magazines—the magazine papers being rather better than those from the reviews. We wish he had given the date of each paper, and stated distinctly in what publication it first appeared. The date would, in some instances, have fixed his meaning, which is now very often doubtful, from the want of such landmarks.

The volumes open with a paper called "Fiction and Matter of Fact." The poets and the philosophers, it would seem, are at loggerheads; or rather, the philosophers unreasonably fall out with the poets. Locke—Hunt tells us—regards Blackmore as a genius of the same order with Homer. Newton thinks poetry to be no better than "ingenious nonsense." Leigh Hunt overstates Locke's opinion of Blackmore. A passage in one of Blackmore's prefaces, in which he speaks depreciatingly of philosophical hypotheses, appears to have been mentioned to him by Molyneux, and to have been praised by him as it deserves. In the correspondence between Locke

and Molyneux, a paragraph of a letter of Locke's, in reply to one of Molyneux's, commences with the words—

"I shall, when I see Sir Richard Blackmore, discourse him as you desire. There is, I with pleasure find, a strange harmony throughout between your thoughts and mine. I have always thought that laying down and building upon hypotheses has been one of the great hindrances of natural knowledge; and I see your notions agree with mine in it: and though I have a great regard for Sir Richard Blackmore on several accounts, yet there is nothing has given me a greater esteem of him than what he says about hypotheses in medicine, in his preface to *King Arthur*, which is an argument to me that he understands the right method of practising physic," &c.

Not one word from which it can be inferred that he ever read one line of his friend's poetry. In another letter we find similar language, in which the praise is still confined to Sir Richard's prefaces, as far as it is anything more than mere words of ordinary courtesy—

"Though Sir Richard's vein in poetry," he says, "is what every body must allow him to have an extraordinary talent in, and though with you I exceedingly value his first preface, yet I must own to you there was nothing I so much admired him for as for what he says of hypotheses in his last. It seems so right, and yet is so much out of the way of ordinary writers and practitioners in that faculty, that it shows as great a strength and penetration of judgment, as his poetry has showed flights of fancy, and therefore I am very glad to find in you the same thoughts of it."

The prefaces, then, to Blackmore's poems seem, after all, the chief subjects of the letters between Molyneux and Locke. We are more anxious to exhibit this point as it truly is, because the view which has misled Mr. Hunt is repeatedly presented in extracts from these letters. The mistake has originated, we believe, with Mickles, the translator of the *Lusiad*, who quotes part of the first paragraph that we have given from Locke, leading the reader to imagine that Locke expressed entire agreement with Molyneux's estimate of Sir Richard's poetry, instead of assenting to what Molyneux had said of Sir Richard's

disinclination to philosophical hypotheses. Molyneux's own praise of Blackmore is not higher than that of Addison, who speaks of a poem of his, and this, too, in a paper on "Paradise Lost," as "one of the most noble productions in our English verse. The reader," he adds, "cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of imagination." Had Locke praised an indifferent poem, which it does not appear that he did, it would not have proved that he thought its author equal to Homer. It would only have proved his having more tolerance for indifferent writers than they deserved; or, if we were in a mood to speculate on the matter, we might fancy that his own imagination supplied—as a lover's sometimes will—charms that another could not see. But read the letters themselves, and you will see there is no foundation for the supposition on which Mr. Hunt's illustration, as far as Locke is a part of it, rests. In Locke's "Essay on Education," he speaks with scorn of the class of persons whom Milton has called trencher-poets, and warns parents against encouraging in their children a passion likely to make them bid defiance to all other callings or business, and to render them dissolute and despicable. He discourages what was then, and is now, too great a part of school education—the writing of Latin verses; and he intimates the dangers, which every father must feel, of leading children to cultivate the art of poetry, by considerations, the truth of which the greatest poets will be the first to feel, namely, that it requires the devotion of the whole powers, and is inconsistent with due attention to any other object of pursuit. "But yet," he adds—and the addition looks like that of a man who knew what poetry was, and who would not have used Homer's name as lightly as Mr. Hunt represents him—"but yet if any one will think poetry a desirable quality in his son, and that the study of it would raise his fancy and his parts, he must needs yet confess that to that end reading the excellent Greek and Roman poets is of more use than

making bad verses of his own in a language not his own."

We cannot think this different in spirit from the language of Milton, in his Tractate on Education, when speaking of *Poetry* as the completion of his pupils' studies:—

"To which (viz., logic and rhetoric) poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar, but that sublime art which—in Aristotle's poetics, in Horace and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others—teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play writers be, and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry both in divine and human things."

Of Locke, and yet more of Newton, with their habitual study of the Scriptures—of Newton more especially, who loved the books of the prophets—we find it impossible to think in any other spirit than as of men who felt and acknowledged poetry in its highest forms—if, indeed, the intensity of thought demanded by their peculiar contemplations is not to be regarded as an exercise of the same faculties, and in the same way as that which tasked the spirit of Milton, however different their language of communication to men. Locke was on his guard against being deceived by the deceptive analogies that lurk in language; and the subject of his great work is, to free others from a tyranny which the poet—if his combinations of thought were to be regarded as permanent—would but perpetuate. The mistake is that of confusing the outward body of poetry with its inner life. Of this latter there was as much in Locke as in any other man that ever lived; and of the former it is impossible to remember many passages of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," without feeling that Locke had had as much as most men to watch against fanciful illustrations, supplied by a mind of singular

activity. Locke was saved from what is ordinarily called poetry by a higher exercise of the philosophical faculty. Read Locke's early letters ;* how playful his descriptions of the scenes witnessed in his travels. Remember his life among trees and in gardens—his love of children—the honest affectionate heart, the youth of feeling surviving to the last. Remark the passages in the immortal essay,† in which his affections break in, as it were, against his will, and then deny, if you will and can, his mental power—for to this it really comes—because he seeks rather to dispel than evoke the twilight phantoms of a less healthy or a less manly state of mind than that to which he has attained, and to which, very much through the aid which his works afford to successive generations, society—poet and prosaer alike—is in progress.

Such expressions, supposing them authentic, as Mr. Hunt quotes as those of Newton, really prove nothing. We have no doubt that quite as strong would be found in Wordsworth or Coleridge, when exposing the motley character of the dialect which poetry every now and then has chosen to assume, and the false associations implied in what has been called poetical language. We have dwelt too long on this ; but while there is some skill in the way in which Mr. Hunt would solve the difficulty of the philosophers and the poets being at war, we would respectfully ask for some better evidence than has been given of such being the fact. With Mr. Hunt we can scarcely say that we agree or that we differ in what he says about either "Fiction" or "Matter of Fact ;" for each word shifts its meaning in every successive sentence. "Matter of Fact" seems to be substituted by him for what other men would call science ; and when we have sought to fasten on this as its meaning, lo ! Proteus has already escaped :—

"There are two worlds: the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our

hearts and imaginations. 'To be sensible of the truth of only one of these, is to know truth but by halves. Milton said, that he "dared be known to think Spenser a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." He did not say than Plato or Pythagoras, who understood the two spheres within our reach. Both of these, and Milton himself, were as great lovers of physical and political truth as any men ; but they knew that it was not all ; they felt much beyond, and they made experiments upon more. It is doubted by the critics whether Chaucer's delight in the handling of fictions, or in the detection and scrutiny of a piece of truth, was the greater. Chaucer was a conscientious reformer, which is a man who has a passion for truth ; and so was Milton. So, in his way, was Ariosto himself, and indeed most great poets ; part of the very perfection of their art, which is veri-similitude, being closely connected with their sense of truth in all things. But it is not necessary to be great, in order to possess a reasonable variety of perception. That nobody may despair of being able to indulge the two passions together, I can answer for them by my own experience. I can pass, with as much pleasure as ever, from the reading of one of Hume's Essays to that of the Arabian Nights, and *vice versa* ; and I think the longer I live, the closer, if possible, will the union grow. The roads are found to approach nearer, in proportion as we advance upon either, and they both terminate in the same prospect."

In a note Mr. Hunt tells that his prophecy with respect to himself has been fulfilled :—

"It has done so. This Essay was written in the year 1824 ; and within the last few years I have had the pleasure of reading (besides poets) three different histories of Philosophy, histories of Rome and England, some of the philosophy of Hume himself, much of Abraham Tucker's, all the novels of Fielding and Smollett (including *Gil Blas*), Mr. Lane's Arabian Nights, *Don Quixote*, a heap of English Memoirs, and the whole of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe.

How are we to understand this ?
Are not these histories of philosophy,

* See Lord King's *Life of Locke*.

† See "Essay on Human Understanding," book ii. section 10 ; and read Newton's language in familiar conversation : "I do not know what I may appear to the world ; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself, now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—*Brewster's Life of Newton*, p. 338.

may," "this philosophy of Hume himself," as much fiction as the Arabian Nights? We give it up, and we are rewarded for doing so; for Mr. Hunt closes the discussion with something better than any philosophical disquisition.

"Little Tom Tucker
Ate white bread and butter;
And how did he cut it?
Without e'er a knife."

And we think our author was wise in following his example, instead of twisting and untwisting Abraham Tucker's metaphysic rope. Our author cuts the difficulty, without e'er a knife, by an apologue worth more than all the metaphysics he is ever likely to write:—

"Take," says he, "the following APOLOGUE:—During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition; to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid. It groaned and it grew loud; it spoke with a hundred tongues; it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of millions of wheels. And the sound of millions of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful noises. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with "a still small voice," which made a trembling in the night-time. But still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw, with fear and reverence, its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature

threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations (for it was a loving though a fearful thing) fed upon its words like the air they breathed: and the monarchs paused, for they knew their masters."

Thus in the language of fiction he records the great fact of printing by steam, and expresses his view of its effects on the destinies of mankind. In a fine poem, addressed to the author of "Ion," the same train of thought is still more forcibly pursued:—

"Fine age is ours, and marvellous—
setting free
Hopes that were bending into grey
despairs,
Winnowing iron like chaff, outspeeding
the airs—
Conquering with smoky flag the winds
at sea;
Flinging from thund'rous wheels, immeasurably,
Knowledge like daily light: so that man
stares,
Planet-struck with his work-day world,
nor dares
Repeat the old babble of what 'shall
never be.'
A great good age!—Greatest and best
is this,—
That it strikes dumb the old anti-creeds,
which parted
Man from the child—prosperity from
the bliss
Of faith in good—and toil of wealth un-
thwarted
From leisure crowned with bay, such as
thine is,
Talfourd!—a lawyer prosperous and
young-hearted."

There is a poem of Hunt's, in which this business of Matter of Fact and Fiction is more intelligibly discussed than in this essay. We wish exceedingly that we could print the whole poem, but must confine ourselves to the passage directly illustrative of our immediate subject. Not to print this passage would be injustice to Mr. Hunt, for the argument which he imperfectly stated in the passage we have quoted, is distinctly expressed in these beautiful verses. It is from a poem styled "Our Cottage":—

"Custom itself is an old friend with us;
Though change we make a friend, too, if it come
To better custom; nay, to bury him,
Provided soul be gone, and it be done

Rev'rently and kindly ; and we then install
 His son, or set a new one in his place ;
 For all good honest customs, from all lands,
 Find welcome here—seats built up in old elms
 From France ; and evening dances on the green ;
 And servants (home's inhabiting strangers) turn'd
 To zealous friends ; and gipsy meals, whose smoke
 Warms houseless glades ; and the good bout Chinese
 At pen and ink, in rhyming summer bow'rs,
 Temper'd with pleasant penalties of wine.
 The villagers love us ; and on Sabbath-days
 (Such luck is ours, and round harmonious life)
 In an old, ivied church (which God preserve,
 And make a mark for ever of the love
 That by mild acquiescence bears all change
 And keeps all better'd good !) no priest like ours
 Utters such Christian love, so final sweet,
 So fit for audience in those flowery dells.
 Not a young heart feels strange, nor old misgives :
 You scarcely can help thinking that the sound
 Must pierce with sweetness to the very graves.

But mark—not the whole week do we pass thus,—
 No, nor whole day. Heav'n, for ease' sake, forbid !
 Half of the day (and half of that might serve,
 Were all the world active, and just as we)
 Is mixed with the great throng, playing its part
 Of toil and pain ; we could not relish else
 Our absolute comfort ; nay, should almost fear
 Heav'n counted us not worthy to partake
 The common load with its great hopes for all,
 But held us flimsy triflers—gnats i' the sun—
 Made but for play, and so to die, unheav'n'd.
 Oh, hard we work, and carefully we think,
 And much we suffer ! but the line being drawn
 'Twixt work and our earth's heav'n, well do we draw it,
 Sudden, and sharp, and sweet ; and in an instant
 Are borne away, like knights to fairy isles,
 And close our gates behind us on the world.

' And where (cries some one) is this blessed spot ?
 May I behold it ? May I gain admittance ?'

Yes, *with a thought ;—as we do.*

' Woe is me !

Then no such place exists !'

None such to us,

Except in thought ; but *that—*

' Is true as fiction ?'

Aye, true as tears or smiles that fiction makes,
 Waking the ready heaven in men's eyes ;—
 True as effect to cause ;—true as the hours
 You spend in joy, while sitting at a play.
 Is there no truth in those ? Or was your heart
 Happier before you went there ? Oh, if rich
 In what you deem life's only solid goods,
 Think what unjoyous blanks ev'n those would be,
 Were fancy's light smitten from out your world,
 With all its colourings of your prides, your gains,
 Your very toys and tea-cups—nothing left
 But what *you* touch, and not what *touches you*.
 The wise are often rich in little else,
 The rich, if wise, count it their gold of gold.
 Say, is it not so, thou who art both rich
 In the world's eye, and wise in solitude's,—
 Stoneleigh's poetic lord, whose gentle name
 No echo granted at the font to mine,
 I trust, shall have made ruder. What would'st care,
 O Leigh, for all the wooden matter-o'-fact

Of all thine oaks, depriv'd of what thy muse
 Can do to wake their old oracular breath,
 Or whisper, with their patriarch looks, of heaven?
 Lo! Southwood Smith, physician of mankind,
 Bringer of light and air to the rich poor
 Of the next age:—he, when in real woods
 He rests the mildest energy alive,
 Scorns not these fancied ones, but halls and loves
 A vision of the dawn of his own world.
 Horace Smith, lol rare compound, skill'd alike
 In worldly gain and its unworldliest use:
 He prospers in the throng, makes fact his slave,
 Then leads a life with fiction and good deeds.
 Lo! Bulwer, genius in the thick of fame,
 With smiles of thrones, and echoes from the Rhine,
 He too extends his grounds to Fairy-land,
 And while his neighbours think they see him looking
 Hard at themselves, is in Armorica,
 Feasting with lovers in enchanted bowers.
 Lo! Jeffrey the fine wit, the judge revered,
 The man belov'd, what spirit invokes he
 To make his hasty moments of repose
 Richest and farthest off?—The Muse of Keats,
 One of the inmost dwellers in the core
 Of the wild woods, when Nymphs and Graces liv'd,—
 Where still they live, to eyes, like their's, divine.

Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
 The poor man's piecer-out; the art of Nature,
 Painting her landscapes twice; the spirit of fact,
 As matter is the body; the pure gift
 Of heav'n to poet and to child; which he
 Who retains most in manhood, being a man
 In all things fitting else, is most a man;
 Because he wants no human faculty,
 Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world."

It happens curiously that in a volume which we have been reading within a few days—"Friends in Council; Book First," an essay on Fiction also concludes with an apologue, intended, like Mr. Hunt's, as an illustration of the views presented in the essay. The volume is "A series of readings and discourse thereon;" and in a lively conversation on Fiction and Truth, one of the interlocutors communicates a Fable which he has lately invented:—

"MILVERTON.—There was a gathering together of creatures hurtful and terrible to man, to name their king. Blight, mildew, darkness, mighty waves, fierce winds, Will-o'-the-wisps, and shadows of grim objects, told fearfully their doings and preferred their claims, none prevailing. But when evening came on, a thin mist curled itself up, derisively, amidst the assemblage, and said, 'I gather round a man going to his own home over paths made by his daily footsteps; and he becomes at once helpless and tame as a child. The lights, meant to assist him, then betray.

You find him wandering, or need the aid of other Terrors to subdue him. I am, alone, confusion to him.' And all the assemblage bowed before the mist, and made it king, and set it on the brow of many a mountain, where, when it is not doing evil, it may be often seen to this day.

"DUNSFORD.—Well, I like that fable, only I am not quite clear about the meaning.

"ELLESMERE.—You had no doubt about mine.

"DUNSFORD.—Is the mist calumny, Milverton?

"ELLESMERE.—No, prejudice, I am sure.

"DUNSFORD.—Familiarity with the things around us, obscuring knowledge?

"MILVERTON.—I would rather not explain. Each of you may make your own fable of it.

"DUNSFORD.—Well, if ever I make a fable, it shall be one of the old-fashioned sort, with animals for the speakers, and a good easy moral.

"ELLESMERE.—Not a thing requiring the notes of seven German metaphys-

cians. I must go and talk a little to my friends, the trees, and see if I can get any explanation from them. It is turning out a beautiful day after all, notwithstanding my praise of its solidity."—p. 99, 100.

Mr. Hunt's introductory essay is followed by three or four papers, in which the leading thought is the same. The "Disasters of Carfington Blundell"—"Jack Abbott's Breakfast, &c." Blundell is a middle-aged dandy, poor and stingy; and his efforts to save coach-hire, in going to dine at a friend's, are the source of a good many calamities and vexations. Jack Abbott is to breakfast from home; his host has forgotten all about the invitation. Abbott's first disappointment, and several attempts to remedy it through the day, are tediously told; and while we think these stories may have been, perhaps, amusing enough as a relief from politics in some newspaper some quarter of a century ago, we wish their place in these volumes had been filled with something more thoughtful and serious. The matter is not much mended by Mr. Hunt's telling us that the adventures really occurred; a bad breakfast is better as a fiction than as a matter of fact. We sympathize more with the hero of the tale than with the narrator. We grieve to find that for once Mr. Hunt is an historian, not a poet, or creator of the facts he would have us believe. The disasters described are too serious for a joke at the time of their occurrence, and their being recollected for five-and-twenty years is an improbability; then think of them rehearsed and repeated after five-and-twenty years more! For heaven's sake, spare us, good Mr. Hunt; let no man again ever hear of Carfington Blundell or Jack Abbott!

Our readers may remember a very amusing paper of Mr. Mangan's, published in this journal, called "The Three Half-Crowns," in which our accomplished friend has very happily imitated some of the best sonnets in the Abbé Casti's "Trè Giuli." The "Trè Giuli" has been translated by Mr. Montagu, who gives us, in a well written preface, an account of the work:

"The 'Trè Giuli' is a succession of sonnets independent of one another, yet all forming one series on the subject of

a debt to that amount, unfortunately incurred by the poet, to a merciless creditor. In these he exercises his fancy in all imaginable means, either to refuse, pacify, flatter, entreat, put off, alarm, or evade his dun, lamenting his misfortune, and so on; which he does with wonderful ingenuity, without ever flagging, or exhausting his matter, through the two hundred of which it is composed."

Montagu has translated the whole poem—parts of it very happily—with the grave air, which falls in well with the solemn drollery of the original, and which a translator can only imitate with success when his canvas gives him ample scope and verge enough. Mangan's variations introduce an humour all his own, and are quite admirable. Nothing can be more effective than his measuring by the rule and compass of grave Miltonic verse his language of the most vernacular familiarity, and his occasional introduction of "words that would make Quintilian stare and gasp," in such a way as Swift himself might envy. Mr. Montagu's three groats scarcely represent the thought of the three giuli, the words are not solemn enough—Mr. Mangan's three half-crowns is better—but Hunt's was the true plan, to have left the name of the coins untranslated. In English money the three giuli represent about fifteen pence, paid by an importunate acquaintance for the Abbé, in a country excursion. Mr. Montagu tells us that Casti was probably thinking of an anecdote of three giuli told in the biography of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, so that we come back to the old puzzle of fact and fiction. It may then be matter of fact in the pope's biography, and fiction in Casti's amusing poem.

However this be, nothing can be better than Hunt's account of the poem, and it is probable that it was his paper, first printed in *The Liberal*, that attracted Mr. Montagu and Mr. Mangan's attention to these very diverting sonnets.

Casti's "Animali Parlanti" are known, in translation, through the late Mr. Rose's "Court of Beasts." His Novelle are of a character that renders it impossible they should ever be translated, but they have been so often reprinted, that we cannot indulge the

hope of their being but little read. Of the "Three Giuli," Hunt tells us that the very recurrence of the words is, in Italy, felt to be a good joke:—

"Nobody that we have met with in Italy could resist the mention of them. The priest did not pretend it. The ladies were glad they could find something to approve in a poet of so erroneous a reputation. The man of the world laughed as merrily as he could. The patriot was happy to relax his mustachios. Even the bookseller, of whom we bought them, laughed with a real laugh, and looked into the book, as if he would fain have sat down and read some of it with us, instead of going on with his business."

Hunt translates a good many of the sonnets, and, what is very pleasant to us, who do not happen to have the original book, prints Casti's Italian. There would be no object in our giving extracts, as the effect is chiefly produced by the perpetual recurrence of the same thought on the part of the creditor, and the multiplied artifices of evasion on that of the debtor. A single sonnet would give no notion at all of what is effected by number, and number chiefly. We were amused by one in particular, where the thought recurs almost as in a quack advertisement. The poor debtor hears of his creditor being about to learn French—with what object? he inquires fearfully, and is answered by the not improbable conjecture, that a gentleman who has already exhausted Italian, Latin, and half a dozen varieties of one lingo or another, is now about to ascertain whether there is any virtue in French, or whether he can thus win back his three giuli, after he has in vain used the magic of every word he could think of in the languages he already knew.

This is one of Leigh Hunt's best papers. We ought to say that in translation he is always successful.

A pleasant paper is one entitled "A Man Introduced to his Ancestors." We may as well give a paragraph or two of it:—

"Happening to read the other evening some observations respecting the geometrical ratio of descent, by which it appears that a man has, at the twentieth remove, one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six ancestors in the lineal degree—grandfathers and grandmothers—I dropped into a reverie, during which I thought I

stood by myself at one end of an immense public place, the other being occupied with a huge motley assembly, whose faces were all turned towards me. I had lost my ordinary sense of individuality, and fancied that my name was Manson.

"At this multitudinous gaze, I felt the sort of confusion which is natural to a modest man, and which almost makes us believe that we have been guilty of some crime without knowing it. But what was my astonishment, when a Master of the Ceremonies issued forth, and saluting me by the title of his great-grandson, introduced me to the assembly, in the manner and form following:

"May it please your Majesties and his Holiness the Pope;

"My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious Eminences;

"May it please your graces, my lord Dukes:

"My Lords, and Ladies, and Lady Abbesses;

"Sir Charles, give me leave; Sir Thomas also, Sir John, Sir Nicholas, Sir William, Sir Owen, Sir Hugh, &c.

"Right worshipful the several courts of Aldermen;

"Mesdames, the Married Ladies;

"Mesdames the Nuns and other Maiden Ladies;—Messieurs Manson, Womanson, Jones, Hervey, Smith, Merryweather, Hipkins, Jackson, Johnson, Jephson, Damant, Delavigne, De la Bleterie, Macpherson, Scott, O'Bryan, O'Shaughnessy, O'Halloran, Clutterbuck, Brown, White, Black, Lindygreen, Southey, Pip, Trip, Chedorlaomer (who the devil, thought I, is he?), Morandi, Moroni, Ventura, Mazarin, D'Orsay, Puckering, Pickering, Haddon, Somerset, Kent, Franklin, Hunter, Le Fevre, Le Roi (more French!), Du Val (a highwayman, by all that's gentlemanly!), Howard, Cavendish, Russell, Argentine, Gustafson, Olafson, Brasse-feu, Sweyn, Hacho and Tycho, Price, Lloyd, Llewellyn, Hanno, Hiram, &c., and all you intermediate gentlemen, reverend and otherwise, with your infinite sons, nephews, uncles, grandfathers, and all kinds of relations;

"Then, you, sergeants and corporals, and other pretty fellows;

"You footmen there, and coachmen younger than your wigs;

"You gypsies, pedlars, criminals, Botany-Bay men, old Romans, informers, and other vagabonds,

"Gentlemen and ladies, one and all,

"Allow me to introduce to you your descendant, Mr. Manson.

"Mr. Manson, your ANCESTORS."

We have a paper on "May-day." It is worth remembering, in reading

the old rapturous poems about May-day, that May-day was eleven days later in the year, and that May was then very often a true summer month. This paper is written in high spirits, is valuable chiefly for Hunt's own enthusiastic appreciation of out-of-doors enjoyments; but will also be felt of moment for its numberless references to pleasant passages in our poets. The criticisms on "Female Beauty" are also well worth study. Mr. Hunt believes in all female beauty—black, brown, and fair—and in every feature but the nose. This defies him; he does not know what to make of it. An aquiline nose is too dignified; a Roman nose is tyrannical—it says that a woman has a will of her own. A turn-up nose (hear it, ye gods) is the thing for Leigh Hunt. Surely this is a mistake; but it seems Fontaine is with him:—

"Writing to the Duchess of Bouillon, who had expressed a fear that he would grow tired of Château Thierry, he says—

"Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par le
yeux
D'une aimable et vive Princesse,
A pied blanc et mignon, à brune et
longue tresse?
Nez troussé, c'est un charme encore
selon mon sens,
C'en est même un des plus puis-
sants.
Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé
je l'avoue;
Et je mérite qu'on me loue
De ce libre et sincère aveu,
Dont pourtant le public se souciera
très peu.
Que j'aime ou n'aime pas, c'est pour
lui même chose.
Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur
Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première
erreur,
Nez aquilins et longs n'en seront pas
la cause."

"How can one tire in solitudes and
nooks,
Graced by the steps, enlighten'd by
the looks
Of the most piquant of Princesses,
With little darling foot, and long dark
tresses?
A turn-up nose too, between you
and me,
Has something that attracts me
mightily.
My loving days, I must confess, are
over,
A fact it does me honour to discover;

Though, I suppose, whether I love
or not,
That brute, the public, will not care
a jot:—

The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts
look to it.

But should it happen, some fine day,
That anything should lead me round
that way,

A long and beaky nose will certainly
not do it."

"Deceased Statesmen who have writ-
ten verses," and "Female Sovereigns,"
conclude the volume; both readable
papers—both also bearing the marks
of hasty writing, yet well worth being
preserved.

The second volume contains reviews,
reprinted from the journals, of Pepys's
memoirs, Lady Mary Wortley Mon-
tagu, and Madame de Sevigné. We
must suppose that they have been
already seen by such of our readers as
feel an interest in the subjects; at all
events, to review reviewers can be no
part of our task. "Specimens of Bri-
tish poetesses"—all dead in one sense
of the word, and most of them dead
in every sense—are given. We are
not in the humour to acknowledge their
claims. Charlotte Smith was the best
of them, indeed the only one of the
heroines brought before us in these
chapters, whose works have ever given
us much pleasure; still, the life and
the society of past days, would not,
perhaps, be understood, without exhi-
biting much of this conventional poe-
try, less fantastic, no doubt, but less
clever, too, than the strange jargon
which Gifford for ever brushed away
in the "Baviad and Mæviad." "Mar-
riages from the Stage" is an amusing
paper; but the best papers in this
volume are one on Pope, and one com-
paring Cowley and Thomson. A
prose translation of "Gresset's Ver-
vert" is given. We had ourselves
some thought of translating it into
verse, but luckily found, before we
had thus occupied our time, that the
task has been accomplished already by
one—all whose translations are admi-
rable—no other than Father Prout
himself. Hunt's is a very pleasant
story—escapes gracefully some of
the difficulties of a rather delicate
task—but he ought to have given it
to us in verse. This business of prose
translation will never do, and Hunt's
verse translations from modern lan-
guages, are almost always every thing
one could wish.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.—NO. II.

Nobe after Death.*

(A BALLAD FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL THEODORE KÖRNER.)

I.

Behold yon castle, whose crumbling walls
 Gleam grey in the ancient light of the moon !
 The night-wind pipes a dolorous tune
 Through its roofless rooms
 And desolate halls.
 Therein ye see to what fall and fate
 The march of centuries dooms
 The pride of the palaced Great !

II.

Swayed there a Noble in times ago,
 A Baron stalwart and stark was he,
 In tournament and at revelrie
 He crossed not his peer !
 One daughter alone
 Survived of seven to gladden his eld ;
 But maiden afar or anear
 Was none like the fair Griseld !

III.

She bloomed alone as a flower in the shade,
 That seems too meek to look up to the light.
 Yet her heart was in thrall to a brave young Knight—
 A blemishless name
 And a bright lance-blade
 Were his, with little of gold and land ;
 But Love, if it meet a like flame,
 Will clasp even Want by the hand !

IV.

It was Winter-time, and the sleepy Sun
 Sank early down to his couch beneath.
 With step as light as the Zephyr's breath
 Would the damosel then,
 Espied of none,
 Glide past the castle, and down the grove,
 And thus agen and agen
 Would meet the lord of her love.

V.

And the few brief moments they pass appear
 To mirror for both an earthly Heaven,

* It is, I believe, upon this ballad that "Monk" Lewis has founded his celebrated romance of "The Bleeding Nun." The translation of it, however, which I have attempted is, I believe, the first that has appeared in a rhythmical form in English.

A world of joy without loss or leaven.
And kiss follows kiss,
And they feel no fear,
Till the parting comes—ah! how shall they part?
Though Memory garners their bliss
As a treasure in each fond heart!

VI.

But the Spring, with her eyes of tell-tale truth,
And the motherly Summer that loves the sun,
Come round; and Griseld is yet to be won!
Spake therefore thus
To the Baron the youth—
“Herr Baron, I love thy child as my life;
Be thou, then, gracious to us,
And give me the damsel to wife!”

VII.

A cloud fell black on the Baron's brow—
“Away, light stripling!” he cried in ire.
“A daughter of mine, I trow, looks higher
Than to one unallied
And landless as thou!
To-morrow she weds the princely lord,
The Palsgraf of Bergenheid.
To that I have pledged my word!”

VIII.

Sir Egbert heard him with tingling blood,
And there shot through his brain an arrowy pang.
Without a word of response he sprang
On his Danish steed;
And far through the wood
He galloped and galloped, as though to win,
Through headlong bodily speed,
Some rest from the fever within.

IX.

And slowly, as hour on hour glid by,
His mind re-assumed its wonted calm,
And at last a thought, like a heaven-sent balm,
Brought sunshine anew
To his brow and eye.
“Ha! yes!” he exclaimed, “whatever betide,
I will save thee, thou Fond and True,
And make thee mine own, my bride!”

X.

The sinking sun hath left in the skies
A river of crimson light behind.
With step all soft as the summer wind,
But sad of soul,
Griselda hies
For the last, last eve to the bosky grove.
Ah, me! what a world of dole
There lieth in ill-starred Love!

XI.

But Egbert is there to soothe her alarm.
 "Sweet love," he whispereth, "dry those tears!
 There beckon us yet many golden years.
 At midnight's hour
 Thy lover's arm,
 That oft in combat hath humbled the Strong,
 Shall bear thee afar from the power
 Of all who would work thee Wrong."

XII.

She sank on his breast as he spake, and wept.
 "I yield," she said, "to thee and to Fate.
 But how shall I pass the court and gate?
 The wardens keep watch.
 Ah! if they but slept!
 But".....she paused,— "I will tell thee an overtrue tale,
 Which even Romance may not match
 For features of marvel and bale!"

XIII.

The youth looked into her eyes to divine
 Her meaning. "Not now," he said, "I pray!
 Some happier hour, some brighter day,
 Will I gladly list
 All tales of thine,
 But the moments are now too precious to waste."
 —"Nay, hear me," she smiled, "and I wist
 Thou wilt hardly impugn my good taste!"

XIV.

"The first of our house, the Baron Walkhorn,
 Had also a daughter by name Griseld.
 A fairer creature none ever beheld!
 She loved a young Knight
 Who, alas! was but born,
 Like thee, to an heirship of sword and steed.
 But Egbert found in the light
 Of her smiles his blissfullest meed.

XV.

"Long wooed he the damsel, and fain would have won
 Her hand at the altar, but Fate forbade!
 Her sire, unheeding what ruin he made,
 Condemned her to pine!
 The disconsolate one
 Had barely to chuse between Death and Flight;
 So, the plan of her lover, like thine,
 Was to bear her away in the night.

XVI.

"But a treacherous menial betrayed the pair,
 And Egbert fell by the daggers of slaves;
 Howbeit, Griseld's was the love that braves
 All peril, all pain!
 She flew in despair
 To the court where lay her lover's cold corse,
 But, ere she could reach it, was slain
 By those wretches without remorse!"

XVII.

And, since that night of slaughter and woe,
 Her wandering spirit refuseth to rest.
 With a gory wound in her moon-white breast
 She nightly oft
 Roams to and fro
 Through the dear old halls that in life she trod,
 Her dead eyes raised aloft,
 As though appealing to God.

XVIII.

"She wist not that Egbert's blood was shed ;
 She seemeth to fancy him yet alive,
 And lingereth still to see him arrive,
 Till he take her away !
 Strange state of the Dead,
 Who live, without Life or Thought, and seem
 In a region 'twixt Night and Day,
 Like those who rave in a dream !

XIX.

"With soundless tread she glideth along,
 In white apparel, bespeckled with blood.
 In life she was loved as gentle and good,
 And now, as a ghost,
 She offers none Wrong.
 The guards give way as before a child,
 And ope the gate :—they have lost
 All dread of a phantom so mild.

XX.

"Now mark ! As her lot was like mine, alas !
 She pities, I ween, my sore distress.
 At midnight then will I borrow her dress,
 Her spectral garb,
 And silently pass
 Through the opened gate, as the child of Walhorn ;
 And thy fleet-limbed Northern barb
 Shall bear us afar ere morn."

XXI.

—"O ! glorious ! glorious !" Egbert cried.
 "It is well that Love should suffer and dare,
 But now farewell all sorrow, all care !
 By early dawn
 Will I make thee my bride ;
 Meantime, Belovèd, at midnight's hour,
 When the portal-bolts are undrawn,
 We meet once more in this bower."

XXII.

One warm embrace, one kiss, and they part—
 He plunges down through the darkling dell,
 While her kerchief waves him a fond farewell.
 —"Oh, Egbert ! thou
 Art the heart of my heart !
 Adieu all timid misgivings and fears !
 Even Death shall not sever us now ;
 We are one through Eternity's years !"

XXIII.

Now midnight palbeth valley and lea,
 And Egbert vaults on his restless roan.
 The welkin is black ; the moon, all alone,
 Burns lurid, yet cold,
 Over tower and tree.
 But Egbert yields to no idle alarms :
 He knows he shall soon enfold
 His Best-beloved in his arms !

XXIV.

And the turret-bell over wave and wood
 Tolls far that latest hour of the late ;
 And a Figure flits by the wide-swung gate
 In white attire,
 Bedabbled with blood ;
 And Egbert is nigh with his light-limbed steed,
 And away, as on wings of fire,
 The Knight and his true-love speed.

XXV.

But Joy for a space gives place to Amaze
 In the youthful bridegroom's bounding heart—
 —“ My sweetest, how gossamer-light thou art !
 Thy frame is one
 That a babe might raise !”
 —“ Tis all the meeter for fleeter flight—
 My clothing is thinly spun,
 And therefore am I so light !”

XXVI.

—“ Beloved ! thine arms are as ice to the touch !
 My blood is frozen in thine embrace !
 There breathes a benumbing wind from thy face !”
 —“ I come to thee
 From a cold, cold couch,
 And the night-blast bloweth chill and froze !
 But love like thine, it may be,
 Will give me warmth once more !”

XXVII.

Away, away, by highway and hill,
 They ride through the night and the rising storm.
 My sweet Griseld, thou wilt never grow warm !
 There is mist on thy brow !
 Thou art bloodless and chill !
 Thine icicled fingers pierce me like spears !”—
 —“ My Egbert !—and what I am now
 I shall be through Eternity's years !”

XXVIII.

And away, away, by mountain and wood
 They ride through the night and the rising storm.
 —“ My sweet Griseld, how slight is thy form !
 And why dost thou bow
 Thy head ? Is it blood
 That flows on my bosom, or only tears ?”—
 —“ Hush, Egbert ! Ask me not now !
 Thou wilt know through Eternity's years !”

XXIX.

But the pale red morn at last cometh round,
 And silent and silenter grows the bride,
 And colder and colder the youth by her side,
 Till the courser halts
 At a burying-ground.
 The maiden then turns from her knightly mate,
 And, light as a shadow, vaults
 To the greensward fronting its gate.

XXX.

"Wilt follow me, love?"—"Ay! though to the tomb!
 We have plighted our vows, and shall soon be wed,—
 One home be our home, one bed be our bed.
 Come Pleasure or Pain,
 Come Sunshine or Gloom!"—
 —"Quick! in, then, hither, for Morning appears.
 Nought now can sunder us twain;
 We are one through Eternity's years!"

XXXI.

She presses her snow-cold lips to his,
 And his eyes wax dim, and he gasps for breath;
 And he clasps her hand as he stiffens in death!
 ...Far off to the east
 Of the Danube it is
 That they sleep together, this virgin and youth.
 So runs the legend at least,
 But I vouch not, I, for its truth!

Napoleon.*

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LAMARTINE.)

I.

On a deserted rock, wooed by the moanful wave,
 The mariner from afar descries a lonely grave,
 A tomb uncrowned by urn or bust.
 It shimmereth in the noon: Time hath not yet embrowned it,
 But, 'mid the weeds and thorny wild-flowers grieving round it
 A Sceptre lieth,—trod in dust!

II.

Who is the Slumberer there? Ask that of the round world!
 Read it where'er thou seest a nation's flag unfurled,
 From Russia to the Syrian zone!
 Read it on marble column and in marvel-story!
 Yea, in the hearts of those who, slavelike, deemed it glory
 To spend their blood to rear his throne!

III.

The untiring Bell of Time tolleth from age to age
 Two mighty Names of Men who felt the world a cage
 Too narrow for their deeds and souls!

* Written several years before the removal of his remains from St. Helena.

A Third, whose laurels—and where was it that these grew not?—
Were twined round thunderbolts that they, the others, knew not,
The same Bell now, but louder, tolls !

IV.

And He sleeps on yon rock ! Under six feet of earth
Rests One whose giant mind gave a new world-pulse birth,
His foes in peace may tread his clay !
Past are the pageant-show, the clangor, and the fever,
And now his ghost lists but one mournful sound for ever,
The sad voice of the waves away !

V.

Yet, think not, restless Shade—restless though in thy tomb—
That I stand forth to taunt thee in that House of Gloom !
The Lyre upbraideth not the Grave !
Death is a sacred refuge for the Mighty-hearted—
Nought should be breathed by bard of Greatness once departed
Beyond what holy Truth may crave !

VI.

Thy cradle and thy tomb lie hidden from the Crowd.
Thou flashedst on the world like lightning from a cloud !
The Fame that dazzles and deludes
Thou wonnest ere yet known to France, or History's pages ;
So the vast Nile rolled nameless in remoter ages
Through Memnon's hoary solitudes !

VII.

The ancient shrines lay trampled, the thrones overturned,
When Victory bore thee through the globe on wings that burned.
Our Brutuses, the Madly-free,
Knelt at thy footstool all ; the century that, abhorrent
Of customs, laws, kings, gods, bore all down as a torrent,
Reared a New Temple unto thee !

VIII.

Thou combatedst Error—but without the Scales and Rod !
Like Jacob in the old years, thou wrestledst with a god,
A false god, whom the Just abhorred ;
But, ah ! thou sportedst oft with Names too bright for vision,
As the impious mocker flings around him in derision
The glittering vessels of the Lord !

IX.

The Time's abysmal blanks and horrible monster-chasms
Thy wisdom soon filled up ! Thou quietedst the spasms
That shook all Europe to its core !
Thou torest off the mask from Falsehood's loathsome features,
And shewedst in their genuine colours those foul creatures
Who now, thank Heaven, can dupe no more !

X.

Hadst thou then, too, restored into legitimate hands
The Sceptre placed in thine by lawless robber-bands
Of desperadoes,—O ! hadst thou
Accomplished for the Fallen that Vengeance which was Duty,
With what a glorious Diadem of immortal beauty
History might sanctify thy brow !

XI.

But Honor, Justice, Truth,—spellwords the Good adore,
To thee were but as hollow sounds from brazen ore.

Thy warrior-soul seemed formed to feel
Only the battle-shout of thy victorious hordes,
Only the barbarous music of their clashing swords,
And the sonorous trumpet peal.

XII.

Scorning the pettier baubles Mankind play with here,
Thou graspedst Empire, as a god above their sphere !

Thine own strong Will was all thy chart !
Each lightning-winged missive parted from thy soul
As the sharp javelin speedeth forthright to its goal,
Even through the noblest human heart !

XIII.

Never, in solace of thy kingly loneliness,
Could all the Banquet's charms allure thee to excess.

Thy Purple was not that of Wine !
And, sternly calm amid the Fairest as the Bravest,
Thou sawest Beauty's tears and smiles, but never gavest
To either, tear or smile of thine !

XIV.

Thou gloriedst in War's fierce triumphs and alarms ;
Thine eye and ear but sought the sheen and shock of arms.

Thou hadst a soft, caressing hand
But for thy charger's mane, as the proud animal, flying
Along the battle-plain, trampled the Dead and Dying,
Whose life-blood twice enriched the land !

XV.

Thou grewest great unmoved ; thou diedst without sign ;
No fleshly heart beat in that cuirassed breast of thine !

In thee Life's various passions met
But as a Dream of Thought, a Vision and an Aiming ;
Thou soaredst ever heavenward, like the Eagle, claiming
Some untracked region loftier yet !

XVI.

To harness kings as captives to thy conquering Car,
To thunderstrike the globe to its last bounds afar,

To smite with paralysing strokes
Tribunes and Emperors both,—but, above all, to bring
As slaves within thy sphere,—a dreadly-charmed ring !—
That People who had spurned all yokes !—

XVII.

To be the Idea and the Soul of our great Age,
To vanquish Mankind here, and then fling down thy gage

To the high Heavens, and war with them,—
To gamble against Fate, and,—losing it or winning—
Still to renew the game as from its first beginning,—
Such thoughts flashed from thy Diadem !

XVIII.

Thou fellest from thy lone and dreadful altitude!
 Begirt by tempest-clouds, thou couldst not long elude
 The shock that hurled thee to thy doom;
 And Destiny, the one sole Ruler thou adoredst,
 Accorded thee in mercy more than thou imploredst,—
 A space between thy Throne and Tomb!

XIX.

Oh! who shall fathom the Profound of thy deep mind,
 When the remembrance of a Greatness left behind,
 And lost for ever, pierced it through?
 When, pondering thy returnless life's magnificent errors,
 Repentance, all-too-late, appalled thee with the terrors
 Of the dark pictures Conscience drew?

XX.

As one who in a storm, beside a river's shore,
 Sees in the wave his shadow lengthen more and more,
 And take a hundred monstrous forms,
 So, from thy soul's drear summit, when thine years were eldest,
 Thou, gazing back upon the eventful Past, beheldest
 The scenery of thy life of storms!

XXI.

It passed before thy vision in one mirroring stream,
 Like the phantasmagoria of a slumberer's dream,
 Now bright, now dark, now swift, now slow.
 Thou heardest groans and trumpets, shrieks and music, blended,
 Thou sawest sights of woe and horror untranscended
 Upon this side of Hell below!

XXII.

Here, upon Lodi's Bridge, amid a storm of balls,
 There, in the burning desert where stood Memphis' halls,
 Again, by Jordan's shrunken tide—
 Here, where the Kremlin's flames rolled forth as from a fountain,
 There, on the frore Saint Bernard's precipice-girdled mountain,
 Thou sawest thine image multiplied!

XXIII.

But, wherefore turnedst thou thine eyes away even now?
 Why came that rapid livid pallor o'er thy brow?
 What strange spell held thy soul in thrall?
 Sawest thou the smoking ruins of some thirty cities?
 Stoodst thou once more in Jaffa? Ah! thy flatterers' ditties
 Told thee that Glory atones for all!

XXIV.

Yes! Glory atones for all—for all, save only Crime!
 Say nought of Pichegru, till that avenging time
 When all things hidden shall be known.
 Perchance he really perished by his own red hand.
 Condorcet carried other poison through the land
 Than his books—as his death hath shown.*

* The famous prediction of Cazotte, in 1782, is known to have included, among others, this grand-minded infidel philosopher. "You, M. Condorcet," observed

XXV.

But I, too, had a dream—I saw a royal youth
 Butchered in middle night, massacred without ruth,
 No Nemesis threatening vengeance near;
 What words I strove to speak died on my lips unuttered,
 But, ere I awoke, mcfancied the hoarse night-wind muttered
 The name of d'Enghien in mine ear!

XXVI.

Ah, Despot! that black stain upon thy brilliant name
 Almost makes those who, while they admire thee, still must blame,
 Doubt even thy genius, as thy heart!
 Hereafter, haply, less obsequious times than these are
 May niche thy statue atween a Marius and a Cæsar,
 Or plant it on some height apart!

* * * * *

XXVII.

When all is said, thou sankest dark-bright, like the sun;
 And, as the mower, when his long day's work is done,
 Takes up his scythe, and seeks his hire,
 Thou, when thine hour came, girdedst on thy sword and wentest
 Before thy God and Judge,* who, according as thou spentest
 Thy gifts, had smiles for thee or ire.

XXVIII.

Witnesses oft have told that, in thy latter hours,
 Alone with thine own Genius and the Eternal Powers,
 Thine eyes, awhile beneath eclipse,
 Were suddenly uplifted heavenward, as in token
 Of somewhat seen, while thou pronouncedst in tones broken
 A NAME not often on thy lips.†

XXIX.

No more!—Such was thine end! End! Solitary word!
 END! Conqueror of the World! END, the last God and Lord .
 Who shall mete out rewards and pains;

the dramatist, "will die after having swallowed poison, which you will carry about your person in those days, as a means of enabling you, in extremity, to escape death by the hands of the public executioner." The stanza is somewhat elliptical, but the argument of it seems to be, that if Condorcet committed suicide to avoid dying by the guillotine, it is not impossible that Pichegru (who was found strangled in his prison) might, from a similar motive, have acted in a similar manner.

* The last words of Napoleon were "*Tête . . . armée.*" He imagined himself, we may suppose, once more at the head of his invincible battalions. It is, probably, to this phantasy of the expiring hero that Lamartine alludes. His words are:

"Tu ceignis en mourant ton glaive sur ta cuirasse,
 Et tu fus demander récompense ou justice."

I may as well remark here that another edition of the poet's works gives the couplet in the following form:—

"De ton glaive sanglant tu t'armas en silence,
 Et tu fus demander justice ou récompense."

† This, if true, is certainly something more than curious. I do not remember to have read of anything of the kind in the many narratives on record of Napoleon's last hours. It is, however, certain that the "Man of Destiny," as he called himself, cherished a faith in something *beyond* destiny. "Je connais les hommes," said he to Count Montholon, "et je sais que Jesus Christ n'était pas homme." He evidently believed, after all, that there was a divinity about the Son of the Carpenter altogether distinct from and immeasurably superior to his own.

Who judgeth by two standards subjects and their sovereigns,
The Slave who sweats and trembles, and the King who governs,
This by his crown—that by his chains !

* * * * *

XXX.

HE IS JUDGED, his life, his mind, his genius, and his deeds
All have been sifted ;—and, let him who feels he needs
Pardon himself forbear from him !
Life, Death, Wrong, Right, Good, Evil, lie in controversy,
And God perchance may have made for Heroes, in His mercy,
Genius and Virtue synonym !*

Moreen: a Love-Lament.

(FROM THE IRISH OF CHARLES BOY MAC QUILLAN.)

I.

My lone, and once my own, Moreen,
I know you sigh, I know you mourn,
But ask me not to meet you more.
This heart of mine, once gay and green,
Now, woe-the-day ! is grey and worn,
And feels, as 'twere, one cancered sore !
I walk alone in trouble,
Revolving thoughts of gloom.
Each passing day doth but redouble
The miseries of my doom !

II.

In trouble ? Oh ! how weak a word !
In woe, in horror, let me say—
In wretchedness without a name.
The wrath of God, the avenging Sword
Of Heaven burns in my bones alway,
With ever-freshly torturing flame ;
And Desolateness and Terror
Have made me their dark mate,
The ghastly brood of Sin and Error
Repented all-too-late !

III.

Moreen, my veins run gall, not blood ;
A poison-plant flowers in my soul
Whose deadly rankness never fades.

* The original is—

" Et vous, fêaux de Dieu ! qui sâlt si le génie
N'est pas une de vos vertus ? "

A very striking sentiment, to which I fear that I have hardly been able to do justice.

My thoughts, dark as a midnight flood,
Burst forth beyond mine own control,
And take all hideous shapes and shades.
Unbreakable chains have bound me
Prisoned within Hell's pale ;
The accursèd fiends and forms around me
Hold me in hopeless bale.

IV.

I see black dragons mount the sky ;
I see Earth yawn aneath my feet ;
I feel within the Asp, the Worm,
That will not sleep and cannot die,
Fair though may show my winding-sheet !
I hear all night, as through a storm,
Hoarse voices calling, calling
My name upon the wind.
All omens monstrous and appalling
Affright my guilty mind !

V.

I exult alone in one wild hour,
That hour wherein the red cup drowns
The horrors it anon renews
In ghastlier guise, in fiercer power ;—
Then Glory brings me golden crowns,
And visions of all brilliant hues
Lap my lost soul in gladness,
Until I awake again,
And the dark lava fires of Madness
Once more sweep through my brain.

VI.

Yet, oh, Moreen ! my woe of woes,
The sharpest shaft I am pierced withal,
Is Memory's ever-festering barb.
This tells me that of all my foes
The falsest was Moreen Mulhall,
The traitress under Friendship's garb !
'Twere meet if one I had slighted
Had wrought me Wrong and Dole,
But, oh ! to find my best hopes blighted
By you—this rends my soul !

VII.

'Tis anguish far beyond what they
Who dree Life's workday toils and pains
Even in intense excess, can know,
To feel a false Love's dagger slay
The joyous lifeblood in the veins,
And turn to ice its bounding flow !
'Tis agony to remember
How soon Love waxeth cold—
How soon the frosts of its December
Follow its June of gold !

VIII.

For, oh, Moreen ! there was a time,
A happy time, when you appeared
The Moon amid the starry host.

No levity, no approach to Crime,
 As yet had made you less endeared
 To those who sought and loved you most.
 My bright dreams made you peerless,
 Till Truth bade all depart ;—
 And an awakening hour more cheerless
 Ne'er broke a lover's heart !

IX.

And now you fain would win me back
 By promises, and prayers, and tears—
 In vain, in vain, my poor Moreen !
 The Gone is gone ! Man cannot track
 Afresh his course of blasted years,
 Or bid flowers bloom where fires have been !
 Our goals,—for you, Contrition,
 For me, Despair,—are set.
 My path lies onwards to Perdition :
 Your tears may save you yet !

X.

In those resplendent years of Youth
 When Virtue seems the true Romance,
 And nought else lures the generous mind,
 I might, even had I strayed from Truth,
 Have yet retrieved my road perchance,
 And left mine errors far behind.
 But, return *now*—Oh, never !
 Never and nevermore !
 Truth's holy fire is quenched for ever
 Within my bosom's core !

XI.

The Past belongs to Eternity,
 And we once more shall meet it there,
 And reap from thence our fitting meed.
 Let me not curse you, therefore :—He
 Before whose ken all hearts are bare
 Alone is Judge of Thought and Deed.
 We see, we purblind mortals,
 But the Unveiled and Nigh ;
 The view beyond Life's Inner Portals
 Is for the Omniscient Eye.

XII.

But Thought, even here, will brook no bonds ;
 And Memory's pictures burn with hues
 Which neither Time nor Will may blot.
 The wretch who, like myself, desponds,
 Is free to ponder and peruse
 The history of his lost life's lot :—
 And if I o'er-severely
 Judge you, Moreen, believe
 That still I love you not less dearly
 Than ere you bade me grieve !

THE SUMMING-UP.

No more! Farewell! My fate is fixed!
 What yours may be I guess not well;
 But, for myself, I nightly die;
 And the two worlds I stand betwixt,
 The Outward and the Inward Hell,
 Appear outrolled before mine eye.
 May sights far different meet you
 Beyond this Vale of Woes—
 And may your attendant spirits greet you
 In cheerier words than those!

Alexander Ypsilanti.

(FROM THE ROMANIC.)

I.

Alexander Ypsilanti sate in Munka's lofty tower;
 Darkness brooded o'er his bosom, darkness like the midnight hour.
 Long he gazed in silent sadness through his dreary dungeon-bars
 On the clouds that swept the skies, and overveiled the moon and stars.

II.

"Oh, my fallen Fatherland, what fate is thine!" he sighed at length.
 "Thou, the home of Art and Song, in thrall to slaves who mock thy strength!
 Would that on thy bleakest hill I lay a bleeding corpse to-night,
 Since thy sons no more may hope to break thy chains by Battle-might!

III.

So he spake; and, while he mused, his head reclining on his hand,
 Slowly slumber overtook the Captain of the Epirian Band—
 When, behold! there glanced a radiant light along his brow and cheek,
 And he heard, as 'twere, a Voice, like some deep-rolling organ, speak—

IV.

"Ypsilanti! Ypsilanti! Yield not thus to groans and grief—
 Greece shall march to Victory soon, led onwards by her chosen Chief!
 O! remember my Three Hundred! Think of their Thermopylæ!
 Thousands live, as brave as they who fell in that drear Pass with me!"

V.

Was it vision? Was it real? Did the granite walls give way?
 Shone a glory through the prison brighter than meridian day?—
 Waking with a thrill of rapture, up the Hero sprang.—Alas!
 All was darkness as he cried, "LEONIDAS! LEONIDAS!"

VI.

But the better light was born in Ypsilanti's noble soul—
 'Twas the golden light of Hope, that shewed him through the gloom his goal!
 "Praise to Heaven!" he cried, rejoicing, "All, I trust, will yet be well!"
 And, how Greece thenceforward triumphed let the mourning Moslem tell!

J. C. M.

NARAYUN BAWA, THE PSEUDO-MESSIAH OF THE MAHRATTAS.

ABOUT the end of the year 1829, there appeared in the Deccan an extraordinary child, who gave rise to one of the strangest, and, for the brief period of its duration, one of the most powerful movements of religious fanaticism ever witnessed; and whose career, had it not been suddenly cut short by a premature and violent death, might have led to the establishment of a new form of worship, and possibly to some serious political convulsion. Although seventeen years have been sufficient—in the rapid succession of political events of great magnitude, and the constant flux to which the British-Indian public is subject—to make the memory of this individual almost forgotten, and his very name unknown to a majority of those who now compose Anglo-Indian society, those who were in Bombay, the Deccan, or the Southern Conkan, in the early part of the year 1830, must well remember the unbounded excitement which prevailed on the subject of this child, through all the territories subject to the government of Bombay; and which, some time before his decease, had, from a religious, gradually begun to assume a political character. A brief record of his career, therefore, besides presenting a peculiar phase of Hindoo supernaturalism, bodying forth in a recent living example their theory of divine appearances upon earth, and, perhaps, illustrating the mode in which former heroic or remarkable men were elevated into incarnations of the deity, may be useful also on political grounds.

The proper name of this child was Narayun Powar; but he soon became distinguished by the title of Narayun BAWA, the HOLY Narayun; and, ultimately, by that of Narayun DEO, the GOD Narayun. He was the son of a peasant named Powar, and born in Pimpoordee, a village belonging to the Raja of Sattara, situated about sixteen miles north of Sattara, and east of Wasee. Of his earlier infancy nothing certain is known; but at the age of eight years, he had become famous in the neighbourhood for the extraor-

dinary faculty which he possessed, of catching and controlling venomous serpents. He went about the fields and the rocks, the ditches and walls of loose stone, enticing or dragging these reptiles from their holes and lurking places, and handled them with the greatest fearlessness. He seemed vested with a predilection for, and a command over these creatures, equally singular. He had them continually twined round his arms and neck; played with them as other children would with kittens; petted or chided, fondled or chastised them with equal impunity. They came at his summons, and departed at his bidding; several were constantly around him; he appeared, in fact, to live among them and control them at his will.

How he had become invested with, or acquired so extraordinary a faculty, his parents could not or would not tell; and it is difficult now to determine. If the assumption of his disciples, that he was endowed with preternatural power, be, on the one hand, inadmissible; on the other, it is difficult to imagine by what process of tuition an art so difficult and dangerous could have been taught so young a child. Nor is it easy to conceive a motive strong enough to induce parents possessed of ordinary filial affection, (a feeling very strong in the Hindoos), to expose their infant to the risks of so deadly an experiment—one which, as the event showed, must ultimately prove fatal to him. It has been imagined that the whole secret lay in his having about his person, or being rubbed with the juice of, some particular herb, the smell of which had the power of attracting the snakes, and, at the same time, overpowering their noxious qualities, by inducing a sort of voluptuous intoxication. There are certainly reports of the existence of such a plant, and its alleged effects upon the snakes would not be greater than those which certain herbs produce upon other animals. The existence of the antidote which the Mungoos swallow after being bitten, is, we believe, unquestioned; and it is, at

all events, a more rational way of escaping a difficulty, to give nature credit for powers not generally known, than to resort to the supernatural without an adequate necessity.

But, whatever the nature of his power or his art, it was soon bruited abroad with considerable exaggeration; and his own family, in conjunction with some Brahmins, began to turn it to account. They gave out that Narayun, whom they now began, for the first time, to dignify with the addition of BAWA, or "The Holy," was not an ordinary mortal, but the incarnation of some divinity, born into the world for the deliverance of the human, or, at least, the Hindoo race. Strange, mysterious words, were said to have fallen from him at times, revealing glimpses of his real nature, and the purpose for which he was come. In general, he was so far from being a grave child, that he was distinguished among all his companions for his sportive disposition, his love of merriment, and his addiction to gambling. He never would wear clothes, which, indeed, Hindoo children at his age seldom do, but ran about naked; and, when not engaged with his favourite serpents, he would be found seated among a crowd of children, playing with them at cowries. These shells, it should be remarked, are used in India as dice; six or seven being thrown, the varying numbers of shells which fall with the orifice up and down at each throw, give the requisite variety of chances.

This sportive, mercurial character, and this habit of gambling, which, in Europe, would have been fatal to all pretensions to holiness, rather aided than impeded the opinion which his friends wished to spread respecting him. For, according to the notions of the Hindoos, sportiveness is a characteristic of deity, when emerging from eternity, unity, and quiescence, into time, variety, and action. All the phenomena of nature, are but the sporting of the divinity—the MAYA, or illusion, by which he deceives, confounds, and evades our senses. So, the tremendous battles of Rama, and the wanton amours of Krishna, were alike but "KRIDA" and "MAYA," sport and illusion. The whole universe is an unsubstantial, cloud-built, flitting pageant—a shifting, deceptive pano-

rama or phantasmagoria—a sleight, a game, with which the divinity, like a skilful juggler, cheats our perceptions and baffles our inquiry. Conformably to these views, Narayun's fondness for play and gambling were set down and revered as KRIDA and MAYA—divine sport and illusion. The little boy, throwing up cowries, or pelting his playfellows with mud, beheld by the eye of faith, and through the medium of the maya doctrine, was no longer the urchin Narayun Powar, but the God Narayun, sporting with worlds.

The false ever simulates the true—the demoniacal apes the divine. To this imagined Messiah of the Mahratta nation, there was not wanting a Baptist to go before his face, and prepare his way—to announce his mission—to bear testimony to his divinity. Balkrishna, the Brahmin koolkurnee, or village registrar of Pimpoordee, undertook this office. Selecting a small rivulet in the neighbourhood, he there established a teerth, or place of sacred bathing, in the name of Narayun Deo, the living God Narayun. Thither were invited pilgrims from all quarters, to come and purify themselves in the sacred waters; thither the sinner was summoned to be washed—the faithful to offer up their sacred vows—the weary and distressed to obtain rest, and a deliverance from worldly cares—the sick to be healed, in the name of Narayun. The diseased of all denominations flocked to the spot from every quarter, bathed in the stream, and sat down upon the banks, awaiting the destined hour of their deliverance. The blind, the lame, the leper, and the cripple, were there in great numbers and in great hope; for rumour had spread abroad through the country, that many lepers had been healed, and many blind had received their sight. Parties appeared in Bombay and Poonah, who averred they had been cured by Narayun: and these assertions of one or two strangers, whose history it was impossible to trace, or whose truth to test, were multiplied a hundred-fold by the voice of popular exaggeration, and increased the general ferment and delusion. On the spot no cure was publicly witnessed; indeed none appears to have been formally attempted. Each was told to bathe—to lay his offering at the feet of Narayun—to worship, offer up his

prayer or his vow, and then retire, and await, in silent resignation and hope, conjoined with a frequent repetition of bathing in the sacred rivulet, the hour when it might please the divinity to fulfil it.

Evangelists were not wanting to record Narayun's actions, nor apostles to proclaim his mission and his doctrine. He was soon attended by a crowd of Brahmins, of whom four were specially employed in registering his words and actions—the miracles and cures alleged to have been performed by him, and the vows offered up in his name. One of these legendary gospels, of which a copy got into circulation, amounted to about three hundred foolscap sides in manuscript. Other of his Bramhin disciples were sedulous in spreading his fame and inculcating his doctrine upon all who approached the pilgrimage, whether from faith or curiosity. The doctrine which he is represented as having preached, and which, at all events, his apostles preached in his name, amounted to this: that men should no longer worship gods of wood or stone; that all faith should be placed in *him*, the living divinity, come to deliver the world. The deliverance thus promised and looked for, seems to have been like that expected by the Jews from their Messiah, an earthly one—from physical evil and political servitude. Foreign dominion was to cease—Narayun to obtain supremacy; the wicked and impure to be exterminated, piety to flourish, the golden age to return.

Miracles were not wanting to confirm his mission; they are cheap in India. Besides the details of cures, alleged to have been performed on the blind, the lame, and the leper, who, as all the new arrivals were told, had gone away rejoicing; and of vows made in distant places, and fulfilled by Narayun; other marvels were narrated of

him. When his uncle, unable to pay the balance of his land-tax to the revenue officers of the rajah of Sattara, was taken before the chowdry, and a large stone placed upon his head, (a common mode of torture resorted to under Mahratta governments, for the purpose of extorting payment from recusants)—Narayun, beholding his distressed situation, and filled with indignation at the outrage, miraculously removed the stone, and miraculously produced the sum that was demanded. When the rajah himself came to visit him and commanded his attendance, he refused to obey the summons, and ordered the rajah to wait *upon him*. The incredulous rajah demanded a sign, and Narayun ordered a large rock to transport itself from its native bed, and move to an opposite hillock in his presence. These and similar feats of thaumaturgy, were narrated to all comers; and, from the wonderful command which they beheld him daily exercise over the snakes that were brought to him from every quarter, such tales received a ready credence.

Prophecies were not wanting. An ancient prediction of the poet Toolseedas, referring to a period not far distant from that in which Narayun appeared, was pressed into his service. It foretells the appearance of an extraordinary person, who is to obtain political supremacy in India, and terminate all foreign dominion; and the person so foretold is not to be a mere man, though in human form, but an incarnation of Indrajit, the son of Rawun. Rawun, as perhaps most of our readers know, was a gigantic, many-armed, many-headed demon, or Titan—a Hindoo Briareus, who, some thousands of years ago, was king of Lunka, or Ceylon, and was slain by the god Rama, at the end of the war which is celebrated in the Ramayun, the Hindoo Iliad.*

* Rawun had, like Paris, carried off Sita, the wife of Rama. Rama and his brother Luxoomun, like the two Atrides, laid siege to the ravisher's capital, which they took and burnt, as the Greeks did Troy; recovering the imprisoned beauty, and slaying her captor and all his family. Every exhibition of fire-works, transparencies, or other pyrotechny, is to this day called Lunka by the Hindoos, as representing the superb conflagration of that city produced by one of Rama's most efficient allies, the monkey-god, Hunoomun, commander of the army of monkeys, who assisted Rama's operations. Hunoomun allowed his tail—a tail some miles long—to get into jeopardy among the besieged, and they imprudently wreaked their vengeance on this formidable member, by setting it on fire, and feeding the flame

In this war, Indrajit, too, was slain by Luxoomun, Rama's brother. It may be wondered at, that the son of a demon should have so glorious a future destiny predicted him; or that those who wished to represent Narayun as a god, should thus identify him with a titanic hero. But, through the whole Hindoo system, the demoniacal or titanic nature and the divine melt into each other. Their external phenomena are opposed, but this is *maya*, or illusion:—their internal essence is one. Indrajit, in his former appearance on earth, had himself overcome the god Indra (the atmospheric Jove), and wrested the thunderbolt from him.* Rawun, his father, was, although a Titan, an ascetic of exalted devotion. His very death, at the hand of the god Rama, was a glorious reward for this virtue. In the pantheistic and mystic views of the Hindoos, all oppositions and diversities are reconciled in unity. The apparent enmity and punishment of the devout Demon King was only external *MAYA*, phenomenal illusion; the hostile contact, the death-embrace with Rama, was, in reality, union with the Divinity!

There was, therefore, no difficulty on the score of Indrajit's former titanic character:—this was quite consistent with his now coming as a god and deliverer of mankind. All that was necessary was, to make the verses of Toolsee-das fit Narayun Deo. This, with the help of a little interpolation,

was easily effected; and the prediction, thus altered, was speedily circulated, and before long was in every hand and on every tongue, through the Mahratta country.

The following is a translation of the metrical prophecy of the poet Toolsee-das. It was written during the supremacy of the Mogul or Turkish dynasty, whose fall it predicts: and the first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas, being found in most copies, may be considered genuine. The long third stanza, however, is not in any old copy, and must have been specially framed to represent the rise and fall of the British power in the Deccan. The particular locality and the healing of disease are evidently introduced to adapt it to Narayun Deo. It will be observed, too, that the four last lines of this stanza repeat, in a combined form, particulars mentioned separately in the first, fourth, and fifth stanzas: and the omission of the whole third stanza will not injure the sense of the genuine prophecy. It is clearly an interpolation and a forgery. The nineteenth century of Vikrumajit, within which the prophecy was to be accomplished, terminates in 1844. The fifteenth year of the British rule in the Deccan, when it was to be overthrown, and the year Nundun, when Indrajit was to establish his supremacy at Delhi, and the new golden period of eighty years was to commence, correspond with 1832-33.

PROPHECY OF THE POET TOOLSEE-DAS.

I.

“Why, mind, art thou impatient? There shall come,
Within one thousand and nine hundred years,
A destined period, when Indrajit,
The son of Rawun, shall again be born.

with all the available oil in the city. But as soon as it was well kindled, Hunoomun commenced wagging it to and fro through their capital, and thereby produced the most magnificent conflagration on record.

* Perhaps, like Franklin, of whom it is said, metaphorically, *Eripuit fulmen cælo*. Indeed one is led to suspect that Rawun and his son were in reality men of great scientific resources. A remark on this subject was once made to us by a Hindoo, which is so curious that we here record it:—“The Hindoos, who watch and reflect upon the proceedings and achievements of you Europeans, say that all your actions resemble those attributed in our Poorans or religious poems, to giants and demons. Thus it is said in the Ramayun, that Rawun had taken several of the gods prisoners, and made them his household servants. The god Agni (fire) was his cook, and dressed his food; the god Wayoo (wind) was his housemaid, and swept his chamber; the god Waroonu (water) was his gardener, and watered his trees; and so with the rest. You, too, have mastered and imprisoned these elements, and make them serve you. The wind works your ships; the ether (gas) lights your houses; you have harnessed the fire and water like horses to your carriages and your steamers; they work in your mills, and coin your money.”

II.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient?—for, behold!
The splendour of the Turkish race shall fade,
Even as a garment fretted by the moth:
And to the North, the South, the East, the West,
The destined one his kingdom shall set up.

III.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient?—ere that day,
Large armies of a race impure shall come
Into the Deckan, and set up a sway
For a brief period, which shall wane away
And perish of itself. Behold! behold!
Out of the sea—with hat upon his head—
A reddish-bodied waterman shall come,
To man nor woman working aught of good
And hold dominion for some fifteen years;
Till Indrajit, the son of mighty Rawun,
In Huree Bulevunt Punchal's land be born:
At Delhi he shall rule for eighty years;
Shall heal disease, and shall consume the wicked.

IV.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient? In that day
Bhoolbula, born in Powar's ancient race,
Shall rule at Delhi. In the year called Nundun,
In the sixth day of Vusunt's vernal season,
There shall be spread his regal canopy.

V.

"Why, mind, art thou impatient? Eighty years
This golden age shall last:—virtue shall flourish,
And all the wicked be destroyed;—by aid
Of Rughoobeer, thus Toolsee-das [foretells]."

Psalmists were not wanting to hymn
Narayun's praise. Many hymns and
canticles were composed in his honour
by the Bramhins around him, and for-
warded to every quarter to increase

his celebrity. Of these we subjoin
one which was circulated at an early
stage of his appearance, and became
very widely known:—

TRANSLATION OF AN UBHUNG OR METRICAL HYMN, IN PRAISE OF NARAYUN DEO.

Composed and circulated by Balcrishna, the Koolkurnee or Registrar of the village of Pimpoordee.

I.

"In the hamlet of Pimpoordee,
In the ancient line of Powar,
Young Narayun rose to life.
Numbering only eight brief summers,
But in glory all outgrowing,
Young in years and old in fame.
Gathering all the children round him,
On the ground behold him sporting,
Or with cowries joyous play.
Hark to Balcrishna's cry!—'Approach all ye who will,
And be delivered from the toils of life!'

II.

"Rumour spread, the infant played with
Scorpions, snakes, and deadly reptiles,
Granting every faithful vow.
On the ocean, oh, Narayun!
Tempest-tossed a vessel laboured,
And had perished but for thee.

extravagant destiny—the recovery of the old Hindoo empire over all the nations professing Hindooism, &c. These predictions were regularly taken down as uttered, by her husband, or some other party, for the benefit of the raja. Copies of them were found in the Zenana after the raja's deposition by Sir James Carnac; and of other papers, showing that his Highness placed implicit credence in them, and acted upon them. There is little doubt that they mainly contributed to his ruin. It was wittily remarked by a native, when speaking on this subject — “The lady's warén (familiar spirit) promised that he should remove his throne to Delhi, (an expression implying his obtaining the whole empire of Hindostan); and the prophecy is now fulfilled—he has been removed to Delhi or its neighbourhood.” This fact, only recently discovered, fully accounts for the opposition which the raja alone, of all the Mahratta nation, offered to Narayun Bawa's pretensions. Looking upon *himself* as the person, who, according to the voice of prophecy, was destined to achieve universal dominion, and expel the British, he could ill brook the rival claims set up for this child, as the incarnation of Indrajit, foretold by Toolseedas. The progress of his worship, therefore, caused him considerable uneasiness, not unmixed with fear. But, indeed, this is not to be wondered at; for stronger minds than his had been shaken by the accounts which every day brought, of new wonders performed by this extraordinary child, and by the rapidity with which all men seemed forced to own and bow to his divinity. At the time the mania was at its height, the writer of this paper asked a European gentleman of distinguished attainments as a scholar, and a firm believer in Christianity, what was his opinion of Narayun Bawa? His reply was as follows:—“The facts which I have heard have quite staggered me: the whole Hindoo population are thoroughly convinced of the divinity of this child, and are going mad after him. *It is impossible to say what extraordinary means God may see fit to adopt for the spiritual recovery of the Hindoos.* Ordinary means and missions seem to have failed with them.”

But in the midst of all this enthu-

siasm and expectation, a message of dismay came to every city—“*Narayun Bawa is dead!*” At first no one would believe it; but the next day came other messengers with further tidings; and while they confirmed the fact of his death, they brought with them the assurance that he was to rise again in a few days.

It appears that while Narayun was as usual exhibiting his control over all the snakes brought to him by strangers, a Mhar, or Pariah, produced a very large one, which he said he had brought all the way from Benares, or some other far-off place. Narayun laid hold of the reptile with his usual boldness, and attempted to play with it; but, for the first time, he found a serpent which he could not manage. The snake became irritated, and bit him mortally. In a few hours, the wretched child, whom imposture, or delusion, or both, had elevated into a divinity, was a corpse—affording one more example in confirmation of an awful remark, which has been more than once made, that no human being has long survived the assumption of divine honors. By his disciples his death was attributed to the malice of the Raja of Sattara, who, it was asserted, had sent the Mhar that presented the fatal snake. The Mhar himself was believed to have been a magician in disguise. But, though Narayun was dead, the delusion or imposture did not die with him. It was confidently given out that he would rise from the dead on the third or eighth day; and a vast multitude of the pilgrims, clinging to this hope, awaited on the spot to witness his resurrection. The predicted days passed; no resurrection took place; and the disappointed and sorrowing crowd, awaking too late to their delusion, began to disperse. But even here the infatuation did not terminate. Reports continued to be circulated that Narayun was shortly to re-appear in different places, and, now and then, that he actually had appeared. In Poona it was for a time believed that his soul had lodged itself in the body of a Bramhin, who would fulfil all that had been predicted of the peasant boy; but this imposture speedily died away.

In the Conkan it was in like manner given out that he was to re-appear there. and the town of Hurnee, on the

coast, was specified as the appointed place. The inhabitants in consequence were in a state of great excitement and expectation; and, at one time, it was thought Narayun had really appeared.

One evening at dusk, some people going to the temple to pay their vespere worship, found a person lying prostrate before the idol, apparently in a trance. His features were unknown to any present, and the idea struck one of the party that it must be Narayun. "The sound of his name," to quote a letter written from the spot, "flew like lightning, and "Narayun has appeared! Narayun has appeared!" was soon proclaimed throughout the village. The workmen threw down their implements and ran; the bazaar was soon deserted, and the fat and sleek Brahmin hobbled along with the moving crowd to pay his adoration to this new incarnation. Some brought flowers, and others rice or ghee, or pice, or other offerings: one ran for lamps to light up the temple; others for tom-toms, without which, of course, nothing can go off with eclat; and as large a crowd as a large village can turn out was soon collected around the temple. Narayun in the meantime appeared to play his part pretty well. He raised himself, so soon as those who first discovered him began to adore him, and received afterwards the prostrations and offerings of the crowd with a great deal of calmness, but spake little or none; and all went off well for the first night. Next morning, a few of the more intelligent of the people thought proper to inquire into the claims of this said person to be recognised as a second Narayun. They began to question him as to the truth of these claims, when the poor man honestly confessed that such claims he had never made. He was a poor weaver, who had come from a distance, and was going further down the coast on some business. He had been taken ill in going through Hurnee, and had thrown himself down in the temple, as he was unable to proceed further. He had no idea of ever being recognised as Narayun; but being awake by people paying their adorations, he sat up and calmly received all they had to give him. Thus ended Narayun's second appear-

ance, and with it appear to have ended all the hopes of the people in this quarter."

In the village of Nagaon, on the island of Bombay, a similar occurrence took place. A stranger had been discovered in the temple, seated beside the idol; the report spread that it was Narayun, and three or four hundred persons assembled, prostrated themselves before him, and presented their offerings. But two Brahmins from a distant village happening to come in, recognised in the object of all this homage an idiot boy who had strayed from his home.

Some days afterwards a Mahratta peasant, who was said to have a Warén, or Pythonic spirit, prophesied that Narayun would, on a certain day, rise from the ground near the tank of Cowasjee Patell, in the middle of the town of Bombay. His declaration met with implicit belief, and a large crowd assembled on the spot, loaded with cocoa-nuts, and other offerings; and, planting a *TOOLSEE* or shrub of sacred basil in the ground, near the place whence he was expected to emerge, sat down to await the event. But the day waned away, the sun went down, and the coming darkness at length forced them to retire.

Similar expectations and reports continued to prevail in many parts of the country for two or three months after Narayun's death; but all these hopes at last ended, and though a few still clung to the persuasion of his divinity, the majority at length came to the conclusion that he was nothing but a Rakshus or demon, who came for a while on earth to amuse himself by deluding mankind.

The foregoing history is calculated to throw light on the manner in which some of the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon may have originally come to be deified; and, perhaps, on hero worship in general. It is admitted by the ablest Sanscrit scholars of the present day, that the Bhagvut, and many other of the Hindoo Pooraans, which celebrate the praises, and advocate the worship of these divinities, are of a comparatively modern date, though compiled from older materials. Perhaps it would not be a very improbable conjecture, that they were framed from popular ballads, not very different in character from the hymn in

praise of Narayun Bawa, above translated.

One thing is calculated to strike the Christian reader in this history—the resemblance, whether casual or intentional, between some of the attendant circumstances and pretensions of Narayun, and those which are narrated of Christ in the Gospel. When it was boldly asserted that Narayun Bawa cleansed lepers, gave sight to the blind, and restored the lame to the use of their limbs, a suspicion naturally arose, that some parties, well acquainted with the Gospels were endeavouring to get up a Pseudo-Messiah, in imitation of the Christian Saviour: when prophecy was brought forward in support of his mission, and it was stated that *four* Brahmins attended the child daily, to register his words and actions, the suspicion was strengthened; and when it was given out, on his death, that he would rise again on the third, and afterwards on the eighth day, it almost became converted into a certainty. Yet, it must be allowed, the resemblances, in some degree, spring naturally, almost necessarily, from the very nature of the design of enacting incarnate deity.

If, however, such imitation was really intended, the attempt was a signal failure. The tax levied upon all who came to seek relief, presented, at the very outset, a striking contrast with the gratuitous benevolence of the merciful Redeemer. The want of reality in the alleged miracles was another conclusive point of difference. The Jews, who were contemporaries of Christ, never disputed the reality of his miracles, but imputed them to demoniacal agency. Those who succeeded equally admitted their reality, but accounted for them by his having obtained possession of the Tetra grammaton, or sacred name of the Most High from the temple; by his having watched the secret devotions of his

preceptor in the night-time, and thus learned the mystic words which invested him with thaumaturgic power; and by other asserted means, which will be found in the Toldoth Yesu, and similar Rabbinical works. But, of all the alleged miraculous cures by Narayun Bawa, which were so loudly bruited in his life-time, *not one* was eventually well authenticated, or survived the decline of his reputation. When the mania was at an end, it was admitted by the most respectable natives who had visited him, that the only thing miraculous they had seen was his manner of handling serpents.

The blind, who had gone to meet him in hope, came back complaining that they had paid their money and consumed their time, and were now nothing the better for it; they had, in the emphatic language of Isaiah, spent their money for that which was not bread. If the history of Narayun Bawa afford, on the one hand, a remarkable example of the facility with which religious delusion may be propagated among a credulous people, it evinces, on the other, in the most striking manner, the difficulty of counterfeiting genuine prophecy and miracles, and gives a new value to the evidence of that kind, which is admitted, by its greatest enemies, to exist in support of Christianity. Of the prophecies in the Old Testament, the Jews themselves are the providential guardians; to the genuineness of the miracles recorded in the New, the Toldoth Yesu and other Rabbinical writings bear conclusive testimony.

It is sad, it is wonderful, to contrast the blind enthusiasm and worship which greeted this tool and victim of imposture, with the reception which the real Saviour of mankind met, notwithstanding the splendour of his miracles, and the divine purity of his life and doctrine.

HISTORY OF OIL PAINTING.*

From the day that Walpole gave utterance to his sneering remark on the futility of researches into what he was pleased to call "the Antiquity of Ignorance," has that very investigation occupied the minds, and enlisted the ablest efforts, of some of the most intelligent intellects of each succeeding generation, up to the present day. The establishment of the earlier links in the chain of progression of any one science, may lead to the most valuable results, when applied to another possessing an analogy with it, and existing perhaps only in a state of comparatively incomplete development. To control the conduct of such studies, and as far as possible to lead them to practical conclusions, should be one of the most earnest efforts of the utilitarian; and happy, indeed, is it for the cause of science and art, when the qualities of the antiquarian, the true "indagator," and those of the earnest practical philosopher, are united in one and the same person; then it is, that knowledge really advances, and while the history of science is truthfully recorded, fresh energy is lent to the aspirant for its successful cultivation.

The art of painting, and indeed the fine arts generally, have been peculiarly fortunate, in numbering among those who have devoted themselves to the record of their principles and history, many who have possessed the happy mental combination we have described, as so eminently beneficial; and whether it be owing to the humanizing and refining effect of the practice of the art of painting on the intellectual powers, many of those who have wielded the pencil with the greatest ability, have been led to give up the harvest of pictorial honours, and resigning the pencil for the pen, struggled to add the crown of literary distinction to that already obtained by their artistic abilities. It is to the latter class that the author of the work

under consideration belongs, and it is most highly to his honour that he has possessed the energy, and found the time, during a highly successful professional career, to pursue the most arduous studies, and to bring them to so admirably practical a result as that evidenced by his present volume.

And yet, ungrateful and unsatisfied creatures that we are, we cannot refrain from expressing a wish that Mr. Eastlake had made his work either more directly useful to artists, or more interesting to the general reader; the addition of a little of his own practical and critical judgment on the comparative value of the several processes he describes, would have effected the former, while a little more care in the arrangement and aggregation of his evidence, and a somewhat less rambling division of his subject, would have equally gained the latter result. In the accumulation of that evidence from every available source, the author has been indefatigable; his work is a perfect Mosaic of compilation—he has procured the most able assistance, access appears to have been afforded him to every document likely in any way to forward the object of his research; and in the progress of his studies he would seem to have been accompanied with the cheering sympathy of most intelligent and accomplished friends—an incentive to exertion, the value of which no literary man can too highly appreciate. In judging the merits and demerits of this work, it is therefore to be recollected, that its author has enjoyed very considerable advantages, and that, should he be arraigned at the bar of criticism for the commission of a few literary peccadilloes, he, as an already distinguished writer, cannot claim forbearance on the score of tyroship.

Had Mr. Eastlake entitled his book "A History of the Materials of Oil Painting," instead of "Materials for

* "Materials for a History of Oil Painting." By Charles Lock Eastlake, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. 8vo. 1847.

a *History of Oil Painting*," he would perhaps have conveyed to the public a clearer idea of the nature of its contents, and prepared them for a disquisition on the antiquities of vehicles and pigments, instead of such a critical, historical, and biographical treatise on the lives and merits of the early oil painters and their processes, as the general meaning of the terms of his title page would appear to promise.

The preface, in its first lines, explains (as all judicious prefaces should) the author's reasons for, and objects in, producing his work; and it is certainly most just that his own words should declare them. Mr. Eastlake avers, therefore, that:—

"The following work was undertaken with a view to promote the objects of the commissioners on the fine arts. It professes to trace the recorded practice of oil painting from its invention; and by a comparison of authentic traditions with existing works, to point out some of the causes of that durability for which the earlier examples of the art are remarkable. It was considered that such an inquiry, if desirable on general grounds, must be especially so at a time when the best efforts of our artists are required for the permanent decoration of a national edifice.

"The want of a sufficiently extensive investigation of original authorities, relating to the early practice of oil painting, has led to various contradictory theories; and the uncertainty which has been the result, has too often induced an impression that the excellence of art in former ages depended on some technical advantages which have been lost. It is the object of the present work to supply, as far as possible, the facts and authorities which have hitherto been wanting, so as to enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate notion respecting the origin and purpose of the methods described, and to estimate the influence of the early characteristics of the art, even on its consummate practice. Whatever may be the value of the methods in question, considered in themselves, a knowledge of them cannot fail to be at least indirectly useful. It is hoped that by substituting an approach to historical evidence for the vagueness of speculation, and by rendering it pos-

sible for modern professors to place themselves in the situation of their great predecessors in regard to merely technical circumstances, one source of interruption, if not of discouragement, in the study of the more essential qualities of art will be removed. At the same time, the author trusts that details relating to the careful processes which were familiar in the best ages of painting will not lead the inexperienced to mistake the means for the end; but only teach them not to disdain even the mechanical operations which have contributed to confer durability on the productions of the greatest masters."

To the professions herein contained, we may perhaps recur, before terminating our notice, and will now, leaving them for the present unnoticed, proceed to open to our readers some of those stores of learning that have been accumulated for their information and delectation, pausing for a moment to explain generally, and briefly, a few of the essential ingredients in all developments of pictorial design. Pigments generally are composed of either metallic oxides, earths, or vegetable preparations, and are invariably reduced to a finely friable and attritured powder; in this state, it is of course necessary to mix them with some liquid, which shall possess such binding properties as when dried by evaporation, or congelation, shall hold locked up in an indurated and homogeneous mass the particles of colouring matter; such a liquid is called a vehicle; and when the pigment, blended with its vehicle, is spread upon a surface, prepared especially for its reception, that surface is denominated a ground. The whole of the different processes that have at any time been applied to the production of coloured representations, are resolvable into five great generic divisions—Fresco, Encaustic, Tempera, Vitreous, and Oil-painting; and it is hoped that the accompanying table will indicate pretty clearly the broad general distinctions of these classes, and the nature of pigment, vehicle, and ground peculiar to each.

Style of Process.	Vehicle.	Pigment.	Ground.
1. "Fresco buono," or genuine fresco, and "Fresco secco," or bastard fresco	Lime suspended in water The same	Some earths and metallic oxides. The same	An unset coat of plaster, called by the Italians "intonaco," which may be spread on either wall or lathing. A set or hard coat of plaster, well moistened previous to the application of the colours.
2. "Encaustic," or wax painting	Wax liquified by heat, dissolved in an essential oil; or by union with a "lixivium," or substance (such as soap or honey) blendable with either wax or water	All varieties not of an evanescent character.	Wax, imbibed, when in a state approaching liquefaction, by an absorbent surface, such as that of stone, plaster of Paris, &c.
3. "Tempera," or Distemper and Water Colour	A mucilage, or solution of cohesive substances, such as gums, animal glues, &c., in water	The same	An absorbent material blended with a mucilage, having an affinity for the vehicle employed; such as "gesso," or whiting mixed with size, paper, &c.
4. Vitrification, including glass, enamel, and porcelain painting	Fluxes, readily fusible by heat	Metallic oxides only.	Glassy or metallic surfaces; the latter being usually indented to form a key for the colouring layer.
5. Oil painting.	Oils and varnishes, that is, resinous gums dissolved in essential oils	All not evanescent	Generally a preparation of an oxide, such as white lead with oil, applied to any surface to which it will adhere.

It is, of course, essential that every liquid used as a vehicle should possess the properties of drying readily, and indurating, and, above all, that it should not, when once fixed, be liable to change from time, atmospheric changes, or any other accident of its condition. Oil is, perhaps, of all other fluids that which has been found best calculated to fulfil these several requirements; and the special object of Mr. Eastlake's work is, to record the nature of its various preparations and combinations, at different periods, and in the course of his examinations of the subject, to expose the various popular errors and fallacies that have hung for centuries about the subject, and more particularly about the history of its first introduction, errors, and fallacies that a crowd of careless examiners and unconscientious students have agreed in so perpetuating, that until very lately it would have been almost equivalent to doubting "truth to be a liar," to hesitate to receive Vasari's account of Van Eyck's *invention* of oil painting, as almost

"Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ."

As we must frequently have to recur to oils of various natures, in de-

scribing their employment, it is necessary to inform the reader (since all cannot be supposed to be acquainted with the fact) that oils are divided naturally into two kinds—the fixed or fat oils, as they are technically called, and the volatile or essential; the former can only be raised to a state of vapour at a very great heat, while the latter can be volatilized at a temperature in some cases considerably below that of boiling water. Both varieties may be procured from plants, and sometimes from the very same, but always from different parts; for while the seeds yield the fixed oil, the bark supplies the volatile.

The careful examiner of Mr. Eastlake's work, may, we fancy, be able to trace how its author set out with the intention of limiting his writings to an account of the various processes of oil-painting, and how, once embarked in the study, and in the collection of materials, facts of such interest and importance, of such novelty and practical value, presented themselves to him, in connexion with a thousand and one other branches of the art of decoration, that he, like a kind friend and good citizen, could not refrain from giving them to the world; and thus,

from a meagre notice of a limited department of the practice of art, his work has swelled into a storehouse of information and detail—*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—of which we shall proceed to offer a slight chronological analysis.

Painting, among the Egyptians, as far as we can judge from the scanty fragments that have come down to us, remained, during the long period of its practice, in a state of monotonous imbecility, and its more ancient processes are marked by considerable ignorance of the laws of both chemistry and art. Winckelman describes their pictures as consisting of a ground prepared with white lead, on which the outlines were traced with black strokes; their colours (four only in number—blue, red, yellow, and green) were then laid on, without either mixing or shading. What the vehicle was with which the ground and the colours were mixed, does not very clearly appear. Fabroni, an Italian writer on encaustic painting, is mentioned by Mr. Eastlake, as having analysed the colours of a mummy-cloth, and, in so doing, "found that they had been mixed with pure wax. He concluded that a volatile oil, probably naphtha, had held it in solution." In whatever manner their tints may have been prepared and applied, the fact of their brilliancy and texture remaining unimpaired at the present day, is a strong testimony to the excellence of their method. The colours they have made use of, in tinting the figures on their papyri, would appear to have been used much as our modern water-colours. Mr. Robert Hendrie, one of the most eminent authorities of the present day on such subjects, expresses a decided opinion, that "probably the Egyptians knew the advantage of oil as a vehicle for pigments." But, perhaps, the branch of the mechanical development of art in which this highly-gifted people most distinguished themselves was the "vitreous." To them we appear to be indebted, not only for the discovery of glass, as a substance, but for even the most elaborate modes of producing coloured representations, through vitrification. Their glass-mosaics, and beautifully coloured and striated ornaments, must be familiar to all acquainted with the contents of the Museums of London or Paris. Monsieur Roziere, in

a passage quoted by Mr. Hendrie, says:—

"I have often found in the ruins of ancient cities of the Thebaid, amongst the fragments of coloured glass with which they abound, some pieces tinted with various colours. Many of them, affording in some of their parts beautiful tints of purple, were, I think, remains of the ancient artificial *vasa murrhina*—frits, glasses, and enamels, are also found coloured by metallic oxides."

M. Roziere accompanied the French expedition into Egypt.

All that was valuable in the Egyptian processes, was probably communicated by them to the Greeks, who unquestionably added many new varieties to their stock of pigments, and superadded to theirs many most valuable and highly-improved artistic recipes.

Although Mr. Eastlake concedes to the early Greeks the probable possession of most of the materials essential to the process of oil painting, he appears decidedly to lean to the conviction that it was not practised by them.

Tempera, or a mixture of the tints to be employed with a glutinous vehicle and water, would seem to have obtained most universally, antecedent to the full development of encaustic painting in Greece, and to have gained the highest popularity, and received the noblest sanction for its employment. Mr. Eastlake remarks, that at a very early period

"It had gained the support of the highest names—those of Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Apelles, and others—painters who had established their reputation, and that of their process, before encaustic had time to develop itself. The practice of the latter prevailed only when art was declining; and hence, as regards the ancients, its resources were never fully displayed or appreciated."

In a country where knowledge was rarely communicated except through an oral medium, and whose population evinced always a far greater predisposition for the cultivation of their imaginative powers than for the development of those bearing more immediately on the practical business of life, it may readily be conceived that improvement in the mechanical processes of art must have been a flower of most

tardy growth. Speaking of Greece, Fuseli exclaims, with his accustomed fire and elegance :—

“Great as were all her advantages, it is not to be supposed that Nature deviated from her gradual progress in the development of human faculties in favour of the Greeks. Greek art had her infancy, but the Graces rocked the cradle, and Love taught her to speak. If ever legend deserved our belief, the amorous tale of the Corinthian maid, who traced the shade of her departing lover by the secret lamp, appeals to our sympathy to grant it.”

He then describes the form assumed by their earliest attempts at delineation, as that probably of the “*Scia-gram* or *Silhouette*,” the representation of the boundary line only of the form depicted. Thence he deduces, the next step, the “*monogram*,” or outline of the object, unassisted by indications of light or shade, but tracing various forms contained within the bounding line of the object. The next stage on the onward journey, appears to have been the “*monochrom*,” or—

“Painting of a single colour, on a plane or tablet, primed with white, and then covered with what they called *Punic* wax, first amalgamated with a tough resinous pigment, generally of a red, sometimes dark brown, or black colour. In, or rather through, this thin inky ground, the outlines were traced with a firm, but pliant style, which they called *cestrum*. When the whole design was settled, and no further alteration intended, it was suffered to dry—was covered, to make it permanent, with a brown encaustic varnish—the lights were worked over again, and rendered more brilliant, with a point still more delicate, according to the gradual advance from mere outlines to some indications, and at last to masses of light and shade; and from those to the superinduction of different colours, or the invention of the ‘*polychrom*,’ which, by the addition of the pencil to the style, raised the *mezzotinto*, or stained drawing, to a legitimate picture, and at length produced that vaunted harmony, the magic scale of Grecian colour.”

The processes of painting on the ancient Greek vases, seem to agree, both in manner and in order of time, with these ingenious hypotheses; and many of the representations of figures,

painted in black upon the deep red ground-tint of the pottery, and in which the internal outlines are indicated by allowing lines of the ground-tint to appear, coincide exactly with Mr. Fuseli's description of the “*monochrom*” process.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that in their earlier struggles for existence and development, the three sisters—Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture—appear to unite themselves as almost one great art; and that, as they progress in popular estimation, so do they divide, and assume independent existences, almost irrespective of one another. This supposition aids us in accounting for two peculiarities to be met with in early Greek art—one being the probably sculpturesque character of their painting, the other its architectural tendency. Phidias (the most illustrious sculptor the world ever saw) is said to have guided the hand of his brother, Pæcænus, in decorating the walls of the *Pæcile* portico at Athens. Polygnotus, who was a near contemporary, is celebrated as not only having improved his art, by indulging in a much greater brilliancy of colour, but, by his having given more ease and motion to the figures he depicted, is also renowned as having adorned with paintings the *Lesche*, or public hall, at Delphi; of all of which Pausanias gives a minute and circumstantial account. From their time, downwards, frequent reference is made to architectural and monumental decoration; and if the technical process of applying the colours was not exactly coincident with the modern Italian “*fresco*,” it seems, at least, probable that lime and water was constantly employed, as well as glutinous sizes, in the production of wall pictures, and in the application of coloured decoration to architectural ornaments and surfaces.

Our readers are doubtless aware that recent investigations have established beyond a doubt, the practice of external “*polychromy*,” that is, the adornment of architectural forms with paint, and gilding among the Greeks, at the best periods of their cultivation of art.

We gain from Pliny, and from several collateral authorities, a tolerably good idea of the encaustic process, as practised by them during the latter

part of their existence as a nation, and probably during the whole period of their comparative death, as a province; but it would be intricate and tiresome to repeat here his "thrice-told tale." It is sufficient now for us to know, that their moveable pictures were constantly executed in that method, and that their artists in wax-painting were held in the highest esteem by the Romans. Every one is supposed to be aware how completely this latter people were dependant for artistic excellence upon the nations they overcame; from Carthage, Egypt, and Greece, there can be no doubt that great and precious spoils of works of art were brought to swell the pomp, and pamper the luxury of imperial Rome, the then mistress of the world, as least as imperious as imperial. The "parvenu" condition of suddenly-grown wealth, that provides means to patronize, but not taste to discriminate, appears to have hung, during its haughtiest days, like an incubus, over the magnificent but comparatively tasteless Romans, and we are naturally prepared to meet with corresponding symptoms in the progress of their decorative processes.

As the use of lime with pigments invariably detracts from their brilliancy and intensity, so we find wax-painting susceptible of a high polish, mosaic pictures formed with gaudy-coloured stones, and vitreous pastes of unchanging and most vivid tints, generally substituted for "fresco painting," and even where, as at Pompeii, that process has been retained, the colouring appears to have been eked out with the more brilliant colours, applied with distemper, and portions frequently covered with a hydrofuge varnish, alluded to by Mr. Eastlake, as known to the Greeks, and specially mentioned by Vitruvius. The works executed at Rome appear to have exhibited a sad degeneracy, as compared with the Greek examples, and, as Kugler* remarks, the setting of the sun of painting, was far more sudden than its uprising, and the honoured occupation of monumental and mural decoration, sunk, in the decrepit days of Rome's senility, to become the occupation and business of slaves.

A very great hiatus in the history of art, extending from the declension of the Roman empire to the middle of the thirteenth century, has, until within the last few years, existed in all popular narratives of the progression of the fine arts; and there is no portion of time which has received more light from the labours of recent "illuminati" than this, over which the palpable clouds and darkness of ignorance had, for so many centuries, hung so hopelessly. This enlightenment being indebted principally for its existence to the discovery and production to the world of several manuscripts, which had lain dormant for many centuries in the dusty recesses of those most deeply private boroughs, public libraries, a short notice of the nature of those which are regarded as our most valuable documentary evidence, for the condition of the processes of art, during the period to which we have alluded, may not be deemed here irrelevant or unimportant.

We must not, in examining those manuscripts for which we are indebted to the labours of ecclesiastics, neglect to render to them that tribute of praise which is due to the earlier students of arts, most difficult of pursuit in ignorant times, chemistry and pharmaceutics. In their hands rested for a long time a great portion of the cure of bodies, as well as of souls; and we are greatly indebted to them for keeping, as was commonly their habit, records of their successful practice in the various arts and avocations they pursued. Mr. Eastlake tells us, that—

"It was not merely by oral instruction that technical details were communicated; the traditional and practical knowledge of the monks was condensed in short manuscript formulæ, sometimes on the subject of the arts alone, but oftener mixed up with chemical and medicinal receipts. These collections, still more heterogeneous in their contents as they received fresh additions from other hands, were afterwards published by secular physicians, under the title of 'Secreti.' These earlier manuals serve to show the nature of the researches which were undertaken in the convent for the practical benefit of the arts. Various motives might induce the monks to devote themselves with zeal to such

* *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*. Stuttgart: 1842.

pursuits: their chemical studies were analogous; their knowledge of the materials fittest for technical purposes—derived as it was from experiments which they had abundant leisure to make—was likely to be of the best kind. Painting was holy in their eyes; and although the excellence of the work depended on the artist, it was for them to insure its durability.”

It appears, therefore, that we have every reason to feel indebted to these worthy fathers for the fruits of much of what the world generally is disinclined to allow them the possession, patient and laborious industry, devoted to useful and practical purposes.

The earliest manuscript appropriated to the mediæval practice of the arts, appears to be one existing at Lucca, which has been somewhat carelessly printed in Muratori's great work on Italian Antiquities. It is referred by Mabillon (the great chronicler of the Benedictines) to the time of Charlemagne—i. e., the eighth century; and the descriptions of methods and materials it contains appear to bear an internal testimony to the correctness of his judgment. The age of that great monarch having been always regarded as one of those glorious periods, when the civilization and art of whole kingdoms seem to shoot forward, to the astonishment even of those who aid in the propulsion of the vast machine of government, any treatise on the condition of art, at such a moment, becomes of extreme interest. Its contents principally refer to the employment of mosaic as a decorative adjunct, but it contains, besides, many notices and recipes of considerable historical importance.

The next author who has illustrated the condition of contemporary art is Heraclius, or Eraclius, in his essay, “*De Artibus Romanorum*,” and his work is, on grounds of internal evidence, ascribed by Mr. Hendrie to the middle of the ninth century. Mr. Eastlake informs us that—

“Two copies of the treatise of Eraclius are familiar to the antiquary; one, formerly at Cambridge, and now in the British Museum, appears to have been

transcribed in the latter half of the thirteenth century: it was published, not very accurately, by Raspe.* The other, which is more complete, is in the Royal Library at Paris: it was transcribed by Jehan Le Begne, in 1431, apparently from a copy by an earlier compiler, Alcherius, who is to be traced from 1382 to 1411. The treatise is divided into three books; the first two are metrical, the third is in the form of the usual compendiums of the middle ages, from which collections of ‘*secrets*’ were afterwards printed.”

It contains, among a variety of other matters, some interesting notices of the manufacture and painting of glass and porcelain, and bears the first direct testimony to the fact of the existence of oil-painting at so early a period.

Next, in order of time, comes the curious and interesting “*Mappæ Clavicula*,” or “*Key to Drawing*,” a collection to many valuable artistic receipts, referred by Mr. Eastlake to the twelfth century—the date probably of both the transcription of the MSS. and the compilation of the recipes. The only existing copy of the work is in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillips, and it has recently been printed under the able editorship of Mr. Albert Way.

We now come to the author whose writings throw the greatest light on the subject of mediæval processes—the Monk Rugerus, or Theophilus; the latter name being probably only an assumed one, for, as the Abbé Texier eloquently declares:—

“*Théophile est un nom de guerre, un nom de religion. L'humble moine, qui s'oublie si complètement en un traité qui pouvait donner la gloire, dont le travail artistique néait qu'une prière, l'humble prêtre, qui se regardait comme indigne du nom et de la profession monastique, a caché sa personnalité sous une appellation allégorique; il se nomme Théophile, comme l'âme devote de Saint François de Sales s'appelle 'Philothée.'*”†

No circumstance at all authentic, connected with this artist-monk, leads us to a positive conclusion regarding

* In his “*Critical Essay on Oil Painting*.” London: 1781.

† “*Analyse du traité de Théophile, par M. l'Abbé Texier, Annales Archéologiques, Didron aîné.*” Paris: March, 1846. Quoted by Mr. Hendrie.

either his country or himself, but probability would appear to lean to the side of his German origin. The processes he describes are principally Byzantine, and he seems to have travelled far and wide, and, during his journeyings, to have neglected no opportunity of procuring additional information on the object of his studies and researches. He himself professes, in the introduction to his first book, to unfold to his disciples and to the generally curious, the arts and mysteries of all the art processes of his age:—

“Whatever Greece possesses in kinds and mixtures of various colours; whatever Tuscany knows of in mosaic work, or in variety of enamels; whatever Arabia shows forth in work of fusion, ductility, or chasing; whatever Italy ornaments with gold in diversity of vases and sculpture of gems or ivory; whatever France loves in a costly variety of windows; whatever industrious Germany approves in work of gold, silver, copper, and iron, of wood, and of stones.”

Mr. Hendrie, whose able and learned notes form a most valuable running commentary on his excellent translation of Theophilus, ascribes his text to the first half of the eleventh century. Some of the most eminent antiquarian writers on art, such as Lessing, Leist, Raspe, and Emeric David have given it to as early a period as the tenth century; and some of still greater weight, such as M. Guichard, M. Didron, the Abbé Texier, and Mr. Eastlake, place it as late as the close of the twelfth century. Mr. Hendrie succeeds, we think, in establishing a very excellent case; but to enter into his arguments would detain us too long. He enumerates nine or ten different copies, more or less complete, of the original; of these, the Wolfenbüttel, the Cambridge, the Paris, and the London are the most important—the first as the earliest, the second as having supplied the text published by

Raspe, the third as having formed the basis of Count de L'Escalopier's translation, and the fourth, discovered by Mr. Hendrie among the imperfectly classed Harleian manuscripts, as being the most complete, and as having been given to the world under his admirable editorship.

The interesting collection of MSS. made by Johann Le Begue, in the year 1431, contains another highly curious document, of the latter part of the twelfth century, entitled, in his catalogue, “*Liber magistri Petri de Sancto Audemaro, de coloribus faciendis*.” The author is described as a Frenchman, and an ecclesiastic, and his work contains numerous references to the practice of oil painting, and the preparation of pigments. Nearly similar to this, in both style and subject, is another manuscript of later transcription, but probably cotemporary compilation, preserved in the British Museum.

These works afford the most valuable testimony it is now in our power to procure, concerning the condition of the technicalities of art, from the time of Constantine to the thirteenth century; and in illustration of the subsequent period, up to the invention of printing, Mr. Eastlake refers to many more, too numerous to detail. He dwells with considerable unction on sundry particulars furnished by a Venetian manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, and some provided by a German one, now existing at Strasbourg. But of all the authorities extant, that throw light on the art processes of the “early revival epochs” of Italy, none can at all compete with that most *naïve* and interesting picture of the “*bottega*” and its mysteries, the treatise on Painting by Cennino Cennini. It affords a clear and detailed description of all the mechanism of art in the days of Giotto and his successors—that is, of the fourteenth century. The work was completed in the year 1437, while

* In giving this passage, we have followed Mr. Hendrie's translation, but it may be well to note, that the original for the word “enamels,” used in connexion with an enumeration of the branches of art for which Tuscany was celebrated, is *nigelli*, which term is employed throughout, by Theophilus, to express niello, an art peculiarly Tuscan; and that wherever glass-enamel is meant, the word used is *electrum*. Now, the art of enamelling not having been highly developed until the fourteenth century, in that part of Italy, the misapprehension that might arise from this mistake has induced us to call attention to it.

its poor and aged author was confined in the debtor's prison at Florence. In his youth, having studied under Angiolo, son of Taddeo Gaddi, who had, in his turn, been pupil to Giotto. Taddeo's father, Gaddo Gaddi, a scholar of Andrea Tafi, and the Greek mosaic workers, having laboured more on the Byzantine system, and, doubtless, imparted much of his knowledge to his son, and through him to his grandson, Angiolo, Cennini stood the best chance of a thorough acquaintance with both the traditional Greek processes and the improvements effected on their system by Cimabue Giotto, and the early Siennese masters. His "*Trattato della Pittura*" was first published by Tambroni, accompanied with an interesting preface and notes, in 1821; and an admirable translation and notes have since then been given to the English public, by that accomplished lady, Mrs. Merrifield, who is, we are happy to learn from Mr. Eastlake, on the point of producing a valuable work on the *Le Begue* manuscripts.

We shall now dwell only on one more collection of artistic precepts, which, although placed last on our list, is by no means last in interest or importance. It was brought to light by M. Didron, and published by him in his most learned and valuable manual, "*d'Icographie Chrétienne*."—Paris: 1845.

The original copy was discovered in the Greek monastery at Mount Athos, and was regarded by the monks as having been originally composed by one Dionysius, a painter and ecclesiastic, as early as the tenth or eleventh century. M. Didron, however, finds in it so much that is modern, and of so recent a date as the sixteenth century, that the claim to such remote antiquity cannot for a moment be allowed. He readily concedes that many of the receipts have internal evidence of great age, and looks upon the whole compilation as the most valuable record now existing of the traditional Byzantine usage.

Let us now return to the history of art, and our endeavour to glean information from Mr. Eastlake's materials. The tendency that existed among the later Romans to embody in painting the "myths" of their theology, appears to have extended itself to the earliest Christians, and it is probably to that

spirit of imitation that we are indebted for the primitive decoration of the catacombs, or abiding places both in life and death of the really "church militant on earth." As the habit and conventional forms of representation were mainly borrowed from the pagan Romans, so probably were the pictorial methods, and it is not until after the age of Constantine, that a very perceptible difference is to be traced between the primitive Christian and degenerate Roman productions. In these earliest days, this infancy of Christian art, when it seemed struggling for existence amidst the turbulence of war, and the adversities of a disordered treasury, we find the peculiarity that we have already noticed as observable in the probationary period of Greek painting, again occurring, namely, the bolstering up its precarious existence by a strict union with the other branches of the fine arts. Thus, through the medium of mosaic lining, the entire surfaces of church or basilica, we trace painting as a subsidiary to architecture; and thus shall we find it employed, until the united efforts of many daring innovators secured for it a separate and independent position. This almost exclusive use of mosaic, which may, perhaps, be classed under the head of vitreous painting, obtained until the ninth century, when the Byzantine Greeks began to call the attention of Europe to the long-neglected processes of tempera and encaustic. A most interesting and original quotation given us by Mr. Eastlake, from the writings of Aetius, a medical author of the fifth, and beginning of the sixth century, at length mentions a drying oil in connexion with works of art. Over and above the medicinal uses of walnut oil, he states that "it is employed by gilders, or encaustic painters; for it dries, and preserves gildings and encaustic paintings for a long time." From the period of the institution of monachism, the medical, chemical, literary, and artistic employments rested almost exclusively in the hands of the monks; but among all their varied occupations, the one most in accordance with the tranquillity of monastic retirement, appears to have been the transcribing and embellishment of books. Kügler observes, "that in the Byzantine paintings, both in larger

works, and manuscript miniatures, the execution is generally distinguished by extreme finish, though not by particular harmony of colour. A prevailing greenish-yellow dull tone is peculiar to them: this has been attributed to a more tenacious vehicle, which has also produced a streakiness in the application of the pigment; another peculiarity is, the frequent use of gold, particularly in the grounds, which are entirely gilt." Among the modern Greeks, art became a regular traditional system; technical methods descended as property from master to apprentice; and the manufacture of pictures was as regularly organized as that of any other article of constant and regular demand. During all the earlier centuries, in the Eastern empire the artist was generally confounded with the workman, and only the "master of works," or architect, a person who, it is true, sometimes united to his own profession the practice of painting, was held in esteem, and fitly rewarded. Among a people who regarded any innovation in art as a species of heresy, we may readily imagine the mechanical departments were far more attended to, and better developed, than the purely æsthetic qualities. Thus we find the manufacture of gold and silver, the ornamentation of books with conventional forms, in brilliant and permanent colours, heightened with burnished gold, the elaboration of mosaic of excellent construction, and its subsidiary branch, "mosaic," or "Byzantine enamel," and the embroidery of precious vestments, carried to the highest pitch of perfection, and their formulæ for all details connected with these productions, compose the basis of the collections of Eraclius and Theophilus—of that of the latter more particularly. We meet, from time to time, in accounts of the luxurious adornment and splendour of the temples of Roman Catholic worship in Italy, and occasionally in other parts of the Continent, with notices of the very extensive employment of Greek artists and artizans. At Rome, Venice, and Ravenna, specimens of their skill, of the most elaborate nature, are preserved, and from different historical documents we learn how much Italy is indebted to Byzantium for the early excellence of her artificers. To quote again from Mr. Hendrie's admirable notes—

"The persecution of the artists by the iconoclasts, under Leo the Isaurian, A. D. 726, and which lasted 120 years, and the cruelties inflicted upon them, while it broke the chain which had so long bound them, only excited them to new efforts. The more the artists were dragged to martyrdom by their oppressors, the more the class augmented. The woods and caves were filled with them. The dissemination of the arts was a natural consequence of such proscription: the popes of Rome opened vast monasteries for the reception of those artist monks who fled from Greece, which the benefits bestowed by Pepin increased. France, England, and Germany were visited by them."

Antecedent to this period, seeds destined to bear the most precious flowers, had been sown in the north of Europe, by the mission of the earlier saints, and the intercourse and constant relation maintained by them with the great head quarters of religion and art, tended, no doubt, to disseminate artistic precepts. Thus, from St. Augustine and St. Patrick may England and Ireland have gained a knowledge of some arts, and that knowledge, engrafted, perhaps, on the remains of Roman or barbaric tradition, may have been pursued with such ardour and patient industry, as to outstrip the progress of the nation, from natives of which they had first obtained their instruction. The Irish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of the seventh and eighth centuries, display in their illuminations, the most extraordinary elaboration, though, truth to tell, a somewhat barbarous taste, and evidently show that distance from the traditional sources of art, had thrown their designers back on their own inventions. May we not reasonably ask, whether, in other countries, a similar cause—the absence of existing models, and the consequent necessity to invent or adapt from the nearest example—may not, modified by the nature of the material in which the designer was working, have led to the gradual introduction of those peculiar ornaments and forms, which have been universally allowed a northern, though denied a "Gothic" origin. After the year 1000, art, from various causes, made a great leap forward throughout Europe, and through the vigorous intervention of Hildebrand and the Roman Church, monuments of the greatest splendour arose on all sides.

This era may be looked on as a species of starting-point, at which the forms and processes of art assumed much the same externals in all parts of the Continent, and from which the lines of national individuality diverge.

We may now, therefore, enter on that portion of Mr. Eastlake's subject, which is to most of us highly and nationally interesting. It is scarcely necessary to say that we allude to the history of the art of our own country, a subject to which the awakening attention of many learned inquirers is now being directed, and connected with which we may safely prophesy, ere long, the development of much valuable information. The students of the early Irish hagiology, with Mr. Petrie at their head, have collected much most curious detail on the early state of learning and the fine arts in Ireland, from the year 550 to the year 1000; and during the whole of that period we freely confess that, in the practice of art at least, they appear in advance, both in mechanical execution and originality of design, of all Europe, and the Anglo-Saxons in particular. The comparisons instituted by Mr. Westwood in his learned "*Palæographia Sacra*," between the Irish and Anglo-Saxon MSS., are decidedly in favour of Ireland, and through the monks of Iona and other sources, he traces much of the Saxon work to Irish influence. But in England we are enabled, in very early times, to trace several other influences. Quoting Mr. Hendrie—

"We find that, previously to the edict by which Charlemagne resolved to encourage the various arts to the utmost of his power, Wilfred, Bishop of York, and Biscops, his friend, had already extensively availed themselves of the assistance of the artists, in order to decorate the Cathedral of St. Peter, before the year 675. Biscops undertook a journey to the Roman States, and brought home many pictures with which the churches of St. Peter and Weremouth were ornamented. The second visit of Alfred to Rome with Ethelwolf, although undertaken at an early age, would, doubtless, not be without its influence on such a mind. The painted chamber at Westminster, in which Edward the Confessor died, the renown of St. Dunstan as an accomplished painter, and a skilful contriver of instruments, the remains of the Saxon chased and enamelled work, which was esteemed on

the continent as early as the seventh century, and the manuscripts which are yet extant, prove that, in this country at least, the arts, as introduced by the Romans, were never wholly lost. Records exist of Alfred the Great's having summoned workmen from all parts of Europe, to assist in the construction of the edifices he purposed to erect, and it is probable many Byzantine traditions may thus have been acquired for England."

She certainly, with some few exceptions, possessed and practised, at the periods of their compilation, all the formulæ of Ercolus and Theophilus, including probably the occasional use of oil-painting. Now, it is exceedingly interesting in connexion with the primitive use of oil, both in this and the other countries of Europe, to remark that the original mode of employing it appears rather to have been borrowed, as Mr. Eastlake remarks, from some analogous process in connexion with a transparent picture. A white gesso ground was always prepared and made use of, when covered with semi-transparent colour, to express the high lights; for draperies, a silver-gilt or tin ground was sometimes substituted, and the sheen of the metal served to indicate the parts most touched with light.

In the year 1239 (one year before the birth of Cimabue), we find a record giving directions for the payment, to Odo the goldsmith, of "117 shillings and 10 pence, for oil, varnish, and colours bought, and for pictures executed, in the queen's chamber at Westminster."

From a careful examination of specimens of English art yet remaining, and comparison of entries in different rolls, Mr. Eastlake concludes that the oil, so frequently mentioned, was probably employed for saturating the walls in preparation for general and ornamental painting; for the formation, by union with Sandarac resin, of a varnish used probably to cover both oil and distemper work; for mordants, or binding grounds for gilding; and occasionally for a peculiar kind of glass-painting, some fragments of which have been found in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. He considers it probable that the English practice coincided with that of the rest of Europe until the time of Van Eyck, and that painting in distemper, or "*a tempera*,"

as the Italians call it, was principally employed for pictures requiring any delicacy of execution. Our readers will, doubtless, recollect that "tempera" painting was defined as that mode of execution in which substances, such as gums, size, white of egg, fig-milk, &c., originally soluble in water, are used as the binding vehicle (the "bindemittel" of the Germans). Now, owing to the rapidity with which this medium dried, it became necessary, in order to model the pictured forms, "to cover the surface with lines 'tratteggiare il disegno,' *Anglice* hatch the drawing." This difficulty was sometimes evaded by the employment of honey, in conjunction with white of egg, &c., as a retarding agent.

Mr. Eastlake accounts for the supposed predisposition to oil-painting among the northern nations—Germany, England, &c.—by reference to the humidity of the climate.

The prodigality of Henry the Third, and "his partiality to foreigners," was, in 1258, made, by his barons "in armour assembled," one of their chief causes of complaint against his government, and we accordingly find a contemporaneous influx of foreign workmen and art processes. The curious mosaic works, carried on in connexion with the recently-erected shrine of St. Edward the Confessor (inaugurated about ten years afterwards), are of unquestionable Italian workmanship, and we find in 1252, and again in 1256, reference made in connexion with certain pictures ordered by the king to the Monk of Westminster, Master William, elsewhere referred to as William of Florence, who appears to have been paid at the rate of sixpence a-day. The rate of remuneration to artists rose somewhat towards the end of the century, since, in the early part of the reign of Edward the First, the principal painter, Master Walter, was paid at the rate of 14d. per day (from the fact of the absence of any English patronymic, he may be assumed as most probably a foreigner); the two next in rank to him, Andrea and Gilletto, evidently Italians, received 8d. each per day, and the average of the other decorators employed were given only 4d. per day. Whether through the instrumentality of a School of Art, founded by these men in England, or through the efforts of a more national

development, it was that the practice of painting became shortly after this period both honourable and lucrative cannot now, perhaps, be discovered. Mr. Brayley, in describing the state of English art at the time of the decoration of St. Stephen's Chapel, about 1350, says:—

"That the chief artists were men of distinguished eminence in their profession, there can be no doubt; and to them was entrusted the power both of selecting their assistants and compelling them to serve at the king's wages in the pictorial embellishment of the chapel."

Such a commission was on the 18th of March, 1350, delegated by King Edward III. to his beloved Hugh de St. Albans, and accordingly, in the summer of the following year, we find Master Hugh and his assistants hard at work on the adornment of the chapel. The staff appear to have been collected from all parts of England, evidencing a regular local organization, and consisted, probably, of the élite of the profession. The majority of the men were paid from eight-pence to ten-pence per day. Hugh himself received one shilling, and one other artist, probably of first-rate abilities, named John Barneby, as much as two shillings per day, a large sum at that time. Many of the works of this period, of which vestiges have come down to us, exhibit considerable ability and much dexterity in manipulation, but we are free to confess do not evidence anything like the sense of beauty, and the real fervour of poetic sentiment, that characterize the contemporary Italian productions. Our country unfortunately possessed no antique to fall back upon. Our artists could not feel, from the evidence of glorious monuments still existing around them, that they were yet only in the infancy of art, and therefore, probably, did they waste their energies on the production of neat draperies, and elaborate jewellery, gilding, and diaper, instead of stretching forward, like the Italians, to a pure and regular style of composition and drawing. We are led, therefore, reasonably to presume that in early times, and among a comparatively ignorant people, dexterity of hand and a knowledge of recipes for the production of brilliant and glossy colouring, were es-

teemed and remunerated much more highly, than the possession of pure taste or more refined artistic skill; that even in the "high and palmy days of art" the race was not always to the truly swift, is testified by the curious anecdote (mentioned by Taia in his description of the Vatican) of the Florentine painter, Cosimo Rosselli, who when called upon by Sixtus IV. to contribute to the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, completely distanced all his competitors in the judgment of his mighty patron, by enlivening his work with all kinds of cheerful colour, and pretty gilded ornament. Now when, on referring to his list of rivals, we meet with such names as those of Pietro Perugino, Sandro Botticelli, Luca Signorelli, and Domenico Ghirlandaio, men incomparably his superiors in all the great essentials of art, and think that in Italy, and at the almost culminating period of the revival of learning, these tricks of ornamentation should be thus over-esteemed, may we not reasonably infer that in England, at a much earlier time, and among a people proverbially not too much alive to severity of style, a similar result should have been arrived at. One need scarcely go so far back in quest of materials for the deduction of such analogies, unhappily the price-books of almost every exhibition of modern times would supply ample authorities.

The York and Lancastrian troubles, of course, interfered with the further successful prosecution of the arts of peace; and accordingly we find a sensible degeneracy in the painting, as in the architecture of this country after the reign of Richard II.; and from that period, until the days of Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill, England can scarcely lay claim to anything like a national school of design.

The arts in Germany—which had, probably, during the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, been proceeding "*pari passu*" with the English—at this point of time (the end of the fourteenth century) started in advance, and in the persons of Hubert and John Van Eyck, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, achieved both an intellectual triumph in the boldness and increased vigour of the study and representation of nature, and a mechanical "*Ovation*," in the form of the amazing development

of the resources of oil-painting as a medium in art. In order fully to comprehend the nature of the Van Eyck's improvement, it will be necessary to take a passing glance at the condition of the technicalities of painting immediately previous to their era.

Mr. Eastlake remarks that (with the exception of a greater inclination for oil, as a medium, for the use of varnish, and for a peculiar sort of transparent water-colour painting on canvas):—

"The technical processes in England, during the fourteenth century, closely resembled these of Italy. This is apparent if we compare the records of the works executed at Westminster, during that and the preceding age, with early Italian documents and treatises. The English methods occasionally indicate even greater precautions, chiefly with a view to intercept damp. Walls which were to receive paintings of figures appear to have been prepared with cloth glued over the surface; sometimes leaf-tin was found immediately next the wall, even under the gilt plaster ornaments. Wood was generally covered either with parchment, leather, or linen. Plaster of Paris—the careful preparation of which for the purposes of painting, is described by writers earlier than Cennini—was used for grounds. The common parchment size was employed for tempering the '*gesso*,' or plaster, and as the ordinary vehicle for painting, with or without the addition of honey; the egg medium being reserved for finer work."

Cartoons were made previous to the commencement of the picture. The most expensive colours were employed—"Cynople," or madder lake, at thirty shillings, and azure (the true "*mantello di nostra donna*" colour) at ten shillings the pound. *Fresco secco*, or the use of a lime medium on a set plaster, appears to have obtained generally in Europe; but "*fresco buono*," or painting on unset plaster, was confined to Italy. Colours were occasionally ground in inspissated oil, and used in flat tints and portions of drapery; but, owing to the intractability of the material, rarely or ever for flesh tints. Oils were rendered drying by immixture with lime, copperas, white-lead, &c., and by exposure to the sun. Varnishes composed of sandarac and other resins dissolved in linseed oil, and oil thickened only in the sun, were

constantly applied to pictures both on wall and panel, as hydrofuge covering. Portable pictures were usually painted on white poplar wood in Italy; on oak panel in the North of Europe. The greatest care was taken that these should be properly seasoned; and Cennini, with reference, probably, to an early practice, recommends that, where the dimensions allow, the wood be boiled. Let us now briefly follow Mr. Eastlake in his most interesting account of the nature and manner of Van Eyck's discoveries.

Hubert Van Eyck was born in 1366, and died in 1426. His brother John died in the prime of life about 1445. All writers agree that the improvements in oil-painting were effected about the year 1410. "The earliest work painted in the method is in the possession of Professor Passavant, at Frankfort." It is by Peter Christophsen (called by Vasari, Pietro Christa), a scholar of Hubert Van Eyck, and has the date 1417. At that time, according to the above chronology, John Van Eyck was not twenty years old. It would thus appear that Hubert was the real inventor or improver. Our limits will not allow of a transcription of Vasari's very interesting and generally correct account of the circumstances connected with the origin of the improvement, therefore we must content ourselves with noticing its nature only. Van Eyck is believed to have succeeded in compounding a colourless drying varnish, probably by dissolving powdered amber in linseed oil, and then to have mixed it with his colours, and so produced delicate glazing tints; this, in the first experiment, was, probably, blended with tempera painting, so as to produce a kind of distemper picture, heightened and glazed with coloured varnish. This manner afterwards gave way to pictures painted originally in one tint, and shaded in water-colours, on white "gesso" ground, and then worked over with colours ground in oil, diluted with this amber varnish. In both the Munich Van Eycks, and in that in the National Gallery, the colouring remains to this day perfectly bright, pure, and delicate, and the surface of all is perfectly uninjured. The colours are applied very thinly—more so in the lights even than in the shades.

It appears, according to Vasari's ac-

count, that some Florentine merchants who traded in Flanders, sent to King Alfonso I., of Naples, an excellent picture by John Van Eyck, which, on its arrival, became the object of much interest and admiration. Antonello da Messina, then a young painter of great promise, visiting Naples, made interest to obtain a view of it, which having procured, he was so charmed and astonished, that he determined forthwith to repair to Flanders, and, ingratiating himself with Van Eyck, learn from him the method by which such exquisite works could be produced. All these intentions he seems to have successfully carried out, for we find him, about the year 1455, returning to Italy by way of Venice, where, making a short stay, he communicated his secret to a painter, who carried an account of the process to Florence. Antonello revisited his native place, and, probably after the lapse of some years, returned to fix himself finally at Venice, where he painted several pictures in oil, the date of the earliest being 1474.

"Among the painters who were then in repute in Venice, a certain Maestro Domenico was considered very excellent. On the arrival of Antonello in Venice, this person treated him with the greatest attention, such as bespeaks a warm friendship. Antonello, not willing to be outdone in kindness by Maestro Domenico, after a few months taught him the secret and method of colouring in oil."

Domenico appears to have executed, on the Van Eyck principle, several works at Florence, and to have been afterwards basely murdered by Andrea del Castagno, to whom he had generously confided his secret. Whether through the revelations of Antonello or Domenico, or through some of the Flemish painters, such as Hugo van der Goes, Roger of Bruges (Van Eyck's native place), Hans Memling, &c. we know not; but certain it is, that shortly after 1480, the practice seems to have greatly extended throughout Italy.

At Venice it particularly took root, as we find, toward the end of the century, Giovanni Bellini making use of it there. Mr. Hendrie affirms the picture by him in the National Gallery to have been painted entirely with the amber varnish vehicle. The peculiar after-modifications in oil-painting that

supervened there, and elsewhere in Italy, the triumphs it achieved, and the celebrity it attained, Mr. Eastlake holds out a promise (which we trust heartily he may be blest with health and strength to redeem) to record, and we shall therefore, for the present, stay our pen, and return from this branch of the subject to the Van Eycks and the Flemish art traditions. One practice, which might, on all panel pictures, be revived with an excellent result, he mentions in describing the picture in the National Gallery, by John Van Eyck, the "back of which," he says—

"Is protected by a composition of gesso (plaster of Paris), size, and tow, over which a coat of black oil-paint was passed. This, whether added when the picture was executed, or subsequently, has tended to preserve the wood (which is not at all worm-eaten), and perhaps to prevent its warping."

Mr. Eastlake provides an extremely interesting chapter on the preparation and purification of oil, in which he recurs to many practices of this period, but the details are somewhat too technical for the pages of a review:—

"He notices the strange peculiarity, that perhaps the only technical process which has survived without change from remote antiquity, is the method of preparing grounds on wood, or other surfaces, for painting. The layer of chalk and size, which is found under the colours of the Egyptian mummy-cases, is nearly, if not precisely, the same as that employed by the painters of the middle ages, and which is often used at the present day. This preparation, whether the solid ingredient consist of washed chalk (whitening), or plaster of Paris prepared in water and finely ground (called by the Italians *gesso Marcio*), is fittest for an inflexible surface, as it becomes brittle with age."

The curious poem by Van Mauder, 1604, frequently quoted by Mr. Eastlake, contains many curious notices of early Flemish practice. He informs us that—

"Van Eyck, Albert Durer, Lucas van Leyden, and Peter Brueghal, were in the habit of spreading the white ground over panels more thickly than we do: they then scraped the surface as smooth as possible. They also used cartoons,

which they laid on the smooth fair white ground, and then sat down, and traced them, first rubbing any dark (powder) over the back of the drawing: they then drew in the design beautifully with black chalk or pencil; but an excellent method which some adopted was, to grind coal-black finely in water: with this they drew in and shaded their designs with all possible care. They then delicately spread over the outline a thin priming, through which every form was seen, the operation being calculated accordingly; and this priming was flesh coloured."

Mr. Eastlake's experiments point to the invariable adoption, both in Flanders and Italy, of a non-absorbent ground. He reasonably infers—

"That in the first practice of oil painting, the habits of the Italian and Trans-alpine painters closely corresponded; but while the Italians gradually modified the process first adopted, the Flemish artists remained more constant to their traditional methods. The perfection of Van Eyck's technical system is even apparent in the works of Rubens, notwithstanding the vast difference of style between the two painters."

Rubens painted sometimes on a quite white, sometimes on a light tinted ground; but one of the causes of the extraordinary transparent quality of his shadow colour was, that by painting-in those portions of his picture very thinly, he never neglected to avail himself of the translucent property of his light ground.

"Sir Theodore de Mayerne was born in 1573, at Geneva, where his father, Louis, had distinguished himself by various literary productions. Theodore selected the medical profession; and after studying at Montpellier and Paris, accompanied Henri Duc de Rohan to Germany and Italy."

On his return to Paris, he endeavoured to practise, but the envy and jealousy of his professional brethren essayed by all possible means to prevent him doing so:—

"In 1611, James I. invited him to England, and appointed him his first physician. De Mayerne enjoyed the same title under Charles I.: he died at Chelsea, leaving a large fortune, in 1655. The name of Theodore de Ma-

yerne appears with honour in the history of chemistry. His knowledge of painting and remarkable predilection for investigating its technical processes and materials, were of great service to the artists with whom he was in communication."

Dallaway remarks that "his application of chemistry to the composition of pigments, and which he liberally communicated to the painters who enjoyed the royal patronage, to Rubens, Vandyck, and Petitot, tended most essentially to the promotion of the art. From his experiments were discovered (query re-discovered) the principal colours to be used for enamelling and the means of vitrifying them." Rubens painted his portrait, certainly one of the finest extant.

"It is not surprising," continues Mr. Eastlake, "that such an amateur as De Mayerne should enjoy the confidence of the first painters of his time; or that in return for the useful hints which he was sometimes enabled to give them, they should freely open to him the results of their practical knowledge. Such communications, registered at the time by an intelligent observer, throw considerable light on the state of painting at one of its most brilliant periods, and tend especially to illustrate the habits of the Flemish and Dutch schools."

The manuscript in question is entitled "*Pictoria Sculptoria tinctoria et quæ subalternarum artium spectantia in lingua Latina, Gallica, Italica, Germanica conscripta a Petro Paulo Rubens, Van Dyke Somers, Greenberry Jansen,*" &c., A.D. 1620. T. de Mayerne.

In his interesting but very elaborate chapter on the preparation of colours, Mr. Eastlake quotes frequently from this document; but as Mr. Hendrie, who has only recently drawn out this curious treatise from the dusty recesses of the Sloane MSS., has announced his intention of giving it to the public entire, we scarcely think it fair, either to him or to our readers, to diminish, by giving garbled extracts, the interest that must be excited by its appearance. In this work we have a complete key to the mysteries of the Atelier; we meet with Sir Anthony Van Dyke's varnish, and Sir Peter Paul Ruben's opinions on the preparation of colours.

Mr. Eastlake, quoting De Mayerne, tells us that

"Rubens said, that all colours should be *ready* ground, employing for this purpose (highly rectified) spirit of turpentine, which is better than spike oil, and not so strong."

It is, perhaps, great presumption to differ on a point of language from so good a philologist as Mr. Eastlake; but we cannot quite agree in his rendering the word "*presto*" by "*ready*;" the sense we should give it would rather be that of "*recently*," at least in this phrase. Rubens probably meant to express the advantage of using colours "*recently*" ground, instead of those which had been some time prepared. About this time we find the use of essential oil and spirit varnishes prevalent in the north; in Italy they had been employed considerably earlier.

The "*Genre*" painters of this time, in their manipulation, differed amazingly, not only from one-another, but at various times of their lives, from themselves. What can be more different than Tenier's "*thick*" and "*thin*"—than Berghem's smooth and rough manners?

Mr. Eastlake's volume concludes with a copy of some manuscript notes of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which are of very great interest, as he was notorious as a dabbler in vehicles and media. These notes were published some years ago by poor Haydon, in the *Architect and Engineer's Journal*; but as the readers of that publication are mostly professional, they still possess considerable novelty for the general student. The multitude of tricks, materials, varnishes, and "*dodges*," poor Sir Joshua appears to have bewildered himself with, would have been enough to have ruined any body else's pictures but his own, and they, as we know too well, did not in all cases escape the consequences of his experiments. His memoranda of his portrait of Miss Kirkman, executed Oct. 2, 1772, are most amusing, and the language employed scarcely less incongruous than the processes described. His note is—"Miss Kirkman, gum dr. et whiting poi cerata-poi ovata, poi verniciata e retouched, cracks."

Cracks, indeed! it would be very odd if a picture, begun with whitening and gum tragacanth, then covered successively with wax, white of egg, and varnish, should escape cracking.

A sketch, of the length of our present notice, can give, of course, but a very feeble idea of the value of Mr. Eastlake's materials, and of the labour, industry, and intelligence, he has brought to bear upon the subject. We only hope it may be sufficient to induce some of our readers to explore for themselves; but we cannot refrain, in recommending this work to the notice of artists, young and old, from reminding them of Vasari's caution as to the too engrossing nature of technical studies, "That all professions and ingenious arts are evidently derived from *design*, which is the necessary foundation of all. He who has not that, has nothing. Wherefore, although all secrets and methods are good, that is most excellent by which everything lost may be retraced, and everything difficult become easy, as may be seen in reading the lives of those artists who, aided by nature and study, have produced works almost divine by means of design alone."

Mr. Eastlake, like a true antiquary, "checks at every feather," and argues every question with the most conscientious pertinacity; the text of his work being the arena of the struggles of conflicting authorities, the progress of anything like narration is stopped, and anything approaching an "epic interest" taken away. Had Mr. Eastlake related the results to which his examinations had led him, in connexion with the progress of the history of art, in his text, and confined most of the argumentative portion of his work to notes

and an appendix, his book would have been much more generally intelligible and interesting. He would certainly have almost doubled the practical value and utility of his materials, by the addition of a careful general or analytical index. We trust that his second volume may be provided with one, applying to the contents of both.

In concluding our scanty notice, we cannot but congratulate the artists on the good service they have received in the collection of these valuable practical details—the public, on the acquisition, through this book, of an important contribution to a real history of art; and Mr. Eastlake himself, on the honour that must accrue to him, for the performance of such public services. We only wish that he would bestow the same labour and zeal in procuring tangible materials for the history of oil-painting, to be placed in a new National Gallery. We must confess it goes to our hearts to see such galleries as the Fesch and Mr. Otley's dispersed, and no examples of Fra Beato, Giotto, Pietro Alunno, or Mantegna, yet deposited in our (save the mark) "National Gallery."

Whoever examines Mr. Eastlake's book, even superficially, must feel the thorough conscientiousness of the author; that he has recoiled before no difficulties, and that his struggles for excellence, both in theory and practice, have doubtless developed this most valuable quality, if at least Michael Angelo's sentiment be true—"Que la bonne peinture est noble et dévôte par elle-même, car chez les sages rien n'élève plus l'âme, et ne la porte plus à la dévotion que la difficulté de la perfection."

THE MARVELLOUS BELL—A POPULAR LEGEND.

(FROM THE BOHEMIAN OF KAREL SUDIMIR SNAIDR.)

I.

Dove-hearted maidens, come and listen,
 And you shall hear a thrilling tale—
 A tale to make your blue eyes glisten,
 And turn your bright cheeks pale.
 And you, young mountaineers, assemble
 Around me also : he who hath
 One angry thought should henceforth tremble
 At all unbridled wrath !

II.

Who hath not heard of the Marvellous Bell?
 Down deep in the Well of Gölszádow it lieth,
 Till the night comes when the olden year dieth,
 Then, though none spy it, its dolorous knell
 Booms hollowly round—
 “ Dong ! Dong !
 Djon ! Djon !
 Go along, go along !
 Along for the hound !
 Djon is gone !
 Dong ! Dong !
 But the hound is not found ! ”

2.

Once, only once, hath it ever been seen,
 But she on whose eyes it rose looming in shadow,
 Lay, they say, drowned in that Well of Gölszádow,
 Ere the new leaves of the forest were green.
 Hark ! Hear ye the sound ?
 “ Dong ! Dong !
 Djon ! Djon !
 Go along, along !
 Along for the hound !
 Djon is gone !
 Dong ! Dong !
 But the hound is not found ! ”

III.

Earl Kovzki, the proud lord is he of Zerdov's rich domains—
 He rideth forth to hunt the deer across the hills and plains.
 He rideth south, he rideth north, all on his brindled courser—
 Till noon he rideth forth and forth—when, hark ! the winds grow hoarser,
 And storm-clouds gather in the skies. Earl Kovzki turneth round—
 “ By heaven, the hound is gone,” he cries—“ my favorite Bosnian hound !
 Djon ! search each path, and dread my wrath, unless he soon be found.”

2.

Away rode Djon through rain and storm—away by copse and dell,
 By beetling crag and birken shaw, by field, and flood, and fell.
 He rode all day, he rode all night, and as the crimson morn brake,
 He saw the hound—a rueful sight !—stretched dead amid a thorn-brake.
 Home then he went, with heart so rent by grief, he could not speak,
 And fierce fire flashed from Kovzki's eye, and burned upon his cheek,
 For he wist not that the hound was dead that Djon rode forth to seek.

3.

"Base losel varlet!" so he cried, "thy quest hath proved in vain
Because thou tarriedst loitering on the hill-side and the plain.
Ay! quail and cower beneath mine eye!—well may thy false heart wither!
... But, by the saints! whom have we here?—what hideous hag limps hither?
Ha! 'tis the Sorceress of Livorn—I know the accursed crone!
Well, woman, speak! What wouldst thou with me? Speak! We are here
alone."
And thus the Sorceress gave response, in croaking, raven tone.

4.

"A young man's blood!—A young man's blood! Mine own creeps chill and
slow.
I want young blood within my veins—oh, let me feel it flow!
Give up to me thy huntsman, Djon,—Lord Kovzki, I implore thee!
Speak but the word, and lo! thy hound again shall bound before thee!"
—But here Djon found his tongue at length—"Thou liest, hag!" he said,
"Begone elsewhither with thy spells! The Bosnian hound is dead!
—"Dead!" cried the Earl—"Thou slewest him, then?—Wretch! thou shalt
lose thy head!"

In vain the affrighted huntsman spake: his words were oil on fire!
Earl Kovzki spurned him with his foot, and thundered forth in ire—
"There, woman! Take him, blood and soul!"—Whereon,—sight all-astound-
ing!
In, as the oaken door swang wide, the Bosnian hound came bounding!
Right joyous felt Earl Kovzki then;—but, glancing round him, lo!
Sorceress and huntsman both were gone! The Earl paced to and fro,
And his delight was blent that night with dreams of coming woe!

Afar and near, ye well may wot, full early in the morn,
Was quest made for the huntsman and the Sorceress of Livorn,
But made in vain, for never more was either seen or heard of,
And from that hour there fell a gloom upon the halls of Zerdov.
Of Djon's dark and mysterious fate the Earl forbore to speak—
But when the huntsman's name was uttered, pallor blanched his cheek,
And his limbs shook, for Guilt is ever fearful-souled and weak.

IV.

'Tis well that in this world of ours,
Where Wickedness is always rife,
God's mercy should have placed a bound
To Magic's dreadful powers!
The Sorceress could but give the hound
A false and simulated life—
And so he peaked and pined, and when
The seventh sun set he—died agen.
Remorse, that ever comes too late,
Now seized upon Earl Kovzki's heart.
"Oh, Djon!" he often cried with tears,
"Thou whom in frenzied hate
I murdered in thy green youth's years,
Look down from Heaven—for there thou art—
Look down from Heaven, and pity me,
Albeit I did not pity thee!"

And now—so Zerdov's beadsmen tell—
He reared a chapel in a wood,
And built a belfry-tower anear,
Wherein he hung a Bell,
To toll Djon's knell from year to year.

"Pray God," he often cried, "his blood
Rise not in red and dread array
Against me on the Judgment Day!"

But oh! the awful, awful sound
Outgiven by that avenging Bell!
A thunder-sound in sooth it was,
That echoed miles around!

And, morning after morning as
Earl Kovzki listened to the knell,
His dark brow's ever-deepening gloom
Foreshowed an overshadowing doom.

At last, grown grey with Grief, not Age,
He doffed his robes of silk and gold,
And, with a pilgrim-staff in hand,
He made a pilgrimage,
For penance, to the Holy Land.
And Thirst and Hunger, Heat and Cold,
He learned all patiently to dree,
So much subdued in soul was he!

A hair-shirt and a sackcloth cloak,
With sandal-shoon, were all his garb.
He fasted oft in solitude,
But never smiled or spoke.
At last the death he long had wooed
O'ertook him: the corroding barb
Of Conscience now could wound no more—
He slept in peace on Syria's shore.

And from the day whereon he died
No voice was ever heard to come
From that strange, sympathetic Bell;
Silent it hung inside
Its lone and darksome turret-dome,
Until the year's last evening fell,
When it rang out, all clear and strong,
Its wondrous peal of sound and song.

And ages rolled, and when Decay,
Which cometh upon all things, fell
On Zerdov's halls,—by angel-hands
The Bell was borne away,
And buried in Gölszadow's Well.
But, once a twelvemonth, as the sands
Of the old year run out, it still
Tolls thus, men say, in tones that thrill

The listeners round,—

"Dong! Dong!

Djon! Djon!

Go along! along!

Along for the hound!

Djon is gone!

Dong! Dong!

But the hound is not found!"

v.

Such, youths and maidens, is the tale they tell
Anent this Marvellous and Mysterious Bell.
Be, therefore, warned, and guard your hearts in time
Against all Passion, for it leads to Crime!
But, place your trust in God; forget Him never,
And he will guard your souls, and guide your steps for ever!

TOUCHING FATHER PROUT'S LAST BOOK.*

BY MORGAN RATTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—After the battle of Austerlitz had been fought, and won by the French, Lockhart tells us, "The Prussian Envoy returned, and presented to Napoleon his master's congratulations on the victory thus achieved." The Emperor whispered to Haugwitz, "Here is a message, of which circumstances have altered the address." Well, Sir, "here is an article, of which circumstances have altered the address," though there was no battle. This paper, it will be at once perceived, was written for another Magazine, though now submitted to your notice; and all I can venture to say in its recommendation is, that it has been sent by an old Trinity Man, who has always loved and honoured his *Alma Mater*, and that it treats of a work by one who has added largely to the literary renown of Ireland.

I am, Sir, with best wishes for the continuing and increasing prosperity of your journal, your obedient servant,

MORGAN RATTLE, M.A., T.C.D.

London, September 21, 1847.

I HAVE just opened a small parcel, and find it contains a print of "the Fraserians," which I had, some time since, in honour of "auld lang syne," sent to be framed. This print was published with one of the current numbers of Fraser's Magazine, a good many years ago. As I gaze upon it I count seven-and-twenty heads. I knew them one and all. Together we had broken bread—together we had shared the sacred salt—together we had revelled in all the exuberance of intellectual converse and becoming mirth, in free, frank, safe, and *well-tiled* society. But of these heads, as I now run my eye over them, I find (alas the while!) that more than half the number are laid low—a prey for worms; that others have retired to seek repose upon that well-won pillow, whereon age may be allowed gracefully to wear away; and that out of the large muster at Regina's "table round," but a few, comparatively, of the straightforward, dauntless, and stalwart Fraserians of the olden time remain in presence. Time did his work upon them, and in all, except three or four instances, in due course of nature—the fruit was ripe—it was seasonably gathered, and Time has taught us, the survivors, to tame down our sorrow. Well, so be it; as such must be! But all, as they were

achromatically in the show of the flesh, *are* now before me, assembled, as it might so seem, to a feast of Memory, and in contemplating their countenances I feel a sad some pleasure. These men *were*, and I have choice recollections of them. They *are not*. But to me, in prevailing imagination, their very dust is hallowed as having been of that coverture of clay by which a great and pervading mind was formerly encased. And marvellously does head after head, above the circle of the convivial table, stand out in its unmistakeable individuality, upon the few inches of engraved paper. It is a triumph of the draughtsman's and delineator's art; and so long as it shall last, the outward likenesses of those there figured forth can never perish in the hearts of their friends, nor in the fancies of those to whom it is assured, on competent authority, that the resemblances are faithful. Still, though many of those Fraserians, good and true, have, in the gentle phraseology of the Greek, glided under the earth, a goodly number yet bear their heads erect, and look towards heaven. It boots not to name those whose reputation is at once declared to all the literary world, by the value of the syllables which constitute their names—names which, in point of fact, prefigure essentially, if not exclusively,

* "Facts and Figures from Italy." By Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. London: R. Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1847.

literary men; but I myself, as an old Fraserian, rejoice to reckon amongst those yet existing certain gentlemen who could not well contribute to the pages of a magazine, and especially in light and lively strain, except under the guise of some *sobriquet*—and this even at the long intervals of their most leisure. Of this little band are pre-eminently—Bon Gualtier, Cornelius O'Donohue, and Father Prout. The Spectator (*i. e.* Addison's, not Rintow's), I think, opens with the proposition, that every reader, on taking a book in his hand, starts with a curiosity as to the author; but it is entirely, as explained, a physical curiosity: is he a tall man or a short—of a dark complexion or a fair, and the like? So, if I remember rightly, it runs, and then, if not astray in my reminiscence, for I have not looked into the maudlin book for years, Mr. Spectator proceeds to describe himself as arrayed in his mortal habiliments of clay, and, I believe, too, of cloth, wig, linen, &c. He, of course, leaves his courteous readers to find out all about his intellectual qualities, and what, in the language of Lord Brougham, would be styled his psychological powers and developments, from the pages which he lays before him, the aforesaid courteous reader. As to O'Donohue, however, and Bon Gualtier, I fear that the intelligent reader must be content with the latter phasis of the acquaintance, by gathering what he may, respecting them psychologically, by reference to their admirable contributions to the periodicals in by-gone days.

The greater portion of their lives, for several years past, has been devoted to lofty labours, in which all classes of the people have an interest; and those literary pursuits which they so much love can only be followed for a brief hour or twain, and at intervals few and far between. But everybody knows my friend Father Prout, not simply in the spirit, through his many excellent and exquisite productions, but likewise in the flesh—everybody from Cork to Constantinople, from Dublin to Delhi, from Jermyn-street to Jerusalem, from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Madrid to Moscow, from Paul's Cross to St. Peter's Cúpola—knows him. He is “as broad and general as the casing air.” Where is the table on which good men's feasts are wont to be spread which he has not

set in a roar? Where the society in any capital city in Europe or Asia which this locomotive peripatetician has not gladdened with his wit and humour, and enlightened with his vast and various learning? Nowhere! Or if anywhere, it must be, as the Yankees say, “at the other end of nothing.” But though so many be familiar with the outward man, and with his high faculties and rare talents, few are aware how warm and bold and noble is the heart which beats within—how stanch, and leal, and true! In short, however, and sooth to say, he is the worthy herald to proclaim to this mighty Protestant empire, and to all Christendom, the merits and the claims upon all men who love light and freedom, and who hate darkness and oppression, of the present pope. And this brings us to Prout's book, on the very cover of which fine fancy and good taste are made apparent. These make the chief matter within, after a delicate mode of homage, whereof no man breathing is more capable, dedicatory to his Holiness Count John Mastai Ferretti. We know not whether his holiness be indebted to the heralds, or to Father Prout, for the canting (heraldic) motto accorded to him—“*Mai sta Ferretti!*”—“Never stand still, Ferretti,” and which may be rendered Yankice, “Ever go-ahead, Ferretti”—a good motto to auspicate the proceedings of a good chief in a good cause. Let us only add parenthetically, “Do, Ferretti, and every heart in Christendom which beats truly will throb with the pulsations of thine, High Priest, High Prince, and Ecclesiastical Hercules of many labours, which fortunately, however, you can enter upon of your own free will and enterprise, and without the withering bidding, or under the perverse power of any Euristheus! Proceed, Ferretti, proceed! and oh! be it, for the sake of all human kind, *pede fausto!* No such mission as that which is now yours was ever yet entered on and committed to created and enlightened man; and your triumph, if the triumph should be yours, will be the greatest upon human record.”

But back to the book!—back to the cover! Above the motto the arms of his holiness' house are emblazoned in their proper colours, or and argent, and surmounted by the triple crown; and dropping all language of enthusiasm, very neat, and pretty, and appropriate the whole thing looks. Blue

and white though, by the way, would have been more desirable for our present pope—the colours chosen for Gargantua by his father, for reasons recited by the historian. “Car le blanc luy signifioit, joye, plaisir, délices et resjouissance: et le bleu, choses celestes.” Or take the other interpretation, which is still better for our purpose—“et dictes que blanc signifie foy: et bleu fermete.” But now, dismissing mottoes, arms, and colours, and all such vanities, let us turn over the cover and observe the title-page. Well, what do we perceive—a gentle, good-humoured joke, and a little playful trick, which shows that our friend the Benedictine monk is no more devoid than other modern authors of mercantile tact in disposing of his literary wares. With one stroke of his pen, Prout has secured the whole of the Pickwickians, who otherwise would be little inclined to set any store upon facts and figures from Italy or anywhere else. For what says he on his title-page? “Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonara, Benedictine Monk, addressed, during the last two winters, to Charles Dickens, Esq., being an appendix to his Pictures.” Appendix! Why, for all the connexion that exists between the two works, it would be just as rational to call a heavy-laden East-Indiaman, outward bound, an appendix to a painted steam-tug, employed to haul the ship down the river. In fact, each book is the contrast, and not the counterpart, of the other. The father himself has pointed this out quaintly but peremptorily, and if not sardonically, certainly with a tinge of bitter mirth, which would have become a Lucian, a Rabelais, a Swift, or the Hope who wrote Anastasius. Prout says to Dickens—but first I feel I ought to explain how the father really comes to select Boz as his correspondent, touching the affairs of Italy. The fact is, that a certain number of letters were written by Prout from Rome, to a London newspaper, called “the Daily News,” and published therein; and they have naturally been made in large part the foundation of the work before us. In this very journal too, sundry chapters of Boz’s “Pictures from Italy” had been also published. Now, in the

story of all nations, a fabulous period, boasting of a line of shadowy kings, precedes the real men who ruled, and the true chronology. It appears to have been so in likesort with this newspaper. It would seem that it had a number of phantom editors, of whom Boz (Dickens), it is alleged, was the Nimrod, and “a great lubberly boy,” such as him who played himself off on Master Slender* as sweet Anne Page, the Semiramis, in this series of mythical types. And it is to Dickens, as an editorial Nimrod, that Prout addressed his letters, and funnily enough, receives a stamp of their authenticity from the real and not the mythological Dickens, as may be seen on the second page of the book. Having now given this little explanation, which, it must be admitted, was necessary to the correct comprehension of what may follow, I proceed to cite what the father says to his astounded voucher, Dickens:—

“By this time you will have rejoiced all *Cockneydom* with your pleasant pictures from Italy, from which I understood you to intend carefully eliminating all shadow of our Peninsular politics—perhaps you are right. You have passed too rapidly amongst us to penetrate these darker objects; and though gifted with the most observant eye of all modern seers, your glance was but transitory. As you passed along, you have simply *Daguerreotypied* the glorious landscape, the towered cities, and the motley groups; but your countrymen, the landscape-painters here, at whose mess-table I am an occasional guest, have stigmatized that new-fangled process, no doubt from jealousy, *dog-trapping*. The old method of the *Camera obscura*, which they still cling to, allows a more patient study of details, and involves a more laborious investigation of varying appearances; the phenomena of our Italian institutions, I apprehend, must be contemplated by aid of the older instrument; and much delicacy of handling is requisite in bringing it to bear upon the *CAMERA APOSTOLICA* of Rome.”

Having now got over this cunning and facetious title-page, with the Father’s own embellishment, we address ourselves solely to his volume. There is a preface, of rare power and excellence in those degenerate days. The spirit of some one or other of the wits, satirists, and sages of old, seems to

* “*Slender*.—I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she’s a great lubberly boy.”—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

have animated Prout in this strange production, which he is pleased to entitle, "Some account of Don Jeremy himself, and of a very famous Contemporary, by an eminent hand." The choice of the *sobriquet* itself, of "Savonarola," is something amusing, as indicating a consciousness on the part of the gentleman who so dashingly assumes it, that he is a learned, pious, and eloquent individual who can, if he list, at once play the parts of Jeremiah and of Demosthenes—of the consecrated prophet and the republican orator,

so far forth as such parts may indeed be played in these modern times. So Prout then, with a sort of reckless rollicking, but deeply-modulated tra-la-la, like that of Alboni, first, best, and most exquisite of singers, in the well-known scene and song of Donizetti's *Bettley*, declares himself to have been of the lineage of this fierce preacher against Pope and Prince, and all the pride, pomp, and vanity of this wicked world—who was hanged and burnt at Florence, in the year 1498.* He was in his 46th year, and died with all that

* Savonarola was, in truth—

"One of those madmen who do make men mad,
Conquerors, and kings, and statesmen, all unquiet things."

Perhaps a few words about him here will not be unacceptable to the general reader, as one may guess that his story is not widely known, from the fact, that of all the writers who have criticised Prout's volume, only one seemed to have ever heard of the dauntless reformer, and that one made a bad use of his loose bit of information. Every public man has two characters, and both are invariably drawn in extremes. Accordingly, with some, Savonarola was an inspired person—a saint, and a martyr; with others he was a half-crazed person, an impostor, and a knave, who justly paid on the scaffold the forfeit of his crimes. He was the grandson of a famous physician and medical writer, who was brought from Padua, his native place, to the Court of the Este's at Ferrara, where he lived in great credit and honour, and died a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. Our Savonarola was born at Ferrara, and, in 1474, he became a Dominican monk at Bologna, without the concurrence or knowledge of his parents. He was distinguished for his knowledge of physics and metaphysics, and was employed for years by his superiors as a lecturer thereon. Subsequently he blazed forth as a popular preacher and ardent advocate for the reform of all abuses in church and state. The incontestable facts about him are these—first, that he was a man of pure morality and of austere life; secondly, that he preached with uncompromising boldness and with fervid eloquence against all evil courses, without sparing the offences and debaucheries of the clergy, nor even of the Court of Rome; thirdly, that he pretended to being blessed with divine revelations; fourthly, that by these means he acquired vast credit and authority in Florence, and enjoyed the veneration of its whole people; fifthly, that he fell from his high place, lost his canonization, was excommunicated, stripped of his ecclesiastical orders, hanged, and burnt. It is the old story! Visionary and self-deceiver, or pretender and impostor, be he which he may in his religious dreams and doctrines, Savonarola was still the zealous, eloquent, unselfish, unbought, and incorruptible champion of freedom and the people. That people, as usual, with their true and noble defenders, betrayed and deserted him; and he fell before their tyrants, as fell the Gracchi, and thousands of other generous hearts, in all countries throughout the world's long story. It is the common tale; but here, through no fault of the patriot leader, it ended in an explosion of the ridiculous. And let it be treated ludicrously, however tragical, since human life is certainly as much a jest as a dream of shadows; and, therefore, the present chronicler relates that a rather curious affair was expected to come off in Florence just at the time preceding, and directly leading to the catastrophe of Savonarola; but there was a feeling against this proposed event amongst the professional and other humanity-mongers, even as the other day amongst the magistrates, and other anti-suicidal people of London, in the case of a night ascent in a balloon with fireworks. Savonarola was a Dominican. The Pope had started a cordelier against him. Both preached with hearts of steel, and lungs of brass, and heads of cast-iron, without bubble in the construction, or flaw in the entirety, when sent forth from the manufactory. They had on either side multitudinous followers, and they were very enthusiastic. At last the excitement rose to something above fever-heat, and a Dominican wrote to the *Bell's Life* of the time, or gave some equivalent announcement, to say that he was ready to prance through a burning pile of wood, to establish the sanctity of Savonarola. A cordelier undertook to do the same thing, to show that Savonarola was a scoundrel. Both came to the scratch, but both funk'd the flames when they saw them. The pile was raised, and the people in vast multitudes assembled. It was on Sunday, the 7th of April, 1498. But let the Frenchman, whom I quote,

"pluck and bottom" which would, no doubt, distinguish the gentleman who has assumed his name, if he, in the sporting phrase, should choose to go in for martyrdom—a glory however, which, we apprehend, he is too good a judge to court, at any price of fame or flattery.

But though assuming this fanciful lineage, unlike some of his contemporary celebrities from the Irish Cagliari, whom he so plainly points out, he has not had the drivelling insanity to attempt to repudiate the ancestral occupations by which bread was honestly won, and to pretend, so to speak, that the paternal reaping-hook was in truth a scymetar. No; if he had, for example, anything to do with leather, he would maintain to the utmost—"there is nothing like leather;" and in proof thereof, having had something hereditarily to do with wool, he treats the whole of that staple commodity of England with the same reverence as if it had never been applied to any meaner use than that of stuffing the sack upon which the keeper of the sovereign's conscience and the head of the people's law proudly sits. He says of his fabled progenitors, so far as name and locality is concerned—

"Quitting the commercial but very profligate city of Florence, the exiles appear to have brought with them and introduced into Sardinia a taste for industry and woollen manufactures, matters not much understood by the idle aborigines; and we find the family settled near the southern seaport town of Cagliari, where they have carried on steadily their useful pursuits for the last hundred years."

Prout having thus settled himself in the Cork of Sardinia, proceeds to give us a comical history of Ireland, under the name of Sardinia. Certainly the similarity of outward form and feature in the two islands is strange—and still more so is the resemblance in the characteristics of the mere native population of each, and in the stories and fortunes of the respec-

tive countries. But as he tells us little about Cagliari in comparison with Cork, perhaps from tenderness to his native city, where, according to himself,

"The bells of Shandon, they sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

we will aid him a little with the assistance of a recent number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*—one, in fact, published since the appearance of Father Prout's book, but in no way referring to it, and recording, in the article to which we allude, merely the writer's own recollections of Sardinia. He praises the magnificent bay of Cagliari, the great southern port of the island; but observes of the city, that it is striking without, infamous within. The streets are narrow and mean, the dirt is universal, and impossible to describe. It would seem, moreover, it is destitute of any such commanding edifices as the two gaols (the city gaol and the county gaol), which frown on each other in grim majesty from their respective heights, to the abomination of the townspeople beneath, and to the admiration of all strangers. Malaria there, too, is worse than at Rome. The state of things in this island generally, he declares to be such as only can be realized by imagining the state of the Highlands under the James's, reproduced with the added influences of an African sun. The *Communes* have been at feud with each other for centuries, for causes that are now forgotten, if any, indeed, ever existed. Every one goes armed to the teeth, and in consequence revenge and wrath run riot, and assassinations are frequent. In 1827, there were 872 assassinations in a population of 400,000. The murderers generally fly to the mountains, and there become banditti (*malviventi* they are called); and they in their turn, when the time comes, are hunted down like dogs by the regular troops. "*Lately*," quoth Mr. Chambers, *a disarming act has passed, which may do something*; but the evil lies deep in the mismanagement of centuries, which only centuries can repair." The cabins of

tell, in his own tongue, the rest of the story:—"Les champions comparurent au milieu d'une foule innombrable; mais quand ils virent tous deux le bucher en flamme ils tremblèrent l'un et l'autre et leur peur commune leur suggéra une commune evasion, le Dominicain ne voulait entrer dans le bucher que l'hostie à la main, les magistrats le lui refusèrent et par ce refus il fut dispensé de donner l'affreux comédie qu'il avait préparée." The disappointed people in consequence, urged on by a just indignation, very properly burnt the convent of the Dominicans, after a stout resistance on the part of these pious persons.

the peasantry are most miserable. The walls are of mud, and an aperture or two in these serves at once for window and chimney. The ass, pigs, calf, cocks and hens, &c., live under the same roof with the family. So much for Mr. Chambers's account of Sardinia, which no doubt will suggest some comparisons to the reader.

Of the island itself Father Prout says—

"Sardinia is an oblong bit of ground in the middle of the Mediterranean, containing near ten thousand square miles, but so shaped that it resembles what Robinson Crusoe was so frightened at by the sea-shore on that memorable occasion when he saw in the sand the print of the sole of a man's foot—

"Et sola in siccâ secum spatiatûr arenâ."

Some superstitious people have jumped at once to the conclusion that the island was originally meant to be trampled on; indeed Junius says it has been "uniformly plundered and oppressed;" but the fact of its peculiar form cannot be denied with the map of Southern Europe staring one in the face. So sure as the peninsula of Italy is a visible *jack-boot*, kicking Sicily before it as it were a sort of *triangular foot-ball*, so Sardinia looks like the huge vestige of some Megetherian Titan, who had left one of his monster shoes in the water, as Empedocles left his slipper on the top of Etna. It is hence called a sandal by Pliny—'sandalîotes;' (Hist. Natur. lib. iii., cap. 7), and a foot-mark, *ὑποπόδιον*, by Pausanias, in his 'History of the Greek Colonies,' book x.; while Claudian, in his poem (De Bell. Gall.) clinches the matter—

"Humanæ speciem plantæ sinuosa figurat
Insula, Sardiniam veteres dixerunt coloni."

In allusion to which one of their native poets, *Il Moro Melodioso*, has the following beautiful sentiment, which runs capitally in the original semi-Italian *patois* spoken by the islanders themselves:—

"Sardinia, when nature embellished the tint
Of thy hills, and thy vales, and green sod; anon
She failed in the outline, and traced but the print
Of a footmark in order to give us a hint,
That we'll always be trampled and trodden on."

The earliest inhabitants appear to have been fugitives, driven, at the divine command, out of the land of Canaan by the children of Israel. These poor devils are known to have emigrated in numbers at the ports of Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout, for the western islands of Europe. They were fond of building round towers, the

original idolatry of Babel, and more than three hundred of these destructive architectural cylinders, though not exactly after the Irish pattern, still exist in the interior of this island, besides one or two at Malta. The Carthaginians soon conquered these eastern colonists, and introduced, with their Arab and Numidian flood, the true *Punic idiosyncrasy*, which all subsequent intermingling of more steady northern races have never effectually cured or tamed. Prout then remarks that the island was most useful to that great trading community as a grazing ground and corn granary; but it was doomed to follow the fortunes of the sea that surrounds it, and was seized accordingly by Scipio when Rome became mistress of the Mediterranean. Horace alludes to the fertility of Sardinia when it was a Roman province—

"Opimas
Sardiniae segetes feracia."

When, however, the island passed from the Roman sway into the hands of the northern barbarians, it was thrown several centuries backward in civilization, and has never since recovered its position amongst nations. Prout says—

"The Roman system had fixed everything: the barbarians left everything vague, loose, and undefined. Theirs was the Celtic system of agriculture which Cæsar describes as existing in Celtic Gaul. *Nec quis agri modum certum aut fines proprios habet sed magistratus in annos singulos gentibus cognitionibusque hominum (clans) quantum agri et quo loco eis visum est attribunt; et armo post alio transire cogunt.* (De Bell. Gall. lib. vi.) Horace, a Sabine farmer, was aware of this defective system among the Scythian tribes of agriculturists. He says—

"Immetata quibus jugera,
Nec cultura placet longior annuâ."
(Lib. iii. od. 24.)

The *conacre* tenure of soil was thus fatally introduced, for which the Sardinian word 'tancave' is used up to this day, where the *vidazzone* holdings are annual leases of tracts of ground, for which the farmers draw lots with the *middlemen*, and all is confusion.

But "the real old Irish" gavelkind, so to call it, was worse even than the Sardinian "tancave." Of the former, Lord Lyttleton, in his life of Henry II., says:—

"The inferior tenancies, below the

degree of a tanist,* were particible by the custom of the Irish gavel-kind, among all the males of a sept, the spurious not excepted. And if, after such a partition, any one of them died, his proportion was not shared among his sons, nor did it go by inheritance to the next of kin, but a new division was made of all the lands of the sept in equal parts by the chief, a practice very different from the Welsh or Kentish gavel-kind, and of which the consequence was that the landed property of the commons was perpetually changing from one man to another."

The effect of this uncertainty of possession of land upon agriculture and industry is painfully visible even to the present day in Ireland, which leaves it half a century behind England, and the best portion of Scotland: but if we look to the statute-book, we shall find that so late as the reign of Charles II., it was the practice of the native Irish agriculturists to turn up the soil by cumbrous ploughs fastened to their horses' tails, and to burn the wool off their sheep. Father Prout, after alluding briefly to the seizure of the coasts of Sardinia, in the seventh century, by the Saracens, "a sort of Danes," and the contests which took place between divers foreign invaders for the sovereign sway and masterdom of the island, goes on to say—

"Matters jogged on in this way, heel and toe, until A.D. 1300, when Pope Boniface VIII. took it into his head, by some *hocus pocus*, to discover that the island belonged to him, and he accordingly issued a bull (in the exact terms of Adrian's brief to our Henry II., making him a present of Ireland), and bestowed the *foot* on Jacobo Secondo, king of Aragon. See this grant in the Church History of Cardinal Baronius, continued by Raynaldo, Anno 1299."

In short, Spain held the island until, in 1708, in the war of succession, it was captured by the English fleet, and in 1720, it was transferred to the House of Savoy, in whose possession it has remained ever since, as our author well remarks—

"It was a natural consequence of the various conquests and confiscations of land, which so many successions of foreign rule had occasioned in the island, that there should exist a vast variety of discontented spirits, and that a good number of these, differing in every possible way upon every practical matter, should still join in a wish to get the *foot* into their own hands, reckless of what must necessarily occur after that difficult consummation. During the short intervals of foreign conquest, when they had the isle all to themselves, it is in black and white recorded by their only authentic historians ('gli Annali dei Quattro Mastri') that their favourite political economy consisted in cutting each other's throats; for having taken the trouble to read that work—a rather ponderous composition of 400 pages—I find that the average for each historic page gives six broken heads four throats cut, twenty head of cattle carried off, three rapes, and a few brace of minor robberies. The more sensible and thoughtful patriots, who know the elements of Sardinian society, will ever keep aloof from the mischievous mootings of this visionary millennium, as not merely flat moonshine, but the wildest interecine lunacy."

Again he says—I quote to complete his picture:—

"The crowned head of the House of Savoy, one of the oldest and most respectable monarchies in Europe, reigns over three united kingdoms, viz., Piedmont, Savoy, and Sardinia. The union of these three countries under one sceptre, was brought about and elaborated by a chain of events to their mutual clear advantage; and every well-informed person will ejaculate with me, 'Esto perpetua! Quis separabit!' Savoy towards the north was the cradle of the royal family. 'Twas originally a poor district of highlanders, which by the transfer of its court to Turin, on the acquisition of Turin, thought itself ruined outright; whereas the very contrary has taken place, and, by its junction with the more wealthy and enterprising population of the south, its prosperity has been marvellously developed. Much of this is owing to the shrewd common sense and matter-of-fact tendencies of the thrifty Savoyards, who are not to

* When any man died, seized of any castle, manors, lands, or tenements of the tenure and nature of Tanistry, the same, descended, and had for all time to which the memory of man runneth not were used to descend, seniori et dignissimo viro sanguinis et cognominis, of such person who died seized of the same, and that none of them, nor no part thereof, was inheritable by the son or sons of such person.—*Le Case de Tanistry. Sir John Davy's Reports.*

be deluded or gulled by cajoling appeals to their weak side or Celtic prejudices. Not so the Sardinians! Averse to the habits of sustained industry, unwilling to use the means of improvement within their reach, taught by designing rogues that they are the finest peasantry in Europe, which they have heard so often that they almost believe it a fact, they imagine that they should cut a grand figure in the world if they could only 'cut the painter.' In the meantime they sedulously neglect every single department of local, individual, or national amelioration."

Prout then goes on to show how, previous to the introduction of the repeal mania, there had been another subject of "angry and unprofitable agitation." He points out how Mariolatry, a new form of the old heathen worship of Venus and of Astarte was brought into Sardinia by the Spaniards, in whose country, by the way (see Ford's Handbook) it prevails at this moment to a revolting excess, Father Prout says:—

"The Dominicans of Spain had introduced among the people an exaggeration of the respectful homage ever due to Christ's holy mother (the most exalted of merely human beings), and had inculcated the debateable doctrine of her immaculate conception, as a point of belief without which no intercommunion could be held with fellow-Christians. The Metropolitan Church was dedicated under this title. In vain for the pacification of these wild theorists did the gigantic intellect and unrivalled erudition of Muraton write, at the suggestion of government, his book '*De superstitione vitanda adversus votum sanguinarium pro immaculata Deiparæ conceptione*' (Milan, 1742, 4^o). Unfortunately a Spanish party was hereby created in politics, under the outward guise of simple religion."

Then follows an account of the struggle for "immaculate emancipation" (or Roman Catholic Emancipation), and this is worthy of Swift, in his best vein, and does infinite honour to Father Prout's wisdom, judgment, liberality, and patriotism. We can only, however, give one of the closing passages, relating to the time just previous to O'Connell's appearance upon the political stage. As to the agitators for emancipation, he first remarks—

"Freedom, toleration, and liberality, were their new watch-words, when, in
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point of fact, their exclusion (from public office, under the operation of the penal laws, &c.) had been originally caused by their refusal to recognise any freedom, or any tolerance of opinion."

However, the perukes (Whigs) were in favor of the grant of emancipation, and the songs of Tomaso il Moro, and the impassioned eloquence of its advocates in the Grand Council of Piedmont, had made it not alone fashionable, but extensively popular.

"The great opposition to the grant (Prout says) was not from the upright and fair-play-loving people in Italy. Turin is known to be so called from *Taurinum* (Taurus), and *John Taureau* (a familiar name of the inhabitants) is a just and honest fellow, unless you begin to *bully* him, and then he becomes obstinate. But the most deadly obstacle arose from the native Sardinian adversaries within the island itself. Possessing the loaves and fishes, these men liked to bask alone in the sunshine of government patronage, to the exclusion of disloyal and disaffected folks. The two factions began a stand-up fight. If it could not be described under the fragrant designation of a war of the roses, it might have some claim to be called the battle of the citrons, the acidity being great on both sides—while sour 'oranges,' and bitter 'lemons,' were the respective missiles of each party, the common interests of both going to the juice. The central government, being then at war with France and Spain, was sincerely desirous of bringing this debilitating inward squabble to a close. All that Turin required was a guarantee against Spanish influence, and, with that proviso, offered to admit the 'immaculate' laity to public offices, if the latter could vouch that none but loyal subjects should exercise spiritual control over them, in the higher ranks of the clergy. Their foresight of the Court of Turin, in making this stipulation was subsequently shewn. Had there been a right of objection on the part of the Crown, no such public nuisances would since have ensued as Mac(*chiav*) Hello archbishop of *Vestram*, a roaring bellows of sedition; Higgin, firebrand and bishop of Arda and *Cantamale*, the incendiary pharisee of Midia."

Father Prout then proceeds to attack O'Connell, under the name of Dandaleone, with stern earnestness, and argues that his agitation retarded "immaculate emancipation" for fifteen years, and rendered that settlement of

it which ultimately took place, utterly unsatisfactory to all parties. Here we follow him not, though in no sort doubting his convictions, or impugning his motives, while we honour his courage and his consistency. He is not one of the herd who yelled at the lion when he was foot-sore and dying. He bearded him when in the height of his power, and this required no small daring and self-reliance in a Roman Catholic priest. One descriptive passage alone of the great agitator's career will we quote, for its genuine fun :—

“Dandaleone got up an ‘immaculate association’ in the Sardinian Corn Exchange, in which the principal orators, beside himself, were Dick Scutum, afterwards Master of the Mint in Turin, and Tomaso Le Sage, now Secretary of the Board of Control for Cyprus, who has written a history of that Society, and is connected with the Bonapartes. Both saw how pernicious the system was, but were forced into it. There was besides a chivalrous buffoon called Tomaso Ferro, whom Dandaleone made the mouth-piece of every absurdity, useful in its way to himself, but of which he shunned the utterance. He also kept a newspaper editor, *Barretti* of the *Pilota*, author of a slang dictionary, ‘in choice Italian,’ who, being most unscrupulous, did all his dirty work in print. The office of Gonfaliere for the Clara District became vacant; a spirited gentleman, Gormano Mahon, originated and forced Dandaleone into the plan of electing him to the vacancy. This settled the business, and Turin sullenly gave up the point, which it had been ready to concede gracefully fifteen years before. All the people got was the loss to them of the 40-franc franchise, by Dan’s collusion. The upper classes were alone benefitted.”

Pass we on now to the letters proper! Much of them, as consisting of the gossip of the day about the travelled and titled Browns, Jones, Smiths, and Robinsons of the day, whom Prout in his soul despises as heartily as Giffard or myself, has, of course perished, for the comparatively wise in the world’s ways, though he has put Attic salt enough in it to keep it sweet and savoury for the million, to whom we recommend it as infinitely preferable to any of the ordinary stuff, whether in the form of trimetrical novels or monthly pamphlets. I make a jump at once to page 88 of the book, which treats of Bologna, the

city, as best known to us now, of Rossini, and his fair pupil Alboni. Prout, however, though professedly a lover of the fine arts, and, I believe, like sundry of his fraternity, a painter himself, cares little (though I would not hear an enemy say so) about Rossini, and still less about Alboni, except it may be as a prize singer in the flesh, to be backed against and give a stone in to any other contralto in Christendom. Accordingly, Prout talks disdainfully of the conservatorio over which Rossini presides, and which sent forth Alboni. He is sorry about a university in which nice points of theology, such as how many millions of angels could dance upon the top of a needle, were wont to be discussed, but in which, it must also be admitted, there had been schools of law and medicine, including all the branches of the respective sciences.

Prout says, in the spirit of old Savonarola himself—

“Returning to the affairs of this capital town-centre of the ‘legations,’ its principal feature is, of course, its world-famous and time-honoured university. In the present condition of this once celebrated *Alma Mater*, may be traced the degrading influence of the present Roman court, 1846, and the unblushing effrontery with which these selfish worldlings trample out the torch of science. Shortly after the few months of emancipation which the territory enjoyed in 1831, the first act of the papal legate was to issue an edict confining the benefit of university education to youths born in the district, and forbidding all others to approach the schools; at one fell swoop sweeping off more than half the aspirants after knowledge. . . . Jurisprudence and medicine, which were so highly cultivated for so many centuries, are now in the most languishing state, and the very school of divinity, when compared to that of Munich, Bonn, or even Louvain, is much below par, and beneath contempt. The only academy here which may be truly described as flourishing and full of vitality, is the Lyceum of Musical Science, presided over and kept alive by the immortal Rossini. It is the policy of all despotisms to encourage the enervating arts, and to turn, if possible, the energies of youth into the voluptuous paths and mazes of elegant sensuality.

“*Motus docere gaudet Ionicos,*”

and music has effectually done for Italy what tobacco has done for the Turks.”

We are not, however, going to follow our friend Prout farther through what he entitles, "The fag-end of an old reign." Instead of quoting his bold, though courtly commentaries on the abominations which prevailed in the papal dominions, and instead of citing Dr. Bowring's very useful and clever compilation, the whole truth, respecting the place and system as they were, shall be laid before our readers, in the words of one of the most eloquent writers who ever did honour to British literature. We mean Hope, the author of "Anastasius," and "Of the Origin and Prospects of Man." We shall quote from "Anastasius," and it may, at the first glance, seem that it is a quotation from a stale work of fiction; but this is not so. It is a book that has two peculiarities; first, that it was *never* reviewed in any periodical publication, and, secondly, that so long as the English language shall continue to be read, it can never die. Here is the real Rome, outwardly and inwardly, as it was recently. Let us only hope that the high-hearted Ferretti, for such all his acts prove him to be, may be able, in despite of steel and poison, foreign levy and domestic malice, to change its aspect. Anastasius, the Greek, says—

"As I approached the ancient mistress of the world—the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece—my heart beat high. But alas, if he who names Rome, names energy, names strength, he who beholds what remains of so much greatness, beholds nothing but imbecility and impotence: he beholds the prostrate carcass of a giant, and foul corruption devouring its remains. Sheep graze round the prostrate altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove, the great and good; and silence reigns in that arena where 80,000 tongues at once applauded the wretch expiring in real torture, to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay: they are only the fungus starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric's costly substance, achieves its destruction. Silva seemed to enjoy my disappointment; satire was his profession. 'These people,' said he, 'cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated hours, but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light: a deep gloom

meets the eye wherever towers man's abode. They cannot prohibit the rich vegetation of their fertile soil from diffusing its fragrance; but they collect every villanous odour to subdue nature's sweets: even among their very orange groves, loss of scent would be a gain! They cannot cancel the spring's ancient privilege of enamelling with flowers the swelling hill and dimpling valley; but they tarry in their fetid town till the magic has vanished, and autumn embrowns both the garden and the grove. No one thinks of country rambles till summer has gone by. They cannot stop the crystal rills while bubbling up in the mountain, but they suffer the captive stream to ooze out of the aqueduct, and to infuse pestilence into the marshy plain; they cannot dive into the inmost recesses of the human brain, there to nip in its first germs every brightest faculty; but conducting the developments of the human reason as the Chinese do those of their peach and plum-trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters, religious, political, and social, that dwarfs are produced where giants were intended. Their manuscripts are not suffered to be inspected; their pictures are left to rot; their very city has been suffered to slip from its seven hills into the sink between; they clip their trees into men, and their men into singers. In their vaunted 'Last Judgment,' heaven appears far more dismal than hell. Their law deems infamous, not the thief, but the magistrate—the bargello; their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches screen the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand" (for from St. Peter's proud dome went forth this bitter diatribe) "built at the expense of the whole Roman world, on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents, contains absolutions for every sin, as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. The seclusion of the convent is the school for the sovereign; the renouncement of the world the preliminary to ruling the state, and the decrepitude of old age the chief recommendation in the candidate for the supreme power. * * * The word virtue, indeed, exists in the language, but is applied to skill in singing; and as to valour, the former signification of the same word, which is a quality which for so many ages has been let out for hire, first, in the gross, by the *condottieri*, and next more in detail by the professed *bravo*, that those disclaim it who value their character; and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest

but the pride of the cavalier. Visit a friend in the day-time, and he surveys you through a grated hole in his entrance door, ere he dares to let you in. Venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witnessed should necessitate a second. The very head of the Church, when in the Holy of the Holies, dares not take the consecrated wine except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison. And in the heart of his capital the Pope of Rome keeps in his pay, for the safety of his person, the rude mountaineers of Switzerland, as your Turkish Pasha does the barbarians from Epirus and from Coordistan."

Certainly the advent of the new stalwart Pope marks a new era in the history of modern Rome. There is all to hope, and much to fear. The abuses to be reformed, and the improvements necessary to be made, are multitudinous; and the materials his holiness has to work with are of the worst description. The race of the old iron men of Rome is quite extinct; nothing remains in the eternal city but the *turba Remi*—at all times the vilest and most villanous mob in the world. The nobility are brutally ignorant and brutally debauched; the higher churchmen are, for the most part, ignorant, bigoted, superstitious, and sold to foreign powers, who abhor the notion of liberty at Rome. Still Ferretti's is a transcendently high office, and the appointment of such a man to it at such a period seems an augury of better days for Italy. The appointment was by an unanimous vote: and it was contrary to all precedents peradventure except one; and it seemed as though it were auspicated and ushered in by—to vulgar bigotry and servile subserviency to antiquated superstitions—the blast of the last trumpet.

We have looked back to the story of those who have made the name of Ferretti famous. We find little, and know not if the pope be in the line of the two men to whom we are about briefly to allude. In the fourteenth century there was a Ferretti, a distinguished writer in prose and verse, and one of the great restorers of learning in Europe. He wrote a history of his own times in seven volumes, which Muratori has published in his ninth

volume of the "Historians of Italy." There was another Ferretti, born in 1489, who was secretary to Leo X., and died at Avignon in July, 1552. He, too, committed flirtation with the muse, and is described as a man modest, moderate, and liberal. He was, in his latter days, Professor of Jurisprudence at Avignon, and over his seat he caused to be inscribed—"Peritus orno, imperitus dedecoro." So much for these Ferretti. As to the Pope Mastai Ferretti, I believe he is only of the Ferrettis in the female line; his father a rich Burgess of Sinigaglia, a seaport in the Duchy of Urbino, having married an heiress of their house. However, be he ancestrally what he may, he seems to be one of God's own aristocracy, and Protestant, staunch and true as we are, we hope he may prosper, and have the gift, without reference to creed, to know his friends—that is, in other words, the friends of freedom—and the power which, if need were, should not be wanting, to confound his enemies. But his affairs and his fortunes are yet only in the bud; all Europe has been intently watching, and is day by day watching them, half in hope and half in dread to see what flowers and fruit they will bear. It boots not, therefore, to follow our friend, the father, in his accounts of what Mastai Ferretti has already dared and done, so as to give a brief sketch thereof. Let me rather refer my reader to the book itself, which I assure him will amply repay him for the pains of perusal. It is written in the best and heartiest spirit, and in the fulness of information. It introduces us to the living and moving actors in the opening scenes of a great drama, and it teaches while it exhilarates. There is no literary buffoonery in it, no sentence-spinning, no contorted verbiage, no prose run mad, no sentimentality-mongering, no literary larceny, no affectation of "enthusimusy;"—in a word, no humbug. It is the work of a man who sees clearly and describes graphically—who loves what is noble and exalted in human nature, and laughs at all that is merely conventional, ignoble, or weak, but this in the spirit of a Horace, and not of a Democritus.

EROTION—A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the early days of Greece, when the gods yet spoke with men, before the oracles were silent in the groves of Zoderia, and while the nymphs and dryads still lingered by wood and fountain, there was in Taurica a temple consecrated to Diana. Night and day in the sanctuary the virgin priestesses of the goddess kept vigil round her statue. Men said that this treasure was not the work of human hands, but had fallen from heaven. The elders of the generation well remembered that when the temple was finished, the priesthood who mourned over the yet vacant shrine of the goddess, had one night left it in moonlight solitude, and lo! next morning a beautiful statue of the divinity was in its place. How such glorious loveliness could have sprung to life from the cold marble, unless by an immortal touch, no one could imagine, but all worshipped the form as a token direct from heaven that their piety had been accepted. Not many days after, at the very foot of the statue, died a pale youth, whom no one knew, save that he had haunted the temple for months. Some kind hand gave him a tomb, and his name was never spoken; the worshippers worshipped their idol still, and no man dreamed that its divine origin was only that it came from the hand of an unknown, but heaven-born and immortal Genius.

This old tale was now forgotten, but far and wide spread the fame and renown of the shrine. Pilgrims came from all lands to kneel before the statue which had fallen from heaven, and brought back to their distant homes wondrous tales of its divine loveliness. Men spoke with reverence of the oracle of Diana Taurica, and the white walls of the temple were looked upon from afar with enthusiastic adoration. But after a time these worshippers from foreign lands came no more. It was whispered that one of the pretended devotees had offered sacrilege to the goddess, and that Diana had exacted a fearful expiation. The real secret was never breathed; but for years after, many strangers who entered the temple were seen no more on earth. Still

the white-robed priestesses encircled the flower-crowned shrine, and the statue of the goddess shone in imperishable beauty.

It was the yearly festival of Diana Taurica, and the temple was filled with the music of choral hymns, and the odours of incense-laden sacrifices. Throughout the long summer day the goddess was worshipped in her character of huntress-queen. No longer hovering silently in the dim light of the temple, the virgin priestesses laid aside their white garments for a sylvan dress, and rushed to the open woods, where the day was spent in wild joy, and sports such as befitted the nymphs of Diana. Upon these revels no unhallowed eye dared look; such intrusion was instantly punished with death.

But when twilight drew on, then began the worship of Cynthia, the goddess of the night. As the full moon arose, there was heard from the temple a hymn, sweet yet plaintive, and solemn withal. Through the deserted streets wound the maiden train, led by the high-priestess. Then came the initiated, who had long been devoted to the service of the temple, and afterwards walked the young novices, crowned with poppy-garlands, and chanting hymns in the still and solemn moonlight. Last of all came the young maidens of the city, who alone were permitted to witness and share in the solemnities.

These ceremonies ended with the twilight. When night came, the mysterious rites of Diana Triformis were celebrated. There, in her character of queen of the land of silence and death, Hecate was adored; but how, or by what unearthly ceremonies, was known to none except the higher order of the priesthood. The golden curtains of the inner sanctuary were drawn, and nothing was heard or seen by those who waited without, crouching with veiled faces, or lying prostrate on the marble floor. They were all young girls, some hardly past childhood; self-dedicated, or else vowed by their parents to the service of Diana. Many of them were beautiful; some with the pure, pale, statue-like features

of their clime ; others with dazzling golden locks, and cheeks like rose-leaves. One of them—she was fairest of all—knelt motionless, not in fear, but with her head uplifted in ecstatic enthusiasm that dilated her young, child-like face, until it wore an almost divine aspect. One of the elder novices drew near, and looked at her, saying in a whisper, as if she trembled at the sound of her own voice—

" Erotion ! how is it with you ? "

Erotion moved not, nor answered.

" Hush ! Phrene, speak not to her," said another maiden, fearfully. " Seest thou not that the power of the goddess is upon her ? " And the young girls sprang away from their companion, whose wild eyes were fixed on vacancy, as if she beheld what was invisible to all others.

" Diana the mighty has called her," whispered Phrene ; " she was never like one of us."

" And none know whence she came, for she was brought up from a babe in the temple, an orphan, and homeless," said the violet-eyed Cydippe.

" It is the goddess's will, doubtless, that the lot this night should fall upon her," murmured Leuconœ ; and then a heavy silence gathered over all the maidens, for they trembled at the fearful ordeal which one of them, they knew not who, must go through, in that long, lonely vigil, before the statue of Diana Triformis.

At last, from the dead stillness which pervaded the sanctuary, arose a faint melody, like the wind passing over the strings of a harp—clouds of incense rolled in fragrant wreaths from above the golden screen, filling the temple with luxurious perfume, that steeped every sense with its intoxicating power. Then the curtains were lifted, and, with her long black garments sweeping the ground, came forth the high-priestess, the chosen of Diana, Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon.

Beautiful was she, as when she was led to the sacrifice at Aulis—but it was the beauty of a marble statue. There was no trace of life in her face, except in the dark, unfathomable eyes,

breast. As she advanced, the young novices moved aside, all but the still kneeling Erotion, who remained immovable. The high-priestess looked upon the child, and touched her with a light finger. A shiver came over her frame, she lifted her eyes, and glanced round wildly, like one awaking from a trance.

" Arise, my daughter," said Iphigenia, in a voice that sounded sweet, and yet solemn ; and the maiden rose up, and crept silently to her companions.

And now the golden urn was brought forth, that the fatal lot might be drawn, which appointed one of the young novices to the awful vigil. Each year one of the band was thus chosen, who, after this initiation, was received into the priestess, as by the goddess's will, or else was banished the temple, and never more seen by human eye. That the ordeal was terrible, all knew well, for many a frail creature had been found, in the grey light of morning, dead on the marble pavement ; while those who passed through that fearful night, never again recovered the sweet smiling face of youth. But what the trial was none could tell, for each novice took a solemn vow never to reveal it. No marvel was it that many a bright cheek grew pale, and many a lip quivered with fear, as the maidens advanced one by one to the urn.

The lot fell upon Erotion. Then rose up the wild chorus of the priestesses, as they closed round the chosen one of Diana, the pale, silent child, who stood without word or movement while they took away her novice's tunic, and robed her in a long garment of white wool, placing on her head the consecrated poppy-wreath, sacred to the goddess.

" Dost thou fear," said the high-priestess, as the young girl bent at her feet, ere entering the sanctuary—" Dost thou fear, my daughter ? "

" I have no fear," murmured Erotion ; and there was indeed no terror on that fair young face, but an expression of mingled awe and rapture.

Iphigenia laid her hands on the child's head—

" The goddess calls, and must be obeyed. Go, and be thou fortunate ; for the influence of her whose name is unutterable, is upon thee."

The child arose—the golden curtains were lifted—they closed upon her, and the awful vigil was begun.

" Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death."

Her black robes moved without a sound, and her unbound hair twined like a golden serpent round her bare white arms, which were folded on her

CHAPTER II.

THERE was dead silence in the temple ; the lamps burned dimly on the altar, and threw long shadows on the wall ; everywhere else the darkness seemed like a visible presence—a gloom that could be felt, gathering around, and taking wild and horrible shapes, the more horrible because they were undefined. Beneath the veiled statue of the goddess crouched Erotion ; her large dark eyes were not drooping, but fixed steadfastly on the image—her head was not buried in terror in her robe, but raised fearlessly. Still there was no sound, no movement—the statue moved not under its drapery ; there was no presence in the temple save that of night and darkness, and these brought no fear to the heart of the lonely child.

By degrees it seemed as if the poppies which bound her hair were piercing with their dreamy influence unto her brain. The blue-veined eyelids closed, the cheek fell upon the hand, and a delicious numbness, which was scarcely sleep, absorbed the senses of Erotion. Gradually the veiled image upon which she looked appeared to move underneath its drapery ; the marble dissolved into folds that took the appearance of mist, and two strangely-beautiful eyes gleamed from out that vapoury shroud. The child felt them upon her, looking into her very soul, and binding her with a spell of stillness, so that she could not turn away from that mysterious gaze. At last words came to her trembling lips, and Erotion said—

“What wouldst thou, O goddess? Behold I am here. Art thou she whose name I may not utter?”

An answer came—it was not from the animated statue, but a voice, an “airy tongue,” like that which poets hear in the wind, in the rustling of the trees, in the stirring of the grass. So faint was it, that whence it came Erotion knew not ; but to her opened ears it was distinct and intelligible.

“I am the spirit whom mankind worship under the name of Diana, the spirit of purity, existing in heaven, on earth, and in the land of the dead. I have no form, but men give me such shape, and ascribe to me such symbols

as are easiest of comprehension to human mind. What is purer than the moon in heaven, or the life of a woodland virgin on earth? But these are only personifications of my being. Mankind invest me with a nature half human, half divine ; they build me temples and shrines, yet I am everywhere—a spiritual essence, needing neither prayers nor sacrifices.”

As the voice spoke, boldness and clearness came to the young maiden’s soul ; every cloud of fear and mortal weakness was swept away ; her intellect expanded, and the child of fourteen years felt and apprehended as a woman, nay, as an angel.

“Yet, O spirit,” said Erotion, “thou sufferest us to worship thee as a goddess !”

“Because man’s piety depends much on outward show : yet those whom I choose know me as I am—therefore have I chosen thee, Erotion.”

“Can the divine thus regard the human?” said the child.

“Look by thy side, and thou shalt know.”

Erotion turned, and lo! on either hand therestood beside her two forms, of stature far above mortal height. One seemed a spirit of light, with floating garments, woven as it were of sunbeams ; the other, dark, gloomy, and half concealed by an ebon mantle, that veiled the face and form. The child looked in wonder ; but, even while she beheld, the phantoms melted into air.

“These are thy good and evil genii,” said the invisible voice ; “they were with thee at thy birth, and will follow thee until death. It is they who inspire thee with thoughts holy or sinful, sweet or bitter ; who produce all those strange and warring impulses which rule thy life. They have power over thee, but not over thy destiny, except so far as it is under thine own control, according as thou listenest to one or other of these guardian spirits.”

“I see, I feel !” cried the child. “I dreamed of this before—now I know it. Life is a mystery indeed, O spirit ;” and Erotion’s voice sank into a solemn and trembling tone. “Tell me what is death?”

No answer came ; but a touch, light as that of summer air, pressed Erotion's lips and eyes. Immediately the lids dropped ; she beheld no more the sanctuary or the image, but a dim haze, through which myriads of shapes, some horrible, some lovely, were visible, like bright floating spectres, that glide before the eyes ere slumber comes on. Faintly in the child's ear came aerial music, sweeter than she had ever before heard, even in dreams ; her breathing ceased, and yet it was no pain ; her limbs relaxed, and a still calm came over them. A voice, which she knew was that of the spirit, whispered, " Erotion, this is death ;" and then she felt no more.

The child awoke as out of a long sleep, and found herself wandering on what seemed a desolate and sandy shore. Before, in the distance lay the dim and gloomy sea ; behind, clouds shut out the view. Those who reached that shore might no more look behind. The child glanced fearfully round her, but could see nothing except the lonely shore, and the terrible, still, waveless sea, that looked as though no living thing had ever stirred beneath its waters. Erotion wrung her hands, but lo ! palm met palm as air meets air—they were nought but outward semblance. She lifted her voice to cry aloud, but no sound echoed in the stillness of that fearful place. She glided over the shore, but her feet felt not the sands over which they passed, and left no prints behind. Again Erotion's lips strove to utter a sound ; all was still ; but an answer came—a voice, which the child knew well, murmured—

" Fear not, Erotion ; I am here. I rule in the land of silence as upon earth. Come with me, and thou shalt cross the ocean which separates life from eternity."

Impelled by an invisible power, Erotion reached the margin of that dark sea. It neither ebbd nor flowed ; no light waves danced upon its surface, which was one unvaried dusky hue, as if an eternal thunder-cloud hung over it, and was reflected in its mysterious depths. Only one slender thread of brightness, such as the moon casts on the sea, made a silver pathway over it. The child stood trembling on its verge.

" Erotion, place thy foot on the

ocean without fear," said the voice at her side.

Erotion did so, and it yielded not. Swiftly she glided along the silver line, with a motion like that which is felt in dreams, when we seem borne through the air, invisibly. The desolate shore grew dim as the child sped on ; the clouds furled off from the leaden sky above ; the sea beneath her feet grew limpid and blue, and melodious with dancing ripples. On, on, until in the dim horizon arose a golden cloud, which gradually formed itself into a land, beautiful as Paradise, where Erotion beheld vales, and purple hills, trees, fountains and rivers ; among which flitted, like fireflies on eastern nights, bright and lovely forms, transparent as vapours, and yet bearing mortal semblance. As Erotion's feet touched the golden strand, she heard glorious music ; she strove to join in the heavenly melody, and strains came from her lips, so sweet, so divine, that her soul was ravished with the angelic harmony.

" Thou hast passed through the Ocean of Death," said the voice which still accompanied her ; " thou art now in the land of immortality."

And never, save in dreams, did mortal behold a land so glorious. It was most like those landscapes we trace sometimes in the sky, where snowy hills, and purple valleys, and silver streams, seem formed in the clouds of sunset, vanishing as soon as formed. But here there was no night to dim the never-fading view ; for though like earth, as, in its glorified beauty, it sprang from the hand of the Fashioner, still it was not of earth.

The child's spirit lifted its airy hands in wild rapture ; and then Erotion glided toward the green plain that sloped to the sea, the unseen voice leading her on. Thus she passed, until she came nearer to those beautiful shadows which were sitting about on every side. Human they seemed, but it was humanity exalted into perfect beauty.

" Who are these shapes that I see ?" asked the child.

" They are the spirits of the dead," answered the guiding voice. " Thou seest that each bears the face and form which it wore on earth ; yet they are only shadows, for the soul is of itself impalpable. They enjoy perfect bliss ; and those delights which the spirit felt

while in its clay-vestures, are theirs now unalloyed—love in its essence, knowledge, wisdom, genius, every sensation in which the body had no share; and those who on earth most cherished these spiritual pleasures, enjoy them highest now.”

“And oh!” said Erotion, “if those are the souls of the wise and holy dead, where are those of the unrighteous?”

A soft sigh, like the closing of a flower at sunset, was heard by the child, and the voice answered sadly—

“We may not speak of them; they are not here—they sleep.”

Without another word, Erotion glided on until she came to a green recess, golden-wove with sunbeam threads, that made a fairy network through the trees. There, hymning glorious poetry, such as never earthly bard conceived, reclined a shadow which seemed a youth. His face—and it was the same which had grown pale and sunken in life—now shone with divine beauty; the golden hair waved, and the sweet eyes looked as they did on earth.

“I lived—I suffered—I died!” cried the poet in his song—“and yet men knew me not. I brought with me fire from heaven, and it was not seen; yet I cherished it in my bosom—it warmed and cheered me, and I was happy.”

The child drew near, and her spirit stood face to face with the poet’s soul. Erotion spoke, for she felt no fear—

“And yet thou didst die unknown, and hast left behind no immortal name.”

“Not so,” said the shadow; “for men sing my songs. I live again in their hearts, through my undying thoughts, though they never heard my name. The conqueror leaves high-sounding titles behind, but they ring in the ears like passing words. The poet lives in his works: age after age men think his thoughts; they walk with him as with a friend—they grow wiser and better for his lore; and though his very name is forgotten, the genius speaks in their hearts. This is the only true immortality.”

And as the child turned she heard from another celestial bower the echoing of the same song. There stood another soul, like the poet’s in radiance; and lo! wherever the shadow turned its beaming eyes, phantoms divine and glowing appeared in air; the artist had

now no need of the frail hand which lay mingled with earth’s dust, to embody the images which haunted its noble spirit.

“Genius is the only immortality on earth,” echoed the shadow. “I laboured, I perished, and no man heeded; yet it is sought to me now. I am blessed; all sorrow has vanished like a dream; no friendly foot hovers near my grave, but I am not forgotten even on earth. Do not men bow down before my work!—do not they call it divine!—my glorious ideal!—do they not adore it, thinking it came from the finger of a god; and yet the hand that made it is now a heap of dust. But the work remains, and I live still in the creation of my own genius.”

Erotion knew not the form of the spirit which thus spake; but her awakened soul told her that she beheld him who had given to the temple of Diana Taurica its goddess.

Onward went the spirit of the child, through meadows and valleys thick with imperishable flowers—over streams that sang ever their own sweet melodies—amidst woods whose leaves knew no withering; and still the invisible voice followed. At last Erotion came where the sunshine grew less bright, the flowers less beautiful, while a thin silver mist, like twilight vapours, obscured the view. Through it there floated shadows like the rest, but less brilliant, while on each face rested a pensive sweetness that was almost sad. Again a question rose to the child’s lips, but ere it was uttered the voice answered—

“These are they who have once erred, suffered, and repented on earth. They are happy; yet there still remains a faint shade of sadness—the memory of the past—until every sorrow which their error caused to others on earth shall have passed away.”

As the voice ceased, one of the spirits glided towards the child. It bore the semblance of a fair woman: the face was pale, but oh, how heavenly sweet! Erotion had seen it in her dreams; it had looked down upon her from among the stars in her night-watches. She had not known it then, save as a sweet fancy; but now her senses were all unclouded, and the child felt that she was near the spirit of her mother, whom on earth she had never beheld. The shadow approached: soft

arms clasped Erotion—sweet kisses were upon her eye-lids ; for death cannot change love, least of all the love of a mother.

"Has death freed thee, too, oh, my daughter!" whispered the spirit, and bright pearls—they were not tears now—shone in the celestial eyes; "then soon shall all trace of suffering caused by me be swept from earth, and I shall be entirely blessed."

"Art thou not so now?" said the child.

Again that mournful look rested on the face of the spirit.

"I sinned—I broke the solemn vows of a priestess for earthly love—I carried a deceitful heart to the holy shrine; yet I paid in death a fearful atonement—more fearful still was the thought of thee. Cruel was the mercy that delayed the punishment, to make it only more bitter. But ere death came, I met it with a calm and penitent heart, and it wafted me to rest and peace. Here I await thee, and one more. The day is now come."

"Not yet, not yet," uttered the mysterious voice, and Erotion felt herself borne away as on the wings of a summer breeze into a lovely glade. There spirits diviner and more beautiful in shape than any she had yet beheld, were floating over the grass, or listen-

ing to etherial music. They were crowned with stars, and bore golden palm branches, and their brightness was such, that the child veiled her eyes from the sight. But they came near and lifted her in their dazzling arms, while their glorious song rose loud and triumphant.

"We are blessed, we are blessed; we died joyfully for what was dearest to us on earth; we feared not the lonely shore nor the gloomy sea, and we enjoy a rapturous immortality. Oh, spirit, loosed from the earth-bonds for a time, behold thy destiny—thou shalt be one of us—rejoice, rejoice! Such a death is sweet—sweet as a babe's slumber—such an immortality is unspeakably glorious. Erotion, fulfil thy destiny, and come to us."

The child seemed to fall from that divine embrace, down, down through mists and darkness unfathomable—time and space, myriads of ages, and millions of leagues appeared to gather behind her, while some soft touch was laid upon her eyes and lips, and Erotion awoke from her trance.

She lay on the floor of the sanctuary; the sacred lamp was nearly extinguished, and the grey morning twilight rested on the veiled statue of Diana Taurica, that stood immovable in the white shroud.

CHAPTER III.

NEVER more after that wondrous night did the vowed one of Diana move or speak as a child. Erotion was not sad, but none ever heard from her lips the light-hearted laughter of girlhood. Her eyes were of a dreamy depth, and had a strange, mysterious look, as if her soul saw without the aid of mere bodily organs. She walked through the world as though she beheld it not; shut up in herself, her outward life seemed mechanical, while her inner mind was ever brooding over things beyond earth. Men looked upon her as one on whom the spirit of the goddess had fallen; the few words which dropped from her lips were held as oracles; no eye followed her—no power controlled her. Wrapped in her priestess' veil, the young maiden passed from the temple to the city, from the city to the sylvan forest, or the lone sea shore, and no one stayed

her. She passed, like a spirit of purity and beauty; wild, untutored men looked and turned aside in reverence, as if Diana herself were among them; children beheld with wonder one who was like themselves in years and in semblance, and yet so unlike. But one and all regarded Erotion as the chosen of the goddess.

As months and years gathered over the head of the maiden, the strange spell which had overshadowed her childhood, seemed to grow stronger. Even the vowed novices thought of their own beauty in girlish vanity, and talked of the world outside the temple walls; but no such feelings ever disturbed Erotion's unworldly nature. Beautiful she was, but it was the beauty of an angel, not of a woman; no eye could look upon her and mingle her idea with that of earthly love.

In the long summer days, Erotion

went out in the forest; there, in the deepest glades, she wandered alone with her own soul. Sometimes children who were suffered to run wild in the woods, came home and told of a strange and lovely face which they had seen gleaming through the trees, and mothers remembered that it was a place haunted by Dryad and Oread, and thought it no marvel that such should love to look upon beauteous infancy. Often, too, the wayfaring peasant heard above the melody of hidden waters, a sweet and mysterious voice, and said it was the naiad singing beside her fountain.

But more than the green plains and the woody recesses, did the young priestess love the sea-shore. A spell for which she could not account drew her ever to the margin of that dark sea, now called the Euxine, on whose shore the city stood. Its gloomy billows, its wild coast, its frowning rocks, had for her an inexplicable charm; it might be that they recalled the memory of that wondrous dream in the temple, if dream, indeed, it was, which seemed so real. In the splendour of noon, in the dusky eve, in storm and in calm, Erotion haunted the shore and watched the sea. Mariners from afar saw her white garments floating on high cliffs and in sand-bound caves, which hitherto only the sea-bird had visited, and told strange tales of ocean nymphs and coral-crowned ne-reids.

In her solitude, Erotion pondered on her destiny; the winds and ever-murmuring waves were her teachers and companions; they seemed to speak to her as the invisible voice had done in her dream, of things great and wonderful—of the marvels of nature—of the life of the soul—of poetry, genius, and all-pervading love. Then she thought of her own strange and lonely life—of her mysterious birth, and again she felt the embrace of the spirit who had called her child, and whose mystic words she had heard in the vision. And then Erotion's thoughts turned from the dark and unexplained past to the future, still more vague and shadowy; and amidst all these musings came pealing the farewell chant which she had last heard in the glorious land of immortality—"Erotion, Erotion, fulfil thy destiny, and come!"

It was on one of those evenings

when the glories of the setting sun might truly bring to a Greek imagination the idea of Hyperion in his golden chariot, or of Tithonus, the bridegroom, sinking into the wavy arms of Thetis, that Erotion wandered along by the sea-shore. She watched the sun in his cloud pavilion, and thought that an orb so glorious was a fit dwelling for a god. She remembered the legends of the priestesses—of the elder race of gods—of Hyperion, the Titan, whose throne was in the sun, and before whose giant beauty even that of the young Apollo grew dim; how that he and his brethren had been overthrown by a mightier power than even their own, and that Olympian Jove was now worshipped by mankind. And then came across the memory of the inspired maiden the words which she had listened to from the voice, that all these were as shadows, and that the gods of Olympus were but personifications of the various powers of nature, or of holy sentiments, thus made tangible objects of worship for the darkened mind of man.

Absorbed in thoughts like these, Erotion saw not that the black clouds of an eastern tempest had gathered over the fair evening sky, that the waves were rising, and the whirlwind was heard in the air. The sea-birds shrieked, and flew to the crevices of the rocks, against which dashed the billows thundering and heavily. Nearer came the tempest, bearing destruction on its wings, as if the powers of earth, heaven, and sea were at warfare and were mingled together in deadly confusion. Through all this fearful contest went the maiden, her long black hair tossed by the winds, her garments torn, her white feet bleeding, and leaving their red traces over the sand, until she came to a little cave she knew. She stood at its entrance, and the struggling moon-beam that glimmered through the edge of a black cloud, lighting up her form, made her seem like a wandering ghost by the side of the gloomy river of Tartarus.

As she stood and looked into the thick darkness of the cave, a man's voice, hoarse with terror, sounded from within.

"Iole, Iole, art thou come to visit me in death? Has no tomb yet received thy clay, that thou must wan-

der here as an avenging spirit. Iole, Iole, depart and let me die."

And the cry became a shriek of horror as Erotion drew nigh, and bent over the speaker—a grey-haired man, whose foreign garments, covered with sea-weed, and bruised limbs, bespoke him a shipwrecked stranger, driven thither by the storm.

"Fear me not," said the sweet voice of Erotion; "I am no spirit, but a woman, a priestess of the temple which is nigh here, the temple of Diana Taurica."

A cry such as only the wildest agony forces from man's lips, was uttered by the stranger—

"Diana Taurica—a priestess!" he shrieked. "Oh, ye gods, am I then here. It is no dream; thou art, indeed, Iole. Oh, tortured spirit! pardon! I knew not of thy vows—I knew not that to love thee was a sin. Spirit of Iole, pardon!"

Erotion shuddered as she listened to these ravings.

"Stranger, I am not Iole; I am Erotion, and never until now did mine eyes behold thee. Tell me who thou art, and why thou speakest thus wildly?"

"I am Tisamenes of Crete," answered the stranger, in a calmer voice. "Seventeen years ago, the fatal wrath

of the sea-gods threw me on this coast. I saw, wooed, and won a fair virgin, named Iole. I knew not her birth or fortunes, save that she loved me—oh, too well! Maiden, like thee she was a priestess of Diana. Her punishment was death. She betrayed me not; I escaped. Traitor that I was who dared not die with Iole! But she was revenged: night and day the furies haunt me; and she, too, oh, maiden—she stands and looks like thee—like thee; with her marble features, her dark floating hair, her mournful eyes. Off, off; look not at me with those eyes—they are the eyes of Iole."

As Erotion listened, her stature dilated, and wild excitement shone in her countenance. She lifted up her arms in the moonlight, which grew broader and brighter as the storm passed away, and cried—

"O great Diana, pardon! The will of the gods be done." Then she turned to the stranger, and said, in tones low and tremulous—"I never beheld father or mother. I was born in the temple sixteen years ago. They told me my mother was a priestess, who sinned and died; but I knew not her name till now. Oh, stranger! oh, father, let me kiss thy garment's hem; for I am Iole's child."

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGHOUT the calm moonlight summer's night which succeeded the tempest, the father and daughter sat together in the cave. Erotion bound up the bruised limbs of the shipwrecked man with her priestess' veil; she dipped her long tresses in the cool water, and laid them on his brow; she called him by the sweet name which her lips had never uttered before—"Father, dear father;" and the madness passed away from the soul of Tisamenes of Crete. He sat with his daughter's hand in his, looking into her calm sweet face, in which the wild enthusiasm of the vowed and inspired priestess was seen no more, but had given place to an expression of tenderness and human love.

"Now thou lookest like Iole," he would say—"not as the fearful vision for which I took thee, oh, my daughter, but like Iole in the days of our early love. I knew not but that the mur-

derers destroyed the babe with the mother. The gods be praised, that through sorrow, and shipwreck, and pain, I have found my child—the child of the dead Iole. I will stay here; I will never leave thee more, Erotion, since that is thy name; but I can only call thee my daughter, my sweet daughter. We will not be parted more."

As the morning dawned, Tisamenes tried to raise himself from the floor of the cave.

"I am faint, my child," he said, feebly—"faint from hunger. Take me with thee to the city where I may find food."

Erotion turned away, and wept.

"Oh, my father!" she said, "I thought not of this in my joy; the gods have pity upon us! Dost thou not know that for these sixteen years, as an atonement for thy—oh, not thy sin, my father, never will my

lips utter such word against thee;—but that since then, all strangers whom the sea casts on our shore are sacrificed to the vengeance of the goddess. Thou wilt be murdered; and I, how shall I save thee?"

"Is it even so, murmured Tisamenes. "Then the fates have brought me hither, that the same hands which shed Iole's blood may be imbrued in mine. I am content; since I have found thee, Erotion, let me die."

"Thou shalt not die, my father," cried Erotion, in a voice of shrill agony, which startled the very birds that the first beams of daylight had awakened from their cavern-nook, so that they flew over the heads of father and daughter, uttering discordant screams.

Tisamenes buried his face in his robe, and spoke no more; but Erotion, after a thoughtful silence, said quickly and decisively—

"My father, thou must stay here. It is bright morning; I will go in search of food—not to the temple—let them think I have perished in the storm. If no man will give me food, I will beg—I will steal; is it not for thee? Lie here in peace, my father; I will come again—thou shalt not die."

And Erotion, wrapping around her the fragments of her white robe, with her young face, no longer hidden by her priestess's veil, now pale, now glowing with shame, as curious eyes were cast upon its beauty, passed through solitary and devious ways into the city. She heard a wailing rise up from the temple, and saw a band of the sacred attendants come from the shore, with half-extinguished torches. As they passed her hiding-place, they talked, with low tones, of the lost priestess; of how, amidst the conflict of the elements, Diana had carried away her own. Then Erotion sprang up from where she had nestled beside a vine-dresser's cottage, snatched from the terrified wife her husband's repast of bread and olives, tore the rich bunches of grapes that hung beside her, and sped away like a hunted deer.

Ere long, Erotion was beside her almost dying father, with his head on her knee, placing between his parched lips the cooling fruit and the welcome food, and weeping over him with a fullness of joy that was utterly regardless of future sorrow.

"We will stay here, my father," she said, "until thou art recovered, and then, in the dead of night, we will go far away to the wild forest—I know it well. I will seek fruits for thee, and we will live with the birds and the flowers, and never know sorrow more."

Tisamenes lifted up his eyes; he was helpless as a child.

"I will go anywhere with thee, my daughter. The gods have surely pardoned my sin, since they have sent thee to me, Erotion."

As he spoke, a shadow darkened the mouth of the cave, and before them stood, stern, and cold, and silent as a figure of stone, Iphigenia, the high-priestess of the temple. Not a word passed between her lips, as she looked on the father and daughter clinging to each other in mute despair. She waved her hand, and the cave was filled with the armed guards of Thoas, the king, whose will doomed the sacrifice. Tisamenes was surrounded; rude hands untwined his daughter's clinging arms; he was borne away; Erotion was left lying on the floor of the cavern, cold and speechless. The servants of the temple advanced to seize her, but Iphigenia stayed them.

"Touch her not," said the stern tones of the daughter of Agamemnon; "she is the inspired of Diana. Shall I doom to death a child because she would fain preserve a father—I, who willingly had died for mine?"

The attendants silently departed, and the high-priestess was alone with Erotion.

"Arise, my daughter," said Iphigenia, lifting the maiden up by the cold, powerless hand—"arise and come with me."

"Erotion arose, and without a sigh or tear, as passively as one of those moving, lifelike, yet lifeless golden statues with which, as Homer sings, the artificer-god supported his steps, the maiden followed the high-priestess to the temple.

Tisamenes was doomed: no power, no prayers could save the man who had done sacrilege to the shrine of Diana, on whose altar the blood of many a guiltless stranger had been shed in vain atonement, until fate brought the rightful victim thither. So reasoned the kingly and priestly devotees, and night and day, until the day of sacrifice came, thankful libations were

poured upon the shrine, and pæans were chanted in joy that the atonement was come. Tisamenes lay in his prison, awaiting the time, calm, if not happy. Erotion, whose wild eyes gleamed with a yet stronger inspiration, so that none dared look upon her or stay her feet—Erotion went hither and thither at her own will, flitting about like a phantom—now in the city, now at the shrine, and then in the very prison where the captive lay. Sometimes she would look upon her father with eyes of fearful calmness, and then weep over him in frantic despair, repeating the agonized cry which had first rung in the fatal cave, “My father, my father, thou shalt not die.”

At last a sudden purpose seemed to give her strength and firmness. Some days before the yearly festival of Diana, whose midnight rites were to be crowned with a human sacrifice—the death of Tisamenes—Erotion, alone and unaided, passed from the prison doors to the palace of Thoas. The barbarian king of Taurica sat among his counsellors, when he was told that a maiden craved audience, and in the midst of that wild throng of savage men, the virgin priestess passed, until she stood like a vision of light before the throne of the king, and preferred her request—the prayer of a child for a father’s life.

“Oh, king,” she cried, “the very memory of the crime has passed away from earth; she who sinned was punished—oh, how sorely! and oceans of innocent blood have since then wiped out the stain. The goddess requires no more. Oh, Thoas, be merciful!” and through her streaming hair the face of Erotion, beautiful as that of Venus herself, was lifted up to the monarch, as she knelt at the feet of the throne.

Alcinous, the son of Thoas, arose and knelt beside her.

“Oh, king, oh, father, be merciful! hear the child who pleads for a father.”

Erotion turned towards the youth her lovely face in thankfulness, and and again repeated—“Be merciful!” But Thoas would not hear. Then the maiden rose up from her knees; her whole countenance changed—she was no longer the weeping girl, but the inspired priestess, who, with gleaming eyes and uplifted arms, poured forth her denunciations.

“Since thou hearest not prayers, oh, tyrant, hear the words of one in whom is the spirit of the goddess. How darest thou defile the pure shrine of Diana with human blood? How darest thou make her whom the goddess saved at Aulis, the high-priestess of a murderous rite, like that to which she herself was once doomed. Hear, oh, king—I see in the dim future the end of all this—I see the victim saved—the shrine deserted—the sacred statue borne away—the fane dishonoured, and all this shall surely be seen by thine own eyes likewise, if thou dost not hearken unto me.”

A dead silence pervaded the assembly. Thoas looked on the maiden whose passionate prophecies had struck terror into all hearts, and he quailed beneath her heroic gaze.

“Priestess,” he said, and his tone was like a suppliant, not a king, “take off thy curse; thy father’s blood shall not be on my hands. He shall depart to a far country, and may such as he never more come nigh the shrine of Diana Taurica.”

Without a word of acknowledgment, but with the air of one who had discharged a prophetic mission, Erotion glided from the presence-chamber. Many eyes followed her retreating form, so graceful in its youthful dignity; but the longest and most lingering gaze was that of the young and noble warrior, Alcinous.

CHAPTER V.

It was once again the high festival in honour of Diana Taurica. The young novices, the priestesses, even Iphigenia herself had donned their green tunics, and were celebrating, in the forest, the rites of the huntress-queen. Green leaves danced, and sunbeams glimmered

among the trees, through glades where Pan might have piped to the Hamadryads, or Silenus presided at the revels of the young Bacchus and the Tanus. The virgins of the temple felt the beauty of the spot, and wild songs of delight rose up from the lonely wood.

Erotion was among the band—but her heart was too full to sympathize with their joyous sports; she seemed weighed down by excess of happiness, and sought to be alone, to realize the blissful certainty that her father would not die.

The king had pledged his royal word that the horrible sacrifice should not take place; that at midnight the prisoner should be conveyed to the seashore, placed in a boat, and left to the mercy of the same ocean-powers, who had wafted him to Taurica. More than this Erotion dared not implore—but she feared not the wrath of waters, compared to that terrible doom, which had seemed hanging over Tisamenes. Her heart was no longer oppressed—this new and beloved tie had weaned her thoughts from those wild imaginings which had haunted her from childhood, causing her to be looked upon as one inspired. Earthly affections had sprung up within her young bosom; she clung to life, for the world was no more solitary; she forgot even her mysterious dream, in the devotion of filial love.

Erotion quitted her companions, and wandered to a lonely and quiet dell, which no human foot save her own had ever entered: only the wild hind came hither with her fawns, and the nightingale broke the stillness with her music. As Erotion entered, she heard her name breathed in tones low and tender as those which wooed Ariadne on the shore of Naxos. She turned, and beside her stood a youth, so beautiful in face, so graceful in form, that Apollo, when keeping the flocks of Admetus, was not fairer. It was Alcinous, the prince of Taurica.

Grateful tears came to the eyes of Erotion, as she remembered how he had knelt before his father's throne, and joined his prayer to hers; and then she trembled—for even to the king's son it was death to be found in the sacred wood.

"I bless thee—I will ever remember thee, O gentle and noble prince," cried Erotion; "but stay not here."

He heard her words as if he understood them not; but gazed on her as if it were a deity whom he beheld.

"Erotion—beautiful Erotion—hast thou ever seen a shadow following thy footsteps, day after day, haunting thee

in the temple, in the forest, to the prison-doors, and knewest not that it was I? Erotion, I say not that I love thee—I worship thee, I adore thee—I kneel before thee now, as thou dost kneel before thy goddess. I would die for thee, and yet I dare not ask of thee one answering word—Erotion, I dare not say, 'love me!'"

The young girl listened to these new and strange words, as if she heard them in a dream: no blush dyed her cheek, no maidenly shame bowed her head.

"Why sayest thou that I love thee not?" she answered, calmly; "I love all that is good and beautiful on earth: the birds, the trees—why should I not love thee? Thou, too, didst pray for my father, whom I love best of all."

Alcinous looked at her, and saw that in that pure and heavenly mind there was no trace of love like that which consumed him. He dashed himself on the ground at her feet, and cried in passionate tones—

"Erotion, this is not love like mine for thee; thou must love me—me only—as thy mother loved thy father. Thou must leave all for my sake, as I for thine—home, father, country. Oh, maiden, this is love."

She turned on him her calm soft eyes, and said—

"Alcinous, the love of which thou speakest, is not for me. I am a priestess—I have never felt thus. Rise, oh, prince, and talk no more of such love. Do not grieve," she continued, in sweet and compassionate tones, as Alcinous lifted from the grass his face, bedewed with burning tears; "Do not grieve—I pity thee—I love thee with the only love I can give; but I am vowed to heaven and to my father—he is saved, and I am happy."

Again the youth burst forth impetuously—

"Erotion, dost thou believe that false oath?—thy father must perish—his freedom is but a stratagem—no power can save him from death."

The young priestess grew cold as marble, but she stood immovable before her lover. He went on rapidly—

"Tisamenes must die—a subtle and lingering poison will be administered in his drink—and that pretended liberty will be given to him, when already in the iron fetters of slow but certain death."

"Is there no hope?" said Erotion,

in a tone so deadly calm, that it was terrible to hear.

"None; for the guards are sworn to see that the poison-cup has been drained before the prisoner is set free."

A light from the setting sun illumined the face of Erotion. It looked radiant with joy, until it was all but divine. Alcinous saw it not: with bowed head he pursued his vows and prayers:—

"Erotion, thou wilt be left alone—thy father will die; oh, let me be thy comforter—let me teach thee to love as I love thee—come, my beloved."

"Not yet—not yet," murmured Erotion, in a strangely altered voice; "the goddess must be obeyed; I see it now—I hear the mystic song—it is destiny—I come."

Wild with rapturous joy, Alcinous pressed her hand to his lips, his breast, his brow, and then vanished through the trees, as the singing train of priestesses was heard approaching nearer.

While the moon had risen, and the choral hymn to Cynthia was yet pealing through the city, Erotion came to the gate of the prison, where Tisamenes of Crete, now freed from the chains which had bound his limbs, waited for the blessed time of liberty. His daughter stood beside him, and kissed his hands, his robe, with a rapturous expression of joy.

"The hour is almost come, my father," she cried, "and thou wilt be free. We shall depart together, I and thou; far over the sea we will sail together; yes," she continued, "this

night I shall cross it—the wild, wild sea—the desert shore—I remember all."

And then a shivering came over the maiden, and her words sank in broken murmurings.

"Thou art not afraid, my child," said Tisamenes; "not even of the gloomy ocean, when I am with me."

"No, no," hastily cried Erotion; "I think but of thee—I am happy, most happy, O my father."

As she spoke, her eyes glanced anxiously round the prison, and rested on a goblet of carved wood, filled to the brim with Chian wine.

"I thirst, I thirst, my father," said Erotion, in low tones, as her head drooped upon his shoulder; "I have been a weary journey in the forest this day; wilt thou give me to drink?"

Tisamenes placed the cup in his daughter's hand.

"The gods have been good to us this day; it is meet we should acknowledge their benefits," she said. "Oh thou, whom we worship as Diana Triformis, accept the offering I bring thee now—a libation not unworthy of thee;" and lifting upwards her calm eyes, Erotion poured on the floor of the dungeon a few drops from the goblet; then putting it to her lips, she drained it to the dregs.

"My father, my father!" she cried, throwing herself on the breast of Tisamenes, as the guard of Thoas entered. "The will of Diana is accomplished; thou art indeed saved!"

CHAPTER VI.

BENEATH the silence of the midnight moon, a boat put off from the shore of Taurica. In it were only an old man and a girl, Tisamenes, of Crete, and his daughter. The little vessel had scarcely spread its oary wings, when a dark figure sprang from behind a rock, and plunging into the sea, pursued the boat. Soon from the waves that revelled around its prow, rose the face of Alcinous; his golden locks, dripping with brine, and his eyes bent with mournful earnestness to where Erotion sat, silent and calm, by her father's side. Tisamenes drew the youth into the boat.

"Thou wouldst leave me, then,

Erotion," Alcinous cried, passionately, "but it shall not be so. I will follow thee wherever thou goest, whether thou lovest me or not—through life, unto death."

"Be it so, Alcinous," replied the young priestess, in her own low tones. She took his hand, pressed it softly in hers, and then turned again to her father.

Hour after hour the three floated over the still ocean, which lay sleeping in the moonlight, nor suffered one angry wave to arise on its bosom, to bring fear or danger to the fugitives. Erotion half reclined on her father's bosom, while Alcinous lay crouched

at her feet, never turning his eyes from her face, except to look anxiously and mournfully at Tisamenes of Crete. Erotion spoke little; was it only the moonlight that made her countenance appear at times so deadly pale? Alcinous thought so, but the expression it wore was so divine in angelic repose and perfect beauty, that a feeling of awe crept over him, stilling even the passionate emotions of his love. At times he fancied the cold sea-breeze made her whole frame tremble; now and then he saw her lips quiver; she would clasp her father's hand with an agonized movement, and then be calm again.

The moon sank, and the night grew dark. A heavy sleep, which Alcinous thought was the forerunner of death, fell upon Tisamenes. The youth hardly dared to breathe, lest he should bring anguish to her he loved so well. Anxiously did he watch the first stream of dawn, and, as it appeared, a cold, wandering hand touched his own, thrilling his inmost frame.

It was too dark to see Erotion's

face; but her voice sounded faint and quivering.

"Alcinous, my father sleeps; tell him all is well with me. I have fulfilled my destiny; he is saved!"

A light sigh, a faint movement, were all that Alcinous distinguished; but ere long the broad sunbeam glided over the waters, and rested on the sleepers; one wrapped in the calm slumber of weariness after toil—the other lay sleeping also, most beautiful, but it was the beauty of eternal rest.

As Alcinous looked, he saw what seemed a white dove rise in the air. Whence it came he knew not; it hovered awhile over the vessel, then spread its dazzling wings to the sun, and departed. The youth watched it as it flew, over the kindling sea, over the lovely shore, to which they had been wafted, over the blue mountains, higher and higher, until he saw it no more. Then Alcinous knew that it was the spirit of the beautiful, the self-devoted one, whom the gods had loved, and taken away—that it was the soul of Erotion.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S "OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD."*

HAD the author of the work before us brought out a "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*," instead of a *Journey round the World*, he has enough of the charm of manner to ensure it a good reception, and when, with all the advantages of style, he presents us with the decided novelty of "*An Overland Journey round the World*," it is easy to see that his book must at once become an all-read favorite. "*An Overland Journey round the World*" is, in the puffing dialect of the day, an "attractive novelty;" but, unlike the novelties to which this hand-bill phrase is usually applied, its very name bespeaks the substantial reality of its claims. Yet this name is not unlikely to be quarrelled with. It is not to be supposed that the hero of the undertaking, grasping his trusty stick, and slyly approximating the North Pole,

accomplished the marvel of a circum-terrestrial walk. Were such a thing practicable, the title of his book would not have been half so honest as it is at present. He made some transits by sea, and is, nevertheless, as fully justified in calling his work "*an overland journey*," as preceding authors who, uncavilled at, and fairly, named theirs "*An Overland Journey from Constantinople*;" another, "*An Overland Journey from India*"—no one supposing that either of the respective writers meant to aver that he reached England all by land, but only that his travel was chiefly by terra firma, instead of being by what was before the more accustomed way—the sea. The adventurous Sir George Simpson, the experienced governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories in North America, needs not the foreign aid of

* "*Narrative of a Journey Round the World, during the years 1841-2. By Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories in North America.*" 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1847.

any showy title to direct attention to his narrative. His name alone would commend it, or, were that suppressed, his volumes have enough of sterling merit, not merely to gain the favour of the English public, but to insure their being transferred, and speedily, into most of the languages of Europe. The two great topics of the work, are, first, his story of a summer progress from Montreal, and through the pathless prairies of the Hudson's Bay Company, westward to the Pacific; and next, what we may term an industrial run through Siberia. In regard to the vast domains comprised in the former, their resources, political prospects, and the Indian tribes which haunt them, no other person, perhaps, could tell so much, or speak so well; and his pages suggest to us altogether new views of the government and value of the great Russian penitentiary. To these points, therefore, we direct the attention of our readers, intimating, at the same time, that there are others which would well reward it; as, for example, California, the Sandwich Islands, and an account of the Russian settlements in North America. Wherever he goes, the author will be found not only a well-prepared and a wise observer, but, what is almost as much to a reader's purpose, a lively companion, and a first-rate sketcher.

The following is a trace of the tourist's path: From Liverpool to Boston—to Montreal. Then on to the remote Red River Settlement, and thence far across the prairies, and over the Rocky Mountains, to Vancouver. Then northward to Sitka, the station of the Russia-American Company, and from that back to Vancouver—to Astoria, where, embarking on the smooth Pacific, he proceeded to St. Francisco, in California. From this last place he crossed to the Sandwich Islands, and thence sailed again to Sitka, where, traversing the sea once more, he landed at Ochotsk, in Siberia. Through the lone territory of this extensive province—more like a continent than a province—and where the natural sentiment and prevailing maxim is, that "God is high, and the emperor far off," our unwearied traveller passed on to Moscow—St. Petersburg, and from this last capital, by steam, to Lubeck, Hamburg, and London, having thus completed the journey round the world in about half the time which it ever took before, that is, in little more than

eighteen months, or, precisely, nineteen months and twenty-six days.

On the 3d of March, 1841, Sir Geo. Simpson left London for Liverpool. He was accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Hopkins, by five attachés of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by a Russian gentleman belonging to the Russian-American Company, and *en route* from St. Petersburg to Sitka, and who, as a short cut, was coming round from St. Petersburg by England, Canada, and through the Hudson's Bay territories to Sitka. A look at the map will shew that this round-about is, in fact, a materially shorter course than what seems at first the direct line, through Siberia. Next day they embarked on board the "*Caledonia*" steamer for Boston, and the incident of the voyage was, that nine days afterwards they encountered the fearful storm in which the "*President*" was lost. Their canvas was torn to rags, one of their boats swept overboard—their cut-water was carried away—seven of their men were severely injured, and the most experienced of the passengers were the most alarmed. The characteristic of the tempest was, that it came from every point of the compass in succession, and raised such a cross-sea that, even when the wind had abated, the steamer could not keep her course, but was obliged to lay-to for several hours. On the 18th, they made Halifax, and on the 20th entered Boston bay. Boston has more of an English look than any other city of the United States. Even as seen from the sea, her highly-cultivated, undulating shores, recall the green hills of home. The appearance of the buildings, and of the inhabitants, strengthens this impression, and Sir George Simpson adverts to other circumstances calculated to increase it:—

"Boston," he says, "is the centre and soul of those religious establishments which have placed the United States next to Great Britain in the divine task of shedding on the nations the light of the Gospel; and she is the nursery and home of most of those commercial adventurers who have elevated the influence of America above that of England, in more than one of those regions which lie within the contemplated range of my wanderings."

But if this city has much of an English aspect, there are also centred some of the proudest recollections of

America. It was in the town-hall of Boston that the revolution was planned, from her quays that the goods, unwisely taxed by our government, were thrown into the water; and, as our author adds, it was by her citizens that Bunker's-hill, the first battle for American independence, was dared and won.

From Boston Sir George proceeded on through Vermont to Montreal—his adventure by the way being all redolent of the transatlantic tour. The driver of his sleigh calls himself "Captain" Smith, and when, after forty-two hours hard jolting, he seeks repose in the American hotel at Burlington, on Lake Champlain, he is awakened three hours before his time in the following manner:—

"Four hours being a very scanty allowance of sleep for two whole days, I was not surprised at being nearly as drowsy as ever, when I was roused by a peal of blows at my door. In spite, however, of laziness, and of a cold morning to boot, I had completed the operations of washing and dressing by candle-light, having even donned hat and gloves to join my companions, when the waiter entered my room with a grin—'I guess,' said the rascal, 'I've put my foot in it; are you the man that wanted to be called at two?' 'No,' was my reply. 'Then,' said he, 'I calculate I've fixed the wrong man, so you had better go to bed again.' Having delivered himself of this friendly advice, he went to awaken my neighbour, who had all this time been quietly enjoying the sleep that properly belonged to me. Instead of following the fellow's recommendation, I sat up for the rest of the night, thinking one hour's snooze hardly worth the trouble of rubbing my eyes a second time."—Vol. i., p. 10.

On the 4th of May our author left Montreal for the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and was joined in his bark-canoe by the Earls of Caledon and Mulgrave, who were desirous of sharing the adventure of a journey to Red River settlement, being about the distance of two thousand miles, and of proceeding thence to hunt the buffalo in its own wild domains.

We pause to praise the energy of our young noblemen, and to remind our readers that Colonel Campbell, in his work on Ceylon, knowing, we suppose, that his countrymen had very little regard for difficulties or for distance, calls on them to forego the easy

sports of home, and to try the perils and pleasures of tiger and elephant shooting in the jungle of that island.

Colonel Oldfield, head of the engineer department in Canada, with his aid-de-camp, Mr. Bainbrigge, also proceeded with them, as far as Lake Nipissin, to make a survey in reference to the means of navigation. Heavy canoes had been sent on, and the party now started in two light canoes, with crews, one of thirteen, the other of fourteen men, partly Canadians, but chiefly Iroquois.

"The canoes, these tiny vehicles of an amphibious navigation, are constructed in the following manner. The outside is formed of the thick and tough bark of the birch, the sheets being sewed together with the root of the pine-tree split into threads, and the seams gummed to make them air-tight. The gunwales are of pine or cedar, of about three inches square; and in their lower edges are inserted the ribs, made of thin pieces of wood, bent to a semicircle. Between the ribs and the back is a coating of lathing, which, besides warding off internal injury from the fragile covering, serves to impart a firmness to the vessel. These canoes are generally about thirty-five feet from stem to stern; and are five feet wide in the centre, gradually tapering to a point at each end, where they are raised about a foot. When loaded, they draw scarcely eighteen inches of water; and they weigh between three and four hundred pounds."—Vol. i., p. 14.

Although the month was May, the weather was cheerless and severe. The waves of the St. Lawrence, as they started, resembled those of the sea, and the snow was drifting in their faces. They proceeded up the Ottawa, passed St. Anne's rapids, the Lake of the Two Mountains, and at evening reached the first station of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here they rested till midnight, when, putting off again, they next morning arrived at the foot of the Long Sault, a succession of rapids of about twelve miles in length, and soon afterwards reached the Lock of Carillon, the first of a series of artificial works erected by government to avoid these rapids, and passed through them without difficulty. The third morning, after breakfasting, with "the wet ground for their table, and with rain, in place of milk, to cool their tea," they passed near the Rideau falls, and trying to approach them

too closely, were swept by the current into the middle of the river, their gun-wales being covered with foam. These magnificent falls are about fifty feet in height, and three hundred in breadth, and derive their name from their resemblance to a curtain. Another hour took them to the Chaudière rapids, the first of a series of impediments, which extend upwards to the lake of that name. Between the Rideau and the Chaudière there is a striking contrast. "The former," says our author, "is a mere fall of water from one level to another; but the latter presents a desperate struggle of the majestic Ottawa, leaping, with a roar of thunder, from ledge to ledge, and from rock to rock, till at last, wearied, as it were, with its buffetings, it sinks exhausted into the placid pool below." On the border of the Chaudière lake, near the village of Aylmer, our travellers encamped for the night; but the bull-frogs, stimulated by the light of their fires, allowed them little rest, and soon after sunrise they proceeded on, making a portage round Les Chutes des Chats, into the rapids which terminate the lake of that name. They had that day to encounter a succession of heavy portages, and on the following morning, leaving the last of the series, the Grand Calumet, they proceeded, without further difficulty, to Fort Conlonge, which stands at the distance of some two hundred and ten miles from Montreal. Here they had to receive supplies, and their numbers were increased by the addition of some of the Company's officers. On the next morning, that of the 9th of May, the ice was so thick that they were obliged to break a path for their canoes, and when the sun had aided them in this operation, they soon after encountered another obstacle in the form of a boom placed across the river, and which reminded them that they were now in the region of these pioneers of civilization—the lumberers.

"The custom among these hardy fellows is for each person to place his mark on his own timber when he fells it in winter; the logs are then dragged to the bank of the river over the snow, there remaining to be wafted by the rising of the waters to the nearest boom.

At this common point of union, each lumberer combines first his sticks into cribs, and then his cribs into rafts—the latter being like floating hamlets, with four or five huts, and a population of twenty or thirty men. In descending a rapid, the raft is again separated into its cribs, each crib generally carrying its own proportion of the crew; and at some places—at the Joachin, for instance—all fastenings are untied, so as to let the trees take their chance, one by one, down the unmanageable surge."—Vol. i., p. 18.

The commerce, for which these lumberers are preparing the way, is likely soon to enliven the banks of the Ottawa, although at this hour it is clothed with dark forests to its water's edge, and the country about it is a wilderness. It is a magnificent river, and the district through which it flows is, according to Sir George Simpson, rich in many of the elements of agriculture and of trade, such as good climate, variety of soil, water-power, and timber. On the next day, the 10th of May, they reached the point where the Mattawa flows into the Ottawa, having thus accomplished, and in a trying season, the distance of about four hundred miles.

On entering the Mattawa, they saw signals of danger to which they were often exposed, in crosses* erected over the bodies of two men, who were lost in running the adjacent rapid; and as they proceeded, they had occasion to remark how greatly a traveller's estimate of scenery is modified by the state of the weather in which he sees it. Captain Back, who passed this way in gloomy rain, thought it the dreariest of all the dismal places he had seen, while to our party it wore a cheerful summer look; the sky was bright, the stream still and smooth, and every point they doubled was clad to the water's side with trees of richest foliage. They had had their experience of wet weather; "rain," says Sir George, "is a comparative trifle, while one enjoys the shelter of an oil-cloth in the canoe. The misery hardly begins to be felt till you are deposited, with all your seams exposed to the weather, on the long grass, though even this stage has the merit of being far less wretched than that of forcing

* The Bishop of Montreal, in his most interesting Journal of his Voyage from Montreal to Red River, notices these crosses—marks of the hazards of the way,—and speaks of one on which were inscribed the words—"Aujourd'hui moi, demain toi."

your way among the dripping branches." If they were for a while relieved from these troubles, they had to learn others, which flesh is heir to, from mosquitoes. The following is a description of a day's march, given as a general specimen of the whole journey :—

"To begin with the most important of our proceedings, the business of encamping for one brief night, we selected about sunset, some dry and tolerably close spot, and immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and great coats at discretion; and whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvas formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards, to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate the stitching and gumming; and as the little vessels are made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind, and rain, and cold at defiance almost as effectually as ourselves.

"Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of '*Lève, lève, lève!*' In five minutes, woe to the inmates who were slow in dressing, the tents were tumbling about our ears; and within half an hour the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and repacking the equipage, laying and removing the cloth, boiling and frying, eating and drinking; and while the preliminaries were arranging, the hardier among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we

usually put ashore, for dinner; and as this meal needed no fire, or, at least, got none, it was not allowed to occupy twenty minutes or half an hour.

"Such was the routine of our journey, the day, generally speaking, being divided into six hours of rest, and eighteen of labour. This almost incredible toil the voyageurs bore without a murmur, and generally with such a hilarity of spirit as few other men could sustain for a single afternoon."—Vol. i. pp. 19, 20, 21.

The quality of the work, it seems still more than the quantity, needs men of iron mould. The paddle is plied with twice the rapidity of the oar; in shallows the canoe is dragged by these poor fellows, wading to their loins; in rapids the towing-line is hauled over rocks and stumps, through swamps and thickets; and on the portages, where the tracks are "of all imaginable kinds and degrees of badness," the canoes have first to be carried, and then the baggage, each man bearing two pieces, of about a hundred and eighty pounds *avoirdupois*, suspended in leather slings placed across his forehead, thus leaving his hands free to clear his way among the branches of the standing trees. After these days of toil the resting-place of the party was often bad, "the ground damp, the water muddy, the frogs obstreperous, and the snakes familiar;" but exercise and bracing air brought to all the well-earned compensation—balmy sleep.

The route which our travellers were taking admits of a new geographical arrangement, being distributable into the regions of the farmer, the lumberer, and the fur-trader; and having passed through the two former, they were now entering the last-mentioned division. Leaving behind them the Falls of Lake Talon on the Mattawa, they reached Lake Nipissin, and gaining its outlet, French River, they ran some rapids resembling canals cut in the solid rock, and thus descended to Lake Huron. The northern shores of the lake are formed of barren hills, dotted with stunted pines; the southern and the Manitoulin islands are more fertile, and are peopled, to a considerable extent, by Europeans and Indians. On the 16th of the month they reached Sault Sainte Marie, the strait which admits the waters of Lake Superior into Lake Huron, and which Sir George Simpson calls the connecting link between the steam-boat and

the canoe. On one side of it there is an American village, and on the other a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. They had now before them some seven hundred miles to the head of Lake Superior, and were anticipating an easy run through still water for all that distance. It was now but a month to midsummer; they had heard the notes of the boatmen's friend, the whip-poor-will, the harbinger of warm weather, which flowers as well as birds were announcing; the nights were so sultry that they read and wrote in the open air by moonlight, and during the day the sun was bright, and the sky cloudless; but yet the too, too, solid ice seemed as little disposed to melt as in the depth of winter, and the thermometer, which stood at 73 degrees in the shade, was hardly above the freezing point in the water. To make this disappointment more serious they had no stores but biscuits, and even these were not sufficient for many days. They seem, however, to have been in no great danger of a famine, their noble companions supplying their table with hare and partridge, and the lake affording the white fish for which North America is famous. In consequence of this state of things they lost a week in Lake Superior, but at the close of that time made rapid progress. At a station called the Pic, near the mouth of a small river of the same name, on the northern shores of the lake, the Hudson's Bay Company have established a missionary, and they assist two others who make stated visits to the Indian camps in that neighbourhood. This does them the more honour, inasmuch as the district forms a part of Canada, and the Company, as Sir George Simpson remarks, has no share in the government of it, nor does it enjoy a monopoly of its trade. From La Pic they proceeded to Fort William, near the head of Lake Superior, once the chief station of the North West American Company, passing on their way the Thunder Mountain, which our author describes as one of the most appalling objects of the kind he had ever seen. It is "a black rock, about twelve hundred feet above the level of the lake, with a perpendicular face of its full height towards the west." At Fort William they exchanged their two canoes for three of smaller size, the waters they had thenceforward to pass being shallower, and the navigation more difficult; and they also gave audience to a band of Chippeway In-

dians, whose chief was dressed in a new scarlet coat with gold epaulettes, and the buttons still in paper, while his nether limbs were unconscious of trousers.

One of the most important pieces of information which we gather from the work before us is, that the dreary wastes and barren rocks which form the northern shores of Lake Superior, are about to yield rich harvests of mineral wealth, rivalling in this the Altai and Uralian mountains. They have been long known to contain iron; but since Sir George Simpson passed them, some of our enterprising Canadians have ascertained that they also abound in gold, silver, copper, and tin, and associations are already formed to work them. The southern shore has also been found to possess rich veins of copper and silver. The impulse which this circumstance is likely to give to the advancement of these regions, and to the country between them and Montreal, lends a new interest to the route we are describing.

Fort William is situated at the mouth of the Kaministiquia, a river of great beauty, which they ascended, and soon after reached a portage formed by the Kakabeka Falls, next in volume to those of Niagara, and having the advantage of its more known rival in height of fall and wildness of scenery. The valley of the Kaministiquia, now silent, but likely soon to be a scene of industry and happiness, is mentioned by our author as one of the loveliest he passed through in all his extensive tour, and merits, as well for this distinction, as because of its coming prospects, the honour of an extract.

"The river, during the day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, &c., being studded with isles not less fertile and lovely than its banks; and many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the numerous portages were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wild flowers; while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was imbued, as it were, with life, by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues. Compared with the adamantine deserts of Lake Superior, the Kaministiquia presented a perfect paradise.

"One cannot pass through this fair valley without feeling that it is destined, sooner or later, to become the happy home of civilized men, with their happy

ing flocks, and their lowing herds—with their schools, and their churches—with their full garners, and their social hearths. At the time of our visit, the great obstacle in the way of so blessed a consummation was, the hopeless wilderness to the eastward, which seemed to bar for ever the march of settlement and cultivation. But that very wilderness, now that it is to yield up its long-hidden stores, bids fair to remove the very impediment which hitherto it has itself presented. The miners of Lake Superior, besides establishing a continuity of route between the east and west, will find their nearest and cheapest supply of agricultural produce in the valley of the Kaministiquia.”—Vol. i. p. 37.

On the 30th they crossed Dog Portage, about two miles in length. The view from the summit of the rich valley we have been just describing is mentioned as very fine. This portage derives its name from the figures of two enormous dogs marked in the turf, in the same manner as the horse in Whitehorse Vale, on the Bath road. Traversing the height of land which divides Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, they descended a small river to the beautiful lake of a Thousand Lakes, and thence, through Sturgeon Lake, into the Maligne, and again through Lake la Croix, to the Macan, a stream which, like the Maligne, is perilous to canoes, from the sharp stones with which it abounds. As they passed along these two rivers, they saw, at every rapid and fall, platforms erected by the Indians, stretching some twenty feet from the shore, where, spear in hand, they sit, silent and motionless, for hours, “till some doomed fish comes within the range of their unerring weapon.” Their mode of treating the fish in another particular is peculiar:—

“If they take more sturgeon than what they immediately require, they tether the supernumeraries, by a string through the mouth and gill, to the bank; and this mode of confinement, at least for a week or two, affects neither the weight nor the flavour of the prisoners.”

As they were passing on to Lac le Pluie, an incident occurred not unfrequent in the forest and the prairie—fire burst forth suddenly from the woods beside them:—

“The flames, crackling and clambering up each tree, quickly rose above the forest; within a few minutes more, the dry grass on the very margin of the water was in a running blaze; and, before we were well clear of the danger, we were almost enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes. These conflagrations, often caused by a wanderer's fire, or even by his pipe, desolate large tracts of country, leaving nothing but black and bare trunks, and even these sometimes mutilated into stumps—one of the most dismal scenes on which the eye and the heart can look. When once the consuming element gets into the thick turf of the primeval wilderness, it sets everything at defiance; and it has been known to smoulder for a whole winter under the deep snow.”—Vol. i. p. 40.

At Fort Francis, near Lac le Pluie, they were met by a band of a hundred Indians, warriors of the Salteaux tribe, to ask an interview with the Governor for the following day, and which was granted. They passed the night in incantation ceremonies, the scene of which was their conjuring tent, a structure of branches and bark, forty feet by ten, where, round a large fire, stood the chiefs and medicine-men,* muttering charms and committing offerings to the flames; while others starting up, marched round the circle, whooping and drumming all night. Next day they all came forward in grand costume, the chiefs in scarlet coats and gold lace; the naked bodies of the others emulating the uniforms of their chiefs in the brilliant colour of their red paint, and surpassing them in tightness of fit—their foreheads were chalked white, noses and cheeks painted red, and the mouths and chins black. Not to be outdone, the Governor and his party also robed for the occasion. Lords Caledon and Mulgrave had their regimentals, while the civilians appeared in dressing-

* There is small encouragement for physicians among the North-American Indians. If the medicine-man fails in a cure, it is quite a common thing to make him pay the forfeit of his life. Captain Wilkes, in his account of the United States Exploring Expedition, mentions the case of a Mr. Black, a chief trader at Vancouver, who, seeing an Indian ill, kindly gave him medicine. The Indian died, and his son subsequently called on Mr. Black, as he may have thought to thank him, but it was to avenge his father's death, and raising his gun, the savage shot Mr. Black dead.

gowns, which, being of large patterns and showy hues, were the theme of universal admiration. One of the Salteaux thought proper to appropriate a dirk of Lord Mulgrave's; but on its being made known that it was missing, it was, two days afterwards, sent back. The Salteaux were once a most powerful tribe, but have been much reduced by measles and small-pox; and though they still number about four thousand souls, and are scattered over a vast extent of territory, they can hardly make out the means of sustenance. Their hunting-grounds, being near the head-quarters of the fur-market, are nearly exhausted; and their savage attributes of indolence and pride render them indisposed to avail themselves of their fertile soil, and become, as they express it, "troublers of the earth." Their liking for a wandering life, is, as Sir George Simpson says, the more to be regretted, as, until they settle as agriculturists, there is little hope of their deriving advantage from the missionaries whom the Company has introduced amongst them.

From Fort Francis, in Lac le Pluie, they had a clear run of a hundred miles down an open river to the Lake of the Woods; and thence pressing on in their amphibious course, and passing rapids and falls of matchless grandeur, they, on the 8th of June, reached Fort Alexander, on Lake Winipeg; and next morning, entering the grand traverse which leads to the mouth of Red River, they arrived that evening at the lower fort of Red River settlement, having just before had the satisfaction of seeing a large and happy-looking village of Indians settled as agriculturists, under the charge of Mr. Smithurst, of the Church Missionary Society. They had still to go twenty-three miles up the river to Fort Garry, the chief station, the residence of the governor of the colony, and the terminus of their journey, where they arrived on the 10th of June; having thus, in thirty-eight days, accomplished a voyage of two thousand miles, the toils and trials of which we have been able to indicate but imperfectly.

Red River settlement possesses a good deal of interest, not from its remoteness only, but also as connected with the history of our emigration system. The late Earl of Selkirk, observing the extent to which the highlanders of his native Scotland were

migrating to the United States, submitted to government the wisdom and expediency of directing the course of emigration to our own colonies. His first memorial was presented in 1802, but was unattended to; and having, with little encouragement and no success, pressed his views on successive administrations, he at length resolved to try their feasibility at his own expense. In the year 1811, the Hudson's Bay Company ceded to him a large tract of their territory, in the generous hope that, while the colonists promoted the cultivation of the soil, they would also advance the civilization of the Indian tribes. The first emigrants were mountaineers from Scotland, chiefly from the Orkneys; and houses were built, and preparations made for their reception, before they went out. The soil was rich, the ground needed no clearing, the rivers were stocked with fish, the prairies abounded in buffaloes, and the more distant woods in game; while the hunting-grounds of the Salteaux being respected, these Indians regarded them as friends. In 1813, they amounted to a hundred souls; and for a time the colony, owing to inundations, and other trials to which these districts are exposed, advanced but slowly, but, in 1821, was thriving and secure; and though, since the death of Lord Selkirk, which took place in 1820, no attempt has been made to recruit the colony from Europe, they now amount, settlers and half-breeds, to about five thousand souls. The country given to Lord Selkirk extends along the Assiniboine and the Red Rivers; and from the former has received the name of Assiniboia, while the better-known settlement has been called after the latter and larger stream. Fort Garry, the chief establishment of the place, stands between these rivers, about 50 miles from Lake Winipeg, and 75 from the frontier. The summers resemble those of Canada; the winters are longer and more severe, the thermometer for weeks together showing at some hour of the day more than thirty degrees below zero, and the mercury being often frozen. The settlers do not altogether depend on agriculture, but hunt the buffalo, and procure dried meat, pemmican, grease, and tongues, for which the Company affords them a market. Lord Selkirk's views, in regard to directing and aiding emigration, have been for some years adopted and acted on by our government; but

the interests of the adventurers have not been always so well attended to, or the results so thoroughly successful, as in the well-conducted settlement we have been describing, secluded, as it is, in an arctic wilderness, and far removed from any civilized district.

A few days after their arrival at Fort Garry, Sir George Simpson sent on Lords Caledon and Mulgrave with a party of hunters to the plains. In order to see the country well, and to ensure their sharing in the adventures which characterize it, these young noblemen had contemplated returning through the districts of the Sioux Indians, to St. Peter's, on the Mississippi. Lord Caledon succeeded in effecting this, but Lord Mulgrave was, from indisposition, obliged to retrace his steps, first to Fort Garry, and then, by the route he came, to Montreal. We must allow our author to describe a buffalo-hunt, at which he assisted. It is the great sport as well as a source of trade in the prairies, and the horses trained to it, take as much pleasure in the pursuit as their riders. On coming up with their game, the party saw them grazing or stalking about in groups of from twenty to a hundred, and amounting in all to about the number of five thousand. The buffalo is of greater size than the domestic cattle, but with shorter legs. The head, about a third of its entire length, gives it a wild, uncouth appearance, while the beard and mane, resembling those of the lion, increase its savage aspect.

"When running fast, it tosses its rugged frontispiece at every step; but notwithstanding its terrific looks, it is really a timid creature, excepting that when urged by despair, to do justice to its physical powers, it becomes a fearful antagonist.

"Several parties, of about six or eight men each, having been formed for the occasion, each division approached its own body cautiously, till within a few hundred feet of the devoted band, it rushed at full gallop on its prey. Taking the alarm, the animals immediately started off at a canter in single file, an old bull usually taking the lead. When alongside, as they soon were, the hunters fired, loading and discharging, again and again, always with fatal effect, without slackening their pace. The dexterity with which the experienced sportsman can manage his gun is quite wonderful. While his steed is constantly galloping, he primes his lock, pours out the proper quantity of powder,

first into his left hand, and then into the muzzle, drops a ball upon the charge without wadding, having merely wetted it in his mouth, and then knocks down the fattest cow within his reach—all in less than half a minute. The morning chase resulted in about fifty killed; but so abundant were provisions at this moment, that, after taking the tongues, we left the carcasses to the mercy of the wolves.

"The affair, however, is very different when the professional hunters go; in hundreds to the plains to make as much as they can of the buffalo. When they meet the herd, which often makes the whole scene almost black with its numbers they rush forward, pell-mell, firing and loading as already mentioned; and while the bullets fly, amid clouds of smoke and dust, the infuriated beasts run in every direction, with their tormentors still by their sides. By reason of the closeness of the conflict, serious accidents from shots are comparatively rare; and nearly all the casualties are the result of falls, which few riders have leisure either to prevent or to soften.

"When the buffaloes are dispersed, or the horses exhausted, or the hunters satisfied, then every man proceeds to recognize his own carcasses, having marked one with his cap, another with his coat, a third with his belt, a fourth with his fire-bag, and so forth, and then come into play the science and art of curing what has been killed. Sometimes dried meat is preferred, the bones being taken out, and the flesh hung up in the sun; but, if pemmican be the order of the day, the lean, after being dried, is pounded into dust, which, being put in a bag made of the hide, is enriched with nearly an equal weight of melted fat."

—Vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

These animals are, we are told, incredibly numerous. Our author once saw ten thousand of their putrid carcasses lying in a ford, and contaminating the air for miles around. Their habits are singular; they make annual migrations, reversing the ordinary course of birds of passage; for in the winter they seek the north, to gain, in that severe season, the shelter of the woods; as summer comes, they proceed southward, for the purpose of avoiding the mosquitoes, and in autumn they resort instinctively to the salt-lakes, for the benefit of the waters. Although constantly assailed by whites and savages, this animal still appears to increase in numbers. Besides maintaining settlers and natives all the year, in even a wasteful manner, the buffalo, we are told, is made up into pemmican and dried meat for the Com-

pany's service. The red-deer, the moose, and the fur-bearing animals are, in many of the districts, becoming scarce, but the latter, were it not for the wantonness with which the Indians destroy them, would be as plenty as the buffaloes.

The fur trade, which was formerly pursued chiefly about the lakes and rivers, in batteaux and canoes, is now carried on mainly by Indians in the pay of the Company, and by trappers. No picture of these regions would be complete without a description of the "trapper." The following is taken from Dunn's "*History of the Oregon Territory*," cited in Mr. Macgregor's most valuable and important work on "*The Progress of America*":—

"A totally different class has now sprung up—the 'mountaineers'—the traders and trappers that scale the vast mountain chains, and pursue their hazardous vocation amidst their wild recesses—moving from place to place on horseback—exposed not alone to the perils of the wilderness, but to the perils of attack from fierce Indians, to whom it has become as favourable an exploit to harass and waylay a band of trappers, as it is to the Arabs of the desert to plunder a caravan. The equestrian exercises in which they are constantly engaged, the nature of the country they traverse—vast plains and mountains, pure and exhilarating in their atmospheric qualities—seem to make them, physically and mentally, a more lively, vigorous, and daring race than the fur traders and trappers of former days, who generally had huts or tents to shelter them from the inclemency of the seasons, were seldom exposed to the hostility of the native, and generally were within reach of supplies from the settlements. There is, perhaps, no class of men on earth who lead a life of more continued exertion, danger, and excitement, and who are more enamoured of their occupations, than the fur-trappers of the wild regions of the far West. No toil, no danger, no privation, can turn aside the trapper from his pursuit. If his meat is not ready in time, he takes his rifle, hies to the forest, shoots his game, lights his fire, and cooks his repast. With his horse and his rifle, he is independent of the world, and spurns its restraints. In vain may the most cruel and vigilant savages beset his path—in vain may rocks, and precipices,

and wintry torrents, oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all danger, and defies all difficulties. At times he may be seen, with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amidst floating blocks of ice; at other times, with his traps slung on his back, clambering the most rugged mountains—scaling or descending the most frightful precipices—searching, by routes inaccessible to horses, and never before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, where he may meet with his favourite game. This class of hunters are generally Canadians by birth, and of French descent; who, after being bound to serve the traders for a certain number of years, and receive wages, or hunt on shares, then continue to hunt and trap on their own account, trading with the company, like the Indians—hence they are called freemen."

On the 3rd of July, our author resumed his course, and leaving Fort Garry, commenced his progress through the sea of plains, westward to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The journey from Montreal was, as we have seen, accomplished in the bark canoe, the longer and more difficult undertaking now before him was to be performed on horseback. The party had led horses and relays at the respective stations of the company they were to make for, and, as for a considerable part of the way, that is, as far as Edmonton, the country is sufficiently practicable for wheels, they had light carts for their luggage. As the cavalcade defiled into the prairie, the horizon before them was, we are told, as well defined as that of the blue ocean. The scenery for the first day was a perfect level, "there was not a mound or a tree to vary the vast expanse of green sward;" and for most of the second, it bore much the same character, except that they sometimes passed through a clump of trees, and crossed the beds of shallow lakes, which contain water in spring, but which were now robed in rank grass intermingled with roses, hyacinths, tiger-lilies, and other flowers, giving the region a tropical, rather than an arctic aspect. Nor were the dried water-courses their only gardens; they passed whole fields of the rose and sweet-briar, each loading the

* "*The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1846.*" By John Macgregor, Secretary to the Board of Trade. 2 vols. London Whittaker. 1847.

air with its summer perfume. Towards the evening of their second day, the character of the country underwent a change:—

“The plains gave place to a rolling succession of sandy hills, which were generally covered with brush, and now and then we passed through spots which looked like artificial shrubberies. This ridge, evidently one of nature's steps from a lower to a higher level, may be traced from Turtle Mountain, in the neighbourhood of the international boundary, to the banks of the Swan River, in lat. 52° 30', and even round to the Basque Hill, or the waters of the Lower Saskatchewan. It appears to have been in former days the shores of an inland sea, comprising in one indistinguishable mass, Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegos, with many of their feeders. This view may, perhaps derive confirmation from the fact, that the largest of the three fragments of the primeval sheet of water, namely Lake Winnipeg, still continues to retire from its western side, and to encroach on its eastern bank.”—Vol. i. p. 62.

Their habits and halts were more indulgent in this journey than on that from Montreal. At the breakfast meal they usually tarried for three or four hours, to give their horses full time to feed, and thus they had ample leisure for dressing, bathing, sleeping reading, or, according to the Italian phrase, the most delightful of all, the doing nothing. They had not, however, always such easy times. Often they encountered swamps, and sometimes they had to ford a river where the mud was up to their saddle-skirts, or, horses and carts being passed over as best they could, to cross over in a canoe of, as our author calls it, “alarmingly simple construction;” that is, formed of a few branches, covered with buffalo robes—the extempore contrivance filling with water just as it had served its purpose. They experienced, too, the vicissitudes of cold and rain, while, at night, wolves and foxes howled around their position, as if preluding a general attack. Their guns were often in requisition, on an alarm that hostile Black-feet were at hand, or they came on lodges of other tribes, as dangerous, though called their friends. Sometimes the thickets were nearly impassable for their carts, and occasionally a wide prairie was drilled all over with badger holes, which the long grass covered, and where, horse and rider falling, the day was passed in tum-

bling. On the 11th of July, they reached the Butte aux Chiens, or Dog knoll, “towering, with a height of about four hundred feet, over a boundless prairie, as level and as smooth as a pond.” The plain, our author thinks, was once the bed of a lake, with the knoll as its islet; it is covered with an alluvial soil, and has various aqueous deposits. Here they had expected to meet a supply of fresh horses, and their own now so jaded that not even the sight of a wolf could make them move beyond a walk. On examining the brushwood on the top of the hill, they found a note, apprising them that the party, with their fresh horses, had been waiting there for them for three days, and had gone to encamp, for three days more, on the shores of a neighbouring lake. This was dated on the 9th, and it being then the 11th, it was possible they might shift their ground before they could come up with them. In such extensive levels, however, objects are easily discernible, and the cavalcade was soon seen and joined by the horse-keepers, with nineteen fresh steeds. The party, consisting in all of nineteen persons, fifty horses, and six carts, had, on leaving the Butte aux Chiens, to cross about five-and-twenty miles of prairie, passing among some beautiful lakes. The order of their march being as follows—“The guide was followed by four or five horsemen, to beat a track; then came the carts, each with a driver, attended by one or two cavaliers; and lastly followed the unmounted animals, whether loaded or light, under the charge of the rest.” The rate of travelling was four or five miles an hour, and the time, ten, twelve, or fourteen hours a-day. On the day after leaving Dog knoll, they coasted for about twenty miles on the shores of Lac Sale, whose waters, we are told, are as briny as those of the Atlantic. It is singular that these saline lakes are often separated from fresh water by only a narrow belt of land; and our author mentions a somewhat analogous phenomenon recorded by Baron Wrangell, in his work on Siberia and the Polar Sea, that in the coldest parts of the country, there may be found lakes of different levels, within two or three feet of each other. “In that case,” says Sir George Simpson, “the communication may be supposed to be barred by perpetual frost; but, in the other case, the anomaly cannot be so

easily and satisfactorily accounted for."

Some of the most interesting pages of the work before us, are those in which the condition of the Indians are described or incidentally referred to. The following painful picture is one of those illustrations:—

"Having encamped for the night within view of a native lodge, we sent a man to bring us intelligence as to the true state of affairs. He found no other lodge than the one which we had seen; and even that was deserted, while every thing betokened the flight of its inhabitants, clothes and utensils being thrown about in confusion, and the meat of a buffalo being scattered on the ground. Shouting after the fugitives, but receiving no answer, our emissary left for them an epistle, which he had written on a piece of bark, to this effect. In the first place, he drew the figure of a man, with a hat on his head, and a pipe in his mouth—thus presenting to the savages the well-known emblems of civilized beings and peaceable intentions; and he then added, in more mysterious hieroglyphics, 'Why do you fly away, and distress your children without cause, for we are your friends?' In the course of the night, the poor Salteaux, having read the letter, came to our camp, and explained, that having mistaken us for hostile warriors, he and his fled into the woods, almost in a state of nudity. How wretched the life of such poor creatures, obliged to wander about almost in single families for food, and scared at the sight of a fellow man, as the sheep is scared on the approach of the wolf."—Vol. i., p. 75.

The Indians, it is well known, possess and affect impassibility, and can exhibit, as the following example shows, the *nīl admirari* in the superlative degree:—

"Between the two tents there was a vapour-bath, made of branches of willow, stuck in the ground, and bent forward, so as to form a dome about three feet in height. This was covered with skins to confine the steam generated by throwing water on a hot stone. On going up to the bath, we were much amused to see the legs of a man hanging out like the tail of a snake, while a wreath of willow round the body gave the fellow the appearance of a statue of Bacchus. He never stirred at our approach; and it was not till the steam was subsiding, that he deigned to take any notice of us, though we were certainly the largest body of whites that he had ever seen in the country. When he condescended to move, one of the skins fell off, disclosing another Indian

quietly squatted at his ease, who was just as regardless of our approach as his companion. This affectation of an indifference which the bathers could not feel, was more peculiarly characteristic of the Salteaux, the tribe to which our new friends belonged."—Vol. i., p. 71.

Continuing their ride, our equestrians experienced a new difficulty—they had to pass over a considerable extent of burnt ground, and pronounced this the most embarrassing of all the obstacles they had encountered. "Men," says our author, "may triumph over physical privations, through moral influences, but horses, as Murat says, have no patriotism." They were now approaching the Bow River, which rises in the Rocky Mountains, and falls into the Saskatchewan, the great river of the Hudson's Bay territory in this direction, and of which we shall have presently an opportunity of speaking. The scenery was assuming a new character, "with lofty hills and long valleys, full of sylvan lakes, while the bright green of the surface, as far as the eye could reach, assumed a foreign tinge, under an uninterrupted profusion of roses and blue-bells. The neighbourhood of Bow River was supposed to be rich in the wealth of those regions—game and furs, but its upper waters are unattempted by the traders, being infested by warlike and warring tribes; and though the Company, some years ago, had three or four forts on its banks, they were, after some sacrifice of life, abandoned. In 1822, an expedition, under the charge of Messrs. M'Kenzie and Rowan, with subordinate officers and an hundred men, ascended this river as far as it was navigable for boats, and sent surveying detachments in every direction. Many of the natives whom they thus met had never before seen a European; and what most of all perplexed them, was the appearance of a negro in the Company's service, whom they greatly admired, but regarded as a somewhat singular specimen of a white man. It was found that the resources of the country had been overrated, and the expedition returned in the following year, with a good deal of information, but few furs. How sad must be the state of these savages, when the incident described in the following extract is still but an ordinary occurrence amongst them:—

"About twenty years ago, a large

encampment of Gros Ventres and Blackfeet had been formed in this neighbourhood, for the purpose of hunting during the summer. Growing tired, however, of so peaceful and ignoble an occupation, the younger warriors of the allied tribes determined to make an incursion into the territories of the Assinibouines. Having gone through all the requisite enchantments, they left behind them only the old men, with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homeward in triumph, loaded with scalps and other spoils; and on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked the camp of the infirm and defenceless of their band, they notified their approach in the proudly-swelling tones of their song of victory. Every lodge, however, was as still and silent as the grave; and at length, singing more loudly as they advanced, in order to conceal their emotion, they found the full tale of the mangled corpses of their parents and sisters, of their wives and children. In a word, the Assinibouines had been there to take their revenge."—Vol. i. p. 81.

The Bow River, where our party crossed, was about the third part of a mile in width, with a strong current. They passed over in a bateau which had been left there for their accommodation, and swam their horses. Some twenty miles lower down, the stream joins the Saskatchewan, and their united waters flow on towards Lake Winnipeg, forming at their mouth a grand rapid, three miles in length, which Sir George Simpson tells us is the finest thing of the kind in the whole country.

From Bow River, a five hours' ride through a country "much resembling an English park," brought them to Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan, the station for which they had been making, and which stands in latitude 53 degrees north. It is visited by the Salteaux, Crees, and Assinibouines, and about three hundred of these tribes are attached to the establishment as hunters. Potatoes and other vegetables do well in the fields about the Fort, but wheat cannot be counted on, as it is generally destroyed by the autumn frosts. Our travellers rested here for two nights, having accomplished the distance from Fort Garry, about six hundred miles, in thirteen days—fair travelling, as our author says, considering that many of their horses had come all the way heavily laden. The Saskatchewan is upwards of a quarter of a mile wide at Carlton, presenting,

as we find its name implies, a swift current.

"It is navigable for boats from Rocky Mountain House, in longitude 115 degrees, to Lake Winnipeg, in longitude 98 degrees, upwards of seven hundred miles in a direct line, but by the actual course of the stream, nearly double that distance. Though above Edmonton, the river is much obstructed by rapids, yet from that fort to Lake Winnipeg, it is descended without a portage alike by boats and by canoes, while even on the upward voyage, the only break in the navigation is the grand rapid already mentioned."

On the 17th of July they were in their saddles again, with Edmonton and the journey of a week before them. The country on which they were now entering was the hunting-ground of the Crees Indians, and they found it, for the first day, hilly and picturesque, every eminence affording a striking panorama. The Crees are the most numerous of all the North American tribes, extending from the Assinibouine to Athabasca, which forms part of the basin of M'Kenzie's river, and to Isle à la Crosse, far north of Hudson's Bay, while the Swampies, a subdivision of the same tribe, occupy the borders of Hudson's Bay, from Churchill to East Main, for the depth of about three hundred miles. In Sir Alexander M'Kenzie's time, about forty years ago, they lived much farther north, and having the earlier advantage of fire-arms, carried their rule to the border of the arctic circle, and across the Rocky Mountains; but measles and small-pox, the afflictions of the more southern Indians, reaching them from the Missouri, thinned their numbers, while their arctic enemies, free from these visitations, and providing themselves with fire-arms, became in their turn the victors, and drove the Crees southward to the regions of which they have now possession, and where, with the prairies for their horses, with the buffalo to feed and clothe them, and the Company's stations to supply their few other wants, in exchange for furs, their numbers are again increasing, and were it not for their cruel wars, their improvidence, their aversion to agriculture, and their ignorance, the main cause of all, their condition might be easily improved. The most reputable feature in the Indian character is self-denial; the most repulsive, his passion for war. The latter, (as with all sa-

vages, is allied to no generous or noble feeling. Cunning, cruelty, and cowardly advantages are its applauded means, and self-glorification and the flattery of squaws its high rewards. It is no wonder that this check keeps down their numbers, as the very slightest circumstance involves them in hostilities. A little before Sir George Simpson set out on his present journey, a peace was made between the Blackfeet, a powerful tribe, and the Crees, and the event was celebrated by a horse-race, an amusement in which, it seems, they take as enlightened an interest as the most practised frequenters of Doncaster or Ascot. In adjusting the prizes, a Cree took possession of his tattered hat, which had got mixed among them, and the other party insisting on that too being given up, a war took place. Our travellers, on their present ride, entered the lodge of a Cree warrior who was dying from a gun-shot wound received in that race-course battle, thirty-three days before. They found him with his arm dreadfully swollen, while the rest of his body was a skeleton. The description of what they saw is so characteristic of Indian life and Indian death, that, painful as it is, we give it in our author's words:—

“The whole scene in the lodge was of the most melancholy nature. On one side lay the dying warrior, his glassy eye and haggard looks revealing the agony which neither voice nor gesture deigned to tell; near him was a child about three years old, with its shrivelled flesh barely concealing its bones, whose ceaseless moaning formed a striking contrast with the stubborn endurance of its father; and perhaps the most pitiable object in the tent was the hapless wife and mother, sinking under anxiety and fatigue, and blinding, as it were, in her silent dejection at once the apathy of her husband and the sensibility of her boy. But this physical misery excited more of our sympathy on account of its superstitious accompaniments. During the night the medicine-man was plying his mystic arts to restore health to the sick, while, to provide against the worst, drums were beating to drive away all evil spirits. What a picture of the fruits of barbarism and heathenism united!”—Vol. i., p. 96.

On the fourth day they reached Fort Pitt, another of the Company's stations, having suffered some inconvenience from the scarcity of water, and crossing one vast prairie, where, though there seemed to be none of

this needful element, they saw buffaloes, wolves, badgers, foxes, and antelopes. On the 20th of July, leaving Fort Pitt, they proceeded on their way, and in somewhat closer order, as they were crossing the territory of the hostile Blackfeet. In this side they feasted on raspberries, and on the serviceberry, described as a sort of cross between the cranberry and the black currant, and much used in the better kind of pemmican. They also make grateful mention of the eye-berry, which very nearly resembles the strawberry, both in appearance and in taste. It thrives well in Russia, and would, no doubt, do in England. The country, after leaving Fort Pitt, is, at first, bold, afterwards they crossed an arid plain, of about twenty-five miles, and then reached the *Chaine des Lacs*, being a succession of small lakes, covering a distance of about thirty miles. Skirting an extensive forest, and traversing a plain covered with a luxuriant vetch, they arrived at Edmonton, which is a well-built fort, in a commanding position on the banks of the Saskatchewan. While here they were paid the perilous compliment of a visit by native chiefs, Blackfeet, Piegans, Sarcees, and Blood Indians, who came with a camp of fifty lodges, followed by another six times as large. They received the presents made them, not with the customary indifference of their race, but with thanks, and, taking the governor by surprise, made prayers to him as a high conjuror; the substance of their rapid petitions being that their horses might be always swift, that the buffalo might abound, and that their wives might live long and look young. The district of Saskatchewan, as the vast territory between Red River and Edmonton is called, is the most populous, and the richest in resources, of any in these regions of North America, and yet it appears that its Indian population, extending over an area larger than all England, amounts, at the present day, to no more than 16,730 souls.

It may appear that the hazards and difficulties of the way from Red River to Edmonton are so many and great, that none but Indians, or a party with the aids which the governor of these provinces was enabled to command, could accomplish it. This is not exactly the case, as we find that a body of emigrants had left Red River a month before our travellers, who,

moving faster, came up with them in sixteen days. These hardy adventurers consisted of twenty-three families, agriculturists, and mostly natives of Red River settlement. Each family had two or three carts, covered with awnings, which carried the women, children, and their fortunes, while the men and youths rode. They marched in single file, and their caravan, horsemen, bands of horses, cattle, and dogs, extended more than a mile in length. Vancouver was their object, and, after long endurance and many perils, they reached it safely.

At sunrise of the 28th July, Sir George Simpson and his party started from Edmonton, with another long and arduous journey before them, to Fort Colville, beyond the western base of the Rocky Mountains. Their way, for the first day, lay across a country of marshes and thickets, and through forests that had been nearly destroyed by fire, and where the fallen timber caused them much difficulty; notwithstanding this, having recruited their stud, they managed to accomplish sixty miles by evening. The country now indicated their approach to the mountains, and they encamped on the banks of Gull Lake, about twenty miles in length and six in breadth, and which is surrounded by high hills, the remotest summits of which, to the westward, command a view of the Rocky Mountains. The weather was warm, the flies, from the bull-dog to the small moustique, were annoying to men and beasts, and the meat not keeping, their larder often approached zero. Sometimes they feasted on venison, sometimes subsisted on porcupines. Occasionally, too, they came on bands of Indians, and the Sarcees who frequent the district they were now passing, are regarded as the boldest of all the tribes between it and Red River. As they advanced higher in the mountain regions, even the willow and the poplar disappeared, and pines, whose naked stems rose to an unbroken height of eighty or a hundred feet, were the only trees they saw. Their guide, whose home had long been in this neighbourhood, led them through a mountain pass, which the Indians assured them they were the first whites who had ever attempted. A brief extract may show the general character of the scene:—

“In the morning we entered a defile between mountainous ridges, marching, for nine hours, through dense woods.

This valley, which was from two to three miles in width, contained four beautiful lakes, communicating with each other by small streams; and the fourth of the series, which was about fifteen miles by three, we named after Pechee, as being our guide's usual home. At this place he had expected to find his family; but Madame Pechee and the children had left their encampment, probably on account of a scarcity of game. What an idea of the loneliness and precariousness of savage life does this single glimpse of the biography of the Pechees suggest?

“Our tents were pitched in a level meadow, of about five hundred acres in extent, enclosed by mountains on three sides, and by Pechee's Lake on the fourth. From the very edge of the water, there rose a gentle ascent of six or eight hundred feet, covered with pines, and composed almost entirely of the accumulated fragments of the adamantine heights above; and on the upper border of this slope there stood perpendicular walls of granite, of three or four thousand feet, while among the dizzy altitudes of their battlemented summits the goats and sheep bounded with playful security.”—Vol. i. p. 115.

After this they came to a river, which their guide assured them was Bow River. It was about a hundred and fifty yards wide, with a strong and deep current. They crossed it, baggage and horses, on a raft covered with willows, which, with like contrivances in overcoming other river difficulties, may remind some readers of the mode in which the Greeks passed the Hydaspes, with Alexander, or crossed the Euphrates, in the time of Cyrus.

Although the weather was warm, the water was extremely cold, being formed, chiefly, of melted snow, and, like that of the Alps, it is known to give the goitres. On the following day they commenced their ascent of the Rocky Mountains, which is thus described:—

“Next morning we began to ascend the mountains in right earnest, riding where we could, and walking where the horses found the road too steep to carry us, while by our side there rushed downward one of the sources of the Bow River. We were surrounded by peaks and crags, on whose summits lay perpetual snow; and the only sounds that disturbed the solitude were the crackling of prostrate branches under the tread of our horses, and the roaring of the stream, as it leapt down its rocky course. One peak presented a very peculiar feature,

in an opening of about eighty feet by fifty, which, at a distance might have been taken for a spot of snow, but which, as we advanced nearer, assumed the appearance of the gateway of a giant's fortress.

"About seven hours of hard work brought us to the height of land, the hinge, as it were, between the eastern and the western waters. We breakfasted on the level isthmus, which did not exceed fourteen paces in width, filling our kettles for this our lonely meal from the crystal sources of the Columbia and the Saskatchewan, while the feeders of the two opposite oceans, murmuring over their beds of mossy stones, as if to bid each other a long farewell, could hardly fail to attune our minds to the sublimity of the scene. But between these kindred fountains, the common progeny of the same snow-wreaths, there was this remarkable difference of temperature, that the source of the Columbia showed 40 degrees, while that of the Saskatchewan raised the mercury to 53½ degrees, the thermometer, meanwhile, standing as high as 71 degrees in the shade.

"From the vicinity of perpetual snow, we estimated the elevation of the height of land to be seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the surrounding peaks appeared to rise half of that altitude over our heads. Still this was inferior in grandeur to that of the Athabasca Portage. There the road, little better than a succession of glaciers, runs through a region of perpetual snow, where nothing that can be called a tree presents itself to relieve and cheer the eye. There, too, the relative position of the opposite waters is such, as to have hardly a parallel on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately enough known as the Committee's Punch Bowl, sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia, and from the other to the M'Kenzie."—Vol. i. pp. 118-20.

They had hardly proceeded half a mile in their descent, before they felt a difference in the climate; and we are told that "the same clouds have been known to clothe the eastern side with hail and snow, and to refresh the western with gentle rain." Our limits, we much regret to say, do not permit us to tell of the toils and hazards of their still long journey to Fort Colville. Groping through deep ravines, where the sun could hardly enter, one of which is described as "darkened by

perpendicular walls of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in height, while, to render the chasm still more gloomy, the opposite crags threw forward each its own forest of *sombrepines*" and through which the sources of the Columbia gushed. Wending their way through the wet and tangled bush, or, as on one occasion, for three hours, through a burning forest, steering through dangerous marshes, and crossing with difficulty many a rapid river, they at length presented themselves, with tattered garments and crownless hats, at the gateway of Fort Colville, there closing their ride from Red River, a distance of about two thousand miles. For the six weeks and five days which the journey occupied, they were in the saddle from dawn to sunset, making from Red River to Edmonton about fifty miles a-day; and from the latter station to Colville—the difficulties being greater—rather less than forty. Colville stands in latitude 48° 37' north, in a rich valley about a mile from the Columbia, and two from the Chaudiere Falls, where salmon, we are told, are so abundant, that as many as a thousand, some of them weighing upwards of forty pounds, have been caught in a single day.* Leaving their horses at Colville, they took once more to the canoe and running rapids, and making portages as in the previous voyage from Montreal, they descended the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, the Company's station on the Pacific, there terminating their transit of the continent of North America, at its widest part, the distance being about five thousand miles, and twelve weeks the time of actual travelling.

In the commencement of our notice we observed that the two great features in this truly grand tour were—first, the progress from the Atlantic across Arctic America to the Pacific—and next, the run through Siberia. The former—part little known, and part altogether new—subdivides itself into the two great journeys, from Montreal to Red River, and thence to Vancouver. These we have endeavoured to trace, and faint and feeble as we know the outline is—thanks to the rich materials of a good book—it can hardly be otherwise than interesting.

* Between the salmon of the Columbia and ours there is this difference—"The flesh of the former is white, while its head is more bulky and less pointed."—Vol. i. p. 150.

IRISH LANDLORDS—THE LAND COMMISSION-REPORT.*

THE unrolling of that monster mummy, "The Report of Evidence on the Occupation of Land in Ireland," has commenced; and, as the task is confided to the agency, and directed by the intelligence under which the report was prepared (should we say involved), we are permitted to hope that the process of development may be conducted to a prosperous conclusion, and that, at less cost than a whole life of study, we may learn something of the wisdom which had its birth in the confusing, if not conflicting, testimonies of more than eleven hundred witnesses, and was then quietly consigned to the pile of massy folios which the Land Commissioners have had erected, as an apt and bulky monument to their peripatetic labours. Out of this sepulchre the buried intelligence is now evoked. It is disinterred, and, disembarassed from the grave-clothes in which it was entangled and encumbered, is to leave the five neglected folios, as the husk of its being, behind, and to win the world's attention in the shape of two goodly octavos. Dare we venture to hint, that we should hail it as a further improvement were we to witness a still closer condensation in which we saw the "two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Let it not be imagined that we have any design or desire to undervalue the disinterested and well-intentioned labours of the Commissioners, with whose reports we make thus free. We would not imply a doubt of their integrity, their zeal, or even their ability, though we must, with all due respect, deny the praise of discretion to senators who could wantonly invite the worse than worthless swarms of witnesses which hovered around the ambulatory tribunal of the Earl of Devon and his associates. Clouds of testimony their depositions might well be styled—clouds

which "darkened council"—which the Commissioners, if they were unable to disperse them, should endure, but which there seems to be no sufficient excuse for summoning.

"Our attention (say these high personages in their report) was, in the first instance, naturally directed to an examination of the state of the law of landlord and tenant, and the practice under it; and, with this view, we examined many of the assistant-barristers, and agents extensively engaged in the management of estates in different parts of the country, and other persons whom we thought likely to give us general information."†

This was wise and fair, as well as natural. Assistant-barristers, agents, and other persons capable of giving information, were, with much propriety, summoned and examined. But what can be thought of the paragraph immediately and continuously following:

"For the purpose, also, of obtaining evidence upon the subjects of our inquiry from different parts of the country, and from various classes of persons, we addressed the letter (No. 1, appended to this report) to every Board of Guardians throughout the country, to every Bishop of the Established Church, to every Roman Catholic Bishop, and to the heads of the Presbyterian Church, from whom, generally, we received material assistance."‡

One passage from this ill-conceived circular will be sufficient to explain its character:—

"We request that you will do us the favour to point out such individuals as you may think it most desirable for us to examine, and will also point out to us any other sources from which you think that evidence of an authentic nature may be derived."

* "Digest of Evidence taken before her Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of the Law and Practice in respect to the Occupation of Land in Ireland." Part I. London: Beggs and Son, Parliament-street. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, Grafton-street. 8vo, pp. 702.

† "Report of the Commissioners," &c., p. 5. ‡ Ibid.

By complying with this request, the parties addressed are encouraged to believe that they will "render material assistance towards attaining the object of the commission;" and, accordingly, they contributed a liberal supply of testimony. The procedure was not wise. Had bishops and boards been solicited each to name *one*, or even *two* witnesses, between whom the Commissioners, if they thought it necessary, could choose, it is not impossible that the invitation might have been innocuous, if not expedient; but to grant an unlimited freedom of suggestion—to allow of the sending whole battalions of evidence—to proclaim, without the poet's accompanying caution,

"Locus est et pluribus umbris
Tu quotus esse velis rescribe,"

was needlessly to court confusion, repetition, sameness, contradiction—to volunteer, in short, facilities for rendering the report of evidence what it is; a report of which the noble earl, its patron, says, very mildly and with perfect truth, that the documents of which it consists

"Have not received, and will not in their present shape receive, that degree of general attention which the importance of the subject might justly claim for them."

And there is another provision, which ought to have been inserted in the advertisement for witnesses. They who were invited to supply them, should have been given to understand that their own names, as well as those of their instruments, should be made public, not *in globo*, but individually. Had this condition been observed, the Commissioners may feel assured that their report of evidence would have been more generally read—would have proved more generally useful—would have been far more manageable in its dimensions, and far less libellous in its character. In its present form, the report is, too often, a vehicle for personal slander and invective. It is not enough that while the body of the page parades an accusation, the margin shall contain references to some

statement in which it is contradicted or disproved.

"Whenever the evidence had reference to the conduct of an individual, we felt it our duty, as far as possible, to communicate with him, and afford every opportunity for explanation. The statements forwarded in reply to our circulars (Nos. 5 and 6), by those who did not consider it necessary to tender themselves for examination, we have inserted in the Appendix (omitting such passages as appeared to be irrelevant); and we have taken care, by a note on the margin of the evidence, to enable a reference to be made at once to the explanation, and a judgment to be thus formed as to the real state of the case. In the great majority of cases, this course of proceeding has appeared to give satisfaction to the parties concerned."—*Report*, p. 6.

We are quite free to avow that, were we parties thus concerned, we should not have been so easily satisfied. A slander which has been disproved ought not to appear in the Report. It is not enough that a crow-quill reference shall wait on it in the margin, directing the reader to institute a search for the answer to a charge, and for the arguments by which the merits of the accusation and of the defence shall be ascertained. We confidently affirm that it was no part of the duty of the Commissioners to vend calumnies; and that, in justice to parties slanderously accused, they should have effaced from their proceedings reports prejudicial to individual character, *and not substantiated*. Nor was it enough to acquaint an individual that he had been aspersed by a witness, whose name he may probably never have heard before. The name of the party on whose recommendation such witness was heard, should also have been communicated. In many an instance the witness may have been nothing more than the instrument of his prompter's malice; and to know at whose request he was examined, might be to learn the most effectual method of proving his testimony inadmissible.

If it be said that persons of station and authority would not have recommended witnesses, unless their own

share in the transaction was to remain a secret; the reply is obvious, that their abstinence would not have been prejudicial to the objects of the inquiry. The witness for whom his patron would not be an acknowledged voucher, should not have had her Majesty's Commissioners for sponsors.

We should be glad to know what the noble chairman would have thought of an editor who used the columns of a public journal, as the facilities afforded by the Royal Commission were used on this occasion by her majesty's servants. Let it be supposed that an advertisement appears in a leading journal, or a circular issues from its conductors, calling on certain parties to recommend witnesses, who are to depose to matters effecting the relation between landlord and tenant; that pursuant to this invitation, numerous charges are preferred against gentlemen of good repute, by parties wholly unknown, or known only to be disregarded; that notice of these charges is given to the parties immediately concerned, and permission conceded to them to put in, if it please them, a reply. No sane man would be satisfied with such a permission. The accuser was not, in all probability, the real delinquent. He who forwarded, or who directed, his calumny to the press, was the real libeller; and the aggrieved party could not have justice done him unless the journal refused to insert the false charge—could not have redress unless the name of his secret enemy, the suborner of false witness, were made known to him. In one respect our parallel is incomplete; the journalist can be made answerable, in his own person, for the transgressions of his paper—commissioners may abuse their trust with impunity; but certainly "the course of proceeding" in which they do evil, is not the more satisfactory because it affords no opportunity of redress.

Unsatisfactory as such procedures must be to the parties immediately concerned, they are not less so to the public. It is not for his amusement a reader will have recourse to the evidence on the occupation of land in Ireland; and it is not held profitable for instruction to peruse the invectives and complaints with which one page is covered, only for the purpose of learning from another that they

were all falsehood, and had their origin in misunderstanding or malice. It is not thus a reader's time should be wasted. If, indeed, it were the Commissioners' purpose to supply proof of various kinds that there is a wicked conspiracy against Irish landlords—a conspiracy which knows the efficacy of slander, as well as it understands the force of deadly weapons, and which will dare to convert a royal commission into its minister, as it would hire an assassin, and misinform or misdirect a newspaper, it may have been wise and good, in the execution of such a purpose, to show how calumnies are hazarded. But more should have been done: the witnesses should have come up ticketed and labelled—witnesses of the bishops, of the boards, of the Repeal Association (for this body, it appears sent up its quota)—all should be known according to their respective troops, so that when a reader was at a loss to know why testimony, which had been thoroughly disproved, was, yet, reported, he had but to consult the Index, in order to learn that the report is given, not because a value is set upon falsehood, but for the purpose of indirectly implicating the party recommending, in the guilt of his nominee. Had a course like this been adopted, one great part of the Report would not be dedicated to the office of neutralising another part, and damaging the whole; readers would not be placed under the necessity of examining irrelevant falsehood while occupied in a search for truth; and an invitation to furnish evidence on a subject of general interest, would not be used as an occasion for gratifying private malice, and circulating slander.

It is scarcely necessary to say that "the course of proceeding" which has provoked these comments, rendered a Digest indispensable, if the evidence taken before the Commissioners of Land Inquiry were to be available for any good; and we willingly accord to the Earl of Devon the praise of having made a judicious choice, in selecting the Messrs. Kennedy as the agents by whom his design was to be carried into execution. Intimately acquainted as one of these gentlemen was with the whole process of inquiry, prepared as was the other by his professional habits and studies for the task assigned to them, the abilities of both were likely

to be exerted, and have been exerted successfully; and the reader may feel a confident persuasion that if there be any merit in the Report, it will not be overlooked or lost in the Digest.

Of this performance one part has been given to the public—the other is promised. We could wish that some of the deferred subjects had precedence of topics now before us in the published volume. It would seem very seasonable to have the chapters on Valuation, on Rent, on County Cess, and other charges brought under discussion before or during the meeting of parliament. But we must not be too exacting; authors and editors must be indulged in the permission to choose their own course of inquiry, and their own mode of arrangement; and, thankful for what they offer for our instruction, we should content ourselves with a hope that the information we require, with some little impatience, will be found ready for use before it is too late to derive advantage from it.

The portion of the Digest now published contains matter, it must be confessed, of undeniable importance, as even its table of contents gives assurance. Besides the prefatory notice from the Earl of Devon, and an introductory chapter, by the editors, on the relation of landlord and tenant, it contains a summary of evidence, illustrated by well-chosen extracts, on the subjects following:—"1. Agriculture. 2. Draining and Subsoiling. 3. Farm-buildings. 4. Compensations for tenants' permanent improvements. 5. Capital. 6. Tenure. 7. Tenant-right, or sale of good will. 8. Agrarian Outrages. 9. Farmers. 10. Size of Farms. 11. Subdivision of Farms. 12. Consolidation of Farms. 13. Labourers. 14. Con-acre. 15. Allotments. 16. Waste lands and Emigration."

The prevailing impression left on the mind after a perusal of the chapters in which these grave topics are discussed, is one of deep but not hopeless alarm. The evils of our condition are unsparingly enumerated and described; the dangers inseparable from such a state of things are set forth faithfully, and without exaggeration; and a monitory tone pervades the whole performance, urging upon all who have wisdom to advise, and will to sacrifice and endure, the necessity

of devising and adopting, without delay, such measures, protective and remedial, as may prevent a fatal catastrophe. The danger is how to act on advice of this description without precipitating the catastrophe by the very measures adopted for the purpose of averting it. The great end to be obtained is, to effect such an adjustment of the relation between landlord and tenant as may be mutually beneficial; and the extreme difficulty of the task must be apparent to all who reflect on the uncertainty which may cover, for some time longer, the questions which continually arise as to the value of agricultural property. The crisis through which our institutions are to be protected, is one in which individual character would be of especial importance; in which a good understanding between parties engaged in relations mutually profitable might prove more than ordinarily beneficial; in which kindly feelings, manifesting themselves in a reciprocity of good offices, would suggest remedies for difficulties as they arise, far more efficacious and appropriate than legislation could embrace or imagine; and in this crisis, for which, it may be confidently affirmed, the precepts of the Gospel make ample provision, and for which, considering its various, complicated, unforeseen, and incessant perils and emergencies, no human sagacity can provide by law, it is alarming to feel that the tendency to court parliamentary interference is so prevailing, and that endeavours to disparage and disconcert those benevolent affections, which might be rendered the most powerful agents in reclaiming society, are unceasing and unscrupulous. Were the good dispositions of good landlords to take effect, we could well afford to wait for a more settled season before enacting new laws; and we should be protected from the danger of entering on a course, or continuing in it, which threatens to confound the evil with the good, imposing on generosity and indulgence the penalties of crime, and supplying the selfish with excuse, if not reason, for becoming confirmed in sordid practices.

But this is the old story. Laws are designed for the evil, not the good; they are protections against iniquity.

"Jura inventa metu injusti fœtate necesse est.
Tempora si fastioque velle evolvere mundi."

We must turn from this moralising strain into which we have been unconsciously led, and give the reader some notices of the work which has suggested our observations.

The Digest opens spiritedly and well. The editors address themselves at once to the matter of most concern, and show that the great rule of composition is universally applicable. In truth and fiction, in works of instruction as well as in those of fancy and taste, the author will be wise who plunges at once "*in medias res*," as the editors of the Digest do in the following, their opening passage:—

Page 1—"The whole of that vast mass of evidence taken by the Commissioners in reference to the mutual relation existing between the proprietors and occupiers of land in Ireland, is at once conclusive, painfully interesting, and most portentous in its character.

"It proves that the safety of the country, and the respective interests of both those classes, call loudly for a cautious but immediate adjustment of the grave questions at issue between them. In every district of the country we find that a widely-spread and daily-increasing confusion as to the respective rights and claims of these classes exists; and it is impossible to reject the conviction, that unless they be distinctly defined and respected, much social disorder and national inconvenience must inevitably be the consequence.

"It appears, on the other hand, that the tenant claims what he calls a tenant-right in the land, irrespective of any legal claim vested in him, or of any improvement effected by him; that the value of this claim is estimated at different rates in different localities; that it is rather openly admitted or silently acquiesced in by the landlords in some districts, whilst it is considerably restricted or absolutely denied by others.

"In the North of Ireland this system is pretty generally either authorized or connived at by the landlord; and it is not uncommon for a tenant without a lease to sell the bare privilege of occupancy or possession of his farm without any visible sign of improvement having been made by him, at from ten to sixteen, up to twenty and even forty years' purchase of the rent; and the comparative tranquillity of that district may, perhaps, be mainly attributable to this fact.

Page 2—"In the north, where it is permitted, agrarian crimes are rare. In other places, where it is resisted, they are of common occurrence."

The apprehensions expressed by the editors are not chimerical, nor did they over-estimate the importance of having the great question which arises out of the occupation of land, wisely and justly settled. The tenant has a moral right to be recompensed for his permanent improvements. To convert the moral right into a legal, would be desirable for all parties concerned; and when terms of compensation can be arranged, such as will apply to the great variety of cases which are to be considered, we shall be rejoiced to see a law enacted which shall be respective alike of the landlord's title and the tenant's interest. But we do not like to see laws passed which seem framed for the encouragement of litigation, and we are therefore desirous that no law on tenant-right or compensation for improvement shall be framed in a hurry.

The subject of tenant-right is discussed at large in a subsequent chapter, in which its advantages, inconveniences, and dangers are faithfully detailed. There is, however, one opinion of the editors which we would be slow to adopt, and we state our objection to it here, because we are aware that it has very general acceptance among those who are esteemed authorities on questions arising out of the social state of Ireland. The "freedom of the north from agrarian outrage," is ascribed mainly to the acknowledgment of the tenant-right in the province of Ulster. This we believe to be a very erroneous judgment. The facts are admitted, that Ulster is tranquil, and that the custom of tenant-right prevails there, but we are persuaded that the prevalence of that custom is rather a proof than a cause of the tranquillity which it has not the power to disturb. We believe that "tenant-right" is a result from the state of society in the north, and are persuaded that so far from conducing to the tranquillity of other parts of Ireland, it would be an element of disorder and confusion wherever the ameliorating influences of Ulster were not exerted upon it. In the transfer of farms in the north of Ireland, it is to be remembered that the landlord exercises a veto upon the nomination of a successor, and pronounces on the amount of purchase money. The latter exercise of authority may not be absolute; by collusion between the out-

going and incoming tenant it may be evaded, but the former power gives assurance against every gross abuse of privilege. Could such a power be exerted in any district where there was not the security which prevails in Ulster? Dare a landlord in various parts of the south or west prosecute the inquiries and exercise the authority essential to the safe indulgence of the tenant-right? We would not advise such boldness. In truth, tenant-right is a stringent test of the state of society where it is admitted. The constitution to which it does not prove fatal must be sound. In the north it has been the natural growth of mutual good understanding and good offices between landlord and tenant, of an improving intercourse, cultivated under favourable circumstances and amid wholesome influences, and it partakes of the qualities of the condition in which it has grown; to transplant it without most careful preparation, to an uncongenial state of society, would be pernicious. It would be to introduce a new element of disunion and disorder where noxious things grow fastest. Tenants would form chimerical estimates of its value; landlords would soon feel all its inconveniences. It would soon suggest excuses for postponing the payment of rent; would be appealed to as security where loans were contracted; would be looked to as the provision for children; and when the landlord sought to make it available for the payment of arrears of rent, he would probably succeed in making or in exasperating as many conspirators, as the assertion of his right had disappointed expectants. If the system of the north is to be introduced into Munster, society must be prepared for it. The tenant-right should be regarded, not as a specific, but a test; and instead of hoping to tranquillize a distracted state of society by its admission, tranquillity must have been already induced and confirmed, in order to render the new element of disorder innocuous.

The chapters on agriculture and draining contain much useful information, and are hopeful, even in their accounts of the extreme imperfection of our present agricultural system. The capabilities of improvement are proved to be great, and methods are shown by which our neglected resources

can be effectually developed. We have much to learn, and much power, as well as scope, to improve.

Page 13—"The general tenor of the evidence given before the Commissioners, proves that, with the exception of some districts in the north, and some particular localities and estates, or individual farms in other parts of the country, the usual agricultural practice throughout Ireland is defective in the highest degree, whether as regards the permanent preparation and improvement of the land essential to successful tillage, the limited selection of the crops cultivated, or the relative succession and tillage of those crops. But it likewise gives, at the same time, the encouraging proofs, that where these exceptions exist, where judicious exertions have been made to improve the state and texture of the soil, and to introduce a more desirable and extensive selection and rotation of crops, these exertions have been attended with the most striking success and profit.

Page 14—"It has been stated almost universally throughout the evidence, that the lands in nearly every district in Ireland require drainage; that the drainage and deep moving of the lands or subsoiling have proved most remunerative operations wherever they have been applied; that these operations have been, as yet, introduced but to a very limited extent.

"That the mass of the lands is held by small working farmers.

"That the small farmers and labourers are, for considerable portions of the year, in search of employment which they cannot obtain.

"That the most valuable crops and the most profitable rotations cannot be adopted on wet lands, &c. &c.

Page 16—"Many witnesses attribute the general apathy in farming improvements to a want of knowledge amongst the farming classes; and they recommend, as an obvious remedy, the extension of agricultural schools, with model farms, and agricultural societies, on an improved principle of action, throughout the country.

Page 77—"The evidence given upon drainage may be divided into two classes. First, that which refers to opening the great drainage basins of the country, by deepening and widening rivers, and cutting general water-courses, with a view to relieve entire districts or considerable tracts of land from constant submersion or occasional inundation, and likewise to facilitate the second class of drainage, which consists in relieving individual farms

and fields from superfluous moisture.

"The first class, or general drainage, having been placed under the particular charge of a competent public department, armed with the requisite legislative powers, the attention of the Commissioners appears to have been given more particularly to the second branch of the subject, or farm drainage. And it is only requisite here to observe, that many of the objections made in the evidence, with respect to the rules under which the general drainage of the country was then conducted, would not now be applicable, as the acts in force at that time have been considerably modified and amended by subsequent acts of parliament.

"It may, therefore, be fairly assumed, that this most important branch of the subject is placed on a sound basis, and is receiving that close attention from the able men charged with its superintendence, that shall insure the gradual removal of all that may yet appear objectionable in the details.

"It is, no doubt, proved to be, in many districts, the essential preliminary upon which the execution of farm drainage depends.

"The testimony is quite unanimous—first, as to the great extent to which farm drainage is required in every district in Ireland; secondly, as to the impossibility of introducing the improved and most profitable crops and modes of cultivation on wet lands, until such drainage shall have been effected; thirdly, as to the enormous profit attending such drainage operations—a profit so large, that the testimony of the most capable witnesses, based on their own practical experience, states that the whole cost of thorough draining their land has been paid back to them by the consequent increase of crop, in periods from one to three years; and scarcely any witness who was examined calculates beyond seven years, the period required thus to bring back the amount he had invested in such an improvement.

"The vital importance of the second consideration above stated, as to the impossibility of introducing the improved and most profitable crops and mode of cultivation on wet lands, until such drainage shall have been effected, has been fearfully increased since the Land Commission evidence was received.

"It must be kept in mind, that since that period, the destruction of the general crop upon which the population depended for existence, has occurred.

"That this destruction has taken place under circumstances which must

have warned discreet men against the risk of planting the potato extensively in future.

"That there is no other crop which can be successfully substituted in the lands in their present state, by merely following the ordinary modes of tillage fitting for such crops.

"That, in fact, the Irish, or lazy-bed method of planting potatoes, supplied the most minute conceivable system of artificial drainage for that one crop, although the ground was not permanently drained by it; and, therefore, to insure the growth of any substitute, not being an aquatic plant, some similar precaution must be adopted, until the permanent thorough drainage shall have been effected.

"That the most useful substitutes for the potato, as beet-root, mangel-wurzel, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, not only require that the land should be well drained, but they likewise require that it should be much more deeply moved, and more perfectly pulverized, than for potato culture."

The fears expressed in the latter part of this extract will now perhaps be esteemed groundless by many, but they do not materially affect the value of the editor's reasoning. They merely show the species of uncertainty which attaches to that mysterious energy by which God causes his earth to give food for his creatures. "In his hands are the issues of life," and of all "appertaining unto life;" and, in his mercy, he makes us feel our dependance on Him, by so baffling human calculation as to keep perpetually before us the imperfection of all finite and secondary causes.

The obstacles to the prosecution of those works of improvement which the editors recommended as remunerative are to be found mainly in the ignorance and the poverty of the people—want of security for the investment of capital also proves a discouragement to the enterprises of some wealthy farmers. Landlords, it is manifest, should take a lead in the work of improvement wherever it is in their power, and, by due exertion, the funds placed by government at the disposal of the Board of Works, may be rendered available for their uses. The editors of the Digest have prefixed to their chapter on capital a valuable summary of evidence, from which we offer the following extracts:—

Page 193—"From the evidence given upon the subject of capital in Ireland, as applicable to farming purposes—its deficiency, the causes producing that deficiency, and their effects, and the modes by which the various classes seek to supply a remedy—the following appear to be the substance of the most important statements adduced, viz.:—

"That there is an absolute deficiency of capital amongst the farming classes, for the profitable cultivation of their lands.

"That this deficiency is increased by disinclination, particularly amongst the small farmers, to invest on their farms such money capital as they possess.

Page 194—"That the general methods for supplying the deficiency of capital, are, for the larger classes of farmers, through the regular banks; and, for the small farmers and labourers, through loan funds and local usurers.

"That the rent is often paid by discounting three months' bills, which are frequently renewed.

"That the bank interest on bills is generally five or six per cent., and the rate charged for discounting, including the charge for stamps and commission, amounts to 10 or 12 per cent. per annum.

"That the more extensive farmers are those who chiefly, though not exclusively, raise money at banks.

"That the agents or proprietors are frequently involved in these bill transactions.

"That the practice of borrowing from banks is very injurious to the tenants.

"That the interest paid by the needy man to local usurers frequently ranges from 25 to 100 per cent.

"That local usurers are generally meal-mongers.

"That the borrower from the meal-monger frequently negotiates his loan by purchasing a certain quantity of meal on credit, at twice its value, giving his obligation and security, and then selling it back to the usurer at the market price for ready money. One witness states that he has known the same bag of meal to be sold and resold in this way to twelve or fifteen successive persons.

Page 196—"That various expenses, added to the loss of time incurred by attendance at the loan-fund office, increase the actual cost of loans very much above the rate of interest actually paid to the loan-office.

"That the fines imposed on those who pay their instalments irregularly, also much increase the burden.

"That in addition to the loss of time incurred by paying weekly instalments,

that mode of payment is ill suited to small farmers, as they have not, in general, any means of raising small sums of money at close intervals.

"That this last objection does not apply to the cases of labourers in constant employment, of mechanics, or of those small farmers who can procure a constant market for their dairy produce.

"That to raise the instalments, farmers are sometimes obliged to sell a small portion of turf, or potatoes, or to pawn their clothes.

"That the existence of a loan-fund has been known to contribute to the prosperity of pawnbroking establishments, and of local usurers.

"That the loan-funds give an opportunity of readily procuring money to meet temporary difficulties, and thereby foster improvident habits.

"That, as loan-funds are usually constituted, the highest praise which can with truth be allowed to them is, that they are less immediately ruinous than private usurers.

"That the evils of loan-funds arise from the abuse and mismanagement of these institutions.

"That if properly managed, and the loans only given for reproductive purposes, they may be most useful."

It is not rash to affirm that many of the evils here alluded to might be corrected by combination among vigilant and prudent landlords, alive to their duty, and resolute to discharge it. And we would also observe, that, in estimating the capital at their disposal, its amount ought not to be computed by the sums they are able to raise in actual money. In a country where labour can be made reproductive, whatever may serve as wages of labour is capital, and the surplus produce of a farm may return a far better price if the payment be made in drainage of the field than it could yield as money price in the market. We are no advocates for a general system of barter, aware, as all observant persons must be, that it affords opportunities of fraud ample enough to justify its name, but we feel that a name ought not to deter an upright and benevolent man from rendering the best service he can to his impoverished and unemployed neighbours, and from turning the produce of his lands to the best account which circumstances place within his power, and of which justice would approve. It is quite true that the meal-

seller, as well as the usurer, may find his occupation somewhat abridged whenever the landlord pays his labourers with food they have themselves helped to raise—it may be true that the harmonies of political economy may be for a while disturbed by a procedure not in keeping with the maxims of the day—and it is also true that the due distribution of the national wealth may be embarrassed and disordered by a perseverance in such irregularity; but it is also to be borne in mind, that the emergency justifies, and, perhaps, demands, a departure from ordinary and traditional rules of action—that what landlords are to think of now is, how best to care for the immediate interest of their own belongings—how they are to sustain the enormous burdens cast upon them, and to overcome unexampled difficulties—how their tenants and labourers are to be preserved from pauperism. At such a time, a landlord should hold himself disembarassed from all that does not associate itself with his immediate duty. His care should be how to make his estate productive to the highest degree of which it is susceptible, and to ensure to his tenantry the greatest possible extent of remunerative employment. It will be matter of individual concern whether this, his great duty, be more effectually discharged by bringing farming produce to the market, and money, as wages of labourers, to the farm—or whether grain be sent to the mill to be distributed to labourers, wholly or partly in lieu of money payments. The circumstances of each locality will enable a prudent landlord to determine for himself—all we would urge upon him is this, that where the surplus produce of a harvest which has been blessed abundantly, can yield a better return for years to come, when invested in drainage and other permanent improvements than it seems likely to yield in the grain market, no man should be deterred from following the course which seems wisest by the empty outcry against “barter.” Political economy is, no doubt, wise in its generation. Where moral influences are deficient, it has its great advantage, but an upright and prudent landlord, a tenant industrious and honest, may find a course, which theory discountenances, to be, in many an in-

stance, in its processes and results, the most commodious, the fairest, and the most expedient.

The division and consolidation of farms give occasion for two chapters; although, properly speaking, they constitute the action and reaction of one subject. Tenants have unduly and injuriously subdivided—landlords, of late, have endeavoured to set bounds to the evil, it is scarcely necessary to say with what result—

“Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et seve sonare
Verbera: tum stridor ferri tractaque catena.”

“This evil [subdivision of farms] is one difficult or almost impossible to prevent. The parent, possessed of a farm, looks upon it as a means of providing for his family after his decease; and, consequently, rarely induces them to adopt any other than agricultural pursuits, or makes any other provision for them than the miserable segment of a farm which he can carve for each out of his holding, itself perhaps below the smallest size which can give profitable occupation to a family. Each son, as he is married, is installed in his portion of the ground; in some cases, even the sons-in-law receive, as the dowries of their brides, some share of the farm. ¶ In vain does the landlord or agent threaten the tenant; in vain is the erection of new houses prohibited, or the supply of turf limited. The tenant relies on the sympathy of his class to prevent ejectment, and on his own ingenuity to defeat the other impediments to his favourite mode of providing for his family.

“The fear of this subdivision, and its ruinous consequences, appear, from the testimony of many, to be the principal causes preventing the grant of leases, as the power of the landlord to resist them, though always insufficient, is considered to be much diminished where the tenant holds by lease, no matter how stringent the covenants against subdivision may be, it being stated that the difficulty of enforcing the covenants in leases is in general very great.

“It appears that subdivision is occasionally caused by the tenant selling a part of his farm in order to raise money for some temporary purpose.”—p. 418.

“Instead of each sub-tenant or assignee of a portion of the farm receiving his holding in one compact lot, he obtains a part of each particular quality of land, so that his tenement consists of a number of scattered patches, each too small to be separately fenced, and exposed to the constant depredations of his neighbours' cattle, thus affording a fruitful

source of quarrels, and utterly preventing the possibility of the introduction of any improved system of husbandry. A map of a townland, in which subdivision upon this system has been in operation, is given below, and will explain more clearly than words the state of lands held in this way, or, according to the provincial term, 'held in rundale.'

"Lord George Hill's words, among other facts relating to rundale, stated that one person held his farm in forty-two different patches, and at last gave up in despair of finding it; and that a field of half an acre was held by twenty-two different persons."—p. 419.

"Much evidence of a most contradictory character was given upon the consolidation of small farms into large. Many statements were made of cases in which such consolidation had been effected; but these statements were, in general, met by counter-statements, denying the general truth of the accusation, or alleging great exaggeration in it. It seems to be hardly the province of a digest such as this, to enter into the question of the veracity of the witnesses in each particular case of alleged oppressive consolidation, as these instances only affected the characters of particular individuals, and not the general question as relating to the country at large. It may suffice, that it appears that, in some cases, tenants have been ejected for the purpose of consolidating farms; but that there are few estates upon which evictions for this purpose have occurred, though on some of those few estates many tenants have been ejected.

"It appears, too, that in general, where such evictions have occurred, the ejected tenants owed considerable arrears of rent, which, in most cases, were remitted, and that some allowance in money or value was made to them. The farms, too, from which they were removed, seem to have usually been below the minimum size capable of affording a maintenance or profitable and constant employment to an average family."—p. 451.

"That class of consolidation which consists in giving to each tenant a compact equivalent for lands held in rundale or scattered lots, appears to be absolutely necessary before taking any other steps to improve an estate so circumstanced, or the condition of its occupiers.

"This, however, is a most difficult operation, in which the prejudices, the suspicions, the fear of losing by a change, or the desire of obtaining some undue advantage, unite the greater portion of the peasantry in resisting almost any

measure of the kind when proposed to them, although they acutely feel the evils inflicted upon them by the rundale system.

"It is, however, possible to overcome these difficulties."

We pass over much matter of which we freely acknowledge the importance, on the structure of houses, and the economy of house and farm; but we cannot dismiss, without some notice, the chapter on agrarian outrages—offences on which, because of the end to be attained by them, the abhorrence of just men is not so severely visited, as on other crimes, and with which law seems disposed to deal with less than its characteristic rigour. According to some moralists, these outrages are the retributions of "wild justice," and, even in the opinion of the Messrs. Kennedy, they are the expedients of men who have suffered moral wrong to obtain revenge, if not redress, for their sufferings:—

"Hence we find, that for years past a systematic combination of the working classes in Ireland has been in operation; the main object of which appears to have been to control the legitimate management of property.

"It was not easy for a man when building a house, and thereby investing his property permanently in the land, to imagine that he had still in equity only a year's title; that he might with justice be removed at the end of that year, leaving his investment behind him; and that he was to think no more of the matter.

"As the principle affected the great mass of the people, all were interested in inventing a remedy.

"The remedy was a simple one. Failing that equitable settlement which was neglected by the land proprietor, it was only requisite to appeal to Lynch law, and to extort a payment by intimidation from the incoming tenant, with great injury to the latter, and through him to the proprietor."—p. 159.

The system of agrarian outrage is a species of Lynch law. Here the inquiry into its character and objects seems to terminate. It is a law which pronounces sentence of death on various known offences, which finds ministers in abundance ready to execute its will, and finds throughout the great mass of the people a favorable recog-

nition of its authority. A phenomenon like this implies either such injustice in the system by which the country is governed, as shocks the moral sense of men, or else the anticipation of some such revolutionary change in government or law, as to excuse the adoption of those nefarious means by which it is to be effected. Wrong will excuse reprisal—hope of a successful issue may shield from general abhorrence the treacheries and barbarisms of unavowed rebellion; if either of these principles be applicable to the agrarian system, searching inquiry into its purposes, or the severity which will accomplish its extinction, are the more imperatively demanded. If the Lynch-law of agrarianism have its rise in the wrongs of labourers and tenants, let these wrongs have speedy and legitimate redress; let the wrong-doers be punished, and, if landlords are to blame, let them find that station cannot give impunity. If, on the other hand, it appear that agrarianism have no such palliative to plead for its enormities, is government to be supine, and legislature palsied, and law to be ill-administered, because perpetrators of the foulest crimes have succeeded in influencing public opinion by intimidation or corruption?

In the scale of crime, Tipperary, to which movements now in progress attract our attention, seems to have arrived at a great and unexplained pre-eminence. "The specially reported outrages throughout Ireland in 1844," according to Colonel Miller, Deputy Inspector-General of the Constabulary, "as shown in his return, give a total of 6,327, about one-seventh of which occurred in Tipperary alone—the number reported from that county being 908, of which 253 (not quite a third) were agrarian. The proportion, it will be seen, varies greatly in different counties. In Londonderry, it is one to thirty-one; in Armagh and Mayo, as one to twenty-six." "Even the temperance pledge," he fears, "has not operated as any check to outrage in Tipperary."† We offer no apology for presenting one passage from the evidence of this distinguished officer, without abridgment. His opportu-

nities of acquiring intelligence in the focus of agrarian outrage, render the testimony of more than ordinary importance:—

"Do you think that the prevalence of agrarian outrages in Tipperary arises from a greater number of instances provoking those outrages, or from a more ready resentment on the part of the people of any injury they may sustain?—I am unable to assign a reason for the prevalence of crime in Tipperary beyond other counties; but it would appear that in all history Tipperary has been remarkable for the lawless character of its peasantry. I must observe, however, that the state of different parts of Tipperary has varied greatly within my experience. The most disturbed baronies at present are Upper and Lower Ormond, and Ownney and Arra; and these baronies, about seventeen years ago, when my connexion with the constabulary department commenced, were comparatively tranquil; while other baronies, particularly Eliogarty, Middlethird, and Clanwilliam, which are now in an improved condition, were in a state of great and alarming disorder. My duties were originally in the South of Ireland; and Tipperary, as one of the counties of the province of Munster, of which I was inspector-general, was under my charge.

"Are you enabled, from your experience, to assign generally the cause either of the disturbances in the one case, or of the tranquillity in the other?—I am quite unprepared to offer any explanation on the subject. I presume that the same causes are in operation in almost every barony of Tipperary, as in those baronies which are at this moment in the most disturbed state."

Colonel Miller is right; Tipperary has been always a puzzle. There was once, indeed, an explanation, which might serve for its disorders; but Camden has taken exception to it. "Whereas," writes he, "some of the Irish, and such as would be thought worthy of credit, do affirm, that certain men in this tract are yeerely turned into wolves; surely I suppose it to be a meere fable."‡ Perhaps it is. Were it not so, we could understand how crime shifted from district to district, as the Tipperary men took their

* *Digest*, p. 323.

† p. 337.

‡ "Ireland and the Smaller Islands," &c., Sect. Tipperary, p. 82; Holland's translation.

turns of undergoing the wolfish metamorphosis. The ambulatory character of agrarianism, however, is not confined to the manifestations it makes in any one part of Ireland. It is a general and an alarming characteristic. "Although this mysterious engine of secret combination," said Chief Justice Bushe, in one of his admirable charges, "shifted from place to place, continues to be wielded and worked by some invisible hand, from time to time, now against one part of the island and now against another, yet those who have had the experience of many years of official and judicial life, can assure you that it has never been able to stand against the venerable authority of the laws vigorously and calmly brought to bear upon it."* Is this the explanation of the migratory instinct or policy of the agrarian system? It is "wielded and worked by some invisible hand," and is shifted from place to place, not capriciously, but of set purpose, to baffle inquiry and pursuit, to prevent conspiracy from falling into desuetude and disarray, and at the same time to guard its mystery. Another character of the system, Chief Justice Bushe, in the charge already cited, has disclosed to us. "I cannot recollect," said he, "an instance, in the experience of many years (and perhaps it is a formidable view of our situation), in which a man has been charged with an insurrectionary offence, whose crime could be traced to want or poverty."† A similar testimony, we remember, was borne by the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle; and Colonel Miller seems to corroborate the unsuspicious statements. "It is," he says, "a curious circumstance, confirmed by the testimony of those who are most experienced in such matters, that the periods in which the outrages prevail most extensively are not the periods in which the population suffer most, either from the effects of an insufficient harvest, or from other causes of privation." One reason for increase of outrage may be found, he thinks, in

the greater prevalence of illicit distillation when prices of grain are low; but his testimony to a fact is to be received with far more deference than his conjecture of an explanation.

It is always instructive to see "how use doth breed a habit in a man." A witness from Kerry deposes thus:—

"A proprietor had two shots fired into the window of his bed-room, and six balls perforated the counterpane of his bed; but it originated in the management of the land, in turning some tenants away. We had a strict investigation into it, and I speak from that investigation. We formed a fund," &c. —(William Sandes, Esq. *Digest*, p. 342.)

So much for Kerry. Now for Tipperary, even in a protracted paroxysm of tranquillity:—

"Have there been any agrarian outrages in the district with which you are connected?—No, not for a considerable time. There were a few shots fired into my own house very lately; but there was nobody shot. *We do not mind these little trifles.*"—(Avery Jordan, Esq., Tipperary. *Digest*, p. 347.)

It is commonly reported that agrarian outrage is pure from sectarian rancour, and that whatever the creed of an offender against the secret law,† his punishment will be the same. Some statements to a contrary effect, however, are reported in the *Digest*. One witness, George Heenan, Esq., swears that "they would treat a Protestant with more rigour"—(*Digest*, p. 335); and Colonel Miller adverts to manifestations of religious prejudice (which, however, he considers "exceptions to the general system") in offences committed in Tyrone and Longford. In the former county a threatening notice was the crime; in the latter there was a series of murders. The notice, which could not be traced to any author, was a warning to a Roman Catholic not to become

* Charge to the Grand Jury, at Maryborough Special Commission, 1832, p. 9.

† Ibid, p. 4.

‡ A curious specimen of agrarian legislation, one which might serve to show a purpose of permanence, appears in a threatening notice, reported from the constabulary at Lucan:—"Land taken against a tenant's will, must remain *by with* the landlord, or be commons *fourteen years.*"—*Digest*, p. 332.

tenant of a farm, from which a Protestant was to be ejected for non-payment of rent. It contained a threat that his house should be burned, and he himself murdered, if he neglected the warning; and a declaration to the effect that "things will not be as they were in times past—we want neither Papist nor Repealer in our land, and you shall not be there."

"The Commissioners will perceive," continues Colonel Miller, "that in the case just brought before them the evasion of the landlord's right, and the interference in the letting of the lands, seems to proceed from sectarian prejudices; namely, a determination to oppose the settlement of Roman Catholic tenants. In the counties of Longford and Sligo we have examples of agrarian outrages on Lord Lurgan's estate, where the actuating motive appears to be the hostility of the rural population to Protestant settlers."—*Digest*, p. 333.

Before proceeding to consider the proof of sectarianism in the latter offences, we must be permitted to express our surprise that the former offence should have been adduced by so very intelligent a witness, and put forward by the able editors of the *Digest*, as a fact by which the inference drawn from it could be justified. A threatening notice cannot justify an imputation on any party, unless it can be proved that the party was answerable for it. Where the author is unknown, the guilt is unappropriated. A notice may be the act of an individual—may be the act of the very individual against whom its threatenings are uttered. In itself it is no proof of combination. It may be designed for the express purpose of suggesting suspicions of the party from which it pretends to emanate; and, accordingly, unless there be strong corroborating circumstances, it should take its place among those anonymous communications on which no man would hold himself excused for bringing a charge against his neighbour. We do not, however, complain of the citation of this notice. It is the solitary testimony which would connect Protestants, as such, with the system of agrarian outrage, and, as it has not been traced to any Protestant author, as it is, in truth, much more likely to have been the wicked act of

an interested individual than of a party, it should be considered not as constituting ground for inculcating a religious body, but rather as proving that ground for such inculpation was sought and could not be found.

But there is matter of complaint which ought not to be overlooked. The inquiry into the circumstances of this threatening notice has been left imperfect. Its consequences have not been traced. Three years have been nearly completed since the date of its appearance;—what have been its effects? The locality may have been compromised by them. They surely ought to have been, as they could easily have been, ascertained. Did William Coalman (the party threatened) obey the menacing monition, and leave the Protestant defaulter in possession of the tenancy? Did he despise the warning, and has he paid, in his forfeited life, the penalty? These are questions to which the editors of the *Digest* ought to have sought answers before they gave the silly document a place in their publication. We have made the requisite inquiry; the editors, we are sure, are too high-minded not to be much gratified by the result. The threatening notice, like Doctor Doyle's fancied excommunication for treason, was a spent thunderbolt. The party menaced and warned proved contumacious; he took possession of the tabooed farm, and continues at this moment to enjoy it in unmolested occupancy.

The outrages on Lord Lorton's estates were of a very different character. They were, indeed, evidences of combination, and of combination formed in the spirit of sectarian intolerance. Details of them have been given in evidence by Thos. Courtney, Esq., agent to the noble lord on whose property they were perpetrated.

He had removed some tenants, whom he paid for the surrender of their holdings, and placed a "very superior man, of the name of Brock," on a farm of thirty-six acres, with a view ultimately to establish the linen trade in the neighbourhood. Mr. Brock entered into the occupation of his farm early in May, 1835. *On the twenty-fourth of the same month, the same year, he was murdered.* The farm was then given to a man named

Dymond, and "he was beaten so severely, that he was obliged to give it up," and "that he never did any good afterwards." "Shortly after that, another tenant of Lord Lorton's, on the same estate, a man of the name of Moorhead, *was murdered*." His lordship's bailiff, Arthur Cathcart, *was murdered*.

"William Morrison, who succeeded Cathcart as bailiff, *was murdered*; the cattle of others of the tenantry were taken and haughed, *but in no instance did the property or persons of the Roman Catholic tenantry suffer any injury*. "All this time (continues Mr. Courtney), the newly-declared Roman Catholic tenants were left in their farms, and they received as much encouragement as I gave any other class of tenants."

"*Were they molested by any one ?—Not at all.*

"What did you do with Brock's farm after Dymond's murder?—I kept it on hand for four years, and then gave it to a man of the name of Reynolds, who is a Roman Catholic, but a very respectable man."—*Digest*, 352.

We pass away from this recital, as the editors do, leaving it to the reader without one word of comment.

Before dismissing the subject of agrarian outrage, we think it right to observe that, in some instances, the editors have offered evidence on the part of witnesses, whose testimony ought to have been regarded as inadmissible, without remembering to apprise the reader of the objection which existed to the production of it. For example, a witness is chosen* to give an account of the circumstances and occasion of a murder committed in the county Armagh, on the estate of Wm. Charles Quin, Esq., who was himself examined by the Commissioners. The following question and answer will show to what effect:—

"Having seen the evidence of the Rev. Michael Lennan, relative to a property of yours in the county of Armagh, have you any statement you wish to make to the commissioners?—I wish to observe, without making use of any stronger terms, that that evidence from beginning to end is inaccurate."†

Without enlarging on the merits of Mr. Quin, as a landlord and a gentleman, and without copying the testimony borne to his conduct and reputation by the magistrates of the county in which his estates lay, and by the Irish government of the day, in the person of Lord Ebrington, it seems natural to observe, that the evidence of a witness so directly and so comprehensively contradicted, ought not to have been selected for publication in the *Digest*.

Again, Michael Fitzgerald, farmer, is cited:—

"Have there been any agrarian outrages in the district?—Yes, there have; but what have been are from the oppressions of the landlord and exterminating the tenants; that is the cause."‡

The attention of Darby O'Grady, Esq., was called to some allegations of this witness, and having corrected them, he went on to say:—

"I know nothing of the witness, Michael Fitzgerald; but a man of that name was suspected by me as being concerned in throwing down the house, and I was given to understand that his house was the rendezvous of all the evil-doers in that part of the country; and many and serious offences have been committed, and murder attempted, by shooting at a surveyor in my employment in the noon day, and in the presence of numbers of the tenantry, who seemed to be assembled to witness the outrage. This Michael Fitzgerald I served with a notice to quit, for the above reasons, as well as his owing, at the time, between three and four gales' rent."§

Is the witness cited in the *Digest* the person thus stigmatized? This ought not to have been left, as it has been, a matter of doubt.

However freely we may have expressed our dissent from details in the *Digest*, we are equally ready to express our general approbation of its spirit and bearing. It is a useful work, and if it faithfully set forth the defects of our agricultural life and habits, and the difficulties with which we have to

* *Digest*, p. 337.

† Report of Evidence, No. 1025.
§ Report, Appendix B., p. 51.

‡ *Digest*, p. 343.

contend, it shows with no less clearness that we have ground also for hope, and that if we are not wanting to ourselves, we shall not be forsaken or overthrown. It encourages us, by disclosing the capabilities of our soil, and the possibility of animating the rural population to make much of their advantages. The profitable return for judicious expenditure in the permanent improvement of the soil—the aids placed by government at the disposal of landlords willing to make use of them—the resources which a prudent and resolute man may find available when he looks at home—all present themselves to our minds as we ponder on the exposé of our agricultural prospects, and encourage us to hope.

But—it would be madness to deny—the cause of the landed proprietor in Ireland is environed with sore peril. There is a conspiracy against his rights extensively organized throughout the rural population of this country, and employing the most criminal agencies to effect his ruin. There is a combination against him in England, where public opinion is artfully and most unjustly governed to his prejudice. There is a strong party against his interests within the houses of parliament; and, outside the senate, there is a faction, virulent, energetic, unscrupulous, and able, which will account no means of compassing his destruction too vile or criminal.

Those who habitually honour our pages with their attention, may call to remembrance that we were not slow to discover the signs of approaching evil to the landed interest, and were urgent, even beyond the limits of ceremony, to give warning. It will now be confessed that our gloomiest apprehensions have been realised, and that fulfilment has overtaken our predictions with the rapidity which characterizes modern progress. A fierce and undisguised war is waged upon the landed proprietors in Ireland. They have adversaries where in former times they might have looked for allies. Powerful organs of public opinion have opened a murderous fire upon them. Within a short time they have suffered almost irreparable detriment and loss. They remain without protection, within the range of positions occupied by foes, who give abundant proof that they will show

them neither mercy, moderation, nor justice. And, marvellous to relate, in this desperate emergency, without effectual concert or communication with each other, without regard for counsellors, or dependence on leaders, Irish landlords stand exposed to their enemies, and hopelessly await destruction. They will not have to wait long, if they persist in waiting inactive.

But, it may be said, whatever Irish landlords may have been in times past, they cannot now be accused of inaction; nor, in the face of their lavish contributions and concessions, can the maligner hope to do them further injury. This is not our persuasion. The enmity which pursues Irish landlords is of a kind which neither merit nor submission can appease, because it is of the kind which seeks an ulterior and unacknowledged end, and would sate a personal vengeance. To discomfit such a hostility, it is not enough that its meditated victims are good—they *must be strong*; and strong they cannot be, so long as their counsels are divided. Will they remain a divided body? If ever the aspect of danger, as well as the obligation of duty, had power to unite an oppressed and menaced body, the country gentlemen and farmers of Ireland should feel that that time is come. The well-being of the whole agricultural population, as well as their own more immediate interests, can brook no longer neglect. A little further delay, and, under pretence of charity, the most uncharitable yearnings of revengeful hearts will be gratified.

It is easy, the reader may say, to declaim thus in terms of common-place, but little good is to be gained by such abuse of time and phrases. The matter of real moment is, what should the menaced classes do?—how are landlords to unite for the assertion of their rights? Is not the curse of division indelibly stamped upon Ireland? We might answer that this, too, is declamation. Causes of disunion are removed—reasons for combining are obvious and manifold—why should there not be union? But how is this good end to be attained? Shall there be a great assemblage summoned to the metropolis? No; such assemblages may be useful for demonstration—they are not meet for counsel. We would say—let every district throughout the island have its deliberative assembly—

let every poor-law union furnish, in its guardians, a body who can understand the necessities of the times, and show how provision is to be made for them. Let every poor-law union faithfully disclose the intelligence at its command—what has been done there—what is doing—what is apprehended—how the recent laws have affected, and are likely still further to influence, the conditions and the character of our people. Let every relief-committee deliver up its experiences. Were this done, Ireland would come to know itself—districts, now geographically and morally estranged, would feel, as it were, brought near by the influence of a great Christian principle; and, seeing themselves engaged in exercises of which all approved, the unnatural antagonism of by-gone years would cease, and Irishmen would learn to forbear, and to respect, and to love one another.

The national feeling which would prevail in a brotherhood thus formed, could not be productive of evil. It would delight to cherish and develop the resources of Ireland, but it would not take pleasure in contemplating a shock or struggle in which the empire was to be dissolved. It would not require the stimulus of Repeal, to animate it with a fierce energy. Its ear,

nest purpose would be to do good—it would inculcate labour, and patience, and self-denial. It would, in process of time, and that no lingering process, call out the moral, while it was developing the material, powers of the country. If we are to be saved from ruin, we must study legislation, as we would learn the beneficent powers of nature. We must see how laws affect our condition, as well as how culture may improve our soil. We know that soil, and climate, and culture, may promise in vain, where unfriendly laws fight against them. We know that bad government can blight more effectually than the mildew, and the cankerworm, and the caterpillar; and therefore we know that patriots, who would improve to the highest the natural resources of their country, must consult also, that bad laws do not mar the bounty of a beneficent nature. We should, therefore, expect to see that moral and intellectual, as well as material riches, shall grow among us and increase, and that, when Repeal of the Legislative Union has been brought to pass, Ireland shall have, within her own limits, among her own sons, the materials of which a legislature can be constructed.

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Vol. XXX.

MADemoisELLE LENORMAND.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the name of the extraordinary person who, since the year 1789, has practised the arts of chiromancy and astrology in the French capital, and who, in the most sceptical epoch, and among the most sceptical people of modern times, has been able to maintain, for more than half a century, the reputation of an almost infallible interpreter of the decrees of fate. Some anecdotes of this Pythoness of our own days, derived from sources which we have reason to believe authentic, are offered in the following pages to those who take interest in such things. Of what may seem to verge on the marvellous, in the circumstances we have to relate, it is not our task to supply the *rationale*: we leave that as a problem for our psychological friends, to whose ken there is no mist impenetrable, no millstone opaque: He that can fathom animal magnetism may try his plummet in the mysteries of the palm and of the stars: we go not into matters that would take us out of our depth.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in 1772, at Alençon in Normandy, and received her education in the Benedictine convent of that place, at the royal expense. The good nuns were far from dreaming what an embryo sorceress their cloister nursed in its bosom; though, by her own account, there must have been something about her, even then, unlike other children, and calculated to give the impression that the little king's-charity-scholar was not altogether "canny." "She remembers," writes one who was much in communication with her between the years 1811 and 1813, "having a singular power of observation and ima-

gination since she was seven years old, and an expression she often uses, in reference to that period of her life, is—*I was a waking somnambulist.*" At an early age, Paris became her abode, and here we find her, in her seventeenth year, already embarked in the profession of a fortune-teller, and applying herself with ardour to the study of astronomy and algebra, the knowledge of which she believed indispensable to the perfection she aimed at in the divinatory art. She rose rapidly into note. The persons who came, led perhaps more by curiosity than by credulity, to test her prophetic powers, were confounded by the acquaintance she displayed with the most secret details of their past history, and learned to place a reluctant confidence, at variance with all their habits of thought, in her predictions of the future. Meanwhile, the revolution proceeded, and it was the lot of our Pythoness to become involved in one of the countless plots which the distracted times were hourly bringing forth. It was a project for the liberation of the queen, then in the Temple prison, which proved fruitless, from the impossibility of inducing Marie Antoinette to embrace any opportunity of escape, which was to involve a separation from her children. Lenormand's connexion with this enterprise led to her own arrest, and she found herself an inmate of the prison of the Petite Force, from which she was afterwards removed to that of the Luxembourg. Although at this time the "reign of terror" had already begun its course of blood, and the citizen once breathed on by suspicion—especially of royalist plotting—had little to do but prepare for the guillotine, Lenormand was no way frighten-

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ed by this turn in her affairs, her astrological calculations assuring her, as she said, that her life was safe, and that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. The result showed that, unlike the *sagur-tribe* in general, she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others. Robespierre's fall found her happily still among the unguillotined, and placed her at liberty, with the remnant that were in the same case.

Her sojourn in the Luxembourg, however, had brought her into contact, among others, with Josephine Beauharnais. Josephine had once had her fortune told, by an *Obi* woman in the West Indies; she now got it done a second time by Lenormand, and had the satisfaction to find that the black and the white sibyls spelled her destinies alike. We say the satisfaction, because it really was satisfactory, to one for whose neck the guillotine's tooth, so to speak, was on edge, to hear from two different fortune-tellers, so widely apart both in geography and complexion, that years of life and greatness were before her. The agreement could not but dispose to belief, and it is not rash to surmise that Josephine's mind was all the easier, for her conference with the Norman prophetess, during the term that yet intervened, before the auspicious event that restored both to freedom. This event itself was no slight confirmation of Lenormand's credit; and when Josephine, about two years after, married Napoleon Bonaparte, and perhaps discovered in him the aspirings of that ambition which boded her the fulfilment of those more dazzling promises of her horoscope, that stood yet unredeemed, she did not fail to talk to him of the gifted mortal who had shared her captivity, and by whom such great things had been prognosticated for her, and, by the plainest implication, for him as her husband. Few men were more superstitious at heart than he to whom these conjugal revelations were made: he saw Lenormand, and it is said (though we fear on doubtful authority) that she foretold him the successive stages of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, his fall, and his death in exile. What measure of faith may have been yielded by Napoleon to these vaticinations

(supposing they were ever uttered), we have of course no means of knowing; but, from the time of his attaining the imperial dignity, it is certain that Lenormand became an object of suspicion to him, the effects of which she often found troublesome enough. Perhaps the emperor thought that she who had predicted his overthrow would not scruple to use means to compass it. Be that as it may, a jealous watchfulness was now exercised, not only towards the prophetess herself, but towards those who came to consult her; more than once she was arrested, and had to undergo a rigorous interrogatory at the *palais de justice*. On one of these occasions, a remarkable expression fell from her: it was on the 11th of December, 1809, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had just given to some question which had been addressed to her, she said, "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve till the 31st of March, 1814." What the question was, to which this reply was given, does not appear, but we hardly need to remind the reader that, eight days before, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation had been celebrated with a splendour enhanced by the presence of five of his royal vassals, the kings of Saxony, Westphalia, Wirtemberg, Holland, and Naples; and that on the day named by Lenormand for the solution of her "problem"—the allies entered Paris.

And now to our promised anecdotes, the first of which we find in a communication addressed to our friend Doctor Justinus Kerner, by a lady who subscribes herself "Countess N. N.," and who is the same we referred to a while ago, as having had a great deal to do with the Pythoness, between the years 1811 and 1813. Let us premise that the countess's real name is known to the doctor, though she chooses to be only N. N. to the public:—

"On the 5th May, 1811, the Duchess of Courland and I, having disguised ourselves as citizens' wives of Paris, drove to the entrance of the Faubourg St. Germain, and, leaving our carriage there, took a *fiacre*, and proceeded to Mlle. Lenormand's, in the Rue Tournon. After we had rung and knocked several times, a young girl appeared, and told us we could not see Mademoiselle L.,

as she was at that moment engaged, and that we must either come another time, or wait till she was at leisure to receive us. We chose the latter, and were shown into a room, in which books, prints, paintings, stuffed animals, musical and other instruments, bottles with snakes and lizards in spirits, wax fruits, artificial flowers, and a medley of other articles, covered the walls, the tables, and the floor, leaving scarcely an unoccupied spot for the eye to rest on. It was fully two hours before any one came near us, during which time we heard the house-door, as well as that of the adjoining cabinet, open and shut repeatedly. At last, when our patience was almost worn out, the door of the room we were in was opened, and a figure, of a height and breadth that surprised us, made its appearance. It was Mlle. Lenormand. There was undeniably something imposing in the picture she presented: her bulk nearly filled the door; her air was marked by a stately composure, and the expression of her countenance had the kind of solemnity one expects to find in the professor of a mysterious art. She had broad, flat features, and wore a black silk morning dress, and a cap with a deep border, that completely covered the hair. She beckoned us into the cabinet, seated herself in a high arm-chair, before a large table, on which lay astronomical charts and papers covered with calculations, and pointed to two lower seats, which we took possession of. She now looked good-humouredly at us, and told us we were disguised. We confessed it; she said nothing further on the subject, and when taking leave, we named ourselves of our own accord."

We must here interrupt the countess to say, that we regret she should have thought it necessary to maintain an *incognito* with us, which she was so obliging as to drop towards Mlle. Lenormand. Countesses that have anything out of the common way to tell, should eschew the anonymous, lest readers of an incredulous turn of mind should be led to suspect that they are no countesses at all. Letters of the alphabet are bad vouchers for a tough story; even the newspapers will not insert your account of a "man's nose bitten off by an oyster," unless you send your real name and address. "Q. Z." will not do. And what better is "N. N.?" For anything one knows, it may stand for Nobody, of Nowhere.

As our countess, however, has not

thought proper to name herself, it is well that she has not practised the same reserve in relation to the Duchess of Courland. The duchess is a good guarantee for the authenticity of the countess; for this Duchess of Courland is a real personage, Anna Charlotte Dorothea by name, a born Von Medem, and third wife and relit of Peter, last Duke of Courland, who died the 13th of January, 1800. She was born the 8th of February, 1761 (consequently had entered her fifty-first year but three months before the "lark" we find her engaged in), and was married the 6th of November, 1779. She lives (if she has not died since 1822) on her estate of Loebichau, in the principality of Altenburg, and has a jointure of sixty thousand florins (or five thousand pounds sterling) a-year. Her youngest daughter, Dorothea, was married, in 1809, to the nephew of Prince Talleyrand. The reader sees that in the Duchess of Courland we have got a tangible fact, taken in connexion with which, the Countess N. N. becomes at least a fair probability; and now let the fair probability proceed with her narrative, secure from further interruption:—

"After the duchess had been disposed of, my turn came, and Mlle. L. interrogated me as follows:—

"The first letter of your Christian name?"

"A."

"The year, day, and hour of your birth?"

"Sunday, the 18th of May, 1777, four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Your favourite colours?"

"Black and white."

"Favourite fruits?"

"Pine-apple and mulberry."

"In walking, whether do you like best to go up hill or down?"

"Up."

"Your favourite animals?"

"Eagle, swan, dog, and horse."

"She now glanced into the chart of the heavens, told me that I stood under the influences of Venus and Jupiter, and then proceeded to detail the events of my past life, with a particularity and a fidelity, which filled me with wonder—many of the circumstances which she related being such as I believed known to no human being but myself. While thus engaged, she did not once look at me, but kept her eyes fixed on the chart, from which she seemed to be reading aloud.

"At last she raised her eyes to mine, and asked—

"Do you desire to know the future?"

"I took this opportunity of observing the expression of her eyes, into which I looked for a few moments before answering. There was, however, nothing unusual to be detected in them, nothing indicating a state of somnambulism, no gleam of prophetic rapture, not a characteristic to mark them as the organs of a preternatural vision. You would say that the soul which looked through such eyes was guiltless of all commerce with the powers of an invisible world, and that if Mlle. Lenormand really divined at all, it was by the rules of an art learned by rote, and not by any oracular promptings from within.

"Incredible as the existence of such an art might seem, it was not more so in relation to the future than to the past. If the sibyl could see all I had left behind me in the journey of life, why should that which was yet before me be hid from her? She had shewn me what was gone: why should I doubt her ability to bring to my view that which was to come?"

"With such thoughts as these, I answered her question in the affirmative. On this she took my left hand, gazed on its lines, wrote down some numbers on a sheet of paper, reckoned, contemplated the celestial chart, again pored over my hand, again wrote and reckoned, and so on for not less than two hours. The duchess got tired, and went away, and I at last began to be faint with hunger. Mlle. L. had a cup of soup brought to me, and said, 'Have patience, for I have something to learn here.' At last her calculations appeared to be brought to a satisfactory result, and she dictated to me what follows:—

"A singular destiny! You will see more high mountains than you think—will ascend more than you will wish to do. One day, and that in 1813, during the war, you will have to fly; your people will be ill-used and made prisoners; you yourself also will be carried away one morning, at one o'clock, by men with long beards, and by men wearing chains and coats of mail, who will require of you a breach of fidelity towards him who will die on the rock. Three state prisoners will owe their lives to your intercession. In Venice, a poet, whom you have never seen, and never will see, will feel himself impelled to make it a request to you, that after his death you will pray for him, as often as you enjoy the view of anything pre-eminently beautiful in nature. Your life will be spent in courts, because the choice of your heart is solitude; this is the contradiction that pre-sides over your earthly existence. Your

first long journey will be from Germany to Italy, whither you will go at the instance of a sovereign; and you will be invested with an order, the decoration of which you will either never wear, or wear for the first time at a very advanced age. Satiated with honours, and weary of the great world, you will die of years, in a fair *château*, standing in the midst of gardens. Many will be around you at your death, and form, as it were, a little court. Your life, and all that awaits you, is wonderful. Your wishes point to tranquillity and retirement, but these will evade your search: they are denied you, just because you seek them.

"One thing more—a great thing—will happen you, but I cannot tell you what it is; it is nothing bad, but it must remain a secret. Before 1867 all will have been fulfilled."

"After this followed much that related to family matters, and which, except in some few points, has since been verified. But as a great part of these communications was of a painful nature, turning on the death of friends, and other sorrows which were in store for me, I can say that I learned from my horoscope at least one lesson—never to wish again to pry into the secrets of futurity. As to the fulfilment of the above, I have to say, that the year 1813 brought all that was predicted. The poet in Venice proved to be Lord Byron, and I keep the promise I made him, and will keep it as long as I live. The journey to Italy was undertaken in consequence of an invitation of Pope Leo XII. His death prevented the establishment of an institution for sick persons at Varenna, which he wished me to preside over, and for which the arrangements were already in a state of forwardness. With a view to my holding this position, the Maltese cross was promised me; but I made no application to the pontifical government for the performance of this promise, wishing neither to wear the order, nor to pay the fees for it, when the object, for which it was to have been conferred on me, was given up. From that time the prophecy awaits its further accomplishment.

"This was but the first of many visits which I paid, in that and the next two years, to Mlle. Lenormand. Friends living at a distance commissioned me to consult her, and, as long as I remained at Paris, a month seldom passed without some communication between us. To calculate the nativity of absent persons, she required the day and hour of their birth in their own handwriting; she asked neither the name of the applicant, his birth-place, nor the country in which he lived. I brought her the leaf on which

the necessary particulars were written, settled the price to be paid (six francs, one, two, or four louis d'or), and in eight days I had the answer. It turned out that the prophecies which went most into details (that is, those which were the highest paid for), were least borne out by the result.

"Since 1813, when I left Paris, I have had no further intelligence of Mlle. Lenormand."

So far Countess N. N., of whose unsatisfactory way of telling her story we must here again complain. After giving us the prophecy word for word, she ought to have given the fulfilment, event for event, told us all about the "high mountains" (which we have to guess were the Alps and Appenines), the "men with long beards" (Cossacks, of course), the others wearing "chains and coats of mail," and explained what "breach of fidelity" they required of her, towards "him who was to die upon the rock"—in whom there is no very great difficulty in recognizing Napoleon. She might have done worse, too, than let us know who were the "three prisoners of state that owed their lives to her intercession."

Our next contribution is from a personage every way more authentic and responsible than the Countess N. N., namely, the President Von Malchus, who, about forty years ago, played a somewhat considerable part in European affairs. He was born in 1770, at Mannheim, where his father held some subordinate appointment in the household of the Duke of Deux-ponts. The duke, discovering indications of talent in the boy, took care that he should enjoy every advantage of education; he was placed in the Gymnasium of Mannheim in his fifteenth year, and, after two years of preparatory study, proceeded to the University of Heidelberg, from which he afterwards removed to that of Göttingen. In 1790, he exchanged an academic life for one devoted to diplomacy, being made private secretary to the Count of Westphalia, minister of state to the Elector of Mayence. After this he occupied various posts of gradually increasing importance, till 1803, when he was entrusted with a high "cameral" appointment by the King of Prussia. When the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, in 1807, he was called to give King Jerome (the most brainless of the

Bonaparte family), the aid of his financial abilities, first as a member of the council of state, and afterwards as director-general of imposts, and liquidator-general of the national debt; the last-mentioned office, however, after a short tenure, he gave up, and we rather think the office itself was abolished, as calculated to create a popular delusion—to say nothing of its being a sinecure. During the next three years he was employed in various missions (to Berlin, Hanover, Paris, &c.), the object of which, it is our impression, was generally something connected with money matters, as the bent of his genius was decidedly that way. From this period, the rise of his fortunes was rapid. In 1811, he was named Minister of Finance; in 1812, of War; and in 1813, of the Interior: simultaneously with this last charge, he received the title of Count Marienrode, Jerome probably thinking that such an accumulation of employments (leaving no one domestic or foreign affair of the kingdom that Malchus was not to manage) would be too much for the head of a simple commoner. After the dissolution of the Westphalian monarchy, Malchus took up his residence at Heidelberg, where for some time his position was by no means an enviable one, in consequence of the violent attacks, both in reference to his administration and his personal character, of which he found himself the object. However, he showed his assailants a bold front, and published a memoir, in which the charges against him were ably combated. He lived some years in privacy, and with straitened means; at length, in 1817, he entered the service of the King of Wirtemberg, who placed him at the head of his old department of finance. From what causes we are not informed, he held his appointment little more than a year. A pension of four thousand florins was conferred upon him at his retirement; and, taking up his abode once more in Heidelberg, he devoted the rest of his days to the "cultivation of the sciences." In this occupation—a considerably pleasanter one, we reckon, than liquidating the national debt—he was engaged up to the year 1838, and may, for anything we know, be engaged at the present writing.

So much to advise the reader who President Malchus properly is or was,

and now to his account of what passed between himself and Mlle. Lenormand.

He had heard, he tells us, of the far-famed divineress long before he saw, or supposed that he ever would see her, and the way in which her name came to his ears was this. There was a certain Count Morio in the Westphalian service, a Frenchman by birth, whom King Jerome had appointed marshal of the palace, and in concert with whom the finance-minister had received orders to remodel the royal household, with a view to its being placed on a more economical footing. This business necessitated frequent and prolonged interviews between the two officials, which took place at the house of Malchus; and at these, Morio, after the lapse of about an hour, generally became uneasy, and showed a marked anxiety to terminate the sitting and to get home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason of it.

"The reason is," replied Morio, "that my wife is in an agony of dread if I remain out of her sight a moment after the time she has reckoned to see me."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that his wife, before he met with her, had had her nativity cast by Mlle. Lenormand, who, among other things, had told her that she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a man between whom and herself no acquaintance at that time existed: the marriage would be a very advantageous one, and put her in possession of all she could reasonably wish for, but when blest with the fulfilment of her highest wish—to be in the way of becoming a mother—she would, soon after a great fire, receive in her house a visitor of great distinction, and, not long after, lose her husband by a violent death.

Married a second time, not so brilliantly, but still very well, she would return to her native country (she was a Creole), where she would in a short time lose her second husband, and marry a third, who would survive her.

After this explanation, Malchus seems to have indulged, as far as it was possible, the wish of his fellow-labourer to shorten the hours of business. One day, however, he found it necessary to continue the sitting con-

siderably beyond the usual time, when Morio, unable to contain his anxiety, at last insisted upon breaking off, and said, "Come, *monsieur le ministre*, do me the honour to accompany me home; you shall see for yourself the state of terror in which my absence places my wife, and you will never again blame my reluctance to prolong that terror an avoidable moment." Malchus complied, and found the countess in a state of suffering which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been acquainted by Morio with the ground of her apprehensions, she said, "You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him, nor he me; my marriage with him was a most advantageous one, and has truly put me in possession of all I could reasonably wish for; I am so happy as to have the prospect of being a mother, and that very soon; the "great fire" has unfortunately taken place—it was the burning of the palace; the "distinguished visitor" is no longer to be waited for, for the king, in consequence of that calamity, established himself here in the Bellevue (the name of a palace in Cassel, in which Morio, as chief of the royal household, resided), and we had to give him up several rooms. Yes, I must tremble when I think of the stage to which my fortunes are arrived, for I am driven to the conclusion that the violent death of my husband is now very near."

Malchus said what he could to tranquillize her; assured her that with him, at least, her husband was perfectly safe, and that one more meeting—though she must not alarm herself if it should prove a somewhat lengthened one—would now terminate the business which took him away from her.

A day or two after this, Morio was at the minister's till about eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the king. On their return, Malchus saw them both pass his house: they rode through the royal mews, where Morio explained various things to the king, while the countess was in such extreme anguish of terror that they had to put her to bed. After a while, the king rode home, but Morio was still detained in the mews. On a sudden a shot was fired; the countess heard

it, sprang frantic out of bed, and shrieked out, "That is my husband—they have shot him!"

It was but too true: poor Morio had been maliciously shot by a French farrier, over whom, on account of his disorderly conduct, it had been found necessary to give a German the preference.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon Malchus, and when the Westphalian catastrophe, in 1813, brought him to Paris, he was not surprised at finding the name of Lenormand in all men's mouths, nor at being urged—almost teased, as he says—by many of his friends, to have his fortune told by her. Among other things, he was assured that she had predicted to Murat, in the time of the consulate, that he would one day be a king; but that Murat had only laughed at her, and said, if that ever came to pass, he would make her a kingly present, which also, on his ascending the Neapolitan throne, he did.

Another story, which he heard had some years before been avouched by all the journals of Paris, was this. During the Spanish war, an officer came to Mlle. Lenormand, to learn his destiny, when she assured him distinctly, that a week from that day, somebody would give him, in a coffee-house, the information of his brother's death in Spain. The officer, who was not even certain that his brother was in Spain at all, determined not to go into any coffee-house till after the time predicted. But on the eighth day, some good friend, knowing nothing about the oracle, dragged him by main force into one, the threshold of which he had hardly crossed, when his servant brought him a letter, announcing that his brother, at such and such a place, on such and such an occasion, had been killed in Spain!

Further, it was positively asserted that Napoleon had twice spoken with the sorceress—once at her own house, and the second time at the Tuilleries; but as nobody but Duroc was present, nothing certain could be known of what had passed, for neither of these worthies was likely to give it wind, and she dared not. All, therefore, that people told you so confidently, as having been said by her to the First Consul—that he would be emperor, that his wife (Josephine) was his guar-

dian angel, that he would for a time reign and make war prosperously, but afterwards become unfortunate, subsequently be overthrown and dethroned, and at last die in exile—all this, Malchus considers, could have been only conjecture; at least, no one knew anything certain about it. It struck him more, he says, that the Countess Bochoitz (whoever she was) was more than once very pressing with him to feel the pulse of the fates, and protested to him that Lenormand had told her circumstances out of her past life, which it had given her a positive thrill of terror to hear, they being things known almost to no human being, and of which Lenormand could by no earthly chance have been informed. Many others of his most intimate friends spoke in the same way, but there was nobody that so much aroused his curiosity, respecting this singular woman, as Doctor Spangenberg, the queen's (what queen's?) physician. This personage, who is described by Malchus as a particularly dry, clear-headed man, who brought every thing to the bar of reason, and admitted nothing that was not susceptible of mathematical proof, assured him, just as every one else did, that it was perfectly incomprehensible what this woman knew, and could tell one. To him, as well as to the Countess Bochoitz, she had presented the picture of his earlier life, in its leading outlines, with the greatest fidelity, reminding him of many things which, even in Mecklenburg (his native country), very few people were aware of, and which, here in Paris, no human soul could know. Also with respect to the present and the paulo-post-future, she had said things to him, which were true, or had since become true, to a degree that was enough to drive one mad. For instance—"he would in eight days' time receive very interesting intelligence, through an old friend, respecting affairs in his own country, but the bringer of this intelligence would die two days after." He and his friends, with whom he was living at Compiègne, had several times joked about this, and wondered when the messenger, who was to die two days after delivering his message, would make his appearance. At last, on the eighth day, the actor Narcisse, who had spent a considerable time at

Cassel, and elsewhere in Germany, arrived, and brought him several pieces of news, which were of great interest for him, but—two days after Narcisse died.

Doctor Spangenberg mentioned further, that at the time of his consulting Lenormand, he was for the first time of his life at Paris; that he had no mind to consult her, but had been teased into doing by Monsieur de Pful and other friends. He had never before been in the neighbourhood of her house, had never seen her until that day, and, at his visit, told her neither his name nor his circumstances, nor suffered anything to escape him which could have served her as a clue.

Malchus was at length prevailed on to visit the divineress; the following is his account of the visit, which we give in his own words:—

“All this at length overcame the repugnance I felt towards a sibyl of this species, and I determined to go, intending however to put the reality of her miraculous knowledge to every test in my power.

“I was glad to find that the street in which she lived, and even the quarter of the town in which it was situated, was one in which I had never been. I put on a threadbare cast-off surtout, and a very shabby old hat, got into a *fiacre*, and drove to the Faubourg St. Germain, alighted before turning the corner of the Rue Tournon, and proceeded to her house on foot. On my ringing, the door was opened by a little girl, who might be about fourteen years of age. I asked for Mlle. Lenormand, and received answer that she would scarcely be able to speak with me just then, as she was extremely busy. ‘Very well,’ said I; ‘ask her when I may call again.’ After a few moments, the child returned with the answer, ‘Next Saturday, any time after twelve o’clock.’ I expressed my wish that she would appoint the hour herself, as I had, I said, abundance of leisure, so that it was equal to me at what time I came, and I was anxious that her reception of me should interfere with no other engagement. The little maid disappeared, and presently there came out of the adjoining chamber a woman advanced in years, and, I must confess, not without somewhat witch-like in her appearance, her eyes glancing about her not exactly with fire, but still with an expression of uncommon intelligence and subtlety. Coming straight up to me, and giving me no time to speak, she put a card into

my hand, and, with the words, ‘*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur*,’ disappeared again into her cabinet: she hardly saw me half a second, and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

“Saturday came, and I was there (in the same dress) punctually at three o’clock, was again received by the little maid, and requested to wait a few moments, as somebody was just then with Mlle. Lenormand. About ten minutes might have passed, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a young woman, supported by a man under the middle age, came out, weeping so excessively, that one could literally have washed oneself in her tears, and giving utterance to the most heart-piercing lamentations. Her companion did everything possible to assuage her grief, reminded her that ‘the thing, after all, had not been infallibly declared, that the question still remained, whether it would really come to pass,’ and so on. There must something terrible have been said to the poor soul.

“I was now ushered in, and made to sit down near the sorceress, at a table that stood by the sofa. As I had heard that, when asked only for the *petit jeu* (which cost two napoleons), she left out many details, in her sketch of the past, the present, and the future, I at once signified my desire to have the *grand jeu*, of which four napoleons is the price.

“She then asked me—

“1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

“2. That of my surname.

“3. Of my country.

“4. Of the place of my birth.

“5. My age—to be given with as much exactitude as was in my power: it so happened that I could state it even to the hour, and did so.

“6. The name of my favourite flower.

“7. The name of my favourite animal.

“8. The name of the animal to which I had the greatest repugnance.

“Upon this, she took, in addition to some seven packs of cards which already lay on the table, seven packs more, making in all fourteen packs. They were, however, of very different kinds; for instance, Tarok-cards, old German cards, whist cards, cards marked with the celestial bodies, cards with necromantic figures, and I know not what all besides. She now shuffled one pack after another, giving me each pack, after she had shuffled it, to cut. Naturally, I was going to do this with the right hand, but she prevented me, and said, ‘*La main gauche, monsieur*.’ To try whether she said this merely to mystify me, or would seriously make a point of it, I cut

the second pack with the left hand, but took the right again to the third; but she interposed instantly, and repeated, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack, after cutting, I had to draw (still with the left hand) a certain number of cards, prescribed by her; not the same number out of each pack, but from one more, from another less: from the Tarok cards, for instance, twenty-five; from another pack, six; from a third, ten; and so on. The cards thus drawn she arranged in a certain order on the table: all the rest were put aside.

"She then took my left hand, and surveyed it very attentively, taking particular notice of all its lines and inter-sections. After a little while, she commenced counting the lines upwards and downwards, and from side to side, pronouncing at the same time the names of the heavenly bodies. At length, she opened a great necromantic book which lay near her, and in which were drawn an immense variety of hands, with all their linear marks: these drawings she compared carefully, one after another, with my hand, till she found one that was marked in a similar way. Then, turning to the cards arranged on the table, she studied them with great intentness, went from one to another, numbering and calculating very busily, till at last she began to speak, and to tell me, out of the cards before her, my past, present, and future destinies. She spoke very rapidly, and as if reading out of a book; and I observed that if, in running on, she happened to revert a second time to any thing already mentioned, she stated it in the very same words as at first—in short, exactly as if she were reading it again out of the book.

"Of my past history, she told me, to my infinite astonishment, much that I myself had almost forgotten, which, probably, there was no one in my own country that knew or remembered, and which most certainly was known to nobody at Paris.

"Among other things, she said—'You have more than once been in peril of life; in particular, within your first five years, you had a narrow escape of drowning.'

"Who told her that in my fourth year I fell into the great pond at Schwetzingen?

"More than once you have been in danger of losing your life by fire.'

"This, too, is true.

"You were born in circumstances which did not offer you the prospect of high station in the world; nevertheless, you have attained it. Very early in life you began to labour for distinction of some sort: you were not yet five-and-

twenty when you first entered the service of the state, but it was in a very subordinate position.'

"How did she find out that I received my first official appointment at nineteen.

"Then she proceeded to reckon up to me a multitude of particulars of my past life, in particular placing the different sections of it before me in so definite and distinct a manner, that I began to feel a kind of horror creeping over me, as if I had been in the presence of a spirit.

"With respect to the last section but one (my taking office in Westphalia), she remarked, that it had not at first appeared likely to become very brilliant, but that circumstances had soon occurred, which had given it such a character.

"Of the present she spoke with the same accuracy.

"Of the future, some things that she said were characterized by a true Sibylline obscurity, or might have been compared to that Pythian utterance, '*If Cræsus crosses the Phasis, a great kingdom will fall.*' Some things, on the other hand, she expressed in a clear and unambiguous manner, and they have proved true.

"For example, she said, 'You are in great anxiety about your family'—which indeed I was, for I knew that my wife and children had got in safety as far as Elsen, but whether they had got happily to Hildesheim, and if so, how matters stood with them there, I knew not—'but,' proceeded the sorceress, 'you may be tranquil on this score, for in eight days you will receive a letter, which will indeed contain various things not agreeable to you, but will relieve you of all uneasiness on your family's account.'

"In effect, by the eighth day I received a letter from my wife, which acquainted me that she and the children were well, but of which the remaining contents were by no means of a character to give me pleasure.

"Within the next eight days I should four times successively obtain accounts of the state of things in my native country, and on one occasion should hear very minute particulars respecting my family.

"This was said on the 28th of March. Two days after, the allies entered Paris, an event the most unexpected to all its citizens. About six days after, I went to walk on the Boulevards; a person in the uniform of the Prussian artillery came eagerly up to me, and to my astonishment I recognized Monsieur N., who had lived with us a short time before at Compiègne, had then returned to Hildesheim, and joined the Prussians, and was now come direct from Hildesheim to Paris, consequently had no end

of things to tell me about my family, whom he had seen and spoken with. A little after, I met Monsieur Delius, formerly prefect of Gottingen, and, in short, I really, in the course of eight days, had news from Germany just four times.

"She proceeded—'You will not remain long in France, but will return to your own country, where you will at first have to encounter a host of annoyances, some of them trifling, some grave. You will be arrested, but speedily restored to liberty.'

"All this took place here in Heidelberg.

"She now said very distinctly, that before the 23rd of November, 1814, I should receive an important decision, but one very unacceptable to me. In effect, on the 21st of that month, I received the letter of the Hanoverian minister, Count Munster, conveying to me the determination of his government on my claim to the estate of Marienrode: the purport of this determination was, that my claim was rejected, but the appeal, which I spoke of, to the Congress of Vienna, left open to me.

"'Your destiny,' she added, 'will, for the next three years, be but precarious and unstable; and you will not find yourself in prosperous circumstances again until 1817.'

"When she had completely finished, I wished to have the whole written down (this costs a napoleon more), as it interested me too much to allow of my trusting the retention of it solely to memory. 'Much,' said I, 'of what you have said to me, respecting my past life, has put me in no small astonishment.'

"'Ah!' replied she, drily, '*c'est bien fait pour cela.*'

"She had no objection to write it all down for me, but assured me that she had more to do than could be told, and must, therefore, request of me three things. First, that I would write down for her the three answers above mentioned; secondly, that I would not require her to go into the past and the present at such length as she had done in her verbal communication; and, thirdly, that I would give her three weeks' time, before coming for the paper. 'That will be the easier for you to do,' said she, 'as you will remain two months longer at Paris.' This struck me much, because, in the position I then occupied, and under the political circumstances existing, I could not engage to be at Paris three days.

"'Surement,' repeated she, as she observed my perplexed looks; '*vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*'

"And in this also she was right! I

remained at Paris just two months longer, and no more.

"After three weeks I revisited the house of Mlle. Lenormand, but found her engaged, and heard from the little maid that, with the best will in the world, she had not yet been able to make out time to write what I wished for; but, if I would come again in four days, it should positively be ready.

"I was glad of this delay; the test, I thought, would be all the severer, whether she really read the same things in the cards, this second time, that she did three or four weeks before, or whether she only recalled, by an effort of memory, what she had said to me on a former occasion. I therefore quit the house with pleasure, and returned after four days. Mlle. Lenormand was gone out. The little maid excused this on the score of urgent business, begged me, in her mistress's name, to enter the cabinet, and, opening a drawer, showed me a paper intended for me, but which was not yet quite finished. I read it through, as far as it went, and found that it already contained about two-thirds of what the sorceress had said to me orally. Errors there were none, and the little variations from what I had heard near four weeks before from her, were of the most inconsiderable nature.

"In four days more, the little maid assured me, the manuscript should, without fail, be ready. In effect it was so, and corresponded accurately with what she had spoken more than four weeks before. Yet how many nativities might she not have cast in the interval! How many men's destinies must have thrust mine out of her recollection! I went purposely, from the time of my first visit to her till my departure from Paris, into her neighbourhood several times, and always found one or more carriages standing before her house, which had brought persons desirous of learning their destiny at the lips of Mlle. Lenormand."

We offer no opinion on the above, except that it is "curious." "True" we must presume it, coming, as it does, not from a professional inditer of fugitive romance, but from a grave man, with a character to lose—a man of arithmetic and red tape, and such solid realities of life—whose only flight of imagination, that we can find any trace of, was that very high, but very brief one, of accepting the office of "liquidator of the national debt." Somebody has called chiromancy a

"*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*" It may be so; still these coincidences (to use a word without much meaning) are strange. Malchus was not the only celebrated person of the last generation whose horoscope Lenormand constructed: Talma, Madame de Stael, Mlle. George, and numerous other notabilities of that age, also had occasion to acknowledge that her predictions were not thrown out at random; and it is but a few years since the accomplishment of a prophecy of hers, respecting Horace Vernet, delivered in 1807, when he was a child. This was to the effect that he would, in about thirty years from that time, stand in such high consideration as an artist, that the King would send him to Africa, to paint the storming of a fortress there by the French army; a prediction which was literally fulfilled in 1839. It is also asserted, as something generally known, that she foretold Murat the place and the hour of his death, twenty years before that event. People will tell us, these were all "coincidences;" which means, if it means anything, that the event "coincided" with the prediction. Quite true; the event did coincide with the prediction, and here is just the wonder. If there had been no "coincidence"—that is, if the prophecy had not been fulfilled—there would have been no mystery in the case.

But the certainty with which Lenormand divined the lucky numbers in the lottery, is said to have thrown all her other oracular exploits into the shade. The following anecdotes, illustrative of her gift in this way, are told by Doctor Weisskamp, who had them from Colonel Favier, at Paris:—

"Mlle. L. once declared to the celebrated comic actor, Potier, that one, two, or even three prizes, were assigned by destiny, generally speaking, to every man; but that she could not tell when and where any particular person's fortunate numbers would be drawn, without inspecting such person's hand. She said, further, that if she could collect about her all the individuals to whom fortune is favourably disposed, all the lotteries of all Europe would not be able to pay the immense winnings they would have to claim. Potier very naturally desired to know what were his own fortunate numbers. Mlle. L. contemplated his left hand, and said, 'Mark the num-

bers, 9, 11, 87, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the imperial lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quatern*.' This was in 1810; in 1826, Potier remembered it; the drawing at Lyons took place in May; he staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and chose for himself a fifth, the number of his birth-day, 27; and Paris talks yet of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money on were drawn. He won 250,000 francs, a sum which made a rich man of him, and by which he sprang, as it were, into the arms of fortune; his wealth increased from day to day, and when he died (which was in May, 1840), his heirs divided a million and a-half among them.

"Potier's good luck reached the ears of Tribet, another actor, a man to whom nature had been somewhat chary of talent, but, to make amends, extremely liberal in the matter of children. He flew to Mlle. Lenormand—she declined to give him any information; he besought her on his knees, but she continued inflexible; he supplicated, he conjured her; she perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence, sighed, and left him. Tribet was out of his senses at this silence of the oracle—he followed Lenormand, represented that his happiness was in her hands; that he was poor, helpless, the father of ten children, whom it was not in his power even to educate, and for whose future prospects he was in despair. At last the sibyl looked on him with a grave aspect, and said, 'Do not desire to know your numbers; it is true that they will be drawn in the next *tirage* at Paris, but they will bring you far greater evils than you now have to contend with. Seduced by the first smile of fortune, you will become a passionate gambler; you will neglect your art, renounce, in your elated folly, the profession that insures you bread, abandon your wife and your children, play again, and again play, and not cease playing, until, beggared, maddened, and lost irretrievably, you will only hasten, by suicide, a death already creeping towards you by starvation.'

"Tribet vowed and swore he would be the most regular, the most staid of men, and would suffer no degree of prosperity to intoxicate him; as for play, he bound himself by a solemn oath to avoid it, and to apply his gains in the lottery solely to his family's good. 'Well,' said Lenormand, 'I will tell you the numbers. I will even let you know that one of them denotes the year of your death—it is 28; another is 13,

your name-festival, and a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number, which is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself in the left hand on the stage with a pistol, while playing the part of a brigand.'

"'I did so—it is just twelve years since.'

"'Well, that number is, since then, no longer to be traced in your hand.'

"'But I know it,' exclaimed Tribet; it is 7.' That has been a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age I came to Paris; seven weeks after my arrival here I was received into the Royal Institute to be educated; seven years after I entered the Institute, Nicci noticed me there, and, finding that I had an ear for music, took me as a pupil; when I was just three times seven years old, I fell in love, married, and obtained, through Nicci, an appointment at the Royal Opera, with a salary of seven hundred livres. Finally, it is a man who lives at No. 7, on the Boulevard, that advised me to come to you. Without a doubt, seven is my fortunate number.'

"'Good; choose, then, 7 for your *quatern*; very likely this number also will win.'

"Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum, and the prophetess had declared, as she did in all cases, that it would not do to stake borrowed money. The poor actor had only twenty francs in the world—he went and staked the whole sum. The day of the *tirage* arrived, and Tribet's four numbers came out of the wheel; not one failed—and the man who but the day before had not a *sous*, found himself the possessor of ninety-six thousand francs! Who can describe his happiness? He ran through the streets without his hat; he embraced friends and enemies; he told every one he met that he was become a capitalist; he was so wild that he took a box at the theatre, 'to see Tribet play'; in short, his head grew giddy, and what Lenormand had prophesied came literally to pass. His good luck had made him crazy; his family, his good wife, his children, seemed to him a burden; Paris was too narrow for him; he put up his money, and set off in secret for London. Arrived there, he speedily dissipated the half of his fortune, and then became a constant guest at the hazard table. At first, like most tyros in play, he won, but fortune soon turned against him, and loss followed loss, till nothing more was left him to lose. There now re-

mained nothing of his destiny unfulfilled but its dreadful close, and this was not long wanting. In 1828, his body was taken up in the Thames, and it came out on the inquest, that, for the last eight days of his miserable life, he had not tasted even a spoonful of warm soup!

"This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand; she called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and, for more than a year after, steadily refused every request to divine numbers for the lottery.

"In 1830, however, she was induced once more to do so, under the following circumstances. A man one day hastily entered her cabinet, stated himself to be a printer, Pierre Arthur by name, and entreated her intercession with a creditor, Monsieur So-and-So, whom he knew to have a great veneration for her, and who was at that moment pursuing him with bailiffs. While he spoke, the creditor himself appeared with his attendants: he had seen his debtor enter Lenormand's house, and followed him on the spot. This man was a money-lender: Arthur had been so unfortunate as to borrow a sum from him four years before, and had, since that time, been paying him the usurious interest of twenty-four per cent.—a drain on his earnings which scarcely left the poor man in a condition to give dry bread to his children. A half-year's interest was now due; he was totally unable to raise the requisite sum, and his merciless creditor, rejecting all his entreaties for an extension of time, was about to consign his children to inevitable starvation, by throwing their only support into prison. Lenormand readily undertook the intercessor's office, and appealed to the usurer's compassion, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the appeal was vain. The sibyl grew warm: the violation of the sacredness of her roof incensed her, and she said some bitter things to the man of money: this incensed him in his turn, and he told her with a malicious grin, that if she had so much pity for the printer, she had but to pay the two thousand francs which he owed; he would then be her debtor, and she could show him as much indulgence as she pleased.

"Instead of replying to this taunt, she took the usurer's left hand, and studied its lines in silence. 'Arthur,' said she, after a few minutes, 'I have found help for you where you least expected it—in the hand of your oppressor. If you yet possess five francs of your own—not borrowed, but honestly earned money—go immediately and stake it on these three numbers, 37, 87, and 88, in

the royal lottery. The *tirage* is to-day: to-morrow you are the possessor of 24,000 francs. You will be able to pay your creditor, and be a rich man still: the hand that has brought you to beggary shall raise you to fortune, or there are no stars in heaven.'

"But poor Arthur had not a *sous*, for it was but a few days since the usurer had swept his house by a distress: he had nothing either to pawn or to sell. The creditor coolly directed the bailiffs to remove him; then, finding himself alone with the sorceress, he addressed himself to the task of deprecating her resentment, assumed his blandest aspect, thanked her for the fortunate numbers she had so unexpectedly revealed to him, and avowed his intention to stake ten francs on them without delay. The same sum he counted out on the table of the divineress, as a free-will token of his gratitude. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to learn from you what are my numbers: thank heaven, that an accident, which I must call providential, has this day led to the accomplishment of my wish.'

"'Do not suppose,' replied Lenormand, 'that you will escape the consequences of having offended me. Go; stake what sum you will on the numbers: I will take care that you shall win nothing by them.'

"The usurer did not believe, however, that it was in the power even of the redoubtable Pythoness to alter the course of fate; he hurried to the lottery-office, and recorded his venture.

"Lenormand had often murmured, that while she could point out to others the road to wealth, it was forbidden her to tread it herself. She could tell those who applied to her the numbers by which prizes would be obtained, but was herself obliged to refrain from staking anything on these numbers, because her doing so was certain to change good fortune into bad. She had read her own destinies as well as those of others, and knew that she was one of the few to whom prizes in the lottery were peremptorily denied. She now rejoiced at this; she resolved to stake the ten francs the miser had given her on *his* numbers, sure that when she made them *her* numbers, they would not be drawn. It happened as she anticipated; the numbers were *not* drawn, the usurer lost his ten francs, and the only drawback on the sibyl's gratification was, that his disappointment did not open the doors of the prison to poor Arthur."

Colonel Favier, we ought to mention, does not guarantee the truth of these stories, but merely gives them as

having been current at Paris in 1831, and on the alleged authority of the witch herself. They, therefore, do not stand on the same footing, as to credit, with the communications of Malchus and the Countess N. N. One thing, however, the colonel states as matter of notoriety, that Lenormand, eight days before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, gave the following as the five numbers destined to come out of the wheel at the next drawing, viz., the number of the king's age, 68; the number of years he had reigned (reckoning from the death of his nephew), 36; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14; the day the king had ascended the throne, 26; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were drawn, and the lottery-undertakers of the French metropolis will long remember the day of reckoning that followed.

We now take our leave of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom, witch or no witch, some admiration will always remain due, for having contrived to be believed in by a generation that neither believed in God and his angels, nor in the devil and his imps. As to her art, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions about it, whether mere chance, or some undiscovered properties of numbers, or a real understanding with the invisible world, have most to do with its results. If he decide for the first, we recommend to his consideration the following utterances of the inspired Novalis:—

"The fortuitous is not unfathomable; it, too, has a regularity of its own."

And again:—

"He that has a right sense for the fortuitous has the power to use all that is fortuitous for the determining of an unknown fortuitous: he can seek destiny with the same success in the position of the stars, as in sand-grains, in the flight of birds, and in figures."

With respect to the other two solutions, we subjoin some remarks of a writer in Kerner's "*Magikon*," who states it as something "not to be denied," that the powers of invisible beings often exercise a strange influence in games of chance, an influence which it would be difficult to resolve

into the mere effects of "undiscovered properties of numbers".—

"We should have many proofs (proceeds this writer) that the old demons of the heathen creed still carry on their game, under other masks, in Christendom (especially in southern countries), if we were to collect and comment upon the many instances which occur to every traveller. What diabolical mischief is wrought in connexion with the lottery! Even in Germany, how many heads do you find turned by dreams and presentiments in relation to this most ruinous species of gambling, and that not only among the common people, but often among those who have enjoyed the advantages of education! Cross the Alps, and the still fury becomes an open one; and the farther you travel southwards, the more universally stark mad do the people appear. Dreams and presentiments go but a small way: the very beggar swims in an element of omens, and suggestions of fortunate numbers, and there is no possible casualty that can befall him, but it betokens an *ambo*, a *terno*, a *quaterno*, and so on.* Even the execution of a criminal is explored for oracular meanings: how the blood gushes, how the body falls, how the poor sinner looks, moves, bears himself in the last moment—all is eagerly noted, and auguries are deduced from each particular, that infallibly indicate the winning numbers in the next *estrazione*. Here we have the whole trade of the *haruspices* of old: your Roman will not be robbed of his heathenism; he only mixes up with his faith in these oracles an occasional ejaculation directed to some favourite saint, like those prayers for rich *Inglese*, or other children of the north, which form so large a part in the devotions of the inn-keepers of the eternal city."

We conclude with a short anecdote corroborative of this author's views.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Roman Catholic priest, named Maas, of Paderborn, practised a kind of divination by means of numbers, which made some noise at the time. He had learned it from a Jew, whom he had charitably taken into his house in a dying state, and who, as a tribute of gratitude, communicated the mysterious art in question to his benevolent host, before he died. It was a method of obtaining answers, in any language, to inquiries respecting the future, or on other subjects unknown, by reckonings made according to certain rules: the practice of it was called "consulting the *cabala*." Many remarkable responses are recorded, which Maas obtained in this way, both on private and on public affairs; but the following circumstance is said to have, in the end, induced him to renounce the art. He once put the question to the "*cabala*"—Who was its author? Contrary to what usually happened, no intelligible answer was returned: he repeated his calculations, and the result was a kind of admonition, not to make any inquiry on this subject; but, on his persisting, and a third time tempting the oracle with this too curious question, the answer was given—"Look behind you." At this our experimenter was seized with a feeling of horror, he laid his face on the table, called his house-keeper, and when he raised his head again, there was nothing unusual to be seen.

We do not know whether Mademoiselle Lenormand is still living. She ought not to be dead, for she told Countess N. N., in 1812, that she was sure of completing her hundred-and-eight year.

* In illustration of the above we quote what follows from the book of the year, Father Prout's "Facts and Figures from Italy":—

"There is a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman States than the New Testament, or Thomas à Kempis, called the 'Book of Dreams, or the Oracle of the Government Lottery.' Wheelbarrowfuls are sold at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact; and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the people. A labourer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his 'Book of Dreams.' *Paura, sangue, cascata* (fear, blood, fall), were the cabalistic words, whose corresponding numbers, set forth therein, he selected for his investment of fifteen bajocchi. On Saturday, his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of three hundred dollars."

WILLS' LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.*

THIS very able work, some of the earlier volumes of which we have, on former occasions, taken an opportunity of introducing to our readers, has been now brought to a conclusion. Commencing from the earliest period (the first life is that of Ollamh Fodla, whose era our annals assign six hundred years before Christ), and terminating with our own times, it presents a record of the life of every man deserving biographical notice, who can be considered, either from birth, residence, or any other circumstance, an Irishman. It has been sought, in the arrangement of the work, to attain at once the separate advantages of history and biography; and with this view the lives are narrated in chronological order, classed into series according to the departments in which their subjects were distinguished; and these series again subdivided by certain epochs. To each epoch a rapid sketch of its historical outline, and a dissertation on its peculiar aims, tendencies, and general characteristics, are prefixed.

Reviewing the entire work, as it now lies before us, we can, without hesitation, accord to it the praise of great research, patient investigation, and sound judgment. It is free alike from sectarian and political prejudices; and while the principles of the author are never disguised, we do not recollect that they have, in a single instance, led him to treat those who dissent from him with injustice. These qualities, we need not say, are as valuable in the historian as they are rare. No power of narrative, no grace of style, could atone for their absence. The charm of the portrait is undoubtedly enhanced by the drapery and the colouring; but its first and chief merit is fidelity to the original.

These are the merits of the work, and, without question, they are great. Its defect is, a want of picturesqueness

and liveliness of style. Better acquainted with books than men, the genius of the author is rather reflective than narrative; and the course of incident too often pauses for disquisition, which, however intrinsically excellent, is certainly out of place.

This defect strikes one more forcibly in the political than in the literary series. The life of an author is seldom the record of events. It is rather a review of the successive productions of his pen, and the gradual growth and change of the mind that produced them. Criticism, philosophical estimate, and reflection, are the province of his biographer: and there are few who could supply them more perfectly than the present editor. The lives of the poet Spenser, Archbishop Ussher, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Berkeley, Goldsmith, and Archbishop Magee, will be found most interesting and admirably executed.

It would not, however, be perfectly just to suppose that the inferior attraction of the political series arises altogether from the cause above suggested. It must be confessed that, from the nature of the work, it was extremely difficult to perform this part of the writer's task, so as to keep the interest constantly sustained. With the exception of the great Duke of Ormond, whose life has been depicted by Carte with accuracy and minuteness, little is known of the political personages whose lives occupy the first three volumes of this series, save the remarkable national occurrences with which they were connected. We have the *event* rather than the *man*; we are reading not so much biography as history—or rather something which is history, without grouping and comprehensiveness of view, and biography, without minuteness and individuality of portraiture. Repetition, also, is unavoidable; for, as all contemporary political characters must be, in some degree, connected

* "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen, from the Earliest Times to the Present Period, arranged in Chronological Order, and embodying a History of Ireland in the Lives of Irishmen." Edited by James Wills, A.M. T.C.D., M.R.I.A., Author of "The Philosophy of Unbelief," &c. Six volumes. Dublin, Edinburgh, and London: Fullarton and Co. 1847.

with the general course of affairs, according as the biography of each advances on the page, the particular relation in which the individual stood to the occurrences of the day demands anew a statement of those occurrences. Thus, the battle of Aughrim is as much connected with the life of De Ginckle as with that of Sarsfield, and could as little be omitted from the biographical sketch of the one as of the other. The policy and proceedings of the Whig and Tory parties form the background of the picture, whether the figure in front be that of the second Ormond or of Swift.

Allowing for everything that we have noticed, the work remains a remarkable and valuable collection—the most elaborate and the most complete record of the history and biography of Ireland as yet given to the literary public.

On the perusal of such a work, the first reflection that rises to the mind is the mournful thought, how strangely unfortunate in her history—how fortunate in the glory and greatness of her children has been our country! The tales of a fabulous age, the dim and indistinct traditions which represent her earliest history as that of religion and civilization, present the only period of the former on which the eye can rest with the slightest satisfaction. From the first period of authentic narrative, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the tale flows on in an uninterrupted succession of dissension, unsuccessful war, or rebellion, disgrace, and defeat.

What is the real truth as to the early history of Ireland, it is difficult to decide. Writers on the subject, whether ancient or modern, are strangely divided in their opinions; and the controversies between them have been conducted with a pertinacity and bitterness rivalling even the animosity of her sects and factions. Admitting that there is much exaggeration in the accounts given by Irish bards and annalists, it seems difficult to explain the existence of those accounts, unless there were some reality on which to found the exaggerations. Historical fiction is never a mere dream—the creature solely of the author's imagination, without substance or fact to support the fabric. Something there always is of truth, around which grow and adhere the additions of fanciful nar-

rative. Pure falsehood has no permanent vitality; for neither in the knowledge nor the faith of contemporaries is there anything to give it credence or duration.

On the other hand, it is no less difficult to reconcile with the supposition of early civilization the testimony of other and co-existing authorities, which represent this country as exhibiting extreme barbarism. Perhaps the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty is to suppose that both statements are true; and that, as in Russia at this hour, a high degree of refinement and civilization in the few was not inconsistent with the degradation and ignorance of the many.

Be this, however, as it may, there is no doubt that at the time of the English invasion, there was little in the institutions, manners, or general condition of the island justly claiming admiration. The country was parcelled out into a number of independent kingdoms, and these, again, were subdivided between a multitude of petty chieftains. The right of succession was determined by force; and the short duration of the reigns of the chief monarchs—nine or ten years forming the average length of the authority of the successors of Brian Boromh—sufficiently attests the precarious and hazardous tenure by which they held their office.

It has suited the factious policy of some to represent the state of affairs otherwise: to find in the English invasion and success the *source*, rather than the *result* of the evils and misfortunes of the nation, and presenting a fanciful picture of the pious simplicity of the natives,

*"Saturni gentem, hanc vindic nec legibus equam
Sponte eua veterisque Dei se more tenentem,"*

to attribute to the degrading influences of an unsuccessful struggle, the cruelty, want of faith, and barbarous habits, with which historians have charged the people. The candour of Mr. Moore, and of every other writer of any character, acknowledging the real state of facts, saves the necessity of any formal scrutiny or refutation of these absurdities. But we may, in passing, ask these assertors of the superior civilization and institutions of Ireland at the time of the English conquest, in what way they can reconcile their assertions with the fact that a

few Norman adventurers, at the head of a handful of soldiers, succeeded in establishing a power on the shores of Ireland, which, within a few years afterwards, coerced from the whole nation the acknowledgment of the imperial supremacy of England?

In the month of May, 1169, Robert Fitzstephen, with thirty knights, sixty men in coats of mail, and three hundred archers, landed in the creek of Bann, near Wexford, and planted the first hostile foot, from England, on the shore of Ireland. At the close of the year 1171, Roderick, the last resisting chief, tendered, on the banks of the Shannon, to Hugh De Lacy and William Fitz Adelm, his oath of allegiance to the king of England; and by the year 1175 it was the solemn law of the land, defined by deliberate and express treaty, that the kings of England should, in all future time, be lords paramount of Ireland; that the fee of the soil should be in them, and that all future monarchs of Ireland should hold their dominion but as tenants in capite, or vassals of the English crown.

The subjection of Ireland to the English crown was the result, not of conquest obtained by fair and honourable struggle in the open field, but of the disunited and barbarous state in which her people existed at the time of the English landing. No really vigorous effort was ever made to resist; natives were always to be found in the ranks of the invaders; and it is questionable if the motives animating the Irish party in such engagements as did occur, were not rather the personal enmities of the rival chieftains, who sided with either party, than any patriotic feeling against the foreign invader. In like manner, the constant and feverish efforts at revolt with which the government, during after-years, was disturbed, seem to us anything rather than national movements towards freedom. They were, in fact, the contests between chieftains, whether natives or settlers, striving who should be masters; and for the real welfare and advancement of the miserable kerns and serfs over whom they sought to rule, it mattered little what party succeeded.

It is with candour admitted by Mr. Moore in his "History of Ireland," that it is impossible, when one considers the turbulence and misery of succeed-

ing periods, to avoid feeling that it had been well for this country, had her political independence found a complete *euthanasia*, by the perfect establishment of the authority and institutions, in founding which Henry the Second was engaged, when called off by the troubles of his reign in England. As it was—the work of reduction into system incomplete, and the strong hand which might compress and mould all the discordant elements into form and order, suddenly and prematurely withdrawn—the country was left in that anomalous state, which has been not inapely described by the same writer, as that of two nations: the one subjected, without being subdued—the other rulers, but not masters; the one doomed to all that is tumultuous in independence, without its freedom; the other endued with every attribute of despotism, except its power.

In the four centuries that elapsed, from the English invasion to the reign of Elizabeth, English law and English manners had made little progress. The history of the period presents but a miserable consistency of discord and suffering. The central government was unable to do more than preserve its own authority in the district around Dublin, and along the coast opposite England. All, says Sir John Davies, who dwelt beyond the Barrow, dwelt beyond the law. The country exhibited in general the appearance of an immense waste, overrun with forests; there was scarcely any tillage, and the food of the people was scanty, and of the worst description; the population was small—according to the best calculation, amounting to about four hundred thousand, and these scattered at distant intervals. The state of law and civilization was as barbarous as possible—crime, even murder, was punished only by a fine. "Let me know," said Maguire to the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, when about to send a sheriff to Fermanagh, "what is his price, if my people should slay him?" Rapine and fraud were not looked upon as crimes; nor, in truth, were there any settled or regular laws regulating the ownership or transmission of property, nor any tribunal of permanent or decisive authority, to which contending parties could appeal. The chief himself seems to have had but a life-interest in his own power and estates; or rather, the whole clan were possessed

of the entire territory, and the chief was the representative of their collective title and authority. The rights of the individual would appear to have been of no account—certainly dependant on personal intrepidity, caprice, or accident—regulated only on the summary principle which Wordsworth ascribes to Rob Roy—

“The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.”

A very singular document has been published by the State Paper Committee, which gives an idea of the number and extent of power of the chieftains. It purports to be a list of the great heads of clans, whether lords of English descent or natives, which was made out in Ireland for King James the First and his ministers; and is in the following terms:—

“Who lyste make surmyse to the king for the reformation of his lande of Ireland, yt is necessary to shewe hym the state of all the noble folke of the same, as well of the kinges subjectes and Englyshe rebelles, as of Irishe enmyes. And fyrst of all, to make His Grace understande that ther byn more then 60 countreys, called regyons, in Ireland, inhabyted with the kinges Irishe enmyes. Some region as bygge as a shyre, and some a lytyll lesse; where reygneith more than 60 chyef capytaynes, whereof some callyth themselves kynges, some kynges peyres, in ther langage, some prynceis, some dukes, some arche-dukes, that lyveth onely by the swerde, and obeyeth to no other temperall person, but onely to himselfe that is strong; and every of the said capytaynes makeyth warre and peace for hymselfe, and holdeith by swerde, and hath imperiall jurydsyction within his rome, and obeyeth to noo other person, Englyshe ne Irishe, except only to such persones, as may subdue hym by the swerde; of whiche regions, and capytaynes of the same, the names folowyth immediate.

“Here after insuyth the names of the chief Iryshe countreys and regions of Wolster (Ulster) and chief capytaynes of the same:

“First, the great O’Neil, chief captain of the nation within the country of and region of Tyreowen. (Tyrone).

O’Donel, chief captain of his nation within the region and country of Tyrconnell, near Donegal.

O’Neil, of Tre-ugh-O’Neill, or Claneboy, in the south-west of Antrim, and north of Down, and chief captain of the same.

O’Cahan, of Kenoght, in Derry, be-

tween Lough Foyle and the Ban, and chief captain of the same.

O’Dogherty, of Inishowen, between Loughs Swilley and Foyle, chief captain of his nation.

Maguire, of Fermanagh, chief captain of his nation.

Magennis, of Upper Iveagh, in Down, chief captain of his nation.

O’Hanlon, of Orior, in Armagh, chief captain of his nation.

M’Mahon possessed the Irish part of Uriel, now part of the county of Monaghan. Chief captain of his nation.

“Here after insuyth the names of the chief Iryshe regions and countreys of Laynster (Leinster) and the chief captains of the same:

M’Morough (called also Kavanagh), of Idrone, in the west part of Carlow.

O’Byrne’s country was in that part of the county of Wicklow, between Wicklow-head and Arklow.

O’Morough held the east part of the county of Wexford, between Ennis-corthy and the coast, formerly called the barony of Deeps.

O’Thole’s country was formerly called the barony of Castle Kevan, and comprised that part of Wicklow which lies between Talbotstown, Newcastle, and Ballincar.

O’Nolan inhabited the south-west point of Wexford.

M’Gilpatrick, afterwards called Fitzpatrick, of Upper Ossory, in the Queen’s county.

O’More of Leix, which was by the Irish statute, 3d and 4th Philip and Mary, constituted part of one of the new counties thereby erected, called Queen’s county.

O’Dempsey, of Glinmaliry, near Portnehinch, in the north part of the Queen’s county.

O’Connor, of Offaley, which was, by the above-mentioned statute, converted into King’s county.

O’Doyle, of Oregan, in the barony of Tinnehinch, in Queen’s county.

All of these were chief captains of their nation.

“Here after foloweth the names of the chief Iryshe regions, and countreys of Mownster (Munster) and chief captains of the same:

Fyrste of the Iryshe regions, and capytaynes of Desmond. M’Carthy More (or the great M’Carthy), of Desmond, in the county of Kerry, between Dingle Bay and Kenmare river.

Cormok M’Teague (likewise a M’Carthy), of Muskerry, in the county of Cork.

O’Donaghue of Lough Lene (Killarney), in the county of Kerry.

- O'Sullivan of Beare, in the county of Cork, between Kenmare River and Bantry Bay.
- O'Connor of Trahticonnor, the north part of Kerry.
- M'Carthy Reagh, of Carbery, in the county of Cork.
- O'Driscol of Baltimore, in the south part of Cork.
- There was one O'Mahon, of Fonshe-raghe (now Roaring Water), and another of Kinalmeaky, both in Carbery.
- O'Brien of Toybrien, in the barony of Ibrikin, in the county of Clare.
- O'Kennedy of Lower Ormond, west of Lough Deirgeart, in the north part of Tipperary.
- O'Carrol of Ely, now the barony of Eglishe, in the south part of the King's county.
- O'Meagher of Ikerrin, now a barony in the north-east angle of Tipperary.
- M'Mahon of Corkvaskin, the south-west extremity of Clare, now the barony of Moyferta.
- O'Connor of Corcumroe, in the west part of Clare.
- O'Loughlin of Burrin, in the north-west of Clare.
- O'Grady, who possessed that part of Clare, now called the barony of Bunratty.
- O'Brien of Arra, east of the Shannon, in the county of Tipperary.
- O'Mulryan, or Ryan of Owney, south of Arra.
- O'Dwyer of Kilnamanna, south of Owney.
- M'Brien of Coonagh, in Limerick.
- "Here after insuyth the names of the chief Iryshe regions and countries of Conaght, and chief captains of the same :
- O'Connor Roo, of Magheri Conough, near Lough Cane, in Roscommon.
- O'Kelly, who dwelt in the barony of Kilconnell in Galway.
- O'Madden, at Portumna, in the barony of Longford, in Galway.
- O'Ferral, of Annaly, comprising great part of the county of Longford.
- O'Reilly possessed the east Brenny, extending over great part of the county of Cavan.
- O'Rourke possessed the west Brenny, being the south part of Leitrim.
- M'Donough of Tiraghrill, in the south-east of Sligo.
- M'Dermid of Mylurge, extending from Boyle to Lough Allen, in Roscommon.
- O'Gara, of Coolavin, the south point of Sligo.
- O'Flaherty, of Borin, in Moycullin, in the county of Galway.
- O'Malley of Morisk, in the south-west of Mayo.
- O'Harra of Maherlene, now Leney, in Sligo.
- O'Dowdy of Tyrevagh, in the county of Sligo.
- O'Donaghue of Corran, in the same county.
- M'Manus O'Connor (commonly called O'Connor of Sligo), of Carbery, in the north part of Sligo.
- "Here folowyth the names of the chief Irysh regions and countreys of the county of Meathe, and the chief captains of the same :—
- O'Mulloughlin of Clonlonan, in Westmeath.
- M'Geoghegan, who dwelt on the west side of Lough Ennel, in the barony of Moycashel, in Weastmeath.
- O'Mulmoy, or O'Mulloy of Fircal, in King's County.
- "Also there is more than thirty great captaines of the Englishe noble folk, that folowyth the same Irish ordre, and kepeth the same rule, and every of them makeith warre and pease for hymself, without any lycence of the king, or of any other temporall person, saive to hym that is strongeyst, and of suche that may subdue them by the swerde. Ther names folowyth immediat :—
- The Erille of Desmounde, lord of the county of Kerry.
- Fitzgerald, called the knight of Kerry. Fitzmaurice, whose territory was in the modern barony of Clanmaurice.
- Sir Thomas Desmond, knight.
- Sir John of Desmond, knight.
- Sir Gerot of Desmond, knight.
- The lord Barrye, of Barrymore and Buttevant, county of Cork.
- The lord Roache of Fermoy, county of Cork.
- The young lord Barrye, Barry Oge, of Kinnelea, county of Cork.
- The lord Courcey, of the barony of Courceys, south of Barry Oge's country.
- The lord Cogan, who held part of the barony of the Barretts.
- The lord Barret, who held another part of the same barony.
- The white knight (Fitzgerald) whose country lay in the baronies of Clanwilliam, Condons, and Clangibbon, in the counties of Tipperary and Cork.
- The knight of the Valley or Glen (Fitzgerald), had a territory on the south of the Shannon, in Limerick, from the confines of Kerry to near the River Deel.
- Sir Gerald of Desmond's sons of the county of Waterford.
- The Powers of the co. of Waterford.
- Sir William Bourke, knight of the county of Limerick, barony of Clanwilliam.

Sir Pyers Butler, knight, and all the captains of the Butlers of the county of Kilkenny, and of the county of Fyddert, Fethard, in the south-east of Tipperary.

"Here folowyth the names of Englishe greate rebelles in Conaght :—

The lord Bourke, M^cWilliam Oughter of Mayo.

The lord Bourke, M^cWilliam Eighter of Clanrickard, which comprised the baronies of Longford, Leitrim, and Galway.

The lord Bermyngham of Athenry.

Sir Myles Stantton's sons of Clonmorris, in Mayo.

Sir Jordan Dester's sons ; M^cJordan, Baron Dester, was seated in the barony of Gallen, in Mayo.

The lord Nangle, M^cCostello, Baron Nangle—eastern side of the barony of Costello, in Mayo.

Sir Walter Barrett's sons of Tyrawley, in the north-east of Mayo.

"Here folowyth the names of the Englishe rebelles of Wolster (Ulster) :—

Sir Rowland Savage, knight of Lecale, in the county of Down.

Fitzhowlyn of Tuscarde, same county.

Fitz John Byssede, of the Glynnnes, now the barony of Glenarm, in Antrim.

"Here after folowyth the names of the Englyshe Capytaines of the county of Meath, that obey not the Kinges lawe :—

The Dyllons.

The Daltonns.

The Tyrrelles.

The Dedalamoris."

The state of England, for a long period after the Norman invasion, was not unlike that now described ; but there existed there an element in the social constitution which did not in Ireland, and to which is to be attributed the progress of the former from disorder. England was a nation : the Norman invaders amalgamated with, and melted into, the Saxon population : their children were alike Englishmen, and the sense of a community of country operated as the gravitating principle, which, interpenetrating and attracting every particle of the social system, held all its elements, however apparently discordant and separate, fast in a state of unity. In Ireland there was neither nationality, nor sense of a common country, nor harmony of sentiment or feeling. Each chieftain and each subject for himself ; let every man grasp in the wild, chance-directed medley, that called itself society, what he could.

The reign of Elizabeth may be considered as the period at which the complete extension of the English dominion over every part of the island was effected. After her reign, nothing like a national organization for resistance can be said to have been made. No doubt individual chiefs, opposing themselves to the local administration, frequently succeeded in bringing numerous followers into the field, and maintaining for a season a sanguinary and sternly-contested struggle ; but the movements towards revolt were local, not national ; and the war-cry of patriotism was assumed merely to veil or excuse the selfish and vindictive motives which really prompted the aggression. The most important struggle, and indeed the only one that can be said to have pervaded the entire kingdom—that against William the Third—was made, not for national independence, but in support of the claims of one king against those of another ; and the armies which followed Sarsfield and St. Ruth were as ready to acknowledge the supremacy of England, as were their conquerors at Aughrim and the Boyne.

On the Irish field, the most stirring spirits of Elizabeth's court exerted their enterprise and valour. Sydney, Essex, Blount (Lord Mountjoy), were successively governors ; and the illustrious names of Raleigh and Spenser are numbered among the proprietors. During the greater part of this reign, the Desmonds and O'Neills carried on a harassing warfare against the English subjects within the pale ; and towards its latter period the aid of the Spaniards, which was afforded to the Desmonds at one time to the extent of four thousand men, combined with the errors of the government of Essex felt long after his removal, and a contagious illness pervading the queen's troops, to render the struggle severe and dangerous. The chief leader of the rebel natives was Shane O'Neill. The wise policy of Elizabeth had sought to conciliate this unruly chief with the dignity of Earl of Tyrone ; and she so far succeeded, that for a time he remained peaceful, and even went over to her court at Greenwich, attended by a train of gallow-glasses, described by Camden to have caused great wonder with their strange dresses, shirts stained with saffron, and short tunics. Shane, slain by the

Scots in a drunken quarrel, was succeeded in his power, his turbulence, and his rude bravery, by Hugh O'Neale, also Earl of Tyrone. This chief, originally bred in England, and favourable to the queen's interest, whether from hereditary feelings of hostility to English influence, or some wrongs and slights received from the governors, or a mistaken calculation of his own interest, founded on an erroneous expectation from Spain and other Catholic kingdoms, or from religious fanaticism, afterwards became the most pertinacious and dangerous enemy to the English power. The want of preparation, and carelessness of the English in the commencement, enabled him to gain some successes, which encouraged the disaffected generally throughout the country to still more decided efforts. He succeeded in one great encounter against Sir Henry Bagnall, near the fort of Blackwater, in Armagh—fifteen hundred English soldiers falling in battle before his troops. Essex, who was sent over for the special purpose of subduing him, he contrived to amuse with specious pretences, holding an interview with him, and dazzling his romantic spirit with the appearance of generous confidence, and with stories of the wrongs he had suffered.

The return of Essex to England, which was the consequence of letters from the queen, expressing her displeasure with his dealings with O'Neill, was followed by the arrival of Blount Lord Mountjoy as lord-lieutenant. To this eminent soldier, ably and effectively assisted by Sir George Carew, was due the subjection of Tyrone, the defeat and expulsion of the Spaniards, and the final pacification and submission of the entire island.

James the First ascended the throne just at the moment when its military reduction may be said to have been accomplished by this intrepid soldier, and the terror and authority of the arms of England brought home to the remotest recesses. It was reserved for this monarch, by a series of judicious measures, very far beyond what could have been anticipated from one who has been not unjustly designated as the wisest of fools and most foolish of wise men, to extend the civilization of the sister kingdom along with her power. The native customs—they can

hardly be dignified with the name of laws—were abolished, and the English jurisprudence everywhere introduced; the petty chieftains were deprived of their arbitrary authority, and in order completely to reduce them into submission, were compelled to surrender their estates, and receive them back from the bounty of the crown on the express condition that the laws of England should be acknowledged. Judges went circuits periodically through all the counties; sheriffs were appointed by the king; trial by jury substituted for the arbitrary decisions of local despots; extensive colonies planted on the forfeited estates; the Irish themselves were invited from their hills and fastnesses; tillage, heretofore little cultivated, was encouraged both by law and example; and every effort made to spread knowledge and civilized habits. Sir John Davies, who himself went circuit as a judge at that time, relates that this "visitation of the shires, however distasteful to the Irish lords, was sweet and most welcome to the common people, who were taught they were free subjects of the king, and not slaves of their pretended lords, and that the extortions of the latter were unlawful." The same writer mentions that numbers of these petty tyrants, when they found their *cuttings, cosherings, sessings*, and other extortions unlawful, left the country; "whereupon," he adds, "we may well observe, that as extortion did banish the old English freeholder, who could not live but under the law, so the law did banish the Irish lord, who could not live but by extortion."

Of the policy of James, perhaps, the most permanent fruits have remained in the plantation of Ulster. Upwards of five hundred thousand acres in that province had fallen into the hands of the king, by forfeitures, and were colonized by English settlers, under the direction of Sir Arthur Chichester—a man, says Carte, of great capacity, firmness, experience, and prudence; wise in taking his part, resolute in executing it—master of his own temper, dextrous and able to manage all the variety of humours that he had to deal with; but whose panegyric is, in truth, best read in the progressive wealth and prosperity which have since attended that province.

The mode in which this large dis-

trict was partitioned out, as preserved by Cox, is worth attention :—

	Acres.
" To the City of London Company, and other undertakers	209,800
The Bishop's Mensal Lands	3,413
The Bishop's Ternon and Erenacks	72,780
College of Dublin	5,600
Free Schools	2,700
Incumbents for Glebes	18,000
Old Glebes	1,208
Deans and Prebends	1,473
Servitors and Natives	116,330
Restored to Maguire	5,980
Restored to several Irish	1,548
Impropriations and Abbey Lands	21,552
Old Patentees and Forts	38,214

The happy fruits, which there seemed every reason to expect would have sprung from the policy of this monarch's reign, were, however, completely blighted in that of his successor. From the very commencement of his unfortunate career, Charles was involved in controversies with his parliament, and compelled to direct the whole energies of his government upon the internal state of England. Wholly occupied with the danger which was near and imminent, he could little afford adequate military force, or spare administrative talent for his Irish government; and with the single exception of the period during which the vigorous but despotic intellect of Strafford crushed disaffection into submission, the records of Irish history throughout this entire reign, present only an uninterrupted series of weakness on the part of the governors, of anarchy and lawless revolt on the part of the governed. These finally rose to their full height in that greatest of all the calamities which have ever afflicted this unfortunate country—the rebellion of 1641.

The movement commenced in the North, and was, so far as the leaders were concerned, entered upon as a national struggle for independence. It soon lost the semblance of any such object, and was pursued by their followers for purposes of plunder. A cruelty which has no parallel, not even in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, spread like a contagion through the people, and spared neither age, nor condition, nor sex. Fire and devastation were let loose to root out every monument of civiliza-

tion; whole counties are described as a wide wilderness scattered over with smoking ruins. Everywhere were to be seen the surviving fugitives, in nakedness and hunger, crushed alike with the sufferings of the past and despair of the future. Everywhere the destroyer in pursuit, unrelenting and insatiate, completing the work of extirpation. Diseases of an unknown and incurable nature—famine, the necessary consequence of the cessation of all industry and order—followed, and swept away the miserable remnant that escaped the sword. A century of foreign rule could not have effected the same national degradation wrought within that brief, burning, period of popular crime and madness.

Equally pregnant with misery, equally attended with every circumstance of barbarity and cruelty, was the retaliation taken by the vengeance of Cromwell. Whole garrisons—according to some accounts, all the innocent inhabitants of the resisting towns—were put to the sword. "I think," says Cromwell himself, when speaking of the massacre at Drogheda, "one lieutenant escaped." The towns themselves were given to the flames, and consumed to ashes; an universal confiscation made of property; the natives, driven from their homes and possessions, allowed an existence, which can scarcely be termed life, in the uncultivated morasses and forests of Connaught.

It is doubtful whether there ever existed for the same period, in any country, a greater amount of individual suffering than in Ireland, from the day when the rebellion of 1641 broke out, to the day which saw the second Charles restored to the throne of his ancestors.

Historians have endeavoured to discover, in religious fanaticism, the sources of the atrocities of that period. The Protestant reproaches the Roman Catholic with the acts of the rebels, and the Roman Catholic the Protestants with the acts of the Puritans. In our opinion nothing can be more erroneous, nothing productive of more mischief and evil, than such error. The French nation in the eighteenth century were neither Roman Catholic nor Puritan fanatics; they were apparently the most civilized, educated, and polished people of Europe; foremost in every triumph of literature

and art; yet the eighteenth century beheld enacted in that nation scenes of cruelty and barbarity as deep in horror as ever disgraced human nature. The truth is, that when man has thrown off the restraints of order and government, become hardened to sights of crime and wrong; giddy with the exultation of success, and the sympathy of multitudes, he loses the moral and mental perception of right and wrong. He persecutes, plunders, destroys—not because he is Roman Catholic, Puritan, or philosopher; but in spite of it. There is not a creed ever believed by man which does not pronounce its condemnation of cruelty and rapacity.

Some writers, who have perceived the injustice of attributing the calamities of this period to religion, have put forward a solution of their source, which we think equally destitute of support, either in the facts as they existed, or in the analogy of human events. According to them, such evils were the natural products of an unenlightened age, and are to be attributed to the want of education and knowledge. Now, although that age may have been unenlightened so far as regards the natives of Ireland, surely a term less appropriate was never yet applied, if it is sought to extend it to England or the Puritans. Nay, we would go so far as to say, that of greatness and grandeur of individual character, of lofty intellectual attainment, of religious fervour, no other age ever presented so many illustrious examples. It is to it that the great philosophic poet turns when he would name the most elevated period of British character:—

"Great men have been among us—hands that penned

An & tongues that uttered wisdom, better none:
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend."

Contradicted in the fact as applied to this period, the theory derives as little support from the analogy of human events. Is not that revolution in France, to which we have already alluded, in itself a complete answer to it? In what country or age shall we find education more extended; knowledge, art, science, cultivated to higher perfection; manners more refined; society adorned with fairer graces, than in France, in the reign of the sixteenth Louis? Yet

all this availed nothing to restrain or soften, when the passions of men, seized as with some demoniac frenzy, arose in vengeance.

There is nothing in our own times to lead to the conclusion, that whatever of fearful or horrible the past has seen, may not recur again. True it is, that the present exhibits in its aspect an apparent absence of the deeper passions: men's minds are turned to the material world around them, and the subjection of inanimate to intellectual nature, the complete perfection of art, and luxury, and animal existence, engross all energies. The terror and the grandeur of our being are laid aside—a spirit of railery sneers down emotion—a spirit of calculation, engrossed in self, shrinks with cowardice from what is perilous, with distaste from what is strange. But the nature with which the future has to deal, is the same that originated the events of the past. The same mysterious, profound, majestic element conceals its greatness far beneath the spray and the ripple that now dance upon the surface; and who shall answer how near or how distant the hour, when new tempests shall stir from those unfathomed depths all the thunders of their ancient wrath? Of the passions, emotions, forces, that have operated on the past, we cannot omit one in the calculation of the future.

Returning to the sketch of those fatalities which, by some strange destiny, so constantly marred the progress of our country—the calamities of the great rebellion, the vengeance of Cromwell, battle, and open conflict, were terminated by the restoration; but not the dissensions and animosities of parties—

"Th' unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And what else, is not to be overcome."

These, on the side of the vanquished, existed in unmitigated strength; and on the part of the conquerors arose internal quarrels, in dividing and accounting for the spoil. Never was a government more embarrassed, among conflicting rights and claims, than that of the second Charles in Ireland. Royalists demanding restoration, Puritans too powerful to be removed, Romanists imploring justice, favourites rapacious for plunder, sur-

rounded the viceregal court, and left little leisure for the improvement or pacification of the country. In this state—unsettled and ill governed, full of turbulence, and discontent, and indignation, the offspring of mutual wrongs—the great crisis of English history, which expelled the Stuarts from the British throne, found the country. The tide of war and revolution again broke over it, swept away and obliterated no small part of the existing institutions, and at last subsided, leaving after it a long period of inactivity and dulness.

At this point we may not unprofitably turn from the mournful history of our country, to a few of the remarkable names, whose reputation and biography are associated with the period over which we have travelled. Those who are mindful to follow back the earliest records, and investigate the uncertain footsteps of tradition, leading through the obscure memorials of the first centuries, may read in the pages of Mr. Wills all that is known of the genius and religious zeal, which have rescued the fame of Pelagius, Celestius, Saint Patrick, Bridget, Columbkille, and Scotus Erigena, from the long night, whose shadow eclipses the lustre of so many other of the sons of our "Island of Saints." To the zeal of ecclesiastical writers, anxious for the honor of their church, we are indebted for much information that is valuable, in connexion with these names. The records of our early secular history are far less distinct and certain; and, with the exception of some well-ascertained facts and incidents, that stand out distinct and clear, Ireland possesses but scanty memorials of the glory of her native sages and heroes, anterior to the English invasion. The character and achievements of Brian Boromh, illustrious in themselves, and deriving additional illumination from his death in the hour of the only victory ever won by the Irish as a nation, alone invite the biographer to linger in this period. Of others, the names survive, and, glimmering in the misty antiquity of barbarous ages, attest a period of civilization passed away. For anything else—

"Ilacrimabiles
Urgenter Ignotique, longa
Nocte."

The first figure which arrests our

attention on the threshold of authentic times, is that of Roderick O'Connor, at the era of the English invasion, foremost in pre-eminence among the kings of Ireland. To his character, injustice has, in our opinion, been done by Mr. Moore in his history. He was not a man inadequate to the circumstances in which he was placed, but the circumstances were beyond the control of him or any other mind, though it had been that of Brian himself. Ireland fell under the dominion of England, neither because Roderick failed in the discharge of the duties which the crisis demanded of him, nor because the people of Ireland were not able to repel the aggression, had they aroused themselves with unanimity to do so, but because the whole country was at that period in a state of lawless insubordination and internal disunion, resulting from the absence of any really strong central power, and from the number of independent and uncontrolled petty dynasts, between whom the island was divided. It was not possible to overmaster and mould all these jarring materials into united and simultaneous resistance, and nothing less could meet the exigencies of the crisis.

It is very true, that the man will create events, as often at least as events will create the man. A St. Patrick, in the space of a life, will convert a nation—eradicate the last vestiges of the superstitious creeds and usages of centuries: a Luther liberate to life and activity the fettered literature and religion of Europe, and live himself to behold the world's slavery for ever ended: a Napoleon, in the power of his own self-determination, vanquish and change the institutions of a continent. Without question, the genius of the individual is an element of almost inestimable consequence in the consideration of the causes and course of affairs; but it is not every thing. Had the movement of Luther taken place previous to the discovery of printing, or while the corruptions of the governing power of the church at Rome were veiled by an appearance of decorum, and before the spread of enlightenment and knowledge consequent on the revival and dissemination of the buried literature of antiquity, had raised in men's minds a higher standard of faith and morals than was supplied by the theology

which the monks and schoolmen had substituted for scriptural truth, not all the greatness of that commanding mind would have saved him and his followers from the failure and extinction which befel the Lollard, and every other previous effort in the same direction. And we have as little hesitation in pronouncing that the earlier appearance of Bonaparte on the stage of the French revolution, would have been productive of small advantage to himself and others.—Doubtless, on the 13th Vendémiaire, the day of the sections, when his cannon swept the quays of the Seine, and in one discharge of grapeshot annihilated the Jacobinism of the revolution, with its attendant horrors—the *man* was come, but so also was the *hour*. Earlier and he had failed, as failed the king and aristocracy.

It is, then, not consistent with sound political philosophy to take no account of circumstances, and attribute the result to the man alone. Roderick did what could be done to give union, discipline, and patriotic feeling, to the people of Ireland; but they were not to be given in a moment, and the perseverance, determination, sturdy valour, and constancy of the Anglo-Saxon race, left scarcely that moment for their acquisition. Roderick was the last of the native princes of Ireland in acknowledging Henry's supremacy. He did so with sullen reluctance, came no farther than the Shannon to meet the deputies who received it, and then retired, to hold inviolate at least his own territory; he did not make even this show of submission, until he had learned, in the hesitation and defeat of a large army, which, after he had with great efforts collected it around Dublin, and reduced the English garrison to the extremest straits, were dispersed before a handful of English rallying forth in despair, that he could not trust his troops. Brave and faithful himself, he rejected the overtures of personal advantage made by Strongbow—refused any terms that did not include the departure of the entire English force from Ireland; and had his troops acted as effectually in the field, as he in council, the independence of his native land would have been asserted.

Beside the figure of Roderick—a figure which, however contemporary pens may differ in their representations of its vigour, is by all acknowledged

that of a patriot—stands in dark contrast the hated form of the traitor Mac Morrough. Dermot Mac Morrough, petty king of the Wexford and Wicklow districts of Leinster, by a long course of misgovernment and evil deeds, of which the abduction of Der-vorgail, the wife of O'Ruark, king of Meath (from the error of historians in connecting it with the English expedition, as its immediate cause, though, in reality, it occurred thirteen years before that event), is the most celebrated, had deprived himself of the support of his own subjects, and brought down the vengeance of the neighbouring kings. Without aid or hope at home, he sought, at any price, the alliance of English discipline—succeeded in inducing Strongbow, a Norman nobleman, embarrassed and disappointed in his career at home, to embark in his quarrel—conferred on him his daughter, his sovereignty, and his people; and dividing and disuniting the natives, and lending that aid his local influence and knowledge could so well supply, contributed as much as any other cause to the success of this brave and unscrupulous adventurer.

In the character of Dermot, as painted by contemporaries, there is nothing to redeem from hate. Treacherous, licentious—sparing no tie of kindred, duty, religion, or country, where his aggrandizement was to be served, or desires gratified—detested by all, and already in the disgust and contempt of his own contemporaries, anticipating the sentence of condemnation to be assuredly pronounced by an unanimous future, he lived a servant in the train of the invader; and died of an extraordinary and loathsome disease, which repelling from his couch friend and servant, left him without solace to unavailing remorse.

The most prominent of the invaders is, unquestionably, Strongbow, rather by position than by any intellectual and moral superiority; for in the valour and constancy which he displayed under circumstances of appalling peril, he does not stand more remarkable than his lieutenants, Raymond, Fitz-Stephen, and De Cogan. And the traditional records of the time withhold the praise of "policy," asserting that while he undoubtedly possessed the strong hand, he had not the wise counsel; and that even in the field of battle—if battle those encounters can be called, where mailed discipline cut

down, by bare strength of arm, ill-fed and untrained kernes, and neither manœuvre nor science were requisite—he was indebted for his military operations to the suggestions of others. This remarkable chief, known to posterity by a nick-name, attesting the eminence of himself or some ancestor in archery, was as illustrious in rank and birth as afterwards by events. Descended from the Norman house of De Clare, he was the third Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Strigul, Lord of Chepstow, in England, and Earl of Ogney, in Normandy.

Of the adventurers who came over in the train of Strongbow, the most remarkable were Raymond Fitzgerald, called, from his personal appearance, *Le Gros*, Maurice Fitzgerald, Robert Fitzstephen, Miles De Cogan, and Hervey Monte Moriscoe. To the first, the house of Grace, a corruption of *Le Gros*, traces back its ancestry; to the second, the wide-spread *Geraldines*; and to the last, the *De Montmorencies*.

Among the train of armed warriors, native or foreign, who group themselves around this period, the eye rests with softened feeling on a character distinguished by every quality of goodness and mercy, in which too many of the master spirits of the age were so unhappily deficient. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, devoted from his childhood to the church, pious, learned, patriotic in the midst of defection, unwearied in the task of reconciling the provincial feuds and tyrannies into national organization, as unwearied in softening the rigor of English dominion when established, stands out in brilliant relief to the world around him, and attests that religion and truth leave not themselves without a witness in every age. There are few incidents in history more touching than the conduct of this prelate in the siege and storm of Dublin by Raymond and De Cogan, when, regardless of danger, he penetrated into the midst of hostile bands, drew the bodies of the slain from the hands of the infuriated soldiery, and rescued the dead for a sepulchre, and the dying for the last rites.

Of the houses sprung from the first adventurers, indeed of all the English families who have ever settled in the country, in power, territorial possession, historical reputation, the *Geraldines* claim and deserve the foremost

place. For centuries the history of Ireland might be written in the history of this family, so deeply and continually were they intermingled in whatever took place of public consequence or interest. The earldom of Kildare was first conferred on Thomas Fitzgerald, a descendant of Maurice, Strongbow's companion, in 1316. It was of this nobleman that we have recorded in Cox so graphically, the controversy with Vesey, the Lord Justice.

"The lord justice," writes Cox, "hearing many complaints of the oppressions the country daily received, which he thought reflected on him, and insinuated his maladministration, therefore to disburthen and excuse himself, he began, in misty speeches, to lay the fault on the Lord John Fitzgerald's shoulders, saying (in parable wise) 'that he was a great occasion of these disorders, in that he bare himself in private quarrels as fierce as a lion, but in these public injuries as meek as a lamb.' The Baron of Ophaly, spelling and putting these syllables together, spake after this manner:—

"My lord, I am heartily sorry, that among all this noble assembly, you make me your only butt, whereas you shoot your bolt; and truly were my deserts so hainous, as I suppose you wish them to be, you would not cloud your talk with such dark riddles, as at this present you have done; but with plain and flat English, your lordship would not stick to impeach me of felony or treason; for as mine ancestors, with spending of their blood in their sovereign's quarrel, aspired to this type of honour, in which at this day (God and my king be thanked) I stand, so your lordship, taking the nigher way to the wood, by charging me with treason, would gladly trip so roundly on my top, that by shedding of my blood, and by catching my lands into your clutches, that butt so near upon your manors of Kildare and Rathingham, as I dare say are an eyesore unto you, you might make my master, your son, a proper gentleman."

"A gentleman!" quoth the lord justice—"thou bold baron, I tell thee the Vescies were gentlemen before the *Geraldines* were barons of Ophaly; yea, and before that Welch bankrupt, thine ancestor (he meant Sir Maurice Fitzgerald), feathered his nest in Leinster. And whereas thou takest the matter so far in snuff, I will teach thee thy syriaps after another fashion, than to be thus malapertly cocking and billing with me, that am thy governor. Wherefore, albeit thy taunts are such as might force the patientest philosopher that is, to be choakt with oboler, yet I

would have thee ponder my speech, as though I delivered it in my most sober and quiet mood. I say to the face of thee, and I will avow what I say unto thee, that thou art a supporter of thieves, a bolsterer of the king's enemies, an upholder of traitors, a murderer of subjects, a firebrand of dissension, a rank thief, an arrant traitor, and before I eat these words, I will make thee eat a piece of my blade.'

"The baron, bridling with might and main his choler, bare himself as cold in countenance as the lord justice was hot in words, and replied in this wise:—

"My lord, I am very glad that at length you unwrapt yourself out of that net wherein all this while you masked. As for mine ancestor (whom you term bankrupt), how rich or how poor he was upon his repair to Ireland, I purpose not at this time to debate; yet thus much I may boldly say, that he came hither as a buyer, not as a beggar—he bought the enemies' land by spending his blood. But you, lurking like a spider in his cobweb to entrap flies, endeavour to beg subjects' livings wrongfully, by despoiling them of their innocent lives. And you charge me with malapertness, in that I presume to chop logic with you, being governor, by answering your snappish *quid* with a knapish *quo*. I would wish you to understand (now that you put me in mind of the distinction), that I, as a subject, honour your royal authority, but as a nobleman, I despise your dunghill gentility. Lastly, whereas you charge me with the odious terms of traitor, murderer, and the like, and therewithal you wish me to resolve myself, that you rest upon reason, not upon rage. If these words proceed from your lordship as a magistrate, I am a subject to be tried by order of law, and am sorry that the governour, who ought, by virtue of his publick authority, to be my judge, is, by reason of private malice, become mine accuser.

"But if you utter these speeches as a private person, then I, John Fitzgerald, Baron of Ophaly, do tell thee, William Vescie, a single-sole gentleman, that I am no traitor, no felon; and that thou art the only buttress by which the king's enemies are supported; the mean and instrument by which his majesties subjects are daily spoiled; therefore, I, as a loyal subject, say traitor to thy teeth; and that shalt thou well understand, when we both shall be brought to the rehearsal of these matters before our betters. Howbeit, during the time you bear office, I am resolved to give you the mastery in words, and to suffer you, like a brawling cur, to bark; but when I see my time, I will be sure to bite."

It is of another noble of this family, Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare, the story is told, that being accused before Henry VII., he so succeeded in ingratiating himself with the king, by an odd bluntness and humour, saying to Henry, who advised him to employ the best counsel—"Marry, that I will; the king himself shall be my counsel;" and turning off the serious weight of the accusation that he had burned Cashel Cathedral, by drily adding—"Yes! but I thought the archbishop was in it," that the trial terminated in the discomfiture of his antagonists; and the king retorted on the Bishop of Meath, as concluding a bitter statement of the earl's misdeeds, he exclaimed, "All Ireland cannot govern that man"—"Then that man shall govern all Ireland."

His son, the ninth Earl of Kildare, alternately punished and promoted by Henry VIII., passed a tumultuous and distinguished career in the public service, and were it not for the rash act near its close, a successful. Going to England for the purpose of refuting the calumnies which his enemies sought to infuse into the mind of the king, he, unfortunately for himself, his family, and his country, entrusted the local authority to his eldest son, Lord Thomas. This gallant but headstrong youth, irritated by the unjust slanders disseminated against his father, and by the insults which, relying on the infirmity of his temper, the enemies of his house heaped on him, was at last stung to madness by a rumour industriously and malignantly spread, that his father and five of his uncles had been beheaded in the tower. Coalescing with O'Neal and O'Connor, rebellious Irish chieftains, and collecting such followers as he hastily could, he rode at the head of about one hundred and forty horsemen in mail through the city, to Dame's-gate; there forcing a violent entry, he burst into the chamber in Mary's Abbey, where the council were sitting, flung down the sword of state, exclaiming "it was stained with the blood of the Geraldines," and called on the lords present to take up arms against a tyrant. Cromer, the chancellor, friendly to the house of Fitzgerald, with tears reminding him of the folly of rebellion and the might of England, was answered only by the war-cry of the Geraldines, and shouts for the Silken Thomas, as the natives,

from the richness of his apparel, termed their favourite. The insurrection known in history as the rebellion of Silken Thomas, commenced with one of those atrocities which so often have been the prelude of Irish rebellion, the murder of Archbishop Alan, whom, stranded at Clontarf, in his attempted flight to England, the followers of Lord Thomas, regardless of his age and sacred function, put to death with every circumstance of barbarity. After various vicissitudes of fortune, it terminated in the capture of its leader. His father died of grief in the tower; he himself and five of his uncles were imprisoned in London; then released, again recaptured, and finally beheaded on Tyburn-hill, by order of the most capricious and merciless of tyrants.

One brother of Lord Thomas, Gerald, alone surviving of the race, saved the family from extinction. An infant, he was concealed at his nurse's, at Donore, in the county of Kildare; subsequently he was transmitted to Thomas Levison, afterwards Bishop of Kildare, his father's foster-brother; thence sent to his aunt, the widow of MacCarthy Reagh; and finally landed in safety in France. There again pursued by the ill-fortune of his house, he fled to Liege; and, after a residence of six months in that town, found at last a permanent home and protection from his kinsman, the celebrated Cardinal Pole. To his generosity and affection he was indebted for a perfect education; was, by his influence, entered in the service of the Knights of Malta, when twenty years of age; promoted to be Master of the Horse to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and finally restored to his country and his title. In 1668, the Irish parliament removed the attainder of the family, and restored it to the rank and pre-eminence it has ever since maintained.

Upon another branch of the Geraldines the Earldom of Desmond was conferred—a house which afterwards became the most powerful in Ireland; the chief of it presiding over Munster with almost absolute sway. With the sixteenth earl terminated its power.

Gerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, was, as a letter of Queen Elizabeth expresses it, not brought up where law and justice had been frequented. His father James had an elder son Thomas, by a daughter of Lord Fermoy, whom he divorced on the pretence of too

close consanguinity. This son, if legitimate, was, of course, entitled to the earldom, and the early years of Gerald were engaged in resisting his claims. In this he was successful, and Thomas, though supported by Lord Henry, the White Knight, and the Knight of the Valley, the most powerful branches of the southern Geraldines, was compelled to leave the kingdom, and retire to Spain. This was followed by a sanguinary contest with the Ormondes, for part of his territory; and he it was who, being defeated by the Ormonde Butlers, and taken prisoner at the battle of Affane, in Waterford, while he lay, broken by wounds and defeat, in a litter on the shoulders of a company of his opponents, overhearing their exulting expression, "Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" raised himself by a desperate effort, and replied aloud, "Where he ought to be, still on the necks of the Butlers!"

The controversies between him and Ormonde were, by Elizabeth, referred to Sir Henry Sydney, but with such hints against Desmond—of whom, writing to Sydney, she says, "I pray God, your old strange sheep, late as you say, returned into the fold, wear not her woolly garment on her wolfy back—" that Sydney refused to act or arbitrate alone, with the manly declaration to Cecil, "I assure you, sir, if I served under the cruellest tyrant that ever tyrannized, and knew him affected on the one side or the other, between party and party, and referred to my judgment, I would rather offend his affection, and stand to his misericord, than offend my own conscience, and stand to God's judgment." A coerced reconciliation between the great rivals followed, pledged by their shaking hands through a hole, which, lest they should poinard each other, was cut for the purpose in the oak door of the chapter-house of St. Patrick's.

In 1567, Sydney made a tour through Munster, and discovering the Desmond followers everywhere in arms, seized on Desmond, and sent him over prisoner to England, where for several years he was detained in the Tower. During his imprisonment, MacCarthy, Earl of Clancare, and James Fitzmaurice, one of the house of Desmond, stirred the south of Ireland into revolt, negotiated an alliance with Spain, but were suppressed by Perrott. Des-

mond was sent back to Dublin still in custody, probably with some idea, that being under the power of the government, his influence could be used to quiet the troubles of Munster. By carelessness, or connivance on the part of the mayor, he escaped, and notwithstanding a proclamation of one thousand pounds' reward for his capture, he contrived to reach his territories, and bid defiance to the deputy. Sydney deemed it better to keep fair terms with him, on finding the chiefs of the south had bound themselves to his cause; and entering Cork with a small but trusty force, contented himself with requiring and receiving the attendance and submission of the Earls of Desmond, Thomond, and Clancare. They, together with the Viscounts Barry and Roche, the Barons De Courcy, Lixnaw, Dunboyne, Power, Barrygoe, and Louth; Sir Donald M'Carthy, Reagh of Carbery, Sir Owen O'Sullivan, O'Carroll, O'Mahon, O'Driscoll, and Sir Cormac Teige M'Carthy, of Muskerry—of whom Sydney pronounced that he was the rarest man for obedience to the queen and to her law, and disposition for civility, that he had met among the Irishry—amicably met and received the deputy at Cork; and for some time Desmond affected fidelity to the English government. Even when Desmond's brother, Sir John of Desmond, had broken into rebellion, and taken the field with a large force, the earl kept up a show of allegiance: how long this would have continued is uncertain, for suspicion being excited, the English governor insisted on garrisoning the Desmond forts with English troops, and the earl, perceiving in this the detection and defeat of his designs, set up his standard at Ballyhowra, joined the Spaniards, and devastated the whole southern district, from Limerick to Youghal. The war was protracted, with various success, until at length the fort erected by the Spaniards being taken by Lord Grey, the queen's troops prevailed, and overran the country unresisted. The brother of the earl was taken, slain, and his head impaled at Dublin, and his body at Cork. Saunders, a Jesuit ecclesiastic, and one of the great fomenters of the insurrection, died of hunger in the woods, where his body was found, mutilated by birds of prey. Desmond, a fugitive, proscribed and

hunted, existed only by the most rapid and repeated change of place, shifting his locality over the long district from Limerick to Kerry. Finally his kernes having plundered a couple of cows from a woman, near Tralee, their retiring footsteps disclosed the place of his retreat, and a small party of three-and-twenty, raised at the entreaty of the poor woman by one Kelly, Irish by birth, but who had served the queen, discovered the old man stretched in a ruined house, lying before the fire. To his exclamation, "I am the Earl of Desmond," Kelly answered by smiting off his head with a stroke of the sword.

On Gerald's death, his only son was a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth; his title was attainted, and his estates parcelled out between new English adventurers. A cousin, James, son of Thomas, called in the annals the Sугan Earl of Desmond, made an effort to recover the consequence of the family, embarked in Tyrone's rebellion, gathered about him a number of the old followers and retainers of his clan, and after a variety of incidents, and a long and desperate struggle, heading at one time no less than eight thousand men, was seized by one of the chiefs of his own race, the White Knight; and having been tried at Cork and convicted of treason, he was remitted to England, and kept there in confinement until his death.

The unfortunate son of Gerald was at one time sent over to Ireland by Elizabeth, for the purpose of withdrawing the affections of the Desmond followers from the Sугan Earl. Finding this object not to be attained, she consigned him back to obscurity; and mortified pride and hope soon terminated his existence. With him and the Sугan Earl perished the last hope of the family. Their estates passed into the hands of other proprietors, strangers to the name and blood, their lineage became extinct, and the lapse of a few years saw name, fortune, race, swept away for ever from the land.

Here for the present we pause; and reserve for a future, and we hope early number, a continuation of that retrospect of Irish history and biography, to which we have been conducted by the comprehensive and interesting volumes, whose title stands at the head of our paper

THE WATCHER.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A BACHELOR.

It is now more than fifty years since the occurrences which I am about to relate caused a strange sensation in the gay society of Dublin. The fashionable world, however, is no recorder of traditions—the memory of selfishness seldom reaches far—and the events which occasionally disturb the polite monotony of its pleasant and heartless progress, however stamped with the characters of misery and horror, scarcely ever outlive the gossip of a season; and, except perhaps in the remembrance of a few more directly interested in the consequences of the catastrophe, are in a little time lost to the recollection of all. The appetite for scandal, or for horror, has been sated—the incident can yield no more of interest or of novelty—curiosity, frustrated by impenetrable mystery, gives over the pursuit in despair—the tale has ceased to be new, grows stale and flat—and so, in a few years, inquiry subsides into indifference, and all is forgotten.

I was a young man at the time, and intimately acquainted with some of the actors in this strange tale; the impression which its incidents made upon me, therefore, were deep and lasting. I shall now endeavour, with fulness and precision, to relate them all, combining, of course, in the narrative, whatever I have learned from various sources, tending, however imperfectly, to illuminate the darkness which involves its progress and termination.

Somewhere about the year 1794, the younger brother of a certain baronet, whom I shall call Sir James Barton, returned to Dublin. He had served in the navy with some distinction, having commanded one of his majesty's frigates during the greater part of the American war. Captain Barton was now apparently some two or three-and-forty years of age. He was an intelligent and agreeable companion, when he pleased it, though generally reserved, and occasionally even moody. In society, however, he deputed himself as a man of the world, and a gentleman. He had not contracted any of the noisy brusqueness sometimes acquired at sea; on the contrary, his manners were remarkably easy, quiet,

and even polished. He was in person about the middle size, and somewhat strongly formed—his countenance was marked with the lines of thought, and on the whole wore an expression of gravity and even of melancholy; being however, as we have said, a man of perfect breeding, as well as of affluent circumstances and good family, he had, of course, ready access to the best society of the metropolis, without the necessity of any other credentials. In his personal habits Mr. Barton was unexpensive. He occupied lodgings in one of the *then* fashionable streets in the south side of the town—kept but one horse and one servant—and though a reputed free-thinker, yet lived an orderly and moral life—indulging neither in gaming, drinking, nor any other vicious pursuit—living very much to himself, without forming any intimacies, or choosing any companions, and appearing to mix in gay society rather for the sake of its bustle and distraction, than for any opportunities which it offered of interchanging either thoughts or feelings with its votaries. Barton was therefore pronounced a saving, prudent, unsocial sort of a fellow, who bid fair to maintain his celibacy alike against stratagem and assault, and was likely to live to a good old age, die rich, and leave his money to an hospital.

It was soon apparent, however, that the nature of Mr. Barton's plans had been totally misconceived. A young lady, whom we shall call Miss Montague, was at this time introduced into the gay world of Dublin, by her aunt, the Dowager Lady L—. Miss Montague was decidedly pretty and accomplished, and having some natural cleverness, and a great deal of gaiety, became for a while a reigning toast. Her popularity, however, gained her, for a time, nothing more than that unsubstantial admiration which, however pleasant as an incense to vanity, is by no means necessarily antecedent to matrimony—for, unhappily for the young lady in question, it was an understood thing, that beyond her personal attractions, she had no kind of earthly provision. Such being the

state of affairs, it will readily be believed that no little surprise was consequent upon the appearance of Captain Barton as the avowed lover of the pen-niless Miss Montague.

His suit prospered, as might have been expected, and in a short time it was confidentially communicated by old Lady L—— to each of her hundred-and-fifty particular friends in succession, that Captain Barton had actually tendered proposals of marriage, with her approbation, to her niece, Miss Montague, who had, moreover, accepted the offer of his hand, conditionally upon the consent of her father, who was then upon his homeward voyage from India, and expected in two or three months at furthest. About this consent there could be no doubt—the delay, therefore, was one merely of form—they were looked upon as absolutely engaged, and Lady L——, with a rigour of old-fashioned decorum with which her niece would, no doubt, gladly have dispensed, withdrew her thenceforward from all further participation in the gaieties of the town. Captain Barton was a constant visitor, as well as a frequent guest at the house, and was permitted all the privileges of intimacy which a betrothed suitor is usually accorded. Such was the relation of parties, when the mysterious circumstances which darken this narrative with inexplicable melancholy, first begun to unfold themselves.

Lady L—— resided in a handsome mansion at the north side of Dublin, and Captain Barton's lodgings, as we have already said, were situated at the south. The distance intervening was considerable, and it was Captain Barton's habit generally to walk home without an attendant, as often as he passed the evening with the old lady and her fair charge. His shortest way in such nocturnal walks, lay, for a considerable space, through a line of street which had as yet been merely laid out, and little more than the foundations of the houses constructed. One night, shortly after his engagement with Miss Montague had commenced, he happened to remain unusually late, in company only with her and Lady L——. The conversation had turned upon the evidences of revelation, which he had disputed with the callous scepticism of a confirmed infidel. What were called "French principles," had in those days found their way a good

deal into fashionable society, especially that portion of it which professed allegiance to Whiggism, and neither the old lady nor her charge were so perfectly free from the taint, as to look upon Mr. Barton's views as any serious objection to the proposed union. The discussion had degenerated into one upon the supernatural and the marvellous, in which he had pursued precisely the same line of argument and ridicule. In all this, it is but truth to state, Captain Barton was guilty of no affectation—the doctrines upon which he insisted, were, in reality, but too truly the basis of his own fixed belief, if so it might be called; and perhaps not the least strange of the many strange circumstances connected with this narrative, was the fact, that the subject of the fearful influences we are about to describe, was himself, from the deliberate conviction of years, an utter disbeliever in what are usually termed preternatural agencies.

It was considerably past midnight when Mr. Barton took his leave, and set out upon his solitary walk homeward. He had now reached the lonely road, with its unfinished dwarf walls tracing the foundations of the projected rows of houses on either side—the moon was shining mistily, and its imperfect light made the road he trod but additionally dreary—that utter silence which has in it something indefinitely exciting, reigned there, and made the sound of his steps, which alone broke it, unnaturally loud and distinct. He had proceeded thus some way, when he on a sudden heard other foot-falls, pattering at a measured pace, and, as it seemed, about two score steps behind him. The suspicion of being dogged is at all times unpleasant; it is, however, especially so in a spot so desolate and lonely; and this suspicion became so strong in the mind of Captain Barton, that he abruptly turned about to confront his pursuers, but, though there was quite sufficient moonlight to disclose any object upon the road he had traversed, no form of any kind was visible there. The steps he had heard could not have been the reverberation of his own, for he stamped his foot upon the ground, and walked briskly up and down, in the vain attempt to awake an echo; though by no means a fanciful person, therefore he was at last fain to charge the sounds upon his imagination, and treat them

as an illusion. Thus satisfying himself, he resumed his walk, and before he had proceeded a dozen paces, the mysterious footfalls were again audible from behind, and this time, as if with the special design of showing that the sounds were not the responses of an echo—the steps sometimes slackened nearly to a halt, and sometimes hurried for six or eight strides to a run, and again abated to a walk. Captain Barton, as before, turned suddenly round, and with the same result—no object was visible above the deserted level of the road. He walked back over the same ground, determined that, whatever might have been the cause of the sounds which had so disconcerted him, it should not escape his search—the endeavour, however, was unrewarded. In spite of all his scepticism, he felt something like a superstitious fear stealing fast upon him, and with these unwonted and uncomfortable sensations, he once more turned and pursued his way. There was no repetition of these haunting sounds, until he had reached the point where he had last stopped to retrace his steps—here they were resumed—and with sudden starts of running, which threatened to bring the unseen pursuer close up to the alarmed pedestrian. Captain Barton arrested his course as formerly—the unaccountable nature of the occurrence filled him with vague and horrible sensations—and yielding to the excitement he felt gaining upon him, he shouted sternly, “Who goes there?” The sound of one’s own voice, thus exerted, in utter solitude, and followed by total silence, has in it something unpleasantly exciting, and he felt a degree of nervousness which, perhaps, from no cause had he ever known before. To the very end of this solitary street the steps pursued him—and it required a strong effort of stubborn pride on his part, to resist the impulse that prompted him every moment to run for safety at the top of his speed. It was not until he had reached his lodging, and sate by his own fire-side, that he felt sufficiently reassured to rearrange and reconsider in his own mind the occurrences which had so discomposed him. So little a matter, after all, is sufficient to upset the pride of scepticism and vindicate the old simple laws of nature within us.

Mr. Barton was next morning sitting at a late breakfast, reflecting upon

the incidents of the previous night, with more of inquisitiveness than awe, so speedily do gloomy impressions upon the fancy disappear under the cheerful influences of day, when a letter just delivered by the postman was placed upon the table before him. There was nothing remarkable in the address of this missive, except that it was written in a hand which he did not know—perhaps it was disguised—for the tall narrow characters were sloped backward; and with the self-inflicted suspense which we so often see practised in such cases, he puzzled over the inscription for a full minute before he broke the seal. When he did so, he read the following words, written in the same hand:—

“Mr. Barton, late captain of the ‘Dolphin,’ is warned of DANGER. He will do wisely to avoid — street— [here the locality of his last night’s adventure was named]—if he walks there as usual he will meet with something bad—let him take warning, once for all, for he has good reason to dread

“THE WATCHER.”

Captain Barton read and re-read this strange effusion; in every light and in every direction he turned it over and over; he examined the paper on which it was written, and scrutinized the hand-writing even more. Defeated here, he turned to the seal; it was nothing but a patch of wax, upon which the accidental impression of a coarse thumb was imperfectly visible. There was not the slightest mark, no clue or indication of any kind, to lead him to even a guess as to its possible origin. The writer’s object seemed a friendly one, and yet he subscribed himself as one whom he had “good reason to dread.” Altogether the letter, its author, and its real purpose, were to him an inexplicable puzzle, and one, moreover, unpleasantly suggestive, in his mind, of associations connected with his last night’s adventure.

In obedience to some feeling—perhaps of pride—Mr. Barton did not communicate, even to his intended bride, the occurrences which we have just detailed. Trifling as they might appear, they had in reality most disagreeably affected his imagination, and he cared not to disclose, even to the young lady in question, what she

might possibly look upon as evidences of weakness. The letter might very well be but a hoax, and the mysterious footfall but a delusion of his fancy. But although he affected to treat the whole affair as unworthy of a thought, it yet haunted him pertinaciously, tormenting him with perplexing doubts, and depressing him with undefined apprehensions. Certain it is, that for a considerable time afterwards he carefully avoided the street indicated in the letter as the scene of danger.

It was not until about a week after the receipt of the letter which I have transcribed, that anything further occurred to remind Captain Barton of its contents, or to counteract the gradual disappearance from his mind of the disagreeable impressions which he had then received. He was returning one night, after the interval I have stated, from the theatre, which was then situated in Crow-street, and having there handed Miss Montague and Lady L—— into their carriage, he loitered for some time with two or three acquaintances. With these, however, he parted close to the college, and pursued his way alone. It was now fully one o'clock, and the streets quite deserted. During the whole of his walk with the companions from whom he had just parted, he had been at times painfully aware of the sound of steps, as it seemed, dogging them on their way. Once or twice he had looked back, in the uneasy anticipation that he was again about to experience the same mysterious annoyances which had so much disconcerted him a week before, and earnestly hoping that he might see some form from whom the sounds might naturally proceed. But the street was deserted—no form was visible. Proceeding now quite alone upon his homeward way, he grew really nervous and uncomfortable, as he became sensible, with increased distinctness, of the well-known and now absolutely dreaded sounds.

By the side of the dead wall which bounded the college park, the sounds followed, re-commencing almost simultaneously with his own steps. The same unequal pace—sometimes slow, sometimes for a score yards or so, quickened to a run—was audible from behind him. Again and again he turned; quickly and stealthily he

glanced over his shoulder—almost at every half-dozen steps; but no one was visible. The horrors of this intangible and unseen persecution became gradually all but intolerable; and when at last he reached his home, his nerves were strung to such a pitch of excitement that he could not rest, and did not attempt even to lie down until after the day-light had broken.

He was awakened by a knock at his chamber-door, and his servant entering, handed him several letters which had just been received by the penny post. One among them instantly arrested his attention—a single glance at the direction aroused him thoroughly. He at once recognized its character, and read as follows:—

“You may as well think, Captain Barton, to escape from your own shadow as from me; do what you may, I will see you as often as I please, and you shall see me, for I do not want to hide myself, as you fancy. Do not let it trouble your rest, Captain Barton; for, with a *good conscience*, what need you fear from the eye of

“THE WATCHER.”

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the feelings elicited by a perusal of this strange communication. Captain Barton was observed to be unusually absent and out of spirits for several days afterwards; but no one divined the cause. Whatever he might think as to the phantom steps which followed him, there could be no possible illusion about the letters he had received; and, to say the least of it, their immediate sequence upon the mysterious sounds which had haunted him, was an odd coincidence. The whole circumstance was, in his own mind, vaguely and instinctively connected with certain passages in his past life, which, of all others, he hated to remember. It happened, however, that in addition to his own approaching nuptials, Captain Barton had just then—fortunately, perhaps, for himself—some business of an engrossing kind connected with the adjustment of a large and long-litigated claim upon certain properties. The hurry and excitement of business had its natural effect in gradually dispelling the marked gloom which had for a time occasionally oppressed him, and in a little while his spirits had entirely resumed their accustomed tone.

During all this time, however, he was occasionally dismayed by indistinct and half-heard repetitions of the same annoyance, and that in lonely places, in the day-time as well as after nightfall. These renewals of the strange impressions from which he had suffered so much, were, however, desultory and faint, inasmuch that often he really could not, to his own satisfaction, distinguish between them and the mere suggestions of an excited imagination. One evening he walked down to the House of Commons with a member, an acquaintance of his and mine. This was one of the few occasions upon which I have been in company with Captain Barton. As we walked down together, I observed that he became absent and silent, and to a degree so marked as scarcely to consist with good breeding, and which, in one who was obviously, in all his habits, perfectly a gentleman, seemed to argue the pressure of some urgent and absorbing anxiety. I afterwards learned that, during the whole of our walk, he had heard the well-known footsteps dogging him as we proceeded. This, however, was the last time he suffered from this phase of the persecution, of which he was already the anxious victim. A new and a very different one was about to be presented.

Of the new series of impressions which were afterwards gradually to work out his destiny, I that evening witnessed the first; and but for its relation to the train of events which followed, the incident would scarcely have been now remembered by me. As we were walking in at the passage, a man, of whom I remember only that he was short in stature, looked like a foreigner, and wore a kind of travelling-cap, walked very rapidly, and as if under some fierce excitement, directly toward us, muttering to himself, fast and vehemently the while. This odd-looking person walked straight toward Barton, who was foremost of the three, and halted, regarding him for a moment or two with a look of menace and fury almost maniacal; and then turning about as abruptly, he walked before us at the same agitated pace, and disappeared at a side passage. I do distinctly remember being a good deal shocked at the countenance and bearing of this man, which indeed irresistibly im-

pressed me with an undefined sense of danger, such as I have never felt before or since from the presence of anything human; but these sensations were, on my part, far from amounting to anything so disconcerting as to flurry or excite me—I had seen only a singularly evil countenance, agitated, as it seemed, with the excitement of madness. I was absolutely astonished, however, at the effect of this apparition upon Captain Barton. I knew him to be a man of proud courage and coolness in real danger—a circumstance which made his conduct upon this occasion the more conspicuously odd. He recoiled a step or two as the stranger advanced, and clutched my arm in silence, with what seemed to me to be a spasm of agony or terror; and then, as the figure disappeared, shoving me roughly back, he followed it for a few paces, stopped in great disorder, and sat down upon a form. I never beheld a countenance more ghastly and haggard.

"For God's sake, Barton, what is the matter?" said —, our companion, really alarmed at his appearance. "You're not hurt, are you?—or unwell? What is it?"

"What did he say?—I did not hear it—what was it?" asked Barton, wholly disregarding the question.

"Tut, tut—nonsense," said —, greatly surprised; "who cares what the fellow said. You are unwell, Barton—decidedly unwell; let me call a coach."

"Unwell! Yes—no—not exactly unwell," he said, evidently making an effort to recover his self-possession; "but, to say the truth, I am fatigued—a little over-worked—and perhaps over anxious. You know I have been in chancery, and the winding up of a suit is always a nervous affair. I have felt uncomfortable all this evening; but I am better now. Come, come—shall we go on?"

"No, no. Take my advice, Barton, and go home; you really do need rest; you are looking absolutely ill. I really do insist on your allowing me to see you home," replied his friend.

I seconded —'s advice, the more readily as it was obvious that Barton was not himself disinclined to be persuaded. He left us, politely declining our offered escort. I was not sufficiently intimate with — to discuss the scene which we had both just wit-

nessed, and in which his friend had appeared in so strange a light. I was, however, convinced, from his manner in the few common-place comments and regrets which we exchanged, that he was just as little satisfied as I with the extempore plea of illness with which he had accounted for the strange exhibition, and that we were both agreed in suspecting some lurking mystery in the matter.

I called next day at Barton's lodgings, to inquire for him, and learned from the servant that he had not left his room since his return the night before; but that he was not seriously indisposed, and hoped to be out again in a few days. That evening he sent for Doctor R——, then in large and fashionable practice in Dublin, and their interview was, it is said, an odd one.

He entered into a detail of his own symptoms in an abstracted and desultory kind of way, which seemed to argue a strange want of interest in his own cure, and, at all events, made it manifest that there was some topic engaging his mind of more engrossing importance than his present ailment. He complained of occasional palpitations, and head-ache. Doctor R—— asked him, among other questions, whether there was any irritating circumstance or anxiety then occupying his thoughts. This he denied quickly and almost peevishly; and the physician thereupon declared it his opinion, that there was nothing amiss except some slight derangement of the digestion, for which he accordingly wrote a prescription, and was about to withdraw, when Mr. Barton, with the air of a man who suddenly recollects a topic which had nearly escaped him, recalled him.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, but I had really almost forgot; will you permit me to ask you two or three medical questions—rather odd ones, perhaps, but as a wager depends upon their solution, you will, I hope, excuse my unreasonableness."

The physician readily undertook to satisfy the inquirer.

Barton seemed to have some difficulty about opening the proposed interrogatories, for he was silent for a minute, then walked to his book-case, and returned as he had gone; at last he sat down, and said—

"You'll think them very childish

questions, but I can't recover my wager without a decision; so I must put them. I want to know first about lock-jaw. If a man actually has had that complaint, and appears to have died of it—so much so, that a physician of average skill pronounces him actually dead—may he, after all, recover?"

The physician smiled, and shook his head.

"But—but a blunder may be made," resumed Barton. "Suppose an ignorant pretender to medical skill; may he be so deceived by any stage of the complaint, as to mistake what is only a part of the progress of the disease, for death itself?"

"No one who had ever seen death," answered he, "could mistake it in a case of lock-jaw."

Barton mused for a few minutes. "I am going to ask you a question, perhaps, still more childish; but first, tell me, are not the regulations of foreign hospitals, such as that of, let us say, ———, very lax and bungling. May not all kinds of blunders and slips occur in their entries of names, and so forth?"

Doctor R—— professed his incompetence to answer that query.

"Well, then, doctor, here is the last of my questions. You will, probably, laugh at it; but it must out, nevertheless. Is there any disease, in all the range of human maladies, which would have the effect of perceptibly contracting the stature, and the whole frame—causing the man to shrink in all his proportions, and yet to preserve his exact resemblance to himself in every particular—with the one exception, his height and bulk; any disease, mark—no matter how rare—how little believed in, generally—which could possibly result in producing such an effect?"

The physician replied with a smile, and a very decided negative.

"Tell me, then," said Barton, abruptly, "if a man be in reasonable fear of assault from a lunatic who is at large, can he not procure a warrant for his arrest and detention?"

"Really, that is more a lawyer's question than one in my way," replied Doctor R——; "but I believe, on applying to a magistrate, such a course would be directed."

The physician then took his leave; but, just as he reached the hall-door,

remembered that he had left his cane up stairs, and returned. His reappearance was awkward, for a piece of paper, which he recognized as his own prescription, was slowly burning upon the fire, and Barton sitting close by with an expression of settled gloom and dismay. Doctor R—— had too much tact to appear to observe what presented itself; but he had seen quite enough to assure him that the mind, and not the body, of Captain Barton was in reality the seat of suffering.

A few days afterwards, the following advertisement appeared in the Dublin newspapers:—

“If Sylvester Yelland, formerly a foremast-man on board his Majesty's frigate Dolphin, or his nearest of kin, will apply to Mr. Robert Smith, solicitor, at his office, Dame-street, he or they may hear of something greatly to his or their advantage. Admission may be had at any hour up to twelve o'clock at night, for the next fortnight, should parties desire to avoid observation; and the strictest secrecy, as to all communications intended to be confidential, shall be honourably observed.”

The Dolphin, as I have mentioned, was the vessel which Captain Barton had commanded; and this circumstance, connected with the extraordinary exertions made by the circulation of hand-bills, &c., as well as by repeated advertisements, to secure for this strange notice the utmost possible publicity, suggested to Doctor R—— the idea that Captain Barton's extreme uneasiness was somehow connected with the individual to whom the advertisement was addressed, and he himself the author of it. This, however, it is needless to add, was no more than a conjecture. No information whatsoever, as to the real purpose of the advertisement itself, was divulged by the agent, nor yet any hint as to who his employer might be.

Mr. Barton, although he had lately begun to earn for himself the character of a hypochondriac, was yet very far from deserving it. Though by no means lively, he had yet, naturally, what are termed “even spirits,” and was not subject to undue depressions. He soon, therefore, began to return to his former habits; and one of the earliest symptoms of this healthier tone of spirits was, his appearing at a grand dinner of the Free-

masons, of which worthy fraternity he was himself a brother. Barton, who had been at first gloomy and abstracted, drank much more freely than was his wont—possibly with the purpose of dispelling his own secret anxieties—and under the influence of good wine, and pleasant company, became gradually (unlike his usual self) talkative, and even noisy. It was under this unwonted excitement that he left his company at about half-past ten o'clock; and, as conviviality is a strong incentive to gallantry, it occurred to him to proceed forthwith to Lady L——'s, and pass the remainder of the evening with her and his destined bride.

Accordingly, he was soon at — street, and chatting gaily with the ladies. It is not to be supposed that Capt. Barton had exceeded the limits which propriety prescribes to good fellowship—he had merely taken enough wine to raise his spirits, without, however, in the least degree unsteading his mind, or affecting his manners. With this undue elevation of spirits had supervened an entire oblivion or contempt of those undefined apprehensions which had for so long weighed upon his mind, and to a certain extent estranged him from society; but as the night wore away, and his artificial gaiety began to flag, these painful feelings gradually intruded themselves again, and he grew abstracted and anxious as heretofore. He took his leave at length, with an unpleasant foreboding of some coming mischief, and with a mind haunted with a thousand mysterious apprehensions, such as, even while he acutely felt their pressure, he, nevertheless, inwardly strove, or affected to contemn.

It was this proud defiance of what he considered as his own weakness, which prompted him upon the present occasion to that course which brought about the adventure which we are now about to relate. Mr. Barton might have easily called a coach, but he was conscious that his strong inclination to do so proceeded from no cause other than what he desperately persisted in representing to himself to be his own superstitious tremors. He might also have returned home by a route different from that against which he had been warned by his mysterious correspondent; but for the same reason he dismissed this idea also, and with a dogged and half desperate reso-

lution to force matters to a crisis of some kind, if there were any reality in the causes of his former suffering, and if not, satisfactorily to bring their delusiveness to the proof, he determined to follow precisely the course which he had trodden upon the night so painfully memorable in his own mind as that on which his strange persecution had commenced. Though, sooth to say, the pilot who for the first time steers his vessel under the muzzles of a hostile battery, never felt his resolution more severely tasked than did Captain Barton as he breathlessly pursued this solitary path—a path which, spite of every effort of scepticism and reason, he felt to be infested by some (as respected *him*) malignant influence.

He pursued his way steadily and rapidly, scarcely breathing from intensity of suspense; he, however, was troubled by no renewal of the dreaded footsteps, and was beginning to feel a return of confidence, as more than three-fourths of the way being accomplished with impunity, he approached the long line of twinkling oil lamps which indicated the frequented streets. This feeling of self-gratulation was, however, but momentary. The report of a musket at some two hundred yards behind him, and the whistle of a bullet close to his head, disagreeably and startlingly dispelled it. His first impulse was to retrace his steps in pursuit of the assassin; but the road on either side was, as we have said, embarrassed by the foundations of a street, beyond which extended waste fields, full of rubbish and neglected lime and brick kilns, and all now as utterly silent as though no sound had ever disturbed their dark and unsightly solitude. The futility of, single-handed, attempting, under such circumstances, a search for the murderer, was apparent, especially as no sound, either of retreating steps or otherwise, was audible to direct his pursuit.

With the tumultuous sensations of one whose life has just been exposed to a murderous attempt, and whose escape has been the narrowest possible, Captain Barton turned, and without, however, quickening his pace actually to a run, hurriedly pursued his way. He had turned, as we have said, after a pause of a few seconds, and had just commenced his rapid retreat, when on

a sudden he met the well-remembered little man in the fur cap. The encounter was but momentary. The figure was walking at the same exaggerated pace, and with the same strange air of menace as before; and as it passed him, he thought he heard it say, in a furious whisper, "Still alive—still alive!"

The state of Mr. Barton's spirits began now to work a corresponding alteration in his health and looks, and to such a degree that it was impossible that the change should escape general remark. For some reasons, known but to himself, he took no step whatsoever to bring the attempt upon his life, which he had so narrowly escaped, under the notice of the authorities; on the contrary, he kept it jealously to himself; and it was not for many weeks after the occurrence that he mentioned it, and then in strict confidence, to a gentleman, whom the torments of his mind at last compelled him to consult.

Spite of his blue devils, however, poor Barton, having no satisfactory reason to render to the public for any undue remissness in the attentions which the relation subsisting between him and Miss Montague required, was obliged to exert himself, and present to the world a confident and cheerful bearing. The true source of his sufferings, and every circumstance connected with them, he guarded with a reserve so jealous, that it seemed dictated by at least a suspicion that the origin of his strange persecution was known to himself, and that it was of a nature which, upon his own account, he could not or dared not disclose.

The mind thus turned in upon itself, and constantly occupied with a haunting anxiety which it dared not reveal or confide to any human breast, became daily more excited, and, of course, more vividly impressible, by a system of attack which operated through the nervous system; and in this state he was destined to sustain, with increasing frequency, the stealthy visitations of that apparition which from the first had seemed to possess so unearthly and terrible a hold upon his imagination.

* * * * *

It was about this time that Captain Barton called upon the then celebrated preacher, Dr. —, with whom he had

a slight acquaintance, and an extraordinary conversation ensued. The divine was seated in his chambers in college, surrounded with works upon his favourite pursuit, and deep in theology, when Barton was announced. There was something at once embarrassed and excited in his manner, which, along with his wan and haggard countenance, impressed the student with the unpleasant consciousness that his visitor must have recently suffered terribly indeed, to account for an alteration so striking—almost shocking.

After the usual interchange of polite greeting, and a few common-place remarks, Captain Barton, who obviously perceived the surprise which his visit had excited, and which Doctor — was unable wholly to conceal, interrupted a brief pause by remarking—

"This is a strange call, Doctor —, perhaps scarcely warranted by an acquaintance so slight as mine with you. I should not under ordinary circumstances have ventured to disturb you; but my visit is neither an idle nor impertinent intrusion. I am sure you will not so account it, when —"

Doctor — interrupted him with assurances such as good breeding suggested, and Barton resumed—

"I am come to task your patience by asking your advice. When I say your patience, I might, indeed, say more; I might have said your humanity—your compassion; for I have been and am a great sufferer."

"My dear sir, replied the churchman, "it will, indeed, afford me infinite gratification if I can give you comfort in any distress of mind; but—but —"

"I know what you would say," resumed Barton, quickly; "I am an unbeliever, and, therefore, incapable of deriving help from religion; but don't take that for granted. At least you must not assume that, however unsettled my convictions may be, I do not feel a deep—a very deep—interest in the subject. Circumstances have lately forced it upon my attention, in such a way as to compel me to review the whole question in a more candid and teachable spirit, I believe, than I ever studied it in before."

"Your difficulties, I take it for granted, refer to the evidences of revelation," suggested the clergyman.

"Why—no—yes; in fact I am ashamed to say I have not considered

even my objections sufficiently to state them connectedly; but—but there is one subject on which I feel a peculiar interest."

He paused again, and Doctor — pressed him to proceed.

"The fact is," said Barton, "whatever may be my uncertainty as to the authenticity of what we are taught to call revelation, of one fact I am deeply and horribly convinced, that there does exist beyond this a spiritual world—a system whose workings are generally in mercy hidden from us—a system which may be, and which is sometimes, partially and terribly revealed. I am sure—I *know*," continued Barton, with increasing excitement, "that there is a God—a dreadful God—and that retribution follows guilt. In ways the most mysterious and stupendous—by agencies the most inexplicable and terrific—there is a spiritual system—great God, how frightfully I have been convinced!—a system malignant, and implacable, and omnipotent, under whose persecutions I am, and have been, suffering the torments of the damned!—yes, sir—yes—the fires and frenzy of hell!"

As Barton spoke, his agitation became so vehement that the divine was shocked, and even alarmed. The wild and excited rapidity with which he spoke, and, above all, the indefinable horror which stamped his features, afforded a contrast to his ordinary cool and unimpassioned self-possession striking and painful in the last degree.

"My dear sir," said Doctor —, after a brief pause, "I fear you have been suffering much, indeed; but I venture to predict that the depression under which you labour will be found to originate in purely physical causes, and that with a change of air, and the aid of a few tonics, your spirits will return, and the tone of your mind be once more cheerful and tranquil as heretofore. There was, after all, more truth than we are quite willing to admit in the classic theories which assigned the undue predominance of any one affection of the mind, to the undue action or torpidity of one or other of our bodily organs. Believe me, that a little attention to diet, exercise, and the other essentials of health, under competent direction, will make you as much yourself as you can wish."

"Doctor —," said Barton, with something like a shudder, "I cannot

delude myself with such a hope. I have no hope to cling to but one, and that is, that by some other spiritual agency more potent than that which tortures me, it may be combated, and I delivered. If this may not be, I am lost—now and for ever lost.”

“But, Mr. Barton, you must remember,” urged his companion, “that others have suffered as you have done, and —”

“No, no, no,” interrupted he, with irritability—“no, sir, I am not a credulous—far from a superstitious man. I have been, perhaps, too much the reverse—too sceptical, too slow of belief; but unless I were one whom no amount of evidence could convince, unless I were to condemn the repeated, the perpetual evidence of my own senses, I am now—now at last constrained to believe—I have no escape from the conviction—the overwhelming certainty—that I am haunted and dogged, go where I may, by—by a DEMON!”

There was an almost preternatural energy of horror in Barton’s face, as, with its damp and deathlike lineaments turned towards his companion, he thus delivered himself.

“God help you, my poor friend,” said Doctor —, much shocked—God help you; for, indeed, you are a sufferer, however your sufferings may have been caused.”

“Ay, ay, God help me,” echoed Barton, sternly; “but will he help me—will he help me.”

“Pray to him—pray in an humble and trusting spirit,” said he.

“Pray, pray,” echoed he again; “I can’t pray—I could as easily move a mountain by an effort of my will. I have not belief enough to pray; there is something within me that will not pray. You prescribe impossibilities—literal impossibilities.”

“You will not find it so, if you will but try,” said Doctor —.

“Try!—I have tried, and the attempt only fills me with confusion and terror; I have tried in vain, and more than in vain. The awful, unutterable idea of eternity and infinity oppresses and maddens my brain whenever my mind approaches the contemplation of the Creator; I recoil from the effort scared, confounded, terrified. I tell you, Doctor —, if I am to be saved, it must be by other means. The idea

of the Creator is to me intolerable—my mind cannot support it.”

“Say, then, my dear sir,” urged he—“say how you would have me serve you—what you would learn of me—what I can do or say to relieve you?”

“Listen to me first,” replied Captain Barton, with a subdued air, and an evident effort to suppress his excitement—listen to me while I detail the circumstances of the terrible persecution under which my life has become all but intolerable—a persecution which has made me fear death and the world beyond the grave as much as I have grown to hate existence.”

Barton then proceeded to relate the circumstances which we have already detailed, and then continued—

“This has now become habitual—an accustomed thing. I do not mean the actual seeing him in the flesh—thank God, that at least is not permitted daily. Thank God, from the unutterable horrors of that visitation I have been mercifully allowed intervals of repose, though none of security; but from the consciousness that a malignant spirit is following and watching me wherever I go, I have never, for a single instant, a temporary respite. I am pursued with blasphemies, cries of despair and appalling hatred. I hear those dreadful sounds called after me as I turn the corners of streets; they come in the night-time, while I sit in my chamber alone; they haunt me everywhere, charging me with hideous crimes, and—great God!—threatening me with coming vengeance and eternal misery. Hush!—do you hear that!” he cried with a horrible smile of triumph; “there—there, will that convince you?”

The clergyman felt the chillness of horror irresistibly steal over him, while, during the wail of a sudden gust of wind, he heard, or fancied he heard, the half articulate sounds of rage and derision mingling in the sigh.

“Well, what do you think of that?” at length Barton cried, drawing a long breath through his teeth.

“I heard the wind,” said Doctor —. “What should I think of it—what is there remarkable about it?”

“The prince of the powers of the air,” muttered Barton, with a shudder.

“Tut, tut! my dear sir,” said the

student, with an effort to reassure himself; for though it was broad daylight, there was nevertheless something disagreeably contagious in the nervous excitement under which his visitor so obviously suffered. "You must not give way to those wild fancies; you must resist these impulses of the imagination."

"Ay, ay; 'resist the devil and he will flee from thee,'" said Barton, in the same tone; "but *how* resist him? ay, there it is—there is the rub. What—*what* am I to do? *what* can I do?"

"My dear sir, this is fancy," said the man of folios; "you are your own tormentor."

"No, no, sir—fancy has no part in it," answered Barton, somewhat sternly. "Fancy, forsooth! Was it that made *you*, as well as me, hear, but this moment, those appalling accents of hell? Fancy, indeed! No, no."

"But you have seen this person frequently," said the ecclesiastic;—"why have you not accosted or secured him? Is it not somewhat precipitate, to say no more, to assume, as you have done, the existence of preternatural agency, when, after all, everything may be easily accountable, if only proper means were taken to sift the matter."

"There are circumstances connected with this—this *appearance*," said Barton, "which it were needless to disclose, but which to *me* are proof of its horrible and unearthly nature. I know that the being who haunts me is not *man*—I say I *know* this; I could prove it to your own conviction." He paused for a minute, and then added, "And as to accosting it, I dare not, I could not; when I see it I am powerless; I stand in the gaze of death, in the triumphant presence of preternatural power and malignity. My strength, and faculties, and memory all forsake me. O God, I fear, sir, you know not what you speak of. Mercy, mercy; heaven have pity on me!"

He leaned his elbow on the table, and passed his hand across his eyes, as if to exclude some image of horror, muttering the last words of the sentence he had just concluded, again and again.

"Doctor ——," he said, abruptly

raising himself, and looking full upon the clergyman with an imploring eye, "I know you will do for me whatever may be done. You know now fully the circumstances and the nature of the mysterious agency of which I am the victim. I tell you I cannot help myself; I cannot hope to escape; I am utterly passive. I conjure you, then, to weigh my case well, and if anything may be done for me by vicarious supplication—by the intercession of the good—or by any aid or influence whatsoever, I implore of you, I adjure you in the name of the Most High, give me the benefit of that influence—deliver me from the body of this death. Strive for me, pity me; I know you will; you cannot refuse this; it is the purpose and object of my visit. Send me away with some hope, however little, some faint hope of ultimate deliverance, and I will nerve myself to endure, from hour to hour, the hideous dream into which my existence has been transformed."

Doctor —— assured him that all he could do was to pray earnestly for him, and that so much he would not fail to do. They parted with a hurried and melancholy valediction. Barton hastened to the carriage, which awaited him at the door, drew the blinds, and drove away, while Doctor —— returned to his chamber, to ruminate at leisure upon the strange interview which had just interrupted his studies.

It was not to be expected that Captain Barton's changed and eccentric habits should long escape remark and discussion. Various were the theories suggested to account for it. Some attributed the alteration to the pressure of secret pecuniary embarrassments; others to a repugnance to fulfil an engagement into which he was presumed to have too precipitately entered; and others, again, to the supposed incipency of mental disease, which latter, indeed, was the most plausible, as well as the most generally received, of the hypotheses circulated in the gossip of the day.

From the very commencement of this change, at first so gradual in its advances, Miss Montague had of course been aware of it. The intimacy involved in their peculiar relation, as well as the near interest which it in-

spired, afforded, in her case, a like opportunity and motive for the successful exercise of that keen and penetrating observation peculiar to the sex. His visits became, at length, so interrupted, and his manner, while they lasted, so abstracted, strange, and agitated, that Lady L——, after hinting her anxiety and her suspicions more than once, at length distinctly stated her anxiety, and pressed for an explanation. The explanation was given, and although its nature at first relieved the worst solitudes of the old lady and her niece, yet the circumstances which attended it, and the really dreadful consequences which it obviously indicated, as regarded the spirits, and indeed the reason of the now wretched man, who made the strange declaration, were enough, upon a little reflection, to fill their minds with perturbation and alarm.

General Montague, the young lady's father, at length arrived. He had himself slightly known Barton, some ten or twelve years previously, and being aware of his fortune and connexions, was disposed to regard him as an unexceptionable and indeed a most desirable match for his daughter. He laughed at the story of Barton's supernatural visitations, and lost not a moment in calling upon his intended son-in-law.

"My dear Barton," he continued, gaily, after a little conversation, "my sister tells me that you are a victim to blue devils, in quite a new and original shape."

Barton changed countenance, and sighed profoundly.

"Come, come; I protest this will never do," continued the general; "you are more like a man on his way to the gallows than to the altar. These devils have made quite a saint of you."

Barton made an effort to change the conversation.

"No, no, it won't do," said his visitor, laughing; "I am resolved to say out what I have to say upon this magnificent mock mystery of yours. Come, you must not be angry, but really it is too bad to see you, at your time of life, absolutely frightened into good behaviour, like a naughty child, by a bugaboo, and as far as I can learn, a very particularly contemptible one. Seriously, though, my dear Barton, I have been a good deal an-

nayed at what they tell me; but, at the same time, thoroughly convinced that there is nothing in the matter that may not be cleared up, with just a little attention and management, within a week at furthest."

"Ah, general, you do not know—" he began.

"Yes, but I do know quite enough to warrant my confidence," interrupted the soldier; "don't I know that all your annoyance proceeds from the occasional appearance of a certain little man in a cap and great-coat, with a red vest and a bad face, who follows you about, and pops upon you at the corners of lanes, and throws you into ague fits. Now, my dear fellow, I'll make it my business to *catch* this mischievous little mountebank, and either beat him into a jelly with my own hands, or have him whipped through the town, at the cart's-tail, before a month passes."

"If you knew what I know," said Barton, with gloomy agitation, "you would speak very differently. Don't imagine that I am so weak and foolish as to assume, without proof the most overwhelming, the conclusion to which I have been forced—the proofs are here, locked up here." As he spoke he tapped upon his breast, and with an anxious sigh continued to walk up and down the room.

"Well, well, Barton," said his visitor, "I'll wager a rump and dozen I collar the ghost, and convince yourself before many days are over."

He was running on in the same strain when he was suddenly arrested, and not a little shocked, by observing Barton, who had approached the window, stagger slowly back, like one who had received a stunning blow; his arm extended toward the street—his face and his very lips white as ashes—while he muttered, "There—there—there!"

General Montague started mechanically to his feet, and, from the window of the drawing-room, saw a figure corresponding, as well as his hurry would permit him to discern, with the description of the person, whose appearance so constantly and dreadfully disturbed the repose of his friend. The figure was just turning from the rails of the area upon which it had been leaning, and, without waiting to see more, the old gentleman snatched his cane and hat, and rushed down the

stairs and into the street, in the furious hope of securing the person, and punishing the audacity of the mysterious stranger. He looked around him, but in vain, for any trace of the form he had himself distinctly beheld. He ran breathlessly to the nearest corner, expecting to see from thence the retreating figure, but no such form was visible. Back and forward, from crossing to crossing, he ran, at fault, and it was not until the curious gaze and laughing countenances of the passers-by reminded him of the absurdity of his pursuit, that he checked his hurried pace, lowered his walking-cane from the menacing altitude which he had mechanically given it, adjusted his hat, and walked composedly back again, inwardly vexed and flurried. He found Barton pale and trembling in every joint; they both remained silent, though under emotions very different. At last Barton whispered, "You saw it?"

"It!—him—some one—you mean—to be sure I did," replied Montague, testily. "But where is the good or the harm of seeing him? The fellow runs like a lamp-lighter. I wanted to catch him, but he had stolen away before I could reach the hall-door. However, it is no great matter; next time, I dare say, I'll do better; and egad, if I once come within reach of him, I'll introduce his shoulders to the weight of my cane, in a way to make him cry *peccavi*."

Notwithstanding General Montague's undertakings and exhortations, however, Barton continued to suffer from the self-same unexplained cause; go how, when, or where he would, he was still constantly dogged or confronted by the hateful being who had established over him so dreadful and mysterious an influence; nowhere and at no time was he secure against the odious appearance which haunted him with such diabolic perseverance. His depression, misery, and excitement became more settled and alarming every day, and the mental agonies that ceaselessly preyed upon him, began at last so sensibly to affect his health, that Lady L—— and General Montague succeeded, without, indeed, much difficulty, in persuading him to try a short tour on the Continent, in the hope that an entire change of scene would, at all events, have the effect of breaking through the in-

fluences of local association, which the more sceptical of his friends assumed to be by no means inoperative in suggesting and perpetuating what they conceived to be a mere form of nervous illusion. General Montague indeed was persuaded that the figure which haunted his intended son-in-law was by no means the creation of his own imagination, but, on the contrary, a substantial form of flesh and blood, animated by a spiteful and obstinate resolution, perhaps with some murderous object in perspective, to watch and follow the unfortunate gentleman. Even this hypothesis was not a very pleasant one; yet it was plain that if Barton could ever be convinced that there was nothing preternatural in the phenomenon which he had hitherto regarded in that light, the affair would lose all its terrors in his eyes, and wholly cease to exercise upon his health and spirits the baleful influence which it had hitherto done. He therefore reasoned, that if the annoyance were actually escaped by mere locomotion and change of scene, it obviously could not have originated in any supernatural agency.

Yielding to their persuasions, Barton left Dublin for England, accompanied by General Montague. They posted rapidly to London, and thence to Dover, whence they took the packet with a fair wind for Calais. The general's confidence in the result of the expedition on Barton's spirits had risen day by day, since their departure from the shores of Ireland; for, to the inexpressible relief and delight of the latter, he had not, since then, so much as even once fancied a repetition of those impressions which had, when at home, drawn him gradually down to the very depths of horror and despair. This exemption from what he had begun to regard as the inevitable condition of his existence, and the sense of security which began to pervade his mind, were inexpressibly delightful; and in the exultation of what he considered his deliverance, he indulged in a thousand happy anticipations for a future into which so lately he had hardly dared to look; and in short, both he and his companion secretly congratulated themselves upon the termination of that persecution which had been to its immediate victim a source of such unspeakable agony.

It was a beautiful day, and a crowd of idlers stood upon the jetty to receive the packet, and enjoy the bustle of the new arrivals. Montague walked a few paces in advance of his friend, and as he made his way through the crowd, a little man touched his arm, and said to him, in a broad provincial *patois*—

"Monsieur is walking too fast; he will lose his sick comrade in the throng, for, by my faith, the poor gentleman seems to be fainting."

Montague turned quickly, and observed that Barton did indeed look deadly pale. He hastened to his side.

"My dear fellow, are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

The question was unheeded and twice repeated, ere Barton stammered—

"I saw him—by —, I saw him!"

"*Him!*—the—the wretch—who—where—when did you see him—where is he?" cried Montague, looking around him.

"I saw him—but he is gone," repeated Barton, faintly.

"But where—where? For God's sake, speak," urged Montague, vehemently.

"It is but this moment—*here*," said he.

"But what did he look like—what had he on—what did he wear—quick, quick," urged his excited companion, ready to dart among the crowd, and collar the delinquent on the spot.

"He touched your arm—he spoke to you—he pointed to me. God be merciful to me, there is no escape," said Barton, in the low, subdued tones of intense despair.

Montague had already bustled away in all the flurry of mingled hope and indignation; but though the singular *personnel* of the stranger who had accosted him was vividly and perfectly impressed upon his recollection, he failed to discover among the crowd even the slightest resemblance to him. After a fruitless search, in which he enlisted the services of several of the bystanders, who aided all the more zealously, as they believed he had been robbed, he at length, out of breath and baffled, gave over the attempt.

"Ah, my friend, it won't do," said Barton, with the faint voice and bewildered, ghastly look of one who has been stunned by some mortal shock; "there is no use in contend-

ing with it; whatever it is, the dreadful association between me and it is now established—I shall never escape—never, never!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear fellow; don't talk so," said Montague, with something at once of irritation and dismay; "you must not, I say; we'll jockey the scoundrel yet; never mind, I say—never mind."

It was, however, but lost labour to endeavour henceforward to inspire Barton with one ray of hope; he became utterly desponding. This intangible, and, as it seemed, utterly inadequate influence was fast destroying his energies of intellect, character, and health. His first object was now to return to Ireland, there, as he believed, and now almost hoped, speedily to die.

To Ireland accordingly he came, and one of the first faces he saw upon the shore, was again that of his implacable and dreaded persecutor. Barton seemed at last to have lost not only all enjoyment and every hope in existence, but all independence of will besides. He now submitted himself passively to the management of the friends most nearly interested in his welfare. With the apathy of entire despair, he implicitly assented to whatever measures they suggested and advised; and as a last resource, it was determined to remove him to a house of Lady L——'s, in the neighbourhood of Clontarf, where, with the advice of his medical attendant, who persisted in his opinion that the whole train of consequences resulted merely from some nervous derangement, it was resolved that he was to confine himself strictly to the house, and to make use only of those apartments which commanded a view of an enclosed yard, the gates of which were to be kept jealously locked. Those precautions would certainly secure him against the casual appearance of any living form, which his excited imagination might possibly confound with the spectre which, as it was contended, his fancy recognised in every figure which bore even a distant or general resemblance to the traits with which he had at first invested it. A month or six weeks' absolute seclusion under these conditions, it was hoped might, by interrupting the series of these terrible impressions, gradually dispel the predisposing apprehensions, and

effectually break up the associations which had confirmed the supposed disease, and rendered recovery hopeless. Cheerful society and that of his friends was to be constantly supplied, and on the whole, very sanguine expectations were indulged in, to the effect that under the treatment thus detailed, the obstinate hypochondria of the patient might at length give way.

Accompanied, therefore, by Lady L——, General Montague and his daughter—his own affianced bride—poor Barton—himself never daring to cherish a hope of his ultimate emancipation from the strange horrors under which his life was literally wasting away—took possession of the apartments, whose situation protected him against the dreadful intrusions, from which he shrunk with such unutterable terror.

After a little time, a steady persistence in this system began to manifest its results, in a very marked though gradual improvement, alike in the health and spirits of the invalid. Not, indeed, that anything at all approaching to complete recovery was yet discernible. On the contrary, to those who had not seen him since the commencement of his strange sufferings, such an alteration would have been apparent as might well have shocked them. The improvement, however, such as it was, was welcomed with gratitude and delight, especially by the poor young lady, whom her attachment to him, as well as her now singularly painful position, consequent on his mysterious and protracted illness, rendered an object of pity scarcely one degree less to be commiserated than himself.

A week passed—a fortnight—a month—and yet no recurrence of the hated visitation had agitated and terrified him as usual. The treatment had, so far forth, been followed by complete success. The chain of associations had been broken. The constant pressure upon the overtasked spirits had been removed, and, under these comparatively favourable circumstances, the sense of social community with the world about him, and something of human interest, if not of enjoyment, began to reanimate his mind.

It was about this time that Lady L——, who, like most old ladies of the day, was deep in family receipts, and a great pretender to medical sci-

ence, being engaged in the concoction of certain unpalatable mixtures, of marvellous virtue, dispatched her own maid to the kitchen garden, with a list of herbs, which were there to be carefully culled, and brought back to her for the purpose stated. The hand-maiden, however, returned with her task scarce half completed, and a good deal flurried and alarmed. Her mode of accounting for her precipitate retreat and evident agitation was odd, and, to the old lady, unpleasantly startling.

It appeared that she had repaired to the kitchen garden, pursuant to her mistress's directions, and had there begun to make the specified selection among the rank and neglected herbs which crowded one corner of the enclosure, and while engaged in this pleasant labour, she carelessly sang a fragment of an old song, as she said, "to keep herself company." She was, however, interrupted by an ill-natured laugh; and, looking up, she saw through the old thorn hedge, which surrounded the garden, a singularly ill-looking little man, whose countenance wore the stamp of menace and malignity, standing close to her, at the other side of the hawthorn screen. She described herself as utterly unable to move or speak, while he charged her with a message for Captain Barton; the substance of which she distinctly remembered to have been to the effect, that he, Captain Barton, must come abroad as usual, and show himself to his friends, out of doors, or else prepare for a visit in his own chamber. On concluding this brief message, the stranger had, with a threatening air, got down into the outer ditch, and, seizing the hawthorn stems in his hands, seemed on the point of climbing through the fence—a feat which might have been accomplished without much difficulty. Without, of course, awaiting this result, the girl—throwing down her treasures of thyme and rosemary—had turned and ran, with the swiftness of terror, to the house. Lady L—— commanded her, on pain of instant dismissal, to observe an absolute silence respecting all that passed of the incident which related to Captain Barton; and, at the same time, directed instant search to be made by her men, in the garden and the fields adjacent. This measure, however, was attended with the usual success,

and, filled with fearful and undefinable misgivings, Lady L—— communicated the incident to her brother. The story, however, until long afterwards, went no further, and, of course, it was jealously guarded from Barton, who continued to amend, though slowly and imperfectly.

Barton now began to walk occasionally in the court-yard which we have mentioned, and which being surrounded by a high wall, commanded no view beyond its own extent. Here he, therefore, considered himself perfectly secure; and, but for a careless violation of orders by one of the grooms, he might have enjoyed, at least for some time longer, his much-prized immunity. Opening upon the public road, this yard was entered by a wooden gate, with a wicket in it, and which was further defended by an iron gate upon the outside. Strict orders had been given to keep them carefully locked; but, spite of these, it had happened that one day, as Barton was slowly pacing this narrow enclosure, in his accustomed walk, and reaching the further extremity, was turning to retrace his steps, he saw the boarded wicket ajar, and the face of his tormentor immovably looking at him through the iron bars. For a few seconds he stood riveted to the earth—breathless and bloodless—in the fascination of that dreaded gaze, and then fell helplessly and insensibly upon the pavement.

There he was found a few minutes afterwards, and conveyed to his room—the apartment which he was never afterwards to leave alive. Henceforward a marked and unaccountable change was observable in the tone of his mind. Captain Barton was now no longer the excited and despairing man he had been before; a strange alteration had passed upon him—an unearthly tranquillity reigned in his mind—it was the anticipated stillness of the grave.

"Montague, my friend, this struggle is nearly ended now," he said, tranquilly, but with a look of fixed and fearful awe. "I have, at last, some comfort from that world of spirits, from which my punishment has come. I now know that my sufferings will soon be over."

Montague pressed him to speak on.

"Yes," said he, in a softened voice, "my punishment is nearly ended. From sorrow, perhaps, I shall never,

in time or eternity, escape; but my *agony* is almost over. Comfort has been revealed to me, and what remains of my allotted struggle I will bear with submission—even with hope."

"I am glad to hear you speak so tranquilly, my dear fellow," said Montague; "peace and cheer of mind are all you need to make you what you were."

"No, no—I never can be that," said he, mournfully. "I am no longer fit for life. I am soon to die: I do not shrink from death as I did. I am to see *him* but once again, and then all is ended."

"He said so, then?" suggested Montague.

"*He?*—No, no: good tidings could scarcely come through him; and these were good and welcome; and they came so solemnly and sweetly—with unutterable love and melancholy, such as I could not—without saying more than is needful, or fitting, of other long-past scenes and persons—fully explain to you." As Barton said this he shed tears.

"Come, come," said Montague, mistaking the source of his emotions, "you must not give way. What is it, after all, but a pack of dreams and nonsense; or, at worst, the practices of a scheming rascal that enjoys his power of playing upon your nerves, and loves to exert it—a sneaking vagabond that owes you a grudge, and pays it off this way, not daring to try a more manly one."

"A grudge, indeed, he owes me—you say rightly," said Barton, with a sudden shudder; "a grudge, as you call it. Oh, my God! when the justice of heaven permits the Evil one to carry out a scheme of vengeance—when its execution is committed to the lost and terrible victim of sin, who owes his own ruin to the man, the very man, whom he is commissioned to pursue—then, indeed, the torments and terrors of hell are anticipated on earth. But heaven has dealt mercifully with me—hope has opened to me at last; and if death could come without the dreadful sight I am doomed to see, I would gladly close my eyes this moment upon the world. But though death is welcome, I shrink with an agony you cannot understand—a maddening agony, an actual frenzy of terror—from the last encounter with that—that *DEMON*, who has drawn me thus to the verge of the chasm,

and who is himself to plunge me down. I am to see him again—once more—but under circumstances unutterably more terrific than ever.”

As Barton thus spoke, he trembled so violently that Montague was really alarmed at the extremity of his sudden agitation, and hastened to lead him back to the topic which had before seemed to exert so tranquillizing an effect upon his mind.

“It was not a dream,” he said, after a time; “I was in a different state—I felt differently and strangely; and yet it was all as real, as clear, and vivid, as what I now see and hear—it was a reality.”

“And what *did* you see and hear?” urged his companion.

“When I awakened from the swoon I fell into on seeing *him*,” said Barton, continuing as if he had not heard the question, “it was slowly, very slowly—I was reclining by the margin of a broad lake, with misty hills all round, and a soft, melancholy, rose-coloured light illuminated it all. It was unusually sad and lonely, and yet more beautiful than any earthly scene. My head was leaning on the lap of a girl, and she was singing a strange and wondrous song, that told, I know not how—whether by words or harmonies—of all my life—all that is past, and all that is still to come; and with the song the old feelings that I thought had perished within me came back, and tears flowed from my eyes—partly for the song and its mysterious beauty, and partly for the unearthly sweetness of her voice; and yet I knew the voice—oh! how well; and I was spell-bound as I listened and looked at the strange and solitary scene, without stirring, almost without breathing—and, alas! alas! without turning my eyes toward the face that I knew was near me, so sweetly powerful was the enchantment that held me. And so, slowly and softly, the song and scene grew fainter, and ever fainter, to my senses, till all was dark and still again. And then I wakened to this world, as you saw, comforted, for I knew that I was forgiven much.” Barton wept again long and bitterly.

From this time, as we have said, the prevailing tone of his mind was one of profound and tranquil melancholy. This, however, was not without its interruptions. He was thoroughly impressed with the conviction

that he was to experience another and a final visitation, illimitably transcending in horror all he had before experienced. From this anticipated and unknown agony, he often shrunk in such paroxysms of abject terror and distraction, as filled the whole household with dismay and superstitious panic. Even those among them who affected to discredit the supposition of preternatural agency in the matter, were often in their secret souls visited during the darkness and solitude of night with qualms and apprehensions, which they would not have readily confessed; and none of them attempted to dissuade Barton from the resolution on which he now systematically acted, of shutting himself up in his own apartment. The window-blinds of this room were kept jealously down; and his own man was seldom out of his presence, day or night, his bed being placed in the same chamber.

This man was an attached and respectable servant; and his duties, in addition to those ordinarily imposed upon *valets*, but which Barton's independent habits generally dispensed with, were to attend carefully to the simple precautions by means of which his master hoped to exclude the dreaded recurrence of the “*Watcher*,” as the strange letter he had at first received had designated his persecutor. And, in addition to attending to these arrangements, which consisted merely in anticipating the possibility of his master's being, through any unscreened window or open door, exposed to the dreaded influence, the valet was never to suffer him to be for one moment alone—total solitude, even for a minute, had become to him now almost as intolerable as the idea of going abroad into the public ways—it was like some instinctive anticipation of what was coming.

It is needless to say, that under these mysterious and horrible circumstances, no steps were taken toward the fulfilment of that engagement into which he had entered. There was quite disparity enough in point of years, and indeed of habits, between the young lady and Captain Barton, to have precluded anything like very vehement or romantic attachment on her part. Though grieved and anxious, therefore, she was very far from being heart-broken; a circumstance which, for the sentimental purposes of

our tale, is much to be deplored. But truth must be told, especially in a narration, whose chief, if not only, pretensions to interest consist in a rigid adherence to facts, or what are so reported to have been.

Miss Montague, however, devoted much of her time to a patient but fruitless attempt to cheer the unhappy invalid. She read for him, and conversed with him; but it was apparent that whatever exertions he made, the endeavour to escape from the one constant and ever present fear that preyed upon him, was utterly and miserably unavailing.

Young ladies are much given to the cultivation of pets; and among those who shared the favour of Miss Montague was a fine old owl, which the gardener, who caught him napping among the ivy of a ruined stable, had dutifully presented to that young lady.

The caprice which regulates such preferences was manifested in the extravagant favour with which this grim and ill-favoured bird was at once distinguished by his mistress; and, trifling as this whimsical circumstance may seem, I am forced to mention it, inasmuch as it is connected, oddly enough, with the concluding scene of the story. Barton, so far from sharing in this liking for the new favourite, regarded it from the first with an antipathy as violent as it was utterly unaccountable. Its very vicinity was unsupportable to him. He seemed to hate and dread it with a vehemence absolutely laughable, and which, to those who have never witnessed the exhibition of antipathies of this kind, would seem all but incredible.

With these few words of preliminary explanation, I shall proceed to state the particulars of the last scene in this strange series of incidents. It was almost two o'clock one winter's night, and Barton was, as usual at that hour, in his bed; the servant we have mentioned occupied a smaller bed in the same room, and a light was burning. The man was on a sudden aroused by his master, who said—

"I can't get it out of my head that that accursed bird has got out somehow, and is lurking in some corner of the room. I have been dreaming of him. Get up, Smith, and look about; search for him. Such hateful dreams!"

The servant rose, and examined the chamber, and while engaged in so do-

ing, he heard the well-known sound, more like a long-drawn gasp than a hiss, with which these birds from their secret haunts affright the quiet of the night. This ghostly indication of its proximity—for the sound proceeded from the passage upon which Barton's chamber-door opened—determined the search of the servant, who, opening the door, proceeded a step or two forward for the purpose of driving the bird away. He had, however, hardly entered the lobby, when the door behind him slowly swung to under the impulse, as it seemed, of some gentle current of air; but as immediately over the door there was a kind of window, intended in the day-time to aid in lighting the passage, and through which at present the rays of the candle were issuing, the valet could see quite enough for his purpose. As he advanced he heard his master—who, lying in a well-curtained bed, had not, as it seemed, perceived his exit from the room—call him by name, and direct him to place the candle on the table by his bed. The servant, who was now some way in the long passage, and not liking to raise his voice for the purpose of replying, lest he should startle the sleeping inmates of the house, began to walk hurriedly and softly back again, when, to his amazement, he heard a voice in the interior of the chamber answering calmly, and actually saw, through the window which overtopped the door, that the light was slowly shifting, as if carried across the chamber in answer to his master's call. Palsied by a feeling akin to terror, yet not unmingled with a horrible curiosity, he stood breathless and listening at the threshold, unable to summon resolution to push open the door and enter. Then came a rustling of the curtains, and a sound like that of one who in a low voice hushes a child to rest, in the midst of which he heard Barton say, in a tone of stifled horror—"Oh, God—oh, my God!" and repeat the same exclamation several times. Then ensued a silence, which again was broken by the same strange soothing sound; and at last there burst forth, in one swelling peal, a yell of agony so appalling and hideous, that, under some impulse of ungovernable horror, the man rushed to the door, and with his whole strength strove to force it open. Whether it was that, in his agitation, he had himself but imperfectly turned the handle,

or that the door was really secured upon the inside, he failed to effect an entrance; and as he tugged and pushed, yell after yell rang louder and wilder through the chamber, accompanied all the while by the same hushed sounds. Actually freezing with terror, and scarce knowing what he did, the man turned and ran down the passage, wringing his hands in the extremity of horror and irresolution. At the stair-head he was encountered by General Montague, scared and eager, and just as they met the fearful sounds had ceased.

"What is it?—who—where is your master?" said Montague with the incoherence of extreme agitation. "Has anything—for God's sake, is anything wrong?"

"Lord have mercy on us, it's all over," said the man, staring wildly toward his master's chamber. "He's dead, sir—I'm sure he's dead."

Without waiting for inquiry or explanation, Montague, closely followed by the servant, hurried to the chamber-door, turned the handle, and pushed it open. As the door yielded to his pressure, the ill-omened bird of which the servant had been in search, uttering its spectral warning, started suddenly from the far side of the bed, and flying through the door-way close over their heads, and extinguishing, in his passage, the candle which Montague carried, crashed through the skylight that overlooked the lobby, and sailed away into the darkness of the outer space.

"There it is, God bless us," whispered the man, after a breathless pause.

"Curse that bird," muttered the general, startled by the suddenness of the apparition, and unable to conceal his discomposure.

"The candle is moved," said the man, after another breathless pause; "see, they put it by the bed."

"Draw the curtains, fellow, and don't stand gaping there," whispered Montague, sternly.

The man hesitated.

"Hold this, then," said Montague, impatiently thrusting the candlestick into the servant's hand, and himself advancing to the bed-side, he drew the curtains apart. The light of the candle, which was still burning at the bed-side, fell upon a figure huddled together, and half upright, at the head

of the bed. It seemed as though it had slunk back as far as the solid panelling would allow, and the hands were still clutched in the bed clothes.

"Barton, Barton, Barton!" cried the general, with a strange mixture of awe and vehemence. He took the candle, and held it so that it shone full upon the face. The features were fixed, stern, and white; the jaw was fallen; and the sightless eyes, still open, gazed vacantly forward toward the front of the bed. "God Almighty, he's dead," muttered the general, as he looked upon this fearful spectacle. They both continued to gaze upon it in silence for a minute or more. "And cold, too," whispered Montague, withdrawing his hand from that of the dead man.

"And see, see—may I never have life, sir," added the man, after another pause, with a shudder, "but there was something else on the bed with him. Look there—look there—see that, sir."

As the man thus spoke, he pointed to a deep indentation, as if caused by a heavy pressure, near the foot of the bed.

Montague was silent.

"Come, sir, come away, for God's sake," whispered the man, drawing close up to him, and holding fast by his arm, while he glanced fearfully round; "what good can be done here now—come away, for God's sake!"

At this moment they heard the steps of more than one approaching, and Montague, hastily desiring the servant to arrest their progress, endeavoured to loose the rigid gripe with which the fingers of the dead man were clutched in the bed-clothes, and drew, as well as he was able, the awful figure into a reclining posture; then closing the curtains carefully upon it, he hastened himself to meet those persons that were approaching.

* * * * *

It is needless to follow the personages so slightly connected with this narrative, into the events of their after life; it is enough for us to remark, that no clue to the solution of these mysterious occurrences was ever after discovered; and so long an interval having now passed since the event which we have just described concluded this strange history, it is scarcely

to be expected that time can throw any new lights upon its dark and inexplicable outline. Until the secrets of the earth shall be no longer hidden, therefore, these transactions must remain shrouded in their original impenetrable obscurity.

The only occurrence in Captain Barton's former life to which reference was ever made, as having any possible connexion with the sufferings with which his existence closed, and which he himself seemed to regard as working out a retribution for some grievous sin of his past life, was a circumstance which not for several years after his death was brought to light. The nature of this disclosure was painful to his relatives, and discreditable to his memory. As, however, we have exercised the caution of employing fictitious names; and as there are now very few living who will be able to refer to the actors in this drama, their *real* names and places in society, there is nothing to prevent our stating, in two or three lines, the substance of this discovery.

It appeared, then, that some six years before Captain Barton's final return to Dublin, he had formed, in the town of Plymouth, a guilty attachment, the object of which was the daughter of one of the ship's crew under his command. The father had

visited the frailty of his unhappy child with extreme harshness, and even brutality, and it was said that she had died heart-broken. Presuming upon Barton's implication in her guilt, this man had conducted himself toward him with marked insolence, and Barton retaliated this, and what he resented with still more exasperated bitterness—his treatment of the unfortunate girl—by a systematic exercise of those terrible and arbitrary severities which the regulations of the navy placed at the command of those who are responsible for its discipline. The man had at length made his escape, while the vessel was in port at Lisbon, but died, as it was said, in an hospital in that town, of the wounds inflicted in one of his recent and sanguinary punishments.

Whether these circumstances in reality bear, or not, upon the occurrences of Barton's after-life, it is, of course, impossible to say. It seems, however, more than probable that they were, at least in his own mind, closely associated with them. But however the truth may be, as to the origin and motives of this mysterious persecution, there can be no doubt that, with respect to the agencies by which it was accomplished, absolute and impenetrable mystery is like to prevail until the day of doom.



STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—NO. IV.

Charon and Catiline.

(FROM KLEIST.)

I.

A ghastly, bloody Form had just descended
 To the black borders of the Stygian ferry,
 "Hey-day!" cried Charon, staring from his wherry,
 "Whom have we here? I take it, friend, you ended
 Your life above in some infernal scuffle!
 What was the name you vaunted? Eh, my hero?
 Come; out with it! No use in trying to muffle
 The truth in these parts! Tell me—was it *Nero*?"—
 "No!" said the Shadow, "it was CATILINE."
 —"Ah, so? I have heard of you—some friends of mine
 Have given me the deuce of a description
 Of you, out-devilling what I might expect
 Of Scythian, Carthaginian, or Egyptian.
 Why did you seek to desolate your country?
 Your fortunes and her own must have been wrecked
 Together. Was it Genius, or Effrontery,
 Or Madness, that impelled you?"—Catiline frowned.
 —"It was—*Revenge*! My country owed me much,
 And she refused me all. Rome ever ground
 The Ambitious to the dust. I was ambitious,
 And sought the associate agency of such
 As showed congenial spirits with mine own,
 To avenge myself. The Mean-souled and Malicious
 Betrayed me, and I fell. The rest is known,
 "And—so am I."—"Ay! Better known than trusted,"
 Grinned Charon.—"Should I have sat down and rusted
 In indolence? No! I was born to shine.
 I was ambitious, and, of course, importunate
 For office—quite a Cæsar in my line,
 As great a man, but only not so fortunate!"—
 —"What were your virtues?"—"I had none! I gratified
 My every passion without stint or measure;
 And not one compact which my love of Pleasure
 Made with my thirst of Power was left unratified.
 I was the soul of Lewdness and of Revelry!"*

The Veiled Image at Sals.

(FROM SCHILLER.)

I.

There studied in great Sals, long ago,
 A young man whom the burning thirst of Knowledge
 Had driven from school to school, from college unto college.
 Much had he learned, but learned in vain, for none

* The reader will, perhaps, excuse the accident which deprives him of the few remaining lines of this poem. I had prepared them for the press, but, unfortunately, mislaid them, until it became too late to supply their loss! The substance of them, however, is simply this:—That after a good deal of what the blunt Red Men of America would call "Palaver," has been expended on both sides, Charon at length gives up his office to Catiline, and, while he takes a long sleep himself, permits the Roman to row his boat whithersoever he pleases. I need not add, that the allegory is of a purely German character.

Of all his teachers could supply the want
 That aye made ache his bosom and his brain ;
 Still through the watches of the night he sought
 Some lore beyond. His latest Hierophant
 In vain with tears implored him to restrain
 The ardour that consumed him. " I have nought
 Unless I have The Entire !" exclaimed the youth.
 Is this a question, then, of More or Less ?
 Is, after all, thy so-much vaunted Truth
 Like Money, which the holder may possess
 Either in larger or in pettier sums ?
 Take but one tone from Music—what becomes
 Of all the rest ? Strip from the Rainbow's clothing
 A single hue—and what remains behind ?
 The answer of the philosophic mind,
 As of the ingenuous, must be, ' Nothing ! Nothing ! '

II.

One day, among many others, it so chanced
 That, as the Teacher and the Pupil walked
 Together through a Temple, and long talked
 On this and topics of a kindred nature,
 A Veiled Image of gigantic stature
 Struck the youth's ever-restless eye. He glanced
 Up to the Hierophant. " Wherefore this veil ?"
 He asked. " What may it shroud ?—" " It shrouds The Truth."
 " Ha, sayest thou so ?" exclaimed the impetuous youth.
 " Then I uplift it !" The shocked priest advanced
 With tottering steps. He trembled and turned pale.

III.

" Beware !" he said. " No mortal may upraise
 That awful curtain ! ' Whoso'—thus of old
 The oracle of Isis ran—' shall dare
 Invade my Sanctuary, he shall behold—
 *The Truth.* ' "—" And what, then, have I sought elsewhere ?
 Here is a chance not met in many days !"
 But thou ? Hast thou thyself not raised this veil ?"—
 " Never !"—" Thou didst not care ?"—" I did not dare !"
 —" Strange ! What withheld thee ? Not some idle tale ?"—
 —" The dread words of the Goddess—the Command !—
 Lightly this sheath would yield unto my hand,
 But, what a weight would thenceforth evermore
 Press down even unto Hades my sad soul !
 The Hope were gone I had looked to as my goal—
 The Peace were lost no Knowledge could restore !"

IV.

Home went the youth in agitated mood.
 The uneasy heat that burned within his blood
 Permitted him no rest. And to and fro
 He wandered hurriedly till midnight came,
 When, with a heart all fever and all flame,
 He hastened to the Temple. With one bound
 He scaled the sacred wall, and then, with slow
 Step, moving up the aisle, he glanced around.

V.

Silence and Solitude! The echo of
 His own profaning steps alone brake through
 The stillness. Through the cupola above
 The moon shone downward mournfully and blue.
 He gazed round on the images pale and tall,
 And looking almost formless in the dim
 Rays of the moon that fell on floor and wall,
 Until his soul felt overborne by awe,
 And a cold shudder thrilled through every limb.
 At length, advancing further on, he saw
 The Veilèd One, more terrible than all!

VI.

He approaches. Is the attempt not overbold?
 What, if it slay with horror or surprise?
 He pauses. A mist swims before his eyes.
 His troubled blood burns hot or freezes cold.
 Meanwhile his conscience questions him—"What wilt
 Thou do, Unhappy One? Why wilt thou heap
 Upon thy soul this mountain-load of guilt?
 Think'st thou the lightnings of the Gods will sleep
 Where Sacrilege provokes them? 'None shall raise
 This veil till mine own hand shall have unrolled it!'
 So spake the Goddess." "Ha! I care not! Fear
 Avaunt! Who shall prohibit me to gaze
 Upon The Truth? I must, I WILL behold it!"

. "Behold it!"
 Returns a hollow echo in his ear.

VII.

There stand none by to menace and to warn—
 The daring youth will hesitate no more.
 HE RAISES UP THE VEIL, AND * * * *
 The Hierophants discovered him next morn
 Stretched pale and senseless on the marble floor.
 What had he seen or learned? I know not! None
 Have ever known! Not long from that dread morning
 He lingered; and his dreadful secret died
 Along with him. But evermore were gone
 His peace of soul, his thirst of lore, his pride!
 "Woe to the man,"—such was his last sad warning—
 "Woe to the man who seeks,—and, above all,
 Who seeks by ways unhallowed and forbidden
 To learn the Unknown, and penetrate the Hidden!
 His happiness is flown beyond recall!

Rolvs.

(FROM UHLAND.)

I.

In the vales of rich Provence
 Rose the brilliant Minnesingers.
 There the soul of old Romance
 Filled the lyre beneath their fingers.

II.

Summer's flowers and songful voices,
All that eye delights to see,
All wherein the heart rejoices,
Taught them Love and Poetry.

III.

Happy valleys, green and warm,
Your bright bloom departed never,
But your gem, your crown, your charm
Were the Minnesingers ever!

IV.

O! those blithest Minstrel-Ritters,
Bold and tender, meek and strong!
Goldenly their memory glitters
Through the clouds of Time and Song!

V.

Wide and far throughout their band
Long had Roldo's fame been vaunted;
Long men marvelled through the land
What strange lady-love he chaunted!

VI.

None could weet and none discover
Where abode by night or day
She to whom her passionate lover
Consecrated each sweet lay!

VII.

Only somewhiles in the deep
Waste of night some few beheld her
Gliding like a Shape of Sleep
Whither Love or Fate impelled her.

VIII.

And if Roldo sought to embrace her
She was lost in mist and haze,
If he arose and thought to trace her
Blinding darkness mocked his gaze.

IX.

Pilgrims o'er the Eastern Sea,
Brought the tidings home in wonder,
How the Princess Ilmalee
Won all hearts—then trod them under!

X.

Roldo heard; and late and early
Throbb'd his heart yet more and more;
So, at last, he sought the pearly
Sunny Transoxanian shore.

XI.

O! thou headlong stormy Sea,
Foaming past all bounds and barriers;
What avails, to combat thee,
All the might of Europe's warriors?

XII.

Far from bowery Transoxania
 Sped the lashed bark on her course :
 Toward the coast of Karamania
 Must she hie and fly perforce !

XIII.

Two days on his toilsome way
 Did the shipwrecked Knight deplore him ;
 On the third, in Morning's ray,
 A bright palace rose before him.

XIV.

'Twas the beauteous Queen's of Ladjik.
 Fearful tales were told of her !
 Of her magic, of her tragic
 Deeds wild rumours were astir !

XV.

Wide she flung the portals bright—
 Wide, to greet the comely stranger.
 Little dreamed he, hapless Knight,
 What he hereby dared for Danger !

XVI.

Circled round by many a maiden,
 Clad in robes of dazzling sheen,
 And, all gift-and-treasure laden,
 Steps she forward—she, the Queen.

XVII.

And, forth into the azure air,
 As she sees the Knight advancing,
 Holds she out her hand so fair,
 Like a pearl 'mid sapphire glancing.

XVIII.

But, oh, loved Provence ! gaze hither,
 And behold thy Hero now !
 He sinks earthward, his limbs wither,
 And the death-mist shades his brow !

XIX.

Faintly, feebly, looks he up—
 " Ah ! " he groans, " too late I know thee !
 Ah ! too late I curse the cup
 Of black witching wine I owe thee !

XX.

" Knights and maidens, list my warning !
 Raise your thoughts God above—
 Give to Him, night, noon, and morning,
 All your hearts and all your love !

XXI.

" There be evil Tempters round you—
 There lurk Watchers through the gloom—
 Oh ! if Sin's dark spells have bound you,
 Think of Roldo and his doom !"

The Alarm-Bell of Cologne.

(FROM SEIDL.)

I.

The Bell of Cologne Cathedral was toneless grown and old—
Who now shall cast a fresh one, and win renown and gold?
Karl Wolf, the famous founder—a wild man and a bold—
Is he whom the Rath* have chosen to form the mighty mould.

II.

A glorious thought it was for him to think how, in after times,
That noble Bell would wake afar the city by its chimes;
And that while the fame of other men had sunk in Oblivion's gulf,
All still would tell how the Minster-bell was cast by the great Karl Wolf!

III.

The mould is baked in God's great name on Schulen-Erhard's hill;
The furnace glows, the metal flows along in a fiery rill.
The Bell of Cologne Cathedral is, in sooth, a Bell to found!
And, blent with laugh and jest, full many a grave remark goes round.

IV.

Hurrah! hurrah! the gladsome work is finished, amiddle cheers—
'Twas carried on in God His name, and none have any fears.
The mould must now be broken. Stand off, men!—So! Uplift
The sledge, and strike! Now, try the Bell!... O! by Heaven, a rift! a rift!

V.

With gloomy brow and angry soul Karl Wolf rebakes the mould;
And sullenly, in the name of God, is the fluid mass outrolled.
The workmen toil; the Bell cools down—Hurrah! now steady and swift
With the heavy hammer! O! by Heaven, again a rift, a rift!

VI.

Rage fills the Founder's bosom; a fierce thought strikes his mind.
"Heaven casts me off!" he cries aloud. "Hell scarce can be less kind!
By all the Powers of Darkness, I will *not* be brought to shame—
I cast this Bell, now not in God's, but in the Devil's name!"

VII.

The furnace glows, the metal flows along in a fiery stream—
Now, down with the sledge!... Oh, such a Bell! It dazzles by its gleam!
The people throng with flute and song around the work thus done,
And all rejoice with one glad voice, as though for a victory won!

VIII.

A hundred hands are now employed to lift it up on high—
Was never before such glittering ore confronted with the sky.
But ere it swing, loud cries arise—"Wolf, this is thy work alone!
But test its sound." Karl Wolf strikes hard... O God! that horrible tone!

* Council.

IX.

So strange and hollow, so dread and drear a knoll was never heard ;
 It seemed to swell from central Hell, it was so wild and weird !
 In horror the bearers hastened to hang it in the tower ;
 And its dreadful toll was heard that eve until the midnight hour !

X.

But silent bode it after, long ; men feared its very sound ;
 Bright still it shone, but its fearful tone thrilled through the earth around.
 If ye touch it with the finger 'tis heard for miles afar ;
 But the ringers only toll it now in storm, or fire, or war !

The Ruined Church of Winánderbán.

(FROM SEIDL.)

I.

High on the hill of Winánderbán
 There stands a lone and deserted pile—
 A church, removed from the ken of Man,
 But nearer Heaven the while !

II.

Its porch is darkened with moss and weeds,
 But never by the human form,
 Save when some wandering wild yager needs
 A shelter from the storm.

III.

The bells that once pealed such solemn chimes
 Hang silent in the turret's height,
 Except when Tempest and Wind at times
 Awake them in the night.

IV.

Yet, oft and oft has the lightning's fire
 Flashed up the aisle to the chancel rail,
 And, snake-like, wound round the slender spire,
 Nor left harm in its trail !

V.

A time there was when the harp and hymn
 Resounded deep through this holy Haunt,
 When yon high roof, now adust and dim,
 Echoed with many a chaunt !

VI.

But monk no longer, in cloak and cowl,
 Sings here or prays : 'tis a change to rue
 That now ye hear but the dismal owl
 Hoot forth his blank ' To-whoo !'

VII.

Yet, as the halo begirds around
 The mourning moon upon Winter eves,
 The air of Heaven seems to bless the ground
 Whereon this lone church grieves.

VIII.

Green grows its grass, green, and soft, and tall;
 And far more brightly the Summer's flowers
 Bloom and rejoice round yon ruined wall,
 Than many in garden bowers!

IX.

And, more than all, there surrounds its sod
 An atmosphere of such sanctity!
 Oh, stranger! wouldst thou . . . ask aught of God,
 Kneel here in prayer with me!

The Conversion of Witekind.

(A.D. 785.)

(FROM VOGL.)

I.

At midnight, alone,
 On the red battle-field
 Stands Witekind, Chief of the Saxon Host—
 Alas for him!—the day has been lost;
 All dimmed show his axe and shield,
 And himself stands there like a man of stone!
 Woe, woe, woe,
 Oh, woe for thee, Prince Witekind!

II.

Around him lie piled,
 All stiff and stark,
 His warriors, covered with wounds and blood,
 Yet calm in feature! The iron mood
 And countenance fierce and dark
 Of the Saxon, when dead, are those of a child!
 Brave, grave, suave,
 Were the warriors of noble Witekind!

III.

But Witekind's heart
 It burns like fire—
 "Oh, Karl!" he cries, "the Gods I adore
 Will yet avenge me in streams of gore.
 Thou shalt not baffle their ire—
 Low, low shalt thou lie before we part!
 Bow, now, thou
 By Irmia† shalt, before Prince Witekind!"

* Charlemagne.

† One of Witekind's idols.

IV.

In a pilgrim's garb,
Which hides his mail,
He wends his way by the Weser's flood,
He thirsts, he burns for the Emperor's blood—
He hath sworn he shall not fail,
And forthright as the javelin-barb,
He speeds to his goal,
The brave, the untamed, the headlong Witekind!

V.

O'er wilds and wastes,
And by hill and plain.
He hieth unhalting day or night,
The lightning's anger, the hurricane's might,
Assail the Hero in vain.
On, on through Saxony still he hastes.
Few knew who
That great-souled warrior was, Prince Witekind!

VI.

Five long days now
Are over and past,
And wearied Nature will dree no more.
He sinks to rest in the hollow core
Of an aged oak at last.
But even in sleep he forgets not his vow.
No! oh, no!
It is part of his fiery soul, Prince Witekind's!

VII.

He dreams he stands
In the Emperor's hall.
And he lifts his arm to smite his foe,
When a blinding light-flash lays him low,
And the blade and the buckler fall
On the marble floor from his paralysed hands.
But anon is gone
That dream, and again he feels he is Witekind!

VIII.

"Revenge!" he cries,
"It shall yet be mine!"
And, like a destroying Angel of Gloom,
Despatched from the realms of Death and Doom,
Again along hill and ravine,
And marish and plain and forest he hies.
Still will thrill
That thirst of blood through the breast of Witekind!

IX.

Through the gates of Aix,
In his dark apparel,
He glides as a ghost through the throngèd street,
"Say, where, my friend, am I like to meet
Thy blessed Emperor Karl?"
I bear him weighty tidings to-day!"
Thus asked of a monk
The valorous Pagan warrior, Witekind.

X.

The monk replied—
“ All Europe appears
Too narrow to yield the great Karl a home !
But hie thee hence to the Minster-dome,
For, there, in the morning tide
He hearkens the holy Mass with tears ! ”—
The heathen frowned.
Little weeted the monk he had parted with Witekind !

XI.

Few minutes more
And the Pagan Chief
For the first time stands upon holy ground.
With cold fixed eye he gazes around.
Of the holy Christian belief,
Of the God whom the Nazarene priests adore,
What knows or cares
The barbarous idol-worshipper, Witekind ?

XII.

The hymns are sung ;
The incense mounts ;
The serges burn on altar and shrine ;
And now outgushes the heavenly wine
Of prayer from a thousand founts.
The veriest babe hath found a tongue ;
And a strange change
For a moment illumines the soul of Witekind !

XIII.

But this departs,
And he darts his eyes
With a searching glance around the pile,
Until in the chancel, above the aisle,
At length, enthroned, he descries
The Idolized of all Christian hearts.
All mild as a child
He seems, though scarce in the sight of Prince Witekind !

XIV.

And the vestals on whom
His glance now turns,
Shine round in the brilliant Summer's ray,
Like the young fresh flowers of a brighter May.
The light of Devotion burns,
As the roses of Innocence also bloom
On their fair brows—
But they melt not the iron purpose of Witekind !

XV.

Long stands he apart,
All stern of mood,
He thinks on the corpses gory and pale
That strew the depths of the Weser Vale,
And nought but his Conqueror's blood
Can quench the fires of his vengeful heart !
So deems and dreams
For a time as yet the haught Prince Witekind !

XVI.

But there flows anon
 From the marvellous choir
 A strain of melody full and clear
 What magic is it enchants the ear?
 The tones of the Voice and Lyre
 Are blent with angelic sweetness in one;
 And soon the sword
 Falls loosened and lost from the grasp of Witekind!

XVII.

And the tinkling bell
 Gives forth a sound—
 And the Faithful, nobles and dames, bow down,
 And Karl bends lowly his head and crown,
 His golden crown to the ground.
 Then awhile is hushed the choir's deep swell;
 And awe and amaze
 Succeed to delight in the soul of Witekind.

XVIII.

And slowly he falls
 On his bended knee.
 Emotions he never hath known before
 Pervade him now to the bosom's core.
 Yet never with joy so free
 Hath he worshipped Stone in his own rude halls.
 He adoreth God
 With a spirit unbound from fear, he Witekind!

XIX.

The Mass is o'er,
 And the holy hymns
 Are chaunted anew by Old and Young.
 And as Witekind hears them freshly sung
 There thrills through his heart and limbs
 A deeper ecstasy: more and more
 To his bosom's core,
 The power of Christ becomes known to Witekind!

XX.

"Yes, Karl!" he cries,
 "Thy God is in truth
 A greater than all my gods by far
 There dawns on my soul a heavenly star.
 I have worshipped idols from youth;
 But henceforth, mark me, I turn mine eyes
 To Christ alone!"
 So spake unto Karl the noble Prince Witekind.

XXI.

And Karl replied—
 And these were his words,
 "All honour to thee, my friend, my mate!
 Thou Saxon Lion, my foe of late!
 For Christ is the Lord of Lords,
 And God like Him there is none beside—
 Thine angel hath
 Sent thee hither to-day, O, valorous Witekind!

XXII.

“ The mighty God
 Hath chosen thee !
 He hath work, no doubt, for thee to do.
 Be thou but faithful and leal and true,
 And thou in thy turn shalt see
 That never another Hero trod
 The earth whose worth
 And glory will match thine own, O, Witekind !

XXIII.

“ Rule henceforth o'er
 Fair Saxony's land ;
 Rule thou, and thine heirs to the latest age—
 Thy name will yet shine in History's page
 In colours glowing and grand !”
 That mightiest Emperor spake no more.
 But the crowd aloud
 Praised God for the change in the heart of Witekind.

Hypochondriasis.

(FROM COUNT AUERSPERG.)

I.

There lived years back a dismal chum of mine,
 Who stuck to me like leather.
 Not one sole single hour from ten to nine
 But found us both together.
 He bored me till my very soul despaired
 In east-windy weather,
 And I might either growl or grin ; he cared
 Not one feather whether.

II.

“ Take up a pistol,” would the scoundrel say,
 “ And just draw the trigger
 Against your numscull this chill drizzly day.
 I'll be your grave-digger !”
 I, in reply, would sigh,—and try and fry
 A chop—but the horrid nigger
 When I had eaten it would wax well nigh
 Thrice uglier and bigger !

III.

O'er all facetious funny things this dull
 Dog was sure to throw a
 Hideous, hugeous, odious bucketfull
 Of cold water, or co-cóa ;
 He would suggest to you strange thoughts and dark,
 And would often go a
 Dreary voyage in some lone monster-ark,
 Like old Gaffer Noah.

IV.

Quoth he to me at last—" There'll sing no gale
 Through *your* churchyard bower-yew—
 Because a big fish—very like a whale—
 Will one o' these days devour you.
 What matter, though? Come, now, don't let my tale
 So utterly o'erpower you!
 My poor soft smoky slob, you turn quite pale—
 Pray, are you ill, eh?—How're you?

V.

" This fish won't bolt you—mark you that, now—do!
 He'll be for preferring
 To masticate you at leisure,—much as you
 Might a cod or herring.
 While *he* preys, you'll have time to pray al-só;
 Bit by bit a bury'ng
 Into his mighty maw you'll slowly go—
 Don't doubt it—I'm unerring!"

VI.

I called upon our mortified P. P.
 On a not-long-passed day.
 " Pray will you eat some fish?" he asked of me—
 " This, you know is a fast-day."
 I looked, I guess, as gloomy and as grim
 As Algiers' out-cast Dey.
 " Quite *the reverse!*" at length I answered him,
 For I thought upon my last day!

VII.

But Summer came—and one fine balmy morn
 I took a thought to travel.
 So, slinging round my neck my bugle-horn,
 I trudged it o'er the gravel.
 The intricacies of many a wild and wood
 Did I that day unravel,
 And, after clearing forest, field and flood,
 I reached the hill of Stavel.

VIII.

I clomb it up, and glanced around—the sight
 Was beautiful and cheery.
 My soul felt quite reborn, my spirits light—
 Never was I less weary!
 But—my poor comrade—the unfortunate wight—
 Poor old Sir Disinal Dreary—
 Where was he? Had he taken fright and flight?
 I missed him,—and grew jeery.

IX.

" The poor, poor devil! thus I spake—" O where,
 Where in the wide world is he?"
 I looked down to the valley far and fair,
 And felt my brain grow dizzy.

I wondered, pondered, squandered guesses—my
 Conjectures were most busy.
 But, ha!—*what's* that? By Jove, I see him lie
 Down there, I think!—Yes, 'tis he!

X.

I made my way to him. He was dead! Ho! Ho!
 If the wind had been a wafter
 Of my guffaws the town of Ståvel might show
 The loss of many a rafter.
 There never was heard, I seriously believe,
 Such uproarious laughter
 As mine that day was,—and,—which makes me grieve,
 Will be none such hereafter.

XI.

I buried the poor fellow—and upon
 His grave I wrote as follows,
 "Here lies an ancient plague, Herr ~~Thoppon~~ Thoppon.
 My enemy—and Apollo's.
 Peace with his bones! Don't wake him, friend! *He* may,
 The hoggish wretch who swallows
 Too many sausages!" I then went my way
 Home o'er the hills and hollows!

J. C. M.

THE COMIC ALPENSTOCK.

BY GUIDO MOUNTJOY.

CHAPTER II.

DIRECTIONS TO TOURISTS, AND REQUISITES FOR THE EXPEDITION.

YOUR first care should be to get into Switzerland. You may enter it either by Germany or France; Rhine it, or Rhone it, at your discretion. The approach from Germany is through the *Valled de L'Enfer*, which will remind you that the ancient name of the country was *Hel-vetia*. It would seem, indeed, that either Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, or some other demon of distinction, had, time out of mind, meddled a good deal in the local affairs of the Swiss, from the number of bridges which bear the appellation of *Pont-de-Diable*, and also from the number of Alpine pinnacles, which are probably named from the satanic horns, such as the Matterhorn, Schreckhorn, Faulhorn, Netterhorn, and Wildhorn. The coolness of the country naturally recommends it to the inhabitants of torrid climes. The transition from "Alps of fire" to Alps of snow, must be prodigiously refreshing.

Saussure recommends those who are unused to Alpine excursions, to accustom themselves, for some time before they set out, to look down from heights, and over precipices, so as to familiarize their eyes with peeps into abysses, and guard against the dizziness which is apt to seize inexperienced people at fearful elevations. To act upon this prudent advice, you may make a tour of visits to all the steeples and public monuments in the metropolis; you would probably be permitted to pass an hour a-day on the ball of St. Paul's, for a fair remuneration to the Dean and Chapter. At all events, there is nothing to prevent your taking an hour's exercise, every morning, on the parapet of your own house. With your knapsack on your back, and your pole in your hand, it would be a capital training for the Alps, and make you a very entertaining subject of observation to your

opposite neighbours, into the bargain.

THE KNAPSACK.

Pedestrians usually carry knapsacks: if you are an ass, you will carry your pannier on your *own* back; if you are a sensible man, you will carry it by proxy. It makes a considerable difference in packing a knapsack, whether the tourist means to carry it himself, or make a guide carry it for him. However, practice will do a great deal for you in this respect also. You might take a preparatory excursion, fully accoutred, moustached and all, up Snow Hill, fancying it Mont Blanc; try your strength in the passes of Cheapside; or what would you think of an experimental tour in the Savoy?

WHAT TO PUT IN IT.

One shirt at least—the more like a sailor's the better, it being the present mode for landmen to look as like seamen as possible in that respect. If you are an Englishman, you will take soap; if a German, you will dispense with it. A razor would be superfluous, as you will aim at being horribly *hirsute* on your travels, and continue very hairy even for some months after your return home. A good plan is to choose a comrade who is likely to be tolerably well provided with all the little accommodations for the toilette, such as brushes, bear's-grease, eau-de-Cologne, &c., as well as with a few pair of extra shoes and stockings. This will save you the trouble of encumbering yourself with a variety of articles, very convenient to have, but very troublesome to carry, and also very easily lost in the confusion of a start by day-break. One of the party, at least, ought to carry a looking-glass, for the looking-glasses in the bed-rooms of the Swiss as well as the German inns,

are generally hung so high, that travellers who *do* shave themselves are obliged to call for a ladder, or clamber upon their dressing tables. If you propose to *do* Mont-Blanc, or any of the great Alpine exploits, you ought to be provided with a green gauze veil, lip-salve in quantities, boxes of pectoral lozenges, a stethoscope, iron crampons for your feet, hatchets to cut the mountains down that oppose your progress, planks to throw over chasms, and ropes by which you and your guides may be attached together, so that when one falls or slips into a crevice, the rest may be sure to follow him. You ought also, on an expedition of this nature, to be furnished with writing materials; and there is a very useful little book, entitled, "Five Minutes' Advice on the Making of Wills," which I would strongly advise you to add to your other accoutrements, if you do not happen to have a lawyer in your suite or party.

I need not advise you to wear the oddest-shaped hat (any colour but black) that you can procure for money. It has often struck me that the love of wearing fantastic hats is, with nine tourists out of ten, more than half their motive for going abroad. It is an innocent pleasure or pride—gratify it by all means; and I do not see why you should not wear a coat equally *outré*, to match. Let the buttons be as big as Stilton cheeses, and the pockets innumerable. The skirts cannot be too preposterous. You ought to look picturesque, going to such a country as Switzerland. The pedestrian enjoys, in common with the painter and poet, the licence—"quidlibet audendi"—of daring anything in the way of dress or undress.

You may meet your dearest friend in an Alpine party, and not recognize him. The lawyer exchanges his wig and gown for a straw hat and a blouse. The doctor arrays himself as a chamois-hunter, and tries to look as if he only killed game. That personage who is so very like a bandit on the Rhigi, is not very remote from one in London either, for he is an attorney of Serjeant's Inn. That desperate-looking Whiskerandos, in a French casquette and Russia-duck, is a quiet curate when he is at home in Essex. But who, in the name of all that is marvellous, is that romantic figure, with a conical beaver, pistols

in his belt, brandishing his pole like a battle-axe, now and then winding his horn like a mountain-chief, and brown and bearded as a field of ripe wheat? Can it be William Tell?—can it be Werner Stauffacher, or one of the immortal three of Grütli? No; by all that is outrageous, I know him now. It is Mr. Thomas Perkins of Aldermansbury!

GUIDES.

Guides are paid in Switzerland six French francs a-day. They are bound to guide you to all manner of dangerous places for that sum; and, in general, they acquit themselves honestly of their engagement. The peculiarity of their profession is, that they are retained and rewarded expressly to lead people into perilous situations. They are bound to bring you into difficulties, but under no manner of obligation to bring you safe out of them. The dangers of Alpine travelling consist much more in following guides than in dispensing with them. You can hazard your neck often enough, without paying Alphonse Cassetête, or Annibal Passamonte, five shillings a-day to assist you. However, it is the fashion to take a guide, or guides, and you will, of course, be guided by the fashion. Do so, therefore, by all means; but don't blame Guido Mountjoy, if you leave your bones on the glaciers for the lammergeyer to pick, after the wolves have dined on you. I have no objection to make to the principle which Murray lays down, that "*a guide ought not to be too far advanced in years.*" Do not go up the Jungfrau, or attempt the Furca pass, with a cicerone *past* seventy. See that he is not blind, or lame, or deaf as a post, or epileptic, or apoplectic, or far advanced in consumption or asthma. Try him with your stethoscope, and get your physician to examine him. He ought to be a stout fellow, not only to carry all the baggage that you, as a prudent and possibly a scientific Rambler, will naturally insist upon taking with you, but also, upon many occasions, to carry yourself in the bargain. Mr. Craven Quartz, the geologist, traversed the greater part of Switzerland and Savoy on the shoulders of his guide, who had to carry (in addition to a hundred other things) the works of Cuvier and

Agazziz, a hammer to chip the rocks, and specimens of all the Alps. Many guides refuse to accompany *geologists*, except for extraordinary remuneration. They have not the same objection to *botanists*.

Here let us quote, with cordial approval, another excellent counsel from the red book, which assures us, that "a *little civility* to the guide, on the part of his employer, will not be improper." The economy here recommended is especially to be admired. Civility, as Jonathan Wild says of mischief, is too good a thing to be wasted. A *little* will do for a Swiss mountaineer, and even that little, adds Murray, will not be laid out without a fair prospect of return. "A cigar or a glass of brandy will rarely be *thrown away*; it is likely to produce assiduity and communicativeness on the part of the guide." The latter effect is certainly likely to be produced by the brandy. If one glass fails to produce it, the tourist may try a second.

We have called the guides a *profession*. Those of the valley of Chamouni are so particularly, for they form a kind of guild or fraternity, under the control of an officer appointed by the Sardinian government. They are regularly bred to their calling; *highly* educated men, and subjected to an examination, as to character and competency, before they are admitted into the corporation. These examinations are not public, and therefore but little is known of them to the world. I am enabled, however, to favour the reader with an abstract of one of them, held, not long since, at the College of Chamouni—a vacancy having occurred in the corps:—

"What is your name?"

"Hannibal Passamonte."

"Are you descended from the great Hannibal?"

"No, from the Tête Noir."

"What are you?"

"A mountaineer."

"What do you know?"

"The Alps."

"When there are three paths to the same point, which do you take?"

"The safest, when left to myself; any one of them, if well paid for it."

"When you are on the top of a mountain, which is the shortest cut down?"

"The most perpendicular."

"When there is no path, or the path is obliterated by a fall of snow, what do you follow?"

"My nose."

"When you come to an impassable object—a wall of ice, for instance—how do you proceed?"

"I don't proceed at all."

"Can you jump crevices?"

"I can, but not with a geologist on my back."

"Are you cool in danger?"

"Cool enough, whether in danger or safety."

"When a tourist tumbles a thousand feet or so down a crevice, what do you do?"

"I leave him there."

"Can you carry ropes, ladders, bags, barometers, blankets, umbrellas, great-coats, baskets of provisions, telescopes, stethoscopes, and handbooks?"

"I can, and a rifle to shoot a chamois, or a small brass cannon for the echoes."

"Can you act as a dragoman?"

"Yes, I can drag a man up a steep place, with ropes, when the case requires it."

"I mean can you act as interpreter?—what language do you know?"

"None; but I know a dozen patois."

"Are you obliging and intelligent?"

"Extremely."

"Have you a store of anecdotes to amuse your employers?"

"Yes, two capital ones, of gentlemen who went up Mont Blanc and never came down, and three or four travellers who went down other mountains, and never came up."

"You may pass: *dignus est intrare in nostro docto corpore*."

MODES OF TRAVELLING IN SWITZERLAND.

The roads in Switzerland are, in general, far from being as level as bowling-greens, particularly those across the Alps, which are so very mountainous, that it is exceedingly up-hill work to traverse them. People *who dislike mountain travelling*, but are anxious, *notwithstanding*, to make a Swiss tour, should confine their ramblings to the cantons of Basle, Neuchâtel, and Soleure. These, and a few other districts, are as flat as any

shire in England. You may perambulate them for months, and know as little about the Alps as the Himalayas. I cannot conscientiously disapprove of this plan, for nothing can be more comic than the notion of passing a summer in Switzerland, and never seeing an Alp. To have this to say, would make a man a greater lion in London than the ascent of Mont Blanc itself. However, you may penetrate the deepest recesses of the Alpine regions, and see very little of the scenery, or as little of it *as you please*. The Winkle family always travel by night; but the course usually adopted by our countrymen is, to make the tour *in a close carriage*; by which means it is astonishing *how little* may be seen of the beauties and sublimities of the country. If you are *Irish*, I need not recommend you to travel in a *covered car*; for you will naturally prefer that vehicle to any other in the world. A party of Young Irishlanders, I am told, made the tour of Switzerland last summer in one of these genuine Hibernian conveyances. It must have been highly diverting to have seen them thrusting out their heads, turn about, to have a peep at the Staubach fall, or a glimpse of the top of the Jungfrau.

But Young Ireland is quite outdone in this respect by Young Germany. The German students (the most arrant tourists in Europe) have a *method of their own*, to avoid getting a glimpse of the natural features of whatever land they visit—they keep themselves perpetually enveloped in a *cloud of tobacco smoke*.

The easiest and pleasantest way to make a *pedestrian* tour in the Alps, is to take a diligence, a voiture, or a steamer, whenever you can. Posting has the recommendation of being the most expensive, and, in every sense of the word, the most imposing method of travelling. Murray informs us, that "the traveller with four horses *needs not take two* postilions unless he wishes;" but he omits to add, that if he does wish, he *may take four*. The posting arrangements of the country are even more amusing than the coinage; for there is not only a different rate in every canton, but in some districts (the Grisons, for example) it varies with the nature of the road, which, of course, in such a country,

is tantamount to a variation every five minutes. You see by this how prudent it is in the Puddicommes to carry their own theodolite with them, and take their own surveys.

But not only does the rate of posting vary in this diverting manner, but the *pour-boire*, or trinkeld, to the post-boy, fluctuates in the same comical way. The postilion expects the *pour-boire*, whether he is thirsty or not. You may pay it to the post-master, if you choose, but if you do, you will have to pay it over again to the postilion. Murray says that "two *zwansigers* is more than enough, and will quite satisfy him;" but this is quite apocryphal. A great many people in the world have more than enough without being quite satisfied, and the Swiss postilion is one of the number.

Distance in Switzerland is measured not by miles but by minutes—a confusion of space and time which cannot be admired too much. You ask how far it is to Berne, and you are told two hours. For consistency they ought to measure time by distance, and when asked, how long is it to dinner, answer so many leagues or furlongs. "It has been ascertained," says the red-book, "by an experienced Alpine traveller, that to clear two English miles an hour up a *steep* mountain, requires *good walking*,"—if the mountain is perpendicular—*very*.

BAD ROADS, AND HOW TO ACT IN SUCH CASES.

There are many good roads in Switzerland, but there are some bad ones. When you come to "a bad bit," you may follow either one or other of two courses—proceed on your journey, making the best of it; or obstinately refuse to go a step farther, and address a spirited remonstrance to the Swiss Board of Works, or the Woods and Forests, calling on them to make the necessary repairs *forthwith*. Should this appeal be neglected, there is nothing to hinder you from writing to M. Morier, the British minister at Berne; and should he fail to interpose, or interpose without effect, you may, *if you please*, dispatch an energetic letter to Lord Palmerston, with as many quotations as you chuse from Puffendorf and Grotius.

ALPINE PASSES—OIL AND VINEGAR.

The Alps are ordinarily traversed by what are called "passes." You may either avail yourself of the passes already existing, or cut out new ones for yourself. Hannibal's receipt for making an Alpine pass is said to have been vinegar. The philosophical tourist may put a cruet in his pocket and try the experiment. My own belief is, that sweets are much better things than sours for overcoming the impediments of life. I have known oil to work miracles, but never, except in Livy, heard of *vinegar* achieving anything prodigious. Hannibal was a type of your querulous, perverse, cross-grained, grumbling travellers, who think acids the only powerful agents in moral chemistry; and I am so far from believing in their power to *remove mountains*, that I doubt very much if *new Alps* are not more likely to be *created* by their system of engineering.

DILIGENCES AND VOITURES.

The Swiss *Diligence* is not inferior in *elegance* to the French. Diligences are figuratively said to *run* daily between most of the large towns in Switzerland; in reality they do not travel quite so fast. The diligences are attached to the post-office; and from the rate at which some of them travel, one would suppose that the attachment was an actual one by strap and buckle. On some routes they have a diverting method of suddenly transferring passengers from one coach to another, without any discoverable reason but the absolute will and pleasure of the conductor. The fun of such a turn-out is often improved by the circumstance of its taking place in the middle of the night, when people have nothing else to do, you know, but laugh and enjoy themselves. Dull fellows, who travel with bags and portmanteaus, in the singular or dual number, lose half the humour of incidents of this sort. It is only the tourist who has the *proper quantity* of luggage, who is in a position to enjoy it thoroughly.

On *voitures* and *voituriers*, who can say much, or anything new? The grave guide-books inform you that there are a great many roguish *voituriers*; and their advice is, that before making en-

gagements with them, you should consult the landlord of your inn, who, however, you are told, is just as likely to be a rogue himself. So much for the grave guide-books! Our advice is, to *take your chance*. If you are destined to have a rogue for your charioteer, you must submit to destiny. *Vogue la galere!* Keep laughing, and don't expect Roman virtue on a Swiss coach-box. The horses of a *voiturier* are of more importance than his honesty, and a bad man is not necessarily a bad whip. The presumption is rather the other way. Mr. Murray observes, not without some show of reason, that a *voiturier* ought to be *acquainted with the road* he has to travel; but it is rather hard to insist upon his being master of French, Italian, and German, with all their dialects and combinations. Besides, if your coachman is a good linguist, you lose all the diversion arising from your own incapability of parleying with the people of the country; your ignorance is *thrown away*, and an exhaustless fund of contre-temps and cross-purposes along with it.

THE CHAR-A-BANC.

But the proper vehicle for a comic tourist is the national carriage of Switzerland—the *char-à-banc*. This may be described, say the authorities on these points, as the body of a gig placed sideways on four wheels, at a very little distance from the ground. It is surrounded by leather curtains, to keep out the rain on a wet day, and the scenery on a fine one. It is made to hold two persons, or three *at a pinch*, and a pinch it certainly is, when it carries a trio. In fact the clearest idea to be got of it is by conceiving the half of an Irish jaunting-car, the most comical conveyance in the universe, as far as knowledge of the universe extends. People *who love being jolted*, prefer a *char-à-banc* to any other kind of carriage. Those *who do not*, prefer any other carriage to a *char-à-banc*. The usual charge is ten francs a-day, and there is *no additional demand for the jolting*, which is unusually modest for Switzerland. The *char-à-banc* is much commended in the hand-books for the facility it affords for jumping either *on* or *off* it. The readiness with which one can do the latter, is certainly the greatest advantage it possesses.

SWISS INNS.

Switzerland is a land of inn-keepers. The Swiss are an hotel-keeping people essentially. They trade upon tourists, and their capital in trade is the Alps. Without their scenery their inn-keepers would be insolvent. They are fond of their mountains with reason, for they make money of them. Their valleys are valleys of diamonds, and every torrent is to them a Pactolus. Switzerland would fall only for its waterfalls; and its prospects would be bleak only for its everlasting snows. The sublime and beautiful are to its inhabitants what their broad cloth and cutlery are to the people of England. Every Alp has its value in the market, and the Swiss stock-jobber regards a landslip like a fall in the funds. Many inn-keepers are wealthy men, and personages in their cantons. They are often magistrates, and, in that capacity, occasionally sit and determine appeals *against themselves* as hosts. You are cheated at the bar, and find the man by whom you have been defrauded presiding in the court to which you fly for redress. Mine host of to-day is my lord of to-morrow: an entertaining metamorphosis, the natural result of which is *inn-justice*. The Swiss Bonifaces have the reputation of being as prolix in their bills as equity lawyers; but they are only extortionate with the English, which is, no doubt, intended to be a compliment to the superior wealth and liberality of our countrymen; at all events, it ought to be so taken. Compare the bill presented to an English gentleman (an Oxonian, for example), with that handed to a beggarly German student for precisely the same accommodation: what can be more flattering to the pride of a Briton?—a native of the country which is (or was, until the corn-laws were repealed) “the envy of surrounding nations, and the wonder of the world.”

The Swiss are so fond of the English, that in many of the inns they will resort to a variety of tricks and manoeuvres for the purpose of detaining their agreeable guests. They sometimes even give their hotels English names—such as “Hotel Gibbon,” “Hotel Byron,” or “Hotel de Grande Bretagne.” They have *late table-d’hôtes* expressly for us, knowing the

immense importance attached, in England, to late dinner-hours, as a distinctive characteristic of “high society.” Nay, the inn-keepers of Lucerne and Thun have actually built English chapels, and endowed ministers, to offer the highest conceivable inducement to English tourists to pass the Sunday with them. In this we are not merely to admire the pecuniary generosity of these hospitable aubergistes, but their religious liberality much more; for we must remember that the inn-keepers of Thun and Lucerne, who thus politely provide for the religious wants of Protestant travellers, are Roman Catholics themselves.

One thing very remarkable in the Swiss inns, is the passion for “*bougies*.” You don’t want them, you don’t call for them, you don’t light them; you go to bed by twilight, or by the moon, or by the mild lustre of one of those inches of candles, in small plated candlesticks, which you find in regiments in the corridor; but the bougies either follow you, or await you; they are thrust upon you like greatness on Malvolio. You are flattered; you wonder what it can mean; you begin to think it is some religious rite, or some ancient hospitable usage—still, not requiring the pair of gigantic wax-lights, you do not kindle, much less consume them. You lie down, muse and marvel until you fall asleep, and forget candles of all denominations, wax, tallow, spermaceti, composite. In the morning you are up before the sun, make a crepuscular toilette, take a precipitate breakfast, grasp your pole, halloo to your guide, throw on your blouse, and you would never think of the bougies more, were it not that when the bill is presented, you are sure to find (if you don’t pay it without inspection, *the best way to avoid disputes*) a reappearance on paper of the gigantic wax-lights, with some algebraic characters over against them, which the slightest acquaintance with Swiss hieroglyphics satisfies you is the national expression for two francs.

Vulgar people say that the *bougie* is a trick to swell the bill, and recommend the tourist to *resist* the charge. Despise such flint-skinning and pippin-squeezing advice. Think better of human nature. The notion of

committing yourself and your country in a question of tallow against wax—of allowing your serenity to be ruffled for a matter of one and eight-pence! Think of the Alps—leave low considerations to the Low Countries. Do you travel in Switzerland to save ends of candles? Pay the bill, bougies and all—pay it heartily and merrily, and don't lose the glorious spectacle of sunrise on the glaciers, quarrelling with a chamber-maid about a taper.

Mr. Fumbally always "resists" the bougie. He does not burn, and decidedly objects to pay for wax candles.

It is a fine thing to witness Mr. Fumbally's opposition to this item of the bill. Since Hampden's resistance to ship-money there has been nothing so grand.

In those cases where the aubergistes of Switzerland *do* exhibit something like rapacity, it may be alleged, in their defence, that their tendency to *fleece* travellers is a result of their *pastoral* habits. Any explanation is better than an ill-natured one. Always travel with a flask of brandy, but never with a vinegar-cruet.

NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.*

POETRY has seen better days than these we live in—as a trade, at least, if not as an art. Some six-and-thirty years ago the poetic appetite of the public was voracious; but, *mutat terra vices*. An inflexible and mysterious law of succession governs the fashions of literature as absolutely as those of the toilet; and poetry is now a drug. Some glorious monuments of the art those days, indeed, have left us. But along with a few—and *but* a few—such splendid revelations of the sublime mystery, they bequeathed us a legacy of lumber, a mass of pretension and mere versification, which has largely contributed to bring about the intensely prosaic reaction under which the literature of the present day is suffering. We shall not commit ourselves by specifying our own heresies. We content ourselves with the general position, that in those days—the halcyon days of the Lakers and their fellows—a great deal of bad poetry was actually written, read, and admired—a vast deal of that kind of poetry which would have been much better in ho-

nest prose, which in fact *is* prose; not, indeed, in a healthy state; on the contrary alarmingly excited and extravagant, and prudentially restrained by the wholesome rigours of rhyme and metre; but utterly devoid of the delicately beautiful perceptions and the grand and tender sympathies of true poetry: of the earth earthy, essentially mortal, and which will assuredly die. We might cite illustrious specimens of this—ay, and by the yard too; but we care not to institute an ungracious inquisition into established titles; we leave the claims of spurious pretension to time and truth, and gentle but inexorable Lethe.

It has been to us a matter of wonder that notwithstanding the stern and resolute repulse with which the world now meets the gentle intrusions of its once favoured poetry, lovers of the art should still be found sanguine enough to persist in the often-tried and ever fruitless essay to win the general ear of the public. To us there is something touching in the constant re-appearance of the discarded favourite,

* "Theoria." By Digby P. Starkey, A.M., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: James M'Glashan, 21, D'Olier-street. 1847.

"Church Melodies." By Viscount Massereene and Ferrard. London: Aylott and Jones. 1847.

"The Shadow of the Pyramid; a Series of Sonnets." By Robert Ferguson. London: William Pickering. 1847.

like an outcast child looking, with a sad smile, in at the casement of the home it cannot enter. Of a truth in poetic inspiration, in all its degrees, there is an urgency which may not be resisted—which *will* find language and embodiment, and must not be denied. There are few instances of perseverance so heroically contemptuous of uniform discouragement and defeat, as that which has sustained gifted men in the hopeless endeavour to turn back the tide of time, and re-erect the monarchy of song. When will they learn that the *lovers* of poetry, however the number of its *readers* may fluctuate, are always few; that few scattered, and uninfluential, as they are, *their* praise and admiration cannot create renown, or establish *popularity*. If the poets of our day expect for their works, be their excellence what it may, an acceptance at all approaching to the general welcome that greeted and rewarded, often with a very indiscriminate enthusiasm, the productions of a quarter of a century since, their lot is, indeed, one of mortification and disappointment. They strive to attain by excellence that which excellence alone cannot now command. The attempt to rout the veteran prejudice of the age by a *coup de main* will always fail. No single work will convert a public from positive aversion to liking. He who would avoid classification among

"Authors of works, whereof—though not in Dutch—
The public little knows, the publisher too much."

had better lock up his verses, and for the present lie by, and wait the turning of the tide.

But the poet is impatient and sanguine. The poetic faculty must speak out—*ἡ ἀλάνδρος ἰσχυρὸς*—and this is a glorious impetuosity—an instinct to which mankind have been much beholden. For were the poetic temperament self-satisfying—if rapt in the inspiration which is his wondrous and ennobling privilege, the poet cared not, and burned not to communicate—what revelations of beauty and glory would have come (for the uninspired world) in vain! But genius is social and generous—the poet yearns to impart the splendour and harmonies that are flooding his own heart with rapture. He is a *mes-senger* of things divine; he must *tell*, as well as see and feel—this is the con-

dition of his calling—a condition kindred to that of inspiration.

On the whole, then, we rejoice at the courageous fertility with which new products of poetry are daily thrown upon the world. Were it in the power of mere literary fashion to frown down verse, and compel poets to hold their peace, the world might, indeed, sustain irreparable loss; and though there be doubtless something of justice as well as rigour in Coleridge's distich—

"Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing"—

Yet better is it a whole bushel of twaddle should be patiently sifted than one grain of the diamond be lost.

The poet, generally endowed with a sensitiveness as exquisitely alive to painful as to delightful impressions—solitary in his ecstasies and his agonies—misunderstood, pitied, laughed at by the practical conceit of the world—bears proverbially a bitter lot. The rigorous law of compensation which pervades all nature, exacts in untold suffering a full equivalent for his privileges of spiritual elevation and rapture. Sometimes appreciated—sometimes misinterpreted—alternately an object of ridicule and of admiration—of worship and contempt, yet, lightly esteemed as he is by the *mere* common sense of the world, we are very sure that, after all, strong, plain common sense is an essential element in the combination which forms the true poet. That architectural faculty which gives symmetry and purpose to a whole poetic structure, is, if not identical, at least closely allied with the practical attributes which command success in dealing with the realities of ordinary life. And a deficiency in this attribute—a want of scheme, order, and purpose, in a poem of any length, is fatal to its effect. A mere exhalation of the poetic influence—a mere effusion of fancy and emotion, however sweet and beautiful, does not constitute a poem. Shelley, with all his genius—his wondrous faculties of brain and heart—yet produced nothing in strictness to deserve the name. Take his "Queen Mab," for instance—a creation so full of unearthly beauty and wild tenderness—and yet which does not satisfy

the poetic sense. An undefined want pervades it everywhere; its fascination and beauty are those of the *soulless* Undine; the principle of direction and control is absent. An element to combine, harmonize, and dignify the wayward exuberance of mere natural beauty is sought for in vain. The colouring, however glorious, is not enough. The magic lights of poetry are expended unworthily upon mere floating folds of vapour. They ought to illuminate the beautiful outlines of some one harmonious structure, or the imperishable grandeur of some moral truth.

This important principle has been well observed by Mr. Starkey, whose very remarkable volume is before us. "Theoria," the title by which he distinguishes this collection of poems, abounds in admirable illustrations of the truth which we have endeavoured to define. There is not one among his poetic essays in which the *theme* is not boldly defined and consistently pursued—a merit by no means so general as many suppose. This, however, though a necessary, is obviously by no means a distinguishing attribute of poetry, and it were gross injustice to limit our approbation of Mr. Starkey's work to a bare recognition of such a claim to favour. On the contrary, the unmistakable characteristics of the poetic temperament, in thought, feeling, imagery, and expression, are stamped upon his pages. There are passages of exquisite pathos and of true sublimity scattered among them; copious evidences, too, of a vivid perception of the beautiful and inexhaustible analogies between the visible and the invisible, the perishable and the immortal. He has the true poet's faculty of discerning the mystic correspondence between the laws, the loveliness and the grandeur of the material, and of the eternal and spiritual world; and yet with all these manifest excellencies, it is plain to us that Mr. Starkey will yet excel what he has already given us. He does not now for the first time stand at the bar of literary criticism. His "Judas" has been for some years before the public, and some (though but a few) of the minor pieces in the present collection, have from time to time appeared in the pages of various of the periodicals, those of this magazine among the number. We have there-

fore had sufficient opportunities of observing the author's progress in poetic excellence.

It is not our business here to testify to the high merits and the still nobler promise of his first work. Faults it unquestionably had; but of these the worst were directly chargeable upon the generally painful and sometimes repulsive character of his subject; and if we here admit the occasional defects of "Judas," we do so in no ungracious spirit of depreciation, but simply for the purpose of recording our satisfaction at the disappearance of all the gravest among them from the volume which has lately issued from the press. Premitting individual blemishes and inequalities, we are bound, however, while expressing our cordial appreciation of the general excellence of this collection, to indicate one fault, less strikingly perceptible in particular instances, than in its effect upon the whole work—a pervading fault which operates, not so much in producing positive blemishes, as in negatively detracting from the excellencies of the performance; and we are bound to add, that it is a fault which Mr. Starkey can, with much less trouble to himself, avoid for the future, than repeat. It appears to us, then, that he rides his Pegasus with too heavy a bit. The dread of committing himself by extravagance, has induced him to place too rigorous a control upon the fiery and tumultuous impetuosity of his imagination. We too often detect, in the cautiously restrained exuberance and abated force of language and imagery, the severity of a prudential and over-jealous self-criticism. We would have him give a far freer rein to his fancy—show a braver confidence in the sympathies of his reader. We would much prefer an occasional blunder or excess, to the level faultlessness and self-possessed propriety of an ever-vigilant reserve. At the same time it is but fair to state, that there are whole pages and poems in the compilation perfectly free from the least intrusion of this depressing agency. The fault is obviously one more easily cured than continued. We only ask him to obliterate *more sparingly*; to invert his "stylus" *less frequently*; to trust more to his impulses, and to discard that suspicion which damps the enthusiasm and repels the sympathies of the reader. It is for

this reason, in the belief that Mr. Starkey has hitherto exercised upon the free play of his poetic powers an unjust restraint, that we venture to predict in his future efforts the manifestation of a still higher poetic excellence, than the compositions before us have always attained. One of the most striking of these poems is unquestionably the "Song of the Pen,"

the title of which, and perhaps the structure of a line or two near the commencement, seem to have been suggested by Hood's "Song of the Shirt." Essentially, however, not only in the subject, but in the conception and execution of the entire poem, it is as thoroughly original as it is beautiful. Let the reader judge for himself.

"THE SONG OF THE PEN.

" Sing of the pen ! sing of the pen !
Sing of the thousands of gifted men,
Who wring with pain a beggarly gain
From the sweat of their brain,
While the goose-quill danceth and driveth away
Over the paper,
Beneath the taper,
Through the hours when mortals dream, and fairies play !

" Sing of the pen, as it rushes from drink,
Down on its raceground, and plunges on,
Blurring, and blackening, and blotting,
Spreading, and splashing, and spotting,
Scratching a mystical scrawl of ink,
Till a man would think
That the vein was dry in the writer's brain,
And his hand but the trembling of palsied pain.—
Sing of the visions of light that appear—
Flashing like sparks from the pen's career,
Rising around in temples of pride,
Starting to life in the hero's stride,
Heaving in mountains—glowing in skies—
Gushing in oceans of harmonies :
Visions that harden behind the pen
To forms adamantine of gods and men,
In the rock of words by the passions wrought,
Eternal idols of glowing thought.
Idols, alas ! of a creed which men
Jestingly fling to the flighty pen :—
In his closet the worshipper breathes his vow—
There—hid from the multitude—dares to bow,
While the goose-quill stealthily stirreth away
Over the paper,
Beneath the taper,
Through the hours when mortals dream, and fairies play !

" Sing of the soul of nervous fire,
Gnawed by the vulture of desire,
Gasping for pleasure's finger tip
To cool its agony of lip,—
Close cooped within the iron bars,
Through which it graspeth at the stars,
Or any great and glorious thing
Beyond the flight of sordid wing ;—
Sing of that soul, thus overwrought,
A prey to suicidal thought,
Plucking at last its sword, the pen,
From forth its own most vital vein,
To ply the blood-stained weapon then
'Mongst men.
Oh, thus it is with him who feels, and pours
His feelings on the shallow shelving shores,
White with the bones of genius, wrecked and lost
On glory's fair but doubly faithless coast,

His brain awhirl, his aching forehead damp
 With dews distilled o'er passion's quivering lamp,
 While the goose-quill recklessly rusheth away
 Over the paper,
 Beneath the taper,
 Through the hours when mortals dream, and goblins play.

“What thus beguiles ye, men,
 To deify the pen?
 Loth we are to ask ye why,—
 But the dullest must descry
 The desperate earnestness of will,
 That hath before the senses set
 The agony and inky sweat
 Of student passion.—Write ye still:
 Speed the pen along—along;
 Darting after shapes of song
 Filmy as, the poets sing,
 Is Ithuriel's angel-wing.
 Speed along through midnight hours,
 Fainting after love and flowers,
 Those fugitive creations found
 But in the haunts of faery ground.
 Love and life, ah! unenjoyed,
 And the dreamer still employed

On his snow-white page, with his coal-black ink,
 Shedding the poison his soul must drink.

For, let him come
 Where the eyes he sings are bodily shining—
 Where the fabled tresses are verily twining—
 And the bard's struck dumb.
 Pallid and feverish, jaded and weak—
 Confused—with a heart too full to speak.
 The hazarded glance he deems repulsed—
 He trembles, he glows—and, at length, convulsed,
 Plunges from day to his desolate den,
 And seeks relief from the laugh of men

In his pen.
 Once more alone—he's himself again,
 While the goose-quill gloomily glideth away
 Over the paper
 Beneath the taper,
 Through the hours when drones do dream, and witches play.

“Sing of the pen! sing of the pen!
 Sing of the pleasures of gifted men:
 Ye who delight
 To loll, in listless interest lost,
 Little ye reck what the theme hath cost
 The tribe who write.

“Drive, drive the pen along
 In something—tale or song;
 No matter, so we cast
 A wet page o'er the last,
 And enter in our score
 One mouthful earned the more.
 There's silence in the house—I'm free,
 Dear heart! to work for such as thee.
 Hie to thy bed, beloved one,—
 Dark as it was, the day is done;
 Thy throbbing temples need repose,—
 E'en penury hath eyes to close;
 Suffice it now 'tis mine to wake—
 All labour's sweetened for thy sake.
 And thus with prayers he sendeth her to rest,
 To write of cheer with trouble at his breast,

While the goose-quill striveth and straineth away
 Over the paper
 Beneath the taper,
 Through the hours that man calls night—and genius day.

“ Alack, the taper's getting low,—
 The fire hath slumbered long ago—
 What's to be done? not half the task
 Fulfilled, these craving dear ones ask;
 The thoughts, too, burn so bright and high,
 They flash like lightning from the sky;
 That *now* the taper should refuse its spark!
 It flickers—the pen flies—it drops—and all is dark.

“ A moment hath the penman paused in doubt—
 At length, as with a groan he turns about,
 He starts with joy, for a long fine ray
 Through the shutters shoot the light of day;
 He flies to the window, opens it wide,
 And shrinks from the morning's great flood-tide
 That bursts on his blood-shot eyes, o'erwrought
 From the deep carouse of desperate thought.
 He steals to the table, and once again
 Opens the orgies of breast and brain,
 While the goose-quill fluently fleeteth away
 Over the paper,
 Without the taper,
 Through the hours when night sleeps in the lap of day.

“ Sing of the pen! sing of the wrong
 That is writ in tears on the page of grief,
 Till it finds its fullest, first relief
 In a gush of song;
 And then the burning thoughts, now cooled, sent forth
 To fetch upon the market what they're worth,—
 There challenged, cheapened, criticised, cried down,
 Conned with insulting, supercilious frown,
 As in the slave-mart, where each ruffian's free
 To pass the hand o'er shrinking modesty,—
 Till, half recalled to the indignant heart
 Which fostered them, distress, with brutal dart,
 Goads them from home once more, and they are sold—
 Immortal thoughts—for miserable gold.

And sing of themes
 Of history, and science, and the lore
 Of former worlds and systems, and the hoar
 Antiquity of this, worked out in dreams

By the lettered man
 With his deep-laid plan
 For fame, and wealth, and happiness, alas!
 To reach him when the daisy decks the grass
 Upon his grave;—
 If, even then, he have

The posthumous escutcheon of a name
 For all the blazonry of real fame
 His soul had sickened for, for which
 In rags he had despised the rich,
 And held that unto him 'twas given
 To be the Sabbath-child of heaven.

“ Sing of each racking night,
 Sing of the dimming sight,
 The sensitive organ fading in the fire
 Of visionary hopes, as flames expire
 Before the sun; like the alchymist of old,
 Transmuting penury to dreams of gold,
 Whilst the goose-quill travels and trembles away
 Over the paper.
 Beneath the taper,
 Through the hours when mortals dream, and spirits play.

" Sing once again
 The song of the pen ;—
 Of the humble coffin of the learned—
 The shrine where genius lies unurned.
 There cypress takes the place of palm,
 And ivy twinas, in sacred calm,
 With gentle evergreens, that wind
 Around the tomb of now enfranchised mind.
 Simple and small
 Be the penman's pall—
 Let kings and heroes be smothered in plumes,
 Paraded in state to their pompous tombs ;
 Happy they be—
 And happy is he,
 The thoughtful man, though that great man's slave,
 If his words have fluttered
 Like the spirits before the mouths of men,
 And—the words once uttered—
 The utterer layeth him down in his grave
 With his pen.
 He had lived too much with life to be smitten—
 He had lived—had seen—had felt—and written,—
 Had hoped the best, and known the worst ;
 And, in that fatal hoping curst,
 And in that knowledge blest,
 Had calmly turned from what so charmed at first,
 And laid him down to rest.
 It is, in sooth, a blessed ending given
 To men whose energies are over driven.
 Doves and all gentle natures hover mourning
 Above the first, last resting-place of learning.

" And thus I have sung, and sung
 The song of the pen,
 That your spirits might not be wrung
 For these wretched men.
 They are happy—aye, happier far
 Than many who pity them are,
 While the goose-quill wingeth its heavenward way
 Over the paper,
 By sun or taper,
 From this o'ershadowed scene to Mind's unclouded day."

Very different, and yet, after all,
 not perhaps, in some of its incidents,
 quite so different as the careless world
 may think it, is the subject of the
 following exquisite verses. There is

much of the pathetic power of poor
 Tom Hood, and much, too, of the
 homely and thrilling reality of Crabbe,
 in this "o'er-true tale," as we fear it
 is, of "the Poplin Weaver."

"THE POPLIN WEAVER.

I.

" I'm loth to awake ye, Art, my dear !
 But the steps of a stranger are drawing near :—
 Up the ricketty stair they come,
 Making, I think, for our wretched room :—
 Rise, Art, rise ! the last shilling's spent—
 Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent !

II.

" See, daylight has lit on the window-sill—
 Art ! is it you to be slumbering still ?
 Ye knew that at last we must quit, or pay,
 Though ye did't expect the distress to-day ?
 Rise, Art, rise ! the last shilling's spent—
 Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent !

III.

"At the door!—oh, a month, to make up what's due!
The landlord he knows, Art, your word is true;—
If he saw how we strive, he'd put off the sale—
'Twas the will of God that the trade should fail!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling's spent—
Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent!

IV.

"In days gone by, it was Ireland's pride
To be decked in the web that our looms supplied—
Those were the times, Art, that ye took me home,
And told me that love would make business come.
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling's spent—
Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent!

V.

"It's hunger, Art, that has made ye weak—
What can I think of, your fast to break?
Here, Art, here is my wedding-ring—
The lodgers will lend on the blessed thing!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling's spent—
Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent!

VI.

"God forgive me! my heart is torn
To drag ye from bed this bitter morn:
The bed that they're coming to seize, and sell—
Where I've nursed and prayed by ye, sick and well!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling's spent—
Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent!

VII.

"How silent he sleeps! not a stir, or breath!
Poor famishing husband, you're worked to death!
At the shuttle before and after the sun—
And a morsel of meal when the day is done!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling's spent—
Art, it's the sheriff—the rent—the rent!

VIII.

"Dead!—Oh, my God! it is over at last—
The wearisome struggle is past—is past!
The heavens be praised! 'tisn't you need fear—
'Tis your widow that's desolate, husband dear!
Rise, Art, rise, to the happy skies,
Where the tears are wiped from the poor man's eyes!"

We cannot conclude this brief notice of Mr. Starkey's "*Theoria*," without commending to the reader's attention the singularly original, vivid, and impressive poem entitled "*Calypsis*," greatly as it appears to us the most elaborately planned and finished of the number.

We have spoken cautiously of Mr. Starkey's work—*too* cautiously, perhaps, the reader will think—after having read the specimens we have just submitted to him. But, reserved as our praise has been, we are not too timid to predict for the author of

"*Theoria*," if only he perseveres and dares, a name and place among the poets of the age. The work before us entitles him to both—his future efforts, if he pleases, will command them.

The volume to which we now turn—"Church Melodies," by Viscount Massereene and Ferrard—deserves attention, not merely on the score of its noble authorship and intrinsic merits, but for the immediate object with which it has been published. The page confronting the title informs us that the proceeds of the sale of the

book are to be "devoted to the relief of the distressed Irish." To make the diffusion of a religious work subservient to the purposes of charity and the relief of destitution, is in itself a commendable enterprise. But apart from the design of the publication the book itself is entitled, as we have said, to attention and respect. The plan of the work is described by the noble author in his introduction:—

"The Disciples, journeying to Emmaus, talked of all those things which had happened; so, in pursuing that strain [whose first note was struck by 'the multitude of the Heavenly Host', even the 'glad tidings of great joy'], may we not hope that in our communing together, Jesus himself will draw near, and go with us?"

"With such a desire are these 'Church Melodies' put forth, although not perfected according to the author's original design. Commenced upwards of five years ago, they were the result of a wish to his own edification: that the progressive return of seasons, observed by that outward Church of which he is a member, should not become a dead letter, but that the regarding of the day should be 'unto the Lord.' For, though he is not one that rests in times and seasons, nor who would make of *opinions* PRINCIPLES, or of *discipline*, INTEGRAL MEMBERS, yet where *they are*, he would lead his own and others' hearts to look *through* these accessories unto Jesus. 'Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.'"

These melodies breathe a pure and earnest piety, and have incorporated a sound and lucid exposition of Christian doctrine, in a versification at once clear, vigorous, and unaffected. Lord Massereene is no imitator; he does not follow Quarles or Herbert. His style is equally free from inflation and mimic quaintness; it is pure, bold, and severely simple—sometimes, too, though not unpleasantly, characterised by a certain roughness. Let us exemplify our critical positions. The following is the "Church Melody" for the fourth Sunday in Advent:—

1.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
What doth His church below?"

As beacon doth that little band
With her Lord's radiance glow!
His Spirit's Witness on the earth,
To men who scorn a second birth.

2.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
What doth the Christian here?
Doth he a wanderer in the land,
A pilgrim poor appear?
And fearless 'mid surrounding night,
Like John, bear witness of the light?"

3.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
And do His faithful see,
That God and mammon cannot stand,
Nor Christ and earth agree?
The world destroyed the Lord of Life,
The Church hath nought with it but strife.

4.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
Ye careful ones give ear,
Who sow for profit, and demand
An increase every year:
Is this a time to lay up store
For earth? Time soon shall be no more.

5.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
Ye careless daughters rise;
What do ye in these halls so grand
Where gems delight the eyes?
All Heaven but One bright jewel boasts;
Look up—'tis yours—the Lord of Hosts!

6.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
His is a searching eye;
Professor, learn that His command
Is perfect liberty.
In vain to outward form ye cleave,
He only asks—'Dost thou believe?'"

7.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!
With judgment shall He come;
False servants who His love withstand,
Shall have a fearful doom.
Smooth things in vain they prophesy,
They shall—they do believe a lie!

8.

"The Lord's at hand! the Lord's at hand!

The beast to hell is hurled;
But those Christ finds without His brand,

Unspotted from the world,
Rejected and despised of men,
Shall with Him o'er the nations reign."

One volume of poetry remains still to be noticed by us—"The Shadow of the Pyramid," by Robert Ferguson. It consists of sixty-eight sonnets, about Egypt, each upon the regulation allowance—fourteen lines to every sonnet, ten syllables to every line, and, more-

over, one sonnet to every page. The effect of this arithmetical uniformity is marvellously monotonous; and this impression is aggravated by a corresponding monotony in the subject matter. In addition to this, there is a want of continuity in the series, though some trouble has been taken to make the end of each preceding sonnet appear to suggest the opening of the next. Notwithstanding these defects and disadvantages, there is a good deal of extravasated poetry—ineffectual where it is, but indicative of genuine poetic powers—scattered up and down these pages: two specimens will suffice:—

XV.

"Stand we indeed within the very hold
Of Moslem rancour and of Moslem scorn
And is the Moslem's bitterness outworn?
And is the zeal that burn'd so fierce of old
Within the heart of glowing Islam, cold?
What is it that hath wrought this sudden spell,
And thus, within the charmed citadel,
Conducts the D'jour, indifferent more than bold?
'Tis the fore-shadowing of a mightier power,
Before whose steps 'tis Islam's doom to fall,
And, like a flame, the while it doth devour,
It lights the secrets of the mystic hall.
Then gaze ye on the marvels while ye may,
For, by the breath ye breathe, they melt away!"

XLIX.

"Mysterious Watcher! Thou who hast been set,
With stern endurance on that visage scarr'd,
The secret of four thousand years to guard—
Ah! Sphynx, is thine enigma riddled yet?
Are yon strong fortresses a whit too strong
The siege of thirty centuries to abide?
Yon secret vaults a whit too safe to hide
A tyrant from the vengeance due to wrong?
Not all enough to keep its sacred trust,
Mysterious skill, or strength of massy wall—
In the companionship of holy dust,
Doth strength for aid on superstition call;
And lays a God beside him—thought how vain!
The God shall wake no more—the Man shall rise again."

There are, as we have said, some fine passages to be found in the series, but we look forward to the author's re-appearance, under circumstances

less ingeniously disadvantageous, for something greatly more worthy of the powers for which we give him credit.

A WEEK IN THE HEBRIDES—GLEANINGS IN THE QUEEN'S WAKE.

THE holiday season was gliding away, but promising a run of the finest weather that ever was invented. August had passed its meridian, and smiling nature looked so temptingly, as if she were inviting sedentary mortals to throw care to the dogs, and take the benefit of locomotion. The fatal *twelfth* was numbered with the things that were, and already cart-loads of grouse, suspended by the heels from the *cleeks* and windows of the poultry-shops, told what havoc the "slaughtering guns" had committed on the moors. The town was getting empty, discharging its population by hourly instalments, through every avenue penetrable to cab or omnibus, and converging in the grand terminus. Dulness reigned in the streets; fashionable squares and crescents wore the sepulchral stillness of Herculanæum, presenting an array of closed shutters, in dreary rows, tier above tier, with inhospitable paper placards stuck in the pane nearest the door-bell, directing where parcels and letters were to be left. Every unfeathered biped that could get a sixpence to rub upon another was off; children of eruptive constitutions, to sea-bathing; dyspeptic bar-risters, garrulous haberdashers, puffy grocers, green and yellow spinsters, with three months' surplus bile in their faces, to water-drinking. Dispersion was the universal passion, pleasure-hunting the order of the day, variety and fresh air the *summum bonum* of human pursuit.

"Why should not we enjoy nature like other folks?" said I to my worthy fellow-scrivener, Peter Pennfeather, a slender, hectic youth, in the second year of his apprenticeship. Winter and summer we had occupied adjacent tripods at the same desk. One brush and towel were common to both; and except in the article of lodging, we were rarely separate, from morn to dewy eve.

"This is confoundedly dull work," I observed, and Peter responded with a nod of assent. "It would corrode the patience of Job to waste such glorious weather in monotonous quill-driving. What mortal would tolerate

being cooped up among piles of captions and hornings, boxes of trust-deeds, and pyramids of scribbled fools-cap, when the whole world is abroad? Shall we, like a pair of 'Last Roses in Summer,'—

" 'Sit here in the office engrossing alone,
All the clerks and book-keepers having bolted
and gone;
Not one of our fellow-apprentices there,
To copy the letters, or help to compare.' "

"Perish the thought!" I exclaimed, with a thump that made Peter stare, and set his heart a-beating double-quick time. "Amusement we must and shall have, let deeds and summonses, and last wills, go to —; but where shall we go, what shall we do, there is the rub? I'm dead tired, as Robinson Crusoe, of the charms of solitude; besides, my nose is getting suspiciously red, and I begin to wax flat at the seventh tumbler, which I take to be constitutional warnings upon the necessity of recreation and change of scenery!" Again Peter nodded affirmation. A consultation was then held upon the important matter of our personal disposal for the holidays. Whether we should make a pilgrimage to some mineral spring, and refrigerate upon the antiplogistic regimen of oxydes and carbonates; or whether it was better, for the restitution of a jaded intellect, to prescribe a month in a circulating library, and put ourselves through a course of Fairy Tales; or whether we should betake ourselves to red herrings and soda water, qualified with a little mountain dew, at Dalnacardoch, or Kinlochspelve, or some other unpronounceable inn in the Highlands, were points duly and deeply considered. At last the brilliant thought struck me, "We shall be off to the Clyde, and see the Queen land! And, Peter, you must replenish your haversack with a clean shirt, and a razor, and a scent-bottle, and go with me, for it would never do to leave you alone; you would die of *ennui*, and turn into a soliloquy, if you had nobody to speak to." The business was arranged with all despatch; three o'clock saw us snugly bestowed in a second class, and in a twinkling we were off, smoking

and fizzing like a congreve rocket, to the waters of the west.

The dawn of Tuesday morning had scarcely broken, when the royal squadron weighed anchor, and sailed in gallant style from Lochryan; the Victoria and Albert, with the royal standard floating from her mast-head, leading the way; the Fairy, the Scourge, and the Undine, following in line. A thick haze brooded over the sea, but the vapoury mantle gradually dispersed before the beams of the rising sun, which illuminated the east with golden tints, the harbinger of another splendid day. There was quite a gathering of steamers, each freighted with its load of merry passengers, all eager to show their loyalty, and welcome her most gracious Majesty once more to Scotia's shores. As the weather cleared, and the grey mist that shrouded the mainland rolled away, the wide expanse of sky and water, and rocky coast and winding bay, became distinctly visible, brilliantly lighted up, and opening to the eye a scene altogether enchanting. On the right, for many miles, stretched the undulating outline of Ayrshire, the land of Bruce and of Burns. On the left, we saw, far in the distance, the peninsula of Kintyre, in former times part of the dominions of the powerful Lords of the Isles. Towering in front, appeared one of the most remarkable objects on the western coast of Scotland, the stupendous ocean-rock Ailsa Craig, which gives the British title of marquis to the Earl of Cassilis. It stands about eight miles from the nearest point of land, and rises in a conical shape, to the height of eleven hundred feet. The whole aspect is peculiarly striking, and produces an effect upon the senses similar to what the stranger feels when he first gazes upon the Pyramids, or the Falls of Niagara. It is, in fact, not a mere rock, but the summit of a huge mountain, elevated in abrupt and sublime grandeur above the waves, surrounded by deep water on all sides except the south-eastern, where a kind of beach is formed by the accumulated debris. In almost every feature it is the exact counterpart of the Bass, on the eastern coast, off the town of Dunbar. Both are selected as breeding-places by the solan geese, and are the habitations of countless swarms of sea fowls. Both have

a fresh-water spring near the summit, and both afford pasturage for a small number of goats or sheep, the flesh of which acquires a peculiarly rich flavour from the salt grass, which renders it quite a dainty to the epicure, and fetches a higher price in the market. A distinguished geologist, Dr. MacCulloch, has given a most correct and eloquent description of this vast and imposing leviathan of the deep, whose grey rugged sides bid defiance to the billows, which have dashed against them for a thousand years:—

“Its circumference cannot be less than two miles, and it therefore forms a large island, which is covered with verdure, and is the abode of gulls, gannets, goats, and rabbits. Its shape is round and cumbrous, when viewed from the north-west; but, when seen from the north, it assumes an elegant conical figure. It is bounded on the north-west by perpendicular cliffs, 200 or 300 feet in height; but on the other sides it declines, by a rapid grassy slope, to the sea, intermixed, however, with rocky faces, and covered with heaps of fragments, which are falling from the bare cliff. In many places the rock approaches to an obscure columnar structure, and this occasionally acquires great regularity. It is on the north side that the columns are the most perfect. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the columnar wall on this side: even the high faces of Staffa sink into insignificance, on a comparison with the enormous elevation and dimensions of Ailsa. With that elevation is combined an air of grandeur, arising from the simplicity of their aspect, which the pencil and pen are equally incapable of describing. To the lover of picturesque beauty they possess a requisite, of which the want is perpetually felt in contemplating the basaltic columns of Staffa or Eigg—this is, their grey colour, catching the most vivid lights and reflections, when the iron cliffs of basalt are compounded in one indiscriminate gloom. He is an incurious geologist, or a feeble admirer of nature, who is content to pass Ailsa unseen.”

This rebuke of the learned naturalist certainly cannot apply to us, or to her Majesty's squadron. We saw this petrified iceberg under every advantage. We swept round the west side, remaining opposite it for some time, to give the royal party an opportunity of inspecting the numerous curiosities of that singular rock. About a third of the way up, we observed an

old ruin, said to have been built by Philip II. of Spain. The story is not very credible; but it was off this coast that "Thurot's defeat" took place, and it was on the Olympic throne of Ailua that the poet made the ocean deities sit, "spectators of the fight"—

"Till sinking slow, the mimic thunders fall,
And Elliot's genius triumphs o'er the Gaul."

It is more likely that the ruin in question is the remains of a baronial prison, erected by some of the powerful clan of the Kennedys, who once held despotic sway over that part of Ayrshire, and when

"From Wigton and the town of Ayr,
Portpatrick and the Crulves o' Cree;
Nae man might think to prosper there,
Unless he court wi' Kennedie."

Ailua was an excellent place in feudal times for silencing a troublesome enemy, or confining those vassals who had incurred the *Laird's* resentment. The rock and the sea-fowl could tell no tales, and the roaring Atlantic beneath would soon close over the doomed victims precipitated from its immense cliffs. Many a dark deed has been perpetrated on Ailua, unseen by the world, and unknown to history. Feudal vengeance could work its will far from human habitation, and with no witness that could or dared give utterance to the dreadful tale. Though no longer a prison, this rock continues to be a huge marine aviary, being almost covered with myriads of birds clinging to its sides, darkening the air when on the wing, and deafening the curious spectator with their loud and discordant screaming. We were told that thrushes have taken up their abode there, and pour out their rich melody as blithely as among the verdant groves of Kyle or Carrick, on the opposite shore.

Having satisfied our curiosity with the natural and living wonders of this stupendous ocean islet, we joined in the wake of the royal squadron, which stood for Arran, at first dimly visible, but gradually unveiling its romantic features as we neared it, until the prospect became one of surpassing beauty. The sea was now as smooth as a lake, and the deep blue of the sky was variegated with fleecy clouds. Upwards of twenty vessels, unable to get away in the calm, lay in sight, with their sails full spread; some

within hail of the squadron, others fading from the view on the edge of the horizon. The coast of the island presented at one place a bold and serrated rampart of rocks, at another descending to the beach in gentle and cultivated slopes, dotted with comfortable farm-houses, with a background of lofty and rugged peaks, half hid in the loose clouds, that seldom quit, even in the clearest weather, these Alpine regions. We came close into Lamash harbour, rounded Holy Island, and then passed into Brodick Bay, where a fine panorama greets the eye, the most striking object in which is the towering pinnacle of Goatfell.

The small island of Lamash, or Holy Isle, is far from deficient in picturesque beauty. It rises at the mouth of the bay, in the shape of an irregular cone, nearly 960 feet in height. Its variegated surface is diversified with heath-clad hills and grassy ridges, which are seen intermingled with naked red-sandstone, surmounted by rude basaltic columns piled in tiers above each other. On each side of the isle there is a convenient entrance into the bay, which forms a spacious semicircle, about three miles in length, from its northern to its southern extremity. Within, there is an excellent harbour, of sufficient depth of water for vessels of all sizes, and room enough for accommodating the largest fleet. The neat village of Lamash, or Kilbride, stands about the centre of the bay, spread in a beautiful curve along the beach, with a sloping bank clothed with thriving wood, behind it. Whiting Bay lies to the south; but it wants the bold features of the scenery farther north. At the very lowest extremity is situated the small island of Pladda, with its light-house, appearing as if rent by some convulsion from Arran, whence its name is said to be derived.

Brodick Bay presents a charming *coup d'œil*. Nature and art have contributed largely to the rare combination of beauty and grandeur which distinguishes the scenery around it. The bay itself is a deep regular curve of about two miles in length, belted the greater part with a beach of fine sand; whence a plain of considerable extent, ornamented with cottages, villas, cultivated fields, and flourishing plantations, retires inward, till it

meets the beautiful and romantic valleys of Glenrosa, Glensheraig, and Glencloy. Brodick is a considerable village, with a good inn, affording tolerable accommodation for visitors and sea-bathers. In the immediate vicinity is Brodick Castle, a summer residence of the Duke of Hamilton; its roof and battlements peering among the trees of the thickly-wooded elevation on which it stands. It was enlarged and repaired last year, for the accommodation of the noble duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Douglas, and his German wife, the Princess Marie of Baden, who has become a great favourite with the islanders.

Arran has many other picturesque spots, especially Glen Sannox, the Vale of Shisken, the most fertile and best cultivated part of the island, and Loch Ranza, near the head of which stands the ancient castle of the same name, once a royal hunting-seat of the Stuart kings, but now roofless, and fast falling to decay.

Viewed near or distant, Arran is an object of interesting contemplation to the lover of nature as well as to the man of science. Round almost the whole of the sea-coast, except where the landscape is indented by the valleys and bays, there is a narrow and level border of land, walled up on the landward side by a high ridge of rocks, which the sea appears to have washed when its level was higher than at present. In some places this ridge is a series of rude cliffs and naked precipices; but in general, more especially from Sannox to Brodick, it is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque; its rugged features disappearing, and the luxuriant ivy which clings to its face, and the rich clothing of natural birch, ash, oak, and thick brushwood which springs up among its numerous clefts, crowning its top without concealing it. Here a cave scooped out by the sea, there a romantic amphitheatre formed by one of its numerous bends; and next a white cascade tumbling over the precipices, give a variety to its aspects in succession, which is ever and anon tempting the tourist to stop and admire.

The southern division is less imposing than the northern, the aspect being tamer, and the hills of less gigantic height, averaging not more than 800 feet above the level of the

sea. From Brodick to Loch Ranza, their elevation entirely changes. A considerable way up, few of them have the usual mountain covering even of brown heather, but many of them are bare precipices from their very foundations; and the greater number raise their naked tops to the sky in stupendous pyramids and spires of rough granite. As seen from certain points, they appear to the eye as if they had but yesterday been upturned from their primitive beds below the bottom of the ocean. Their absolute height is not very great, the elevation of Goatfell (in Gaelic, Gaoth Chien, or Ben Ghòil, *the mountain of the winds*) not exceeding 3000 feet. But presenting at a glance, as they do, their full dimensions from the shore to their summits, and being congregated together in one stupendous group, the windy mountain towering above the rest like a proud Highland chieftain surrounded by the cadets of his clan, few scenes in their general effect can be more impressively grand and magnificent. In Scotland there is no Alpine scenery that can in all respects match them, except perhaps that of the Cuchullin hills, in Skye.

The geological value of Arran is celebrated over all the world, and certainly finds no parallel in Scotland for interest and importance. Within its small compass, it exhibits a kind of epitome of the mineral structure of the globe; shewing in regular progression the successive formations, from the primitive unstratified granite to the diluvial gravel and sand reposing in incipient strata on the latest formed rocks. It was the remarkable structure of Arran that suggested to Hutton his theoretical speculations, which afterwards received so eloquent an exposition in the "Illustrations" of his disciple, the late Professor Playfair, of Edinburgh, and may be said to have first raised geology to the rank of a science in Great Britain.

Unable to resist the natural and picturesque temptations of this enchanted isle, my fellow-traveller and I resolved to part consorts with the royal squadron for a time, and treat ourselves to a ramble in the interior. We were put ashore at the little pier close under Brodick Castle, to which we were admitted to pay a visit through the kindness of the ducal factor, who

acts as warden to the mansion. The new improvements are extensive, the furniture elegant. Among other relics, we were shown a rude massy table of very primitive structure, which tradition says was King Robert Bruce's dining-table. The story, however, is highly improbable, as the castle was frequently sacked in the wars, and completely dismantled. It and the whole island fell into the hands of the English during the attempts of Edward I. to annex Scotland to his own dominions. In 1306, they held it under Sir John Hastings, until it was recovered by Sir James Douglas, and other partisans of Bruce. A century and a-half afterwards, when the rebellious Earl of Ross fitted out an expedition under Donald Balloch, against his sovereign James II., he pillaged the island; and after storming Brodick Castle, levelled it to the ground. Again, in 1544, when Henry VIII. sought to punish the Scots for their refusal to enter into his scheme of uniting the two kingdoms by the marriage of his son with the Scottish Princess Mary, his lieutenant, the Earl of Lennox, made a descent upon Arran, and demolished Brodick Castle, from which he carried away much plunder. Twenty years later, the castle was destroyed, and the island laid desolate with fire and sword, by the Earl of Sussex, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in retaliation for the frequent incursions of the Scotch islanders into Ulster, to assist their countrymen in their opposition to the authority of the English viceroys. Finally, Brodick Castle was occupied by a garrison under Cromwell, who strengthened it by erecting a bartizan on the north side, which still remains. The troops, amounting to eighty men, met with a tragical fate. Having conducted themselves with the rude license of conquerors, and otherwise used improper liberties, the natives, in revenge, fell upon them by surprise, and put them all to the sword. The last of the party was dragged from his concealment, under a large stone near the road-side, at Sannox, which still, from its remarkable appearance, attracts the notice of travellers. After so many repeated devastations, it is not likely the castle would retain any memorials of Bruce, although several places in the island undoubtedly bear marks of

his residence and concealment there, whilst waiting the opportunity to restore the independence of his country. The King's Cave on the west coast; *Dalry*, or the King's Plain; Toranrigh, or the King's Mount; and King's Cross, whence he embarked for the coast of Carrick, are places said to have all received their names from their connexion with the hero of Bannockburn.

Gratified with the inspection of this ducal mansion, we wended our way to the inn, and after regaling ourselves with a due allowance of salmon, cold pie, and usquebaugh, all excellent, we resolved to attempt an expedition to the top of the far-famed Ben-ghoil. The exploit was somewhat hazardous, seeing that the day was nearly blood heat, and we carried twenty stone weight between us—I being thirteen, and my fellow-climber seven. Nevertheless, the attempt was made, and gallantly accomplished. Emerging from the woods that skirt the base of the mountain, we got our foot upon the open heath, fragrant with wild thyme, and spread like a purple carpet for miles around. At every step the panorama expanded into wider sublimity, cheering us onwards in our weary task. The only point where our courage flagged for a moment, was on arriving at the highest and steepest ascent, which looked as if a grave-yard, with its pavement of monumental stones, had started up, and confronted us with a prohibitory—"Hitherto shall ye come, and no farther." We saw nothing but immense flattened granite boulders, arranged in the form of woolpacks, clothed only with lichens and mosses in scattered patches, and affording congenial shelter for the eagle and the ptarmigan. Formidable as these stony ramparts look from below, they were surmounted; and with lungs heaving and puffing like a railway engine, we inhaled the pure breezes on the top of Goatfell.

The view was sublimely grand, and amply rewarded us for our corpulent temerity. Around, and apparently within a stone-cast, rose a bold amphitheatre of rugged and perpendicular cliffs, grey and weatherworn, shooting up in columns and obelisks, as if some geological submarine association had fired them off in honour of Pluto's birth-day. Immediately under our feet,

far in the abyss below, lay Glenrosa, with its rocky stream, its sepulchral cairns, and its romantic caverns. On every hand the majestic barriers are intersected with narrow glens and deep corries, whose wild and sombre cavities produce upon the mind an effect at once pleasing and awful. Beyond Glen Sannox, and towards the north, another scene, different in character, but scarcely less imposing, presents itself. A large mass of the mountain which crowns that part of the island having given way, and broken into numberless detached fragments, these are seen for more than a mile of rapid declivity, in promiscuous disorder, piled upon each other, resembling a petrified army flying before a superior force, one fugitive with his enormous bulk pressing down another, and both threatened with being overwhelmed by a still more gigantic form behind.

The names of many of these peaks are significant of their natural aspect. We have *Cir mor*, the large comb; *Ceum na Callich*, the hag's step; *Tor-nan Shlain*, the fairy's mound; *Dua Fion*, Fingal's fort; for tradition affirms that the father of Ossian (the bard himself is said to have lived in Arran), the renowned hero Fingal, or Fin Mac Coul, if not a native of the island, frequented it for the pastime of the chase, and gave it his name, *Arr Fhion*, the battle-field of Fingal, where he defeated a son of the King of Norway, and which, by the natives, is still called *Arrin*. This is just as probable an etymology as *Arr Inn*, the high island. At all events the Ossianic hero has a legendary possession of it. Among other ancient monuments is the celebrated *Siudhe Choir Fhion*, or Fingal's caldron-seat—a huge cavern, a hundred and twelve feet long, and thirty high, narrowing to the top like a Gothic arch, and towards the end separating into two branches. On each side of these recesses are several small holes opposite each other, into which, the legend says, were fixed transverse beams that supported the pots in which the heroes seethed their venison. Others allege that Fingal's caldron was suspended on a lofty circular row of stones; and if its depth bore any proportion to its diameter, it might have served for a boiler to the largest steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic. In one of the stones that form the circle, there is

a perforation to which Fingal tied his favourite dog Bran. Other hollows are shown as the stable, cellar, and kennel of the great Mac Coul; but whether they belonged to the Fingalian or to a later age, it would be rash to assert.

From our airy summit we had a survey of the entire island, from the "Dipping Rocks" in the south, to the noted sea-mark above Loch Ranza, called the "Cock of Arran," a large block of sandstone, rising to a considerable height. Extending the view wider, the prospect embraced the three kingdoms. To the right we saw the coast of Ireland; to the south, the Isle of Man and the Westmoreland mountains; nearer to the left, the shores of Carrick, with Ailsa rising like a huge haycock midway in the sea. To the northward, at the distance of some five or six miles, lay Bute and the two Cumbrays, sleeping in calm repose in the waters; beyond them the Firth of Clyde and the entrance to Lochfine bounded this charming and magnificent view. Well might the poet of the Clyde sing:—

"Far look thy mountains, Arran, o'er the main,
And far o'er Cunningham's expended plain;
From Gordon's hill, and Irvine's silver source,
Through all her links they trace the river's course;
View many a town in history's page unroll'd,
Decayed Kilwinning and Ardrossan old,
Kilmarnock low that mid her plain retires,
And youthful Irvine near Montgomery's spire."

It is with the name and exploits of Bruce, however, that Arran is most intimately connected. After the disastrous defeat of that heroic monarch at Methven, and his perilous escape at Dalry, he retired, with a small band of trusty adherents, to the small island of Rathlin, in the north of Ireland. There he spent the winter of 1307, under protection of the Lord of the Isles; but in the spring he crossed over to Arran, where Lord James Douglas and other friends had preceded him, with a view to expel the English. The royal fugitive was accompanied, in his voyage, with a small fleet of thirty-three row-boats, and steered for Loch Ranza. Sir Walter Scott commemorates the landing in the fourth canto of the "Lord of the Isles":—

"Now launched once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's Isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Gholl, the 'mountain of the wind,'
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile."

Thither the destined course they drew,
It seemed the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the windward view,
The ocean so serene."

The arrival of the monarch was unknown to his companions on the island; but as he heard they were hunting in the neighbourhood, he wound his bugle, whose peculiar sound they easily recognized. Sir Walter thus narrates the king's meeting with his veteran chiefs and grey-haired warriors:—

"To land King Robert lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolonged, and varied strain,
Till bold Ben-Gholl replied again;
Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
Had in the glen a hart at bay;
And Lennox cheered the laggard hounds,
When waked that horn, the greenwood bounds;
'It is the foe!' cried Boyd, who came
In breathless haste with eye on flame—
'It is the foe! Each valiant lord
Flung by the bow, and grasp his sword!'
'Not so,' replied the good Lord James,
'That blast no English bugle claims;
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear,
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!
Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring,
That blast was winded by the king!'
Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped;
Bursting from glen and greenwood tree
High waked their loyal jubilee;
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasped his hands, and wept aloud."

Amid the caves and fastnesses of Arran, Bruce could live concealed from his enemies, who lay on the opposite coast of Carrick, while his proximity to its shores enabled him to obtain intelligence of their position and their strength, and to take advantage of any false or favorable movement that might occur. History dwells with minute fondness on this part of the monarch's adventurous career; on his hair-breadth 'scapes, his occupation during his stay, and his enterprising voyage to the mainland, where accident or fortune drew him from his retreat, to establish the liberties of Scotland. During his sojourn, he made the usual place of his residence a cave on the sequestered shore of Drumadoon (or Drum-an-duin, *the hill of the fort*), one of the most romantic sea-cliffs in the island. It is still called the King's Cave, and is 114 feet long, 44 broad, and 47 high. On the walls may be seen, rudely cut, a hunting-scene, said to be carved by the latent monarch, as figurative of his own condition, when this lonely grotto was his abode. Other representations by the same hand are said to have existed at one time, but they have been either entirely erased, or rendered entirely untraceable, by

the scribbling vanity of recent visitors. It was here, as the legend tells, that the incident of the spider occurred, to which, according to the same authority, Scotland owed the recovery of her independence. It was in Arran, too, that he addressed to his sister "Isabel" the words which Sir Walter Scott puts into his mouth, and which have acquired universal notoriety by being pressed by the arch-agitator, O'Connell, into the service of Repeal:—

"O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line;
To raise my victor head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free.
That glance of bliss is all I crave,
Betwixt my labours and the grave."

This royal dialogue is feigned to have taken place in the convent of St. Bridget, or Bride, then the lonely residence of the Lady Isabella, near Loch Ranza, the ruins of which have been only lately removed. This saint, however, was not the only one the island could boast of. St. Columba himself visited it, for the purpose of evangelizing the heathen inhabitants; and a cairn, now overgrown with moss, called *Suidhe Chullum Chille*, marks the spot where he sat down to refresh himself with his disciples. One of the most eminent of these Christian missionaries was St. Molios (the shaved, or bare-headed servant of Jesus, as the Gaelic imports) who took up his abode in Lamish, or the Holy Isle. The cave which formed his residence is merely an excavation in the red sandstone, hollowed out by the sea with its mouth defended by a wall of loose stones. On the roof are recorded his name and office, in a Runic inscription, and a shelf of rock, a little elevated above the floor, is said to have been his bed. Near the cave is a large flat stone, called his dining-table; and his bath, a spring of pure water much resorted to in the ages of superstition, and celebrated for the healing virtues alleged to have been communicated to it by the prayers and blessings of the saint. From Lamish, St. Molios, for some cause unexplained, removed to Shisken, where he died at the age of 120, and where his ashes now repose. On the stone which covers his grave, and which is said to have been brought from Iona, the figure of the saint, arrayed in the robes of a mitred abbot, with chalice and crosier in his hands, is not inelegantly sculptured. 'Till within the last half

century, it was customary for women, after their confinement, to repair to this tomb, and there deposit upon the stone a silver piece, as a thank-offering for their recovery.

The memory of the good King Robert is dear to the islanders of Arran. A body of them fought under his banner at Bannockburn, and for services there rendered, or hospitality formerly shewn, after his accession to the throne of his ancestors, he gave many of them grants of land on the island, one of which, at least, is held by the lineal descendant to this day, Mr. Fullarton of Kilmichael, whose ancestor, Feargus Maclewis, or Macloy, gave him his protection when concealed in the retreat or fort of Tornanshiain. The lands granted to others have long passed to other hands, and now form part of the property of the Duke of Hamilton.

We cannot bid adieu to Arran without bearing testimony to the many improvements made and in progress, both in the tastes, habits, dwellings, and rural industry of the population. More are still wanted, and may, in course of time, be effected. The attractions of its healthy climate and majestic scenery, as Dr. McNaughton has remarked, make Arran, even in its present state, a place of considerable resort to summer visitors. Many of these, if they could get building leases, would erect villas, and perhaps reside the whole year. There would thus be a home market for much of the produce of the island, that is at present carried out of it at considerable expense—much additional employment got for the working classes—and the foundation laid for converting Lamlash and Brodick into flourishing towns—perhaps the seat of manufactures and commerce, for they enjoy the finest harbours on the coast of Scotland, and abundance of coals on the opposite coast of Ayrshire.

Agriculture has made great progress. Lands which were formerly common, or cut up into stripes among a number of individuals, are now divided and enclosed. Within the last thirty years there has been the most marked improvement upon the dwellings, offices, implements of husbandry, &c., both in the skill and beauty of the workmanship. Formerly the people squatted in mean hamlets, clustered in irregular heaps, and generally

built of dry stones, pointed with mortar. The dwelling-house consisted of two apartments—the uppermost being the best, and the lower the kitchen. Both formed one range, which terminated with the byre, and a door in the middle was common to the inmates of both. Between them, however, there was a partition of wicker-work, plastered with mortar, and whitewashed. The thatch was heather or fern, laid in alternate layers, very coarsely put on, and secured by heather ropes, laid across and athwart, kept tight by stones suspended to their ends, at the eaves. There were no chimneys. The fire was upon a stone in the centre of the apartment, and the smoke was allowed to make the best of its way by the door, the window, and an aperture for the purpose in the ridge of the roof.

These rude habitations have been superseded by more comfortable and commodious buildings. The Duke of Hamilton affords every facility and encouragement for improvement, by sharing the expenses, directing the operations, and rewarding their proper execution. Excellent roads traverse the island, across to Brodick and Lamlash, and along the shore. Some of these were made at the duke's expense, by the inhabitants generally, by those who had fallen behind with their rents, during the transition state of agriculture, and who, by this means, paid up their arrears. They are upheld by statute-labour and three additional days, which the tenants are bound, by their leases, to work at roads, mill-dams, and water-courses. There are few rivulets and streams over which bridges have not been erected, so that the incident is not likely to occur again of a poor woman, who being tempted by the narrowness of a ravine to step across the river Machrae, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained for some hours in a position equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself.

Fortunately for us, while gazing from the upper window of the inn, we observed the Ardsrossan steamer rocking and roaring in the bay. Off we were in a twinkling, ploughing the smooth, circular estuary, the serrated ridges of the island slowly receding

"Crowned with dense mists, that shone like Alpine
snow,
Lo Arran's hills their rocky summits show ;
'Twas there the Bruce and Douglas lurked concealed,
Till called by victory to the crimson field."

When midway in the channel, the Ayrshire coast, indented with bays and bristling with promontories, is seen to great advantage ; from Turnberry point to the hills above Larga. Smoky Ayr, with its towers, bridges, and bonny lasses, lies embayed in the centre—the woods of Doon and "Alloway Kirk" on the one hand, and the thriving port of Troon, projecting far into the sea, on the other. Every acre of this bold shore is classical. Eastward stood the ruins of Greenan Castle and Alloway Kirk, at the mouth of the Doon ; the cottage and mausoleum of Burns close by. So bedizened and modernized is the whole scene, that the poet would not know his own birth-place, nor the witches recognize the "key stane," where Tam O'Shanter's mare lost "her ain gray tail." Colzean Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, and immortalized in the "Halloween" of Burns, is seen far down the coast, beetling on the verge of a huge basaltic cliff. It is a noble and picturesque mansion, and can tell many legends of the family history of the "old Kennedies," and the "house of Cassillis," including the romantic elopement of "Lady Jane," with the "gipsy laddie, Johnny Faa." Along the verge of the sea-impending precipice, it presents a range of lofty castellated masses, with Gothic windows, a splendid terraced garden in front, a bridge of approach, &c., a little distance to the left ; the whole covering an area of four acres. The vast caverns or "caves" underneath are the haunts of Burns's elfin revels

"Upon that night when fairie's light
On Cassillis Downans dance."

They appear to be the effects of volcanic convulsion, and are six in number—the largest being about fifty feet high, and three hundred in length, having the appearance of two large rocks fallen together, in the form of an irregular archway.

The runaway Countess of Cassillis was Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of the first Earl of Haddington, and born in 1607. Her father was a zealous Presbyterian, and was absent, as a ruling elder, at the Westminster Assembly of Divines, when she eloped with the gipsy, Sir John Faa, of Dun-

bar, who is said to have gained her affections before her marriage. This will account for the poetical "glamour," to the effect of which the ballad ascribes her abduction, when

"She came tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her weel-fair'd face,
They cast their glamour o'er her."

The fugitives were pursued by the earl on his return, and overtaken before they could cross the Border. The legend says all the masquerade gipsies were slain save one, and the weeping countess brought back to her husband's castle, where she remained until a dungeon was prepared for her, near the village of Maybole, wherein she languished for the remainder of her life, in humble sorrow and devotion. Her solitary hours, however, were not idly spent, as she occupied herself in working a piece of tapestry, said to be still preserved in Colzean House, in which she represented her unhappy flight, as mounted, in a gorgeous dress, on a superb white courser, behind her lover, and surrounded by a group of persons who bore no resemblance to a herd of tinkers. In the tower of Maybole, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are still pointed out, as representing eight of the luckless Egyptians. The ballad makes nearly double that number—

"There were fifteen vallant men,
Black but very bonnie,
And they lost all their lives for one,
The Earl of Cassillis, ladie."

The "fifteen" appear to have fallen less gloriously than by the sword ; for it is stated in the criminal records of Edinburgh, that in January, 1624, eight men, among whom were Captain John Faa and five more of the same name, were convicted on the statute against Egyptians, and suffered according to sentence. It might be rash to identify the Edinburgh sufferers with the lady's abductors, but there is at least probability in the coincidence of time. It ought to be recorded that the frail *inamorata* brought no stain on the family by her elopement, for she declared, upon her capture—

"But I will swear by the moon and the stars,
And the sun that shines so clearly,
That I am as free of the gipsy gang
As the hour my mother did bear me."

Nor was the direct lineage of the family carried on through her descen-

dants, for she only bore the earl two daughters; one became the wife of Lord Dundonald; the other, in the last stage of antiquated virginity, bestowed her hand and her fortune on the youthful Gilbert Burnet, afterwards the well-known historian and Bishop of Salisbury, but at that time the busy intriguing inmate of Hamilton Palace, where Lady Margaret Kennedy generally resided.

On a promontory, some miles to the east, stands all that remain of Turnberry Castle, the maternal domain, if not the birth-place, of King Robert Bruce. It was built on a rocky angle of the coast, and once of immense strength and extent. But the walls, levelled by the violence of war, and the wasting hand of time, are now moss-grown; and those bastions, where once mailed warriors strode, are abandoned to the shepherd and his flock. It was the feudal stronghold of Alexander Earl of Carrick, who died in the Holy Land, in 1270, leaving an only daughter, Margaret or Martha, the heiress to his title and possessions. The manner in which it became matrimonially connected with royalty, is somewhat romantic. In one of those hunting excursions, to which the nobles of those days devoted their intervals of peace, it chanced that Robert Bruce, Earl of Annandale, continued the chase to the neighbourhood of Turnberry, where the young countess, then a widow, and a ward of the crown, was enjoying the like amusement. The noble lover's visit was on no errand of fortune-hunting, as the story proves, which is thus gracefully told by Tytler, in his "History of Scotland." It happened that the lady herself, whose ardent temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and followers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce as he pursued his way through the forest alone, and unarmed. The knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants; and the countess herself riding up, and with gentle violence taking hold of his horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty,

forgot the risk which he ran, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. The hero remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately espousing the youthful countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king or any of her relatives. The adventure, however, turned out favourably, as Alexander III., although indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, consented ultimately to extend his forgiveness to Bruce on payment of a large fine. The eldest son of this marriage was Robert Bruce, who became Earl of Carrick, and subsequently King of Scotland.

Ardrossan, which may be called the port of Arran, and which we reached in about an hour's sail, is a bustling lively village, and a burgh of Barony, rapidly rising into importance from its connexion with the Glasgow railway, and its being the starting point for the Fleetwood steamers. It has a good harbour, which is said to have cost the Earl of Eglinton £100,000. There are many handsome houses, and excellent summer bathing quarters. About a mile from the harbour is an island, with twelve acres of good pasture, called the Horse Isle, from an Englishman named Horseley, and which had formerly a beacon upon it for the benefit of seamen. The castle, which is ruinous, was the seat of the ancient barons of Ardrossan. It is said to have been taken from the English by a stratagem of Sir William Wallace; and a dungeon into which he threw the dead bodies of the slain, was called "Wallace's Larder." It was occupied by Cromwell's soldiers, who are accused of having reduced it to ruins.

Our detention at this sea-port was only a few minutes, until we got snugly ensconced in a comfortable first-class carriage, and two hours saw us whirled along by the side of beautiful lakes and green pastoral hills, over the chimneys of Paisley, and disgorged amidst the smoke of furnaces, and the smell of salt herrings, in the vicinity of the Broomielaw.

Having visited Glasgow before, we felt no great inclination to linger in the streets of this cotton-spinning capital of Scotland, especially as we were resolved to go in pursuit of the royal

squadron. By way of refreshing our memory, we perambulated the Tron-gate, the "saut market" (redolent of Bailie Nicol Jarvie), Buchanan-street, and stepped into the Royal Exchange, one of the finest reading-rooms in Britain; gazed at St. Rollox through its dense cloud of black vapour far above the city; ascended the necropolis, but not to meditate among the tombs; surveyed old St. Mungo's Cathedral, which suffered grievously in the "dinging-down" times of the Reformation; and ended our peregrinations with a peep into the University. The Hunterian museum, the hall, and other apartments of the college will repay inspection; and so will the library, which possesses various rarities, not the least interesting of which is the original manuscripts of the famous Zachary Boyd, who turned the Bible into verse, and whose demure-looking statue adorns the entrance of the gateway into the quadrangle. Having often heard the name of this old divine, and being somewhat antiquarianly disposed, we begged a sight of the manuscript volumes, which appear to consist of a collection of poems on select subjects in Scripture history, such as that of Joseph, Josiah, Jephtha, David, Goliath, Jonah, &c., rendered into the dramatic form, in which various speakers are introduced, as in the "Ancient Mysteries;" and where the prominent parts of the Scripture narrative are brought forward and amplified; the hand-writing is tolerably legible, and had time allowed, we would have deciphered a few stanzas. The poetry is in the quaint style of the age, and though breathing a fine strain of devotional feeling, it is interspersed with many homely and even ludicrous passages. We have often heard his commencement of the Book of Job thus quoted:—

"There was a man, they call'd him Job,
Lived in the land of Uz,
He had a wife had the gift o' the gob;
The same's the case with us."

The few lines we made out, referred to the murmurings and complaints of the Israelites in Egypt, when oppressed with the double hardship of starvation and brick-making. In their lamentations they are made to say—

"Our taskmasters wax fat and live at ease,
While we get nought but rotten beans and peas."

One of the most strange passages is the well-known soliloquy of Jonah

in the whale's belly. The idea of making the prophet discourse to himself on his dreary condition, and the unpleasant objects that surrounded him in his dark piscatorial prison, is certainly original. In his wonderment and fright he is made to pour out his sorrow in strains like the following:—

"What house is this? Here's neither ead nor candle,
Where I get nought but fishes' guts to handle.
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawned, where sun ead never shine.
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw!
Buried under mountains which are high and steep,
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep;
Not so was Noah in his house of tree.
For through a window he the light did see;
He sailed above the highest waves—a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under.
He and his ark might go and also come,
But I sit still, in such a strait'n'd room
As is most unsmooth, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother,
Where I entomb'd in melancholy sink,
Choak'd, suffocate with noisome filth and stink."

The imagery is rather of the coarsest, and its only excuse is its originality. Similar specimens are not rare; but the above is sufficient to justify the university in allowing the metrical Bible of the venerable poet to remain in the quiet obscurity of manuscript. Mr. Boyd was a clergyman, "preacher of God's word at Glasgow," as he styles himself, and one that stood by his post when many of his brethren fled to escape the horrors of civil war. When Cromwell was in Glasgow with the whole body of his army, in 1650, magistrates and ministers forsook the place in dismay; but Zachary Boyd, as Principal Baillie relates, bearded the Protector and his soldiers, "and railed on them all to their very faces in the High Church." His reproaches were so bitter and so pointed, that one of Cromwell's officers is reported to have asked, in a whisper, for the Protector's leave "to pistol the scoundrel." "No, no," said Cromwell; "we will manage him in another way." He invited the undaunted preacher to dinner, and is said to have gained his respect by the fervour of the devotions in which he spent the evening, and which, the story alleges, were prolonged till three o'clock next morning.

Boyd was a man of great learning, and his works bear evidence of his having been possessed of a critical knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and other languages. Besides a vigorous intellect, he was endowed with a fervid

and poetical imagination, little if at all inferior to his contemporary, John Bunyan. His muse was prolific, for he composed a poetical version of the Book of Psalms for the use of the church, which attracted the recommendation of the Westminster Assembly, although it did not obtain the sanction of the Church of Scotland, which ultimately adopted Rous's version, revised and improved. Among his other poetical works were two volumes, entitled "Zion's Flowers, or Christian Poems for Spiritual Edification," and it is these which are usually shown as his metrical Bible. He composed also "the Four Evangelists in English Verse;" and shortly before his death, he completed an extensive manuscript work, bearing the title of "the Notable Places of Scripture Expounded," at the conclusion of which is added—"Heere the author was neere his end, and was able to do no more. March 3d, 1653." The best known of his works is his "Last Battell of the Soule," which has been lately reprinted. It is after the manner of "the Pilgrim's Progress"—a kind of spiritual allegory, and may have suggested to Bunyan the idea of his "Dream," for the "Battell" was published in 1629, more than thirty years before the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written. It was dedicated to Charles I., both in a prose and poetical address, which shows, that though the stern Presbyterian could beard Cromwell to his face, he cherished a strong feeling of loyalty and devotion to his sovereign. "If the king rule well (he wrote) and bee true lie godlie, an hundreth yeares after this, Great Britaine shall blesse the name of Charles—yea, and that till God end time in eternitie. The seven stars of the Charles-waine are not so glorious as shall bee the seven letters of Charles in God's Booke, which is the booke of life. Let it please your majestie to looke upon these my workes with a favourable eye. They were brought forth in the land of your birth, even in your olde Scotland, whereof your majestie is now the hundredth and ninth king. The particular place where this booke was penned, is your owne Glasgow, a cite once greatlie beloved by your majestie's father, of blessed memorie. My chiefest spiritual desire is, that it may bee comfortable to sickle soules; my first

temporale wish is, that your majestie would daine it with a blink of your favour, &c." Boyd was minister of the Barony parish, where he continued to the end of his days.

Our curiosity being satisfied, our time and patience exhausted, we made the best of our way to the Clyde, to follow in the wake of the Victoria and Albert. On passing where stood the old jail, or tolbooth, memorable for an adventure of Rob Roy, we were struck with the apt Latin motto carved upon the front—

"Hæc domus edit, amat, punit, conservat honorat,
Nequitiam, pacem, criminas, jurat, probos."

How much more concise and elegant is this distich, than the doggerel that once adorned the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," which is preserved by Sir Walter Scott:—

"A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive;
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,
And honest men among."

Having no time to "take mine ease in mine inn," we hastily swallowed a *Glasgow magistrate*, and washed him down with a modicum of cold rum punch. The sail down the Clyde is exceedingly beautiful, the banks being richly wooded on both sides, and thickly planted with the elegant mansions of the wealthier citizens.

From Glasgow to Dumbarton it traverses a level country, and for miles below the city it has much the appearance of a canal, from the embankments on both sides. Gliding along, the Frith begins to expand, being the breadth of a mile at Dumbarton—the shores agreeably diversified with cape and bay, while the bold headlands, raising their rocky summits above copse and brushwood, are softened in the inverted landscape which is reflected in the clear waters as in a mirror. The course of the steamers is marked in the distance by the clouds of smoke that trail along the air. Near Dunbuck Hill, on the right, just as the plain of Dumbarton opens to the view, are seen the ruins of Dunglas Castle, with its wild rock and its sheltered nook of emerald green. It was here the great Roman wall of Agricola terminated, after running across the kingdom, from the Forth near Abercorn. About Falkirk it is still called *Graham's Dyke*,

from a tradition that a hero of that name first broke through it. The promontory of Dungal was a Roman station, and, in the time of Cromwell, a place of considerable importance.

But the most imposing object is the huge rock of Dumbarton, rising abruptly out of the bed of the river, at the confluence of the Leven, cleft in twain, like Parnassus, and presenting two unequal summits, of conical form, basaltic and rugged, and about 560 feet in height. It was, no doubt, the *Alcluyd* of the ancient Britons, the *Balclutha* of Ossian, and the Dumbritton of the Caledonians, after they were confined to the territory north of the Leven:—

"See old Alclutha to the sight displays
Her rock, impregnable in ancient days;
From the broad stream its whitening summits rise,
Like proud Parnassus, towering to the skies."

The highest peak is dignified with the name of *Wallace Seat*; another portion was formerly known as *Wallace Tower*; and among other curiosities is shown a huge rusty two-handed sword, said to have belonged to that redoubted hero. There is scarcely a period in Scottish history, from the age of the Romans to our own, which is not associated with Dumbarton Castle. Tradition even affirms that St. Patrick first saw the light here, according to *Harding's Chronicle*:—

"In which castell Saint Patricke was borne,
That afterward in Ireland did winne;
About the which floweth, even and morne,
The western seas, without noyse or dinne."

The fortunes of Wallace, Bruce, Queen Mary, Charles, &c., are more or less interested in the history of this celebrated stronghold, which often changed masters, and suffered frequently from the devastations of war. These details, however, are foreign to our purpose, and might compose an amusing volume.

The day before we reached the Clyde, the royal standard had floated from the pinnacle of the old rock, in honour of her Majesty's landing to inspect the castle.

Leaving the castle, the royal party re-embarked, proceeded down the Frith, making a detour up Loch Long, and returning thence, anchored for the night in Rothesay Bay. The scene on the Clyde must have been exceedingly gay and imposing, presenting altogether a very animated spectacle. Innumerable steamers, and other ves-

sels, floated on the waters, and every prominent locality was clad with living masses. At least a hundred thousand persons were assembled on the shore, acknowledging the presence of their sovereign, by cheers, and other manifestations of loyalty. At Port Glasgow, Greenock, and Gourrock, the whole frontage of the river was lined with people, platforms and roofs loaded, the people having flocked *en masse* to witness the marine panorama. The quays and building-yards thundered forth their salutes, until the whole flotilla, comprising at least forty steamers, had passed. It must have been a glorious spectacle for the sight-hunters, though we saw it not, and derived no other benefit from it, than paying a shilling for a couple of eggs, as edibles and potables were raised to famine prices, by the extra consumption of the congregated swarms; who had settled like locusts on the country, leaving nothing but a wilderness behind them. The siller-loving folks of Glasgow scolded the Queen for *not* coming on Monday, and keeping them waiting on Tuesday, too, losing them two days' wages, which they reckoned at £50,000 or £60,000.

Port Glasgow, which we passed rapidly, is a neat, well-built place, a parliamentary burgh, with two capacious harbours, completely sheltered, and furnished with ample quay-room, shed-room, and a commodious graving-dock, said to be the oldest in Scotland. Further down, we reach Greenock, the commercial queen of the Clyde. About the end of the sixteenth century, it was a mean fishing village, consisting of a single row of thatched cottages, inhabited by poor fishermen. The harbour dates not older than the Union, 1707, and as the Scottish parliament had refused to give a grant of money, it was built by an assessment of 1s. 4d. sterling on every sack of malt brewed into ale, within the limits of the town. The first vessel belonging to the place crossed the Atlantic in 1719, and now the declared value of British and foreign goods exported from it, is not less than a million and a-half. The original colony of fishermen has expanded into a population of about 28,000. Greenock has the honor of being the birth-place of the great improver of the steam-engine, James Watt. The harbours are extensive, capable of containing more than 500 ships, and covering an area of

above twenty acres. The most remarkable object of curiosity is the Shaw's Water Works, for supplying the town with that necessary article. The stream is made to traverse the face of several hills, and across ravines, for six miles, from a large reservoir, until it reaches the height above the town, where it has a fall of 512 feet, on which are erected numerous mills, with a power equalling that of 2000 horses—a power supposed to be equal to, if not greater, than all the steam-engines in Glasgow.

On the opposite side of the Frith is Helensburgh, a finely situated village and watering-place, at the entrance of the Gairloch. The shore in that direction is exceedingly rich and beautiful. Roseneath can boast of a superb mansion belonging to the Duke of Argyll, and beyond that point is the entrance to Loch Long, an arm of the sea pushing inland through ridges of picturesque mountains, as far as Arrochar. As loyal subjects, we held ourselves in duty bound to ascend this Loch, which the Fairy and the royal tourists had navigated only the day before. The scenery on each side of this Highland estuary is very romantic. On the right hand a turnpike-road, winding through woods at the base of lofty mountains, skirts the edge of the water almost from one extremity to the other. On the left, after passing the sweet, sequestered Ardentinn, at the entrance to Loch Ghoill, Campbell's "Dark and stormy water," a rampart of precipices arises, the craggy peaks varying their fantastic shapes, as they appear behind each other in succession. The most picturesque and conspicuous of these is Ben Arthur, called the *Cobbler* by the country people, from its supposed resemblance to a renovator of shoes, seated at work. The small neat village of Arrochar is 23 miles from Dumbarton, and 37 from Glasgow. It now belongs to Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, but was formerly a chief residence of the Macfarlanes, a name still common in the place. A spot is still pointed out to the tourist, where Hakon, king of Norway, landed, having sailed up the Loch with a fleet of sixty vessels, and ravaged the surrounding districts, before his defeat at Largs by Alexander III. A party of his men carried their boats across the neck of land to Tarbert, near Lochlomond, and plundered its islands, but were too long engaged in their depredations to

take part in the battle. Tradition records that the Romans also carried their boats over the same isthmus, and hence the name of Tarbert is generally applied in Scotland to the narrow passages between one Loch and another. The name *Long* has no reference to the extent of the Loch, which means in Gaelic the *Loch of Ships*—and is the *Skipafjord* of the Norwegians, having in their language the same signification.

In surprising the good people of Arrochar, and in returning without landing, we but imitated the example of royalty, on whose marine track we again pursued our way. Emerging from the capacious mouth of the Clyde, the tourist can hardly imagine anything finer than the noble and majestic scenery on either hand. Towards the right is the Point of Strone, where the land is indented by the Holy Loch; on its north shore is Kilmun, which commands a splendid view of the surrounding country, including Benlomond, and a host of minor Bens; the Cowal hills, forming the peninsula that separates Loch Long from Loch Ghoil, and from their rugged irregularity, known ironically by the name of *Argyle's Bowling-Green*. Kilmun was formerly the seat of a collegiate church, founded in 1442, and has been since that time the burial-place of the Argyll family. In sailing along, we pass the old tower of Leven, seated on a lofty eminence, the Cloch light-house; and on the opposite coast is the village of Dunoon, near the ruins of the ancient castle of that name, of which the family of Argyll are hereditary constables. On nearing the Island of Bute, the elegant mansion of Castle Toward is passed on the right, and in the opposite direction is the fine bay of Rothesay. This island is about 15 miles in length, and from four to five in breadth. The northern part is rocky and mountainous, but to the south it is fertile and tolerably well cultivated. As the climate is reckoned extremely salubrious, it has become a fashionable watering-place, and a more inviting situation for sea-bathing, or for a summer residence, can hardly be conceived by the valetudinarian. It gave the title of duke to the eldest sons of the Scottish kings, which is continued to the heir apparent of the British throne. Its present bearer is the youthful Prince of Wales; and the circumstance of a visit from his

royal highness the preceding evening was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants, who eagerly demanded to see their prince, and lighted up the ancient royal burgh with a splendid illumination in honour of the occasion. This island, with Arran, the Cumbrays and Inchmarnock, form a county under the name of Buteshire. The Cumbrays are watering-places of some repute. When viewing them from the bay, we recollected the anecdote of the good patriotic clergyman, who fondly regarded his insular domains as the most important gem in the British crown, and was in the habit every Sabbath, in his prayer, of imploring Heaven "to bless the muckle and the little Cumbray, together with the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

Still pursuing the royal track, we threaded our way through the winding passage that half-encircles the island, and bears the name of the Kyles, or Straits of Bute. The shores are in some parts particularly romantic, as well as the entrance into Lochs Straven and Ridon, on the eastern and western approach to the Kyles. Here the great Loch Fine opens from the ocean; with the beautiful little island of Inchmarnock, and the wild, precipitous coast of Kintyre on the left. This celebrated herring-nursery is upwards of thirty-two miles in length, and varies from three to twelve in breadth. The sail to Lochgilphead, where the Crinan canal unites its waters with the Sound of Jura, and thence up the narrow arm to Inverary, although rather tame at first, commands some of the most splendid scenery in Argyleshire.

Inverary, where we arrived, still bore traces of the bustle and excitement of the royal visit. The clansmen had not dispersed, nor had the enthusiasm of the Highlanders subsided, for their loyal blood, when once heated, is in no hurry to cool. The reception, we were told, was quite a grand affair, and the scene of the landing particularly beautiful. A fleet of yachts surrounded the lovely bay; a royal salute was fired from the hill of Dunnaquoich, and the lawn in front of the castle. Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Argyll, and conducted along the quay through a canopied walk of 150 yards in length, constructed of pillars gracefully festooned with flowers and evergreens.

About a hundred members of the Celtic Society, commanded by Campbell of Islay, lined the quay from the landing platform to the triumphal arch. After remaining an hour at the castle, to the infinite delight of the Campbells, who mustered strong to grace the levee of their chief, her Majesty re-embarked in the *Fairy*, proceeded down the loch to the Crinan Canal, intending to visit Staffa and Iona, instead of making direct for Fort William, and her temporary mountain home of Ardverikie.

Inverary, as very well known, is the head-quarters of the Clan Campbell, and has been the chief residence of the Argyll family for more than 400 years. The castle, which is constructed of blue granite, is a noble and imposing edifice in the castellated style, with towers at the angles, surmounted by a square pavilion rising above its circular battlements. The interior is fitted up with princely splendour, decorated with warlike implements, and contains a fine collection of pictures and portraits. The rides and walks through the grounds are beautifully romantic, the effect being greatly enhanced by the waterfalls and cascades upon the river Argy. The view from the bosom of the calm sea-lake is described by Sir Walter Scott as "one of the grandest scenes which nature offers." The chief occupation of the inhabitants is herring-catching, and the quantity taken is said to run from 15,000 to 20,000 barrels annually. The Loch Fine herrings are remarkable for their excellence, and generally fetch a higher price in the market than any other.

As the steamer in which we had performed our agreeable voyage so far, intended returning down the Loch to accompany the royal party in their excursions round Mull to Staffa, Iona, and Oban, we resolved to change our route, and proceed to Fort William by land, as we were told the road was excellent, and we would have the advantage of witnessing her Majesty's debarkation, and parading our loyalty, wind and weather permitting, as far as the borders of Loch Laggan. Our arrangements were made accordingly, and next morning beheld us perched comfortably on the roof of a smart equipage, that we might enjoy nature in her wildest moods. It is a delight-

ful thing to get mounted on four wheels, and hear the smack of the driver's whip putting fresh mettle into the heels of the laggard steeds. The world was before us, and the Loch behind us. Along the upper part, the hills are steep, and rise immediately from the water. Round the base, they are covered with coppice-wood or cultivation, above which there is a rich verdure; but on the whole their outline is mountainous. The road to Fort William takes the direction of Loch Awe, which it approaches very near at Port Sonnachan; beyond which we passed Clady, a small collection of dingy houses, and Dalmally, where there is a good inn, the distance sixteen miles from Inverary. This village lies in the vale of Glenorchy, which once gave the title of viscount to Lord Breadalbane's eldest son. The view from the old stone bridge near the Orchy, is magnificent. Westward the river is seen winding along, with its deep black salmon pools, skirted by the alder, ash, birch, and pine trees; rich meadows covered with innumerable wild flowers, and sloping to the water's edge. The charming landscape is terminated by the lofty Bencruachan, and its surrounding mountain group.

The next stages are Tyndrum, at the head of Strathfillan, and King's House, an inn which was built after the rebellion of 1745, for the accommodation of the king's troops when marching through this dreary territory. Tyndrum is on the line of the great military road from Stirling to Fort William. In the neighbourhood is a famous spot, called Dalree, or the *King's Field*, where Robert Bruce, in 1306, immediately before his flight to Arran, sustained a severe defeat from Macdougall of Lorn. Leaving Glenawe on the left, as we intended paying it a more leisurely visit, we arrived at Fort William, panting with anxiety to examine the sublime and interesting scenery around it. The place was extremely crowded; not a bed to be had for any price, except by those who had the precaution to engage one a week

or two before. There was nothing for it but to wrap ourselves in Highland plaids, and squat on the floor of the Caledonian Hotel among others, gentlemen, farmers, travellers, &c., who had flocked to the place, expecting the arrival of the royal yacht from Tobermory. Our hopes were disappointed; for although Prince Albert had despatched orders to the hotel for ponies to be ready at eleven in the morning, to ascend Ben-Nevis, the illustrious visitors did not arrive till Saturday at nine—a dreary morning of mist and rain. But no weather could damp the ardour of Highland enthusiasm. The scene was animated; the preparations as tasteful and elegant as heather and holly could make them. Her Majesty, while proceeding up the roadway to the carriage, “carried an umbrella with her own fair hand, and appeared in excellent spirits, graciously returning with bows and smiles the deafening cheers of her people.” The journey to Loch Laggan was performed in the afternoon, the royal travellers being greeted with every demonstration of hearty welcome; the chiefs with their retainers, turning out, in “tartan array,” to shout their “*Ceud mile failtair Bhan Rìgh n'am beanais na'n gleann*” —“A hundred thousand welcomes to the Queen of the glens.” The weather alone was rude; and the first night her Majesty spent in the lodge of Ardverikie, she must have been literally rocked to sleep by a genuine Lochaber hurricane.

We had now reached a point in our journey where the attractions were strong enough to detain us for a day or two. We were in the land of Ossian, amidst sublime mountains and picturesque lochs. Every glen and old castle had the memory of some bloody feud or historical event associated with it. We visited them all, and then turned our adventurous face towards the Hebrides, to explore some of these romantic localities, which had never witnessed a Scottish sovereign since the days of Bruce. The result of our excursions must form the subject of another occasion.



THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY.*

It was a piece of advice once given to us by a gentleman distinguished by his skill in the manufacture of works of fiction, "You cannot possibly be too careful in the selection of a title for your book, which will attract public attention;" and for the attainment of this object we can scarcely conceive a name more felicitously chosen, than that which decorates the title-page of the work before us. Who does not know that charmed region—the long, low-arched lane, bounded at one end by the street

"Where peccadilloes are unknown."

and guarded at either extremity by a cerberus in blue coat and gold-headed cane, remarkable for the stateliness of his carriage, and the solemnity of his deportment. Although situate in the very centre of the roaring tide of London life—though the noisy 'bus ever and anon lumbers by its portal, and the flashing chariot, and the well-hung cab, in quick succession roll past, yet on gaining the interior of the huge portal which protects the entrance, in a moment the noise is hushed—one could almost imagine one's-self in the sweet seclusion where we now write, with our window opening upon a green lawn, which slopes down to a stream, whose voice attests how sweet is the noise of falling waters—the green mountains of beautiful Rostrevor rising right before us, with the sea, glancing in the sunlight, at their feet—and away in the distance the long and magnificent range of the Carlingford hills, standing out against the clear and cloudless sky, with summits rugged as if hewn out of iron. The pervading characteristic of "The Albany" is an air of dreamy repose—no noise is heard, save the echo of our footfall as we pass. And then the associations that are connected with that name—the luxurious abode of the votaries of fashion—the calm retreat of the poet and the

scholar—the home of the practical man of routine and detail—the member of parliament, familiar with blue-books, sedulous on committees—the creature

"Of this busy work-day world."

But let the author describe the local habitation of his bachelor; he can do it with a pen more terse and graphic than that with which we write:—

"You know the Albany, the haunt of bachelors—or of married men who try to lead bachelor's lives—the dread of suspicious wives—the retreat of superannuated fops—the hospital for amiable oddities—a cluster of solitudes for social hermits—the home of homeless gentlemen—the diner-out and the diner-in—the place for unfashionably thrifty, the luxurious lively, and the modish morose—the votaries of melancholy and lovers of mutton-chops. He moveth not within London, who is a stranger to the narrow arcade of chambers, guarded at each extremity by a fierce porter, or man-mastiff, whose duty it is to receive letters, cards, and pacify and repulse intrusive wives, disagreeable fathers, and importunate tradesmen. Here it was that Mr. Barker had long established his residence, or, as Mr. Spread called it, his tub. It was a small, but complete suite of rooms, sufficient for the cynic himself, and Reynolds his man, and arranged and furnished with a precision and taste rigidly baccalaurean."

With this famous region, however, the story has little or nothing to do; the author merely uses it as a sort of lever to raise the attention of the public—a peg whereupon to hang his bachelor—whom, having extracted from his comfortable apartments, he casts abroad, literally as well as figuratively, upon the waters, where we shall find him anon. The Mr. Spread—who in the opening chapters is introduced as a visitor to the cynic's tub—is the senior partner of an ancient and respectable firm in Liverpool, of Spread, Nar-

* "The Bachelor of the Albany," by the Author of "The Falcon Family."—London: Chapman & Hall. 1847.

rowsmith and Co. "He was one of the freshest and handsomest men of fifty in England." With aquiline nose, "triple chin," a merry and benignant eye—the senior partner is presented to our notice, the very *beau ideal* of the class to which he belonged—a perfect specimen of the English merchant prince—a sort of concentrated essence formed by both the Brothers Cheeryble being pounded into one, and all their good qualities distilled for the occasion. He is a gentleman, too, of the old school—a character now so rapidly becoming extinct; his manners slightly formal—"Grandisonian and Sir Rogerish"—but not sufficiently so to counteract the benignant smile that played about the corners of his mouth, and the good-humoured glance of his eye. In person he was voluminous—in dress quaint but neat; not a "magnus tumor," or great swell, as was in our schoolboy days the term applied to describe an exquisite—but preferring the orthodox morning coat of other days, to the frock of the present age, of a hue which the author has forgotten to mention, but which we feel must have been of an olive-brown, with perhaps a velvet collar to match. Mr. Spread always wore a white cravat, a ponderous double eyeglass, suspended by an egregious gold chain, and carried his watch in his breeches-pocket. Shall we add, that the riband thereof was red, and the seals pendant therefrom of massive, chased gold, much worn by frequent friction and pulling out, to ascertain if it was time to go home to dinner. And now the portrait of the outward man at least is complete. Mr. Spread, though rich, was not wholly absorbed in the acquisition of wealth—he never shrank from any of the responsibilities of life. An elector and a juror—the executor of all his friends who died—the guardian of their children—the trustee in their marriage settlements—a magistrate to boot, and, we feel assured

"The wisest justice by the banks of Trent."

This trouble he would incur from no meddling spirit, nor from the desire to attain consequence by having a finger in every one's pie—but solely from the kindness and benevolence of his nature.

Besides all this "he was the model of a man of business; activity without bus-

tle, despatch without hurry, form without punctilio, order without rigidity, dexterity without craft, and vigilance without suspicion. Business inundated without overwhelming him, and care neither corroded his mind, nor sat upon his brow." But this picture, admirably as it is drawn, and with so just a discrimination of character, fades into nothing when placed by the side of that of Mrs. Spread, the partner of his fortunes. We cannot bear to disarrange a sentence, or to mar the effect by any comment of our own. Perfect in all its parts, we shall present it to the notice of our readers—as pure and graphic a portrait of an English matron as ever dawned upon their delighted eyes:—

"In the foreground stands the tall, comely figure of the mother of the family. Her cheek still blooms, though her summer is nearly over; her form tends to luxuriance; her features are radiant with intelligence and benignity; her hair is fair and abundant; her eye mild and grey; her voice soft and distinct—

'That excellent thing in woman;'

her mien dignified; her deportment quiet. She looks as if she loved books, music, pictures, flowers; her tastes are obviously healthy and elegant; her mind pure and strong; her heart full of all the womanly affections—one of those rare prizes in the matrimonial lottery, not always drawn by men who deserve them as well as Mr. Spread did."

Now, reader, are you not charmed?—are you not enchanted to have made the acquaintance of so rare a creature as this? Of course you are; and of an equal certainty you should like to see her daughters. The eldest is Augusta—like what her mother had been when a girl—with hair, perhaps, a little darker; the youngest Elizabeth—not so tall; a dark-eyed beauty; studious, but not blue; silent and thoughtful; pale, but not of the head-achy complexion which distinguishes the lady of the Puritan or Evangelical school who frequents conventicles, and has strong sectarian opinions; but mild and gentle—the very girl for our money; dreaming over the learning of the Tractarians, with a tendency to painted windows, and a love of the dim religious light of ancient cathe-

drals; but we fear there is little chance for us, for Elizabeth is affianced to a fellow of Baliol, and a minor canon of Salisbury—the Reverend Bat. Owllet—an eccentric parson of rare learning, bent upon reviving the mystery plays, and most anxious to convert his cathedral into a theatre, by a representation of the miracle play of “Balaam,” the *corps dramatique* being “several egregious clerks of Oxford, and two or three laymen of the Coningsby school,” of whom Lord John Gore, with whom, under another title, our readers are, of course, familiar, has undertaken to perform the part of the quadruped. And here we may as well observe, that it seems part of the purpose of the author in this work to laugh down those opinions which he has so vigorously assailed in the “Falcon Family;” and certainly, if a shrewd perception of the ridiculous, and the art of putting forward his points with the most comic power, could effect the object he has in view, he deserves complete success. Although it is true that

“Cervantes smiled Spain’s chivalry away,”

yet in these times will be required something more than the shafts of wit to annihilate a school which, however vulnerable in certain points, unquestionably contains much rare learning and acquirement. The main design of the book, however, is to show that no man has any right to claim an exemption from the cares and responsibilities of the busy world—that we are all bound alike to bear the yoke of fate, and that he who thinks to lead a retired and selfish existence, beholding, from his own warm corner, the battle and the storms of life, is only sowing up for himself a crop of misfortune, of which he must some day, sooner or later, reap the fruits. This is the moral of the tale; and it is a sound and healthy one. Why should a man of some fifteen hundreds per annum, like the bachelor of the Albany, be allowed to rest within his “tub?” Why should he not bear his share of the lot common to all? True, the evil day will come at last, and that in itself is a heavy retribution. When deserted at his sorest need, in the winter of his life, by those rollicking companions who helped to enliven its summer—

when health is gone—when the pleasures or the dissipations of the world have palled upon his jaded senses—when the joys that riches can afford have made unto themselves wings—then it is that he who has shut himself up from the ties of life—who has given “no hostages to fortune”—feels, when it is too late, the miserable effects of his selfish career, and dies at last a fretful, querulous, bilious, dyspeptic, and rheumatic old bachelor, who might have lived a healthful and vigorous man, braced by the daily exercise of the duties of life, and died, when his hour was come, at a ripe old age, his pillow cheered by the smiles and soothed by the hand of affection—with his children and his children’s children’s faces around his bed.

There will be, it is said, a deficiency in the quarter’s income. What would the premier think of providing against the recurrence of any similar contingency, by laying a heavy tax upon rich old bachelors—the Scrooges and the Barkers of life. We think the expedient would be a *capital* one. We meant not to pun; the word dropped unconsciously from our pen. It would, at all events, be most popular with the gentler sex; and a tribute only due to them by that government which once owed its existence to their mysterious influence.

Let us glance at the bachelor of the Albany on that eventful morning, which was destined to exercise so important an influence upon the current of his after-life, when the worthy merchant called at his chambers, in order to invite him to spend the Christmas holidays at his hospitable mansion in Liverpool:—

“Mr. Barker issues forth, a small, well-made man, with a most compact figure, excessively erect; his action somewhat martial; his eye gray, cold, critical, and contemplative; a mouth small and sarcastic; a nose long and vulpine; complexion a pale dry red: hair stiff and silvery, and evidently under the severest discipline to which brush and comb could subject it, with a view to its impartial distribution on each side of a head, which was carried so high and with such an air, that it was clear the organs of firmness, combativeness, and self-esteem were superbly developed. With the exception of a plain but rich *robe de chambre*, his morning’s toilette was complete.

Trowsers of shepherds' plaid, seemingly made by a military tailor, and tightly strapped down over a pair of manifest Hoby's; a double-breasted cashmere waistcoat, of what mercers call the shawl pattern; the shirt collar severely starched, and a little too exalted above a cravat of dark blue silk, carefully folded, and tied with a simple but a quaint knot."

Such is the bachelor of the Albany, whom Mr. Spread succeeds in luring forth from his den, to be exposed to the sunshine of the eyes of beauty, and eventually to fall a victim to a certain Miss Laura Smyly. The usual argument takes place between the bachelor and the merchant, upon what the latter calls the no-responsibility system; in which, after trying to convince him that it is incumbent upon him to alter his mode of life, leave the Albany, and give hostages to the state, the honest man foretells that the bachelor will live to acknowledge the truth of his opinions, and winds up with that admirable sentiment—the fruit of his twenty years' experience—that

"One love is worth a thousand friendships."

The author of "The Falcon Family" is always particularly felicitous in his dialogues; to which he imparts a brilliancy, and vivacity most piquant and agreeable. He makes his points well and at proper intervals; and although we occasionally discover in his pages a thought which we think is not quite strange to us: as, for example, with reference to the vast pie at the merchant's breakfast, which Spread ate "festively," Barker "critically," Philip Spread "transcendently," and the Reverend Bat. Owllet "mediævally;" or, in regard of the Smyly girls, whom Master Philip was perpetually mistaking one for the other—"they being as like as two pins, particularly Laura;" which reminds us of an anecdote, related of a certain planter, who possessed two negroes, named Cæsar and Pompey, and was always confounding one with the other, asserting as an excuse that they bore a wonderful resemblance, "specially Pompey."

There is a strong contrast between the senior partner of the firm we have already mentioned, and his junior,

Mr. Narrowsmith, who is an admirable specimen of the griping, avacious class to which he belongs, and from whose worthy lady—"in the midst of the social comforts of Mr. Spread's drawing-room, where the windows are closely curtained, the eye comforted with new colours, the ear gladdened with social sounds, a triumphant fire on the hearth, and a meadowy carpet on the floor"—a note arrives, "in a showy blue envelope, smelling strongly of musk, with a seal of pink wax, bearing the sentimental and original device of Cupid shooting at a heart." It was an invitation.

"'The Narrowsmiths,' said Mrs. Spread, with the gesture of a person suffering from intense cold, and dropping the note on the sofa as she might have dropped a lump of ice or a cold pebble.

"'Dinner?' said her husband, also seized with a shuddering.

"'Worse,' said the lady.

"'Worse!' repeated Spread, as if he could imagine nothing worse than a dinner at the Narrowsmiths.

"'A house-warming! New-year's day!'

"'House-warming!' cried the father of the family.

"'House-warming!' repeated the daughters.

"'A house-warming at the Narrowsmiths!' exclaimed Philip. 'Of all kinds of entertainments, imagine the Narrowsmiths, who knew less about califactory arrangements and thermal comforts than any family in England —'

"Mr. Spread drew his chair close to his fair wife, and they talked apart on the subject of the menaced hospitality.

"'We won't go, of course,' said the wife suppliantly.

"'I fear we must,' said the husband. 'Remember, my love, we declined their invitation at Michaelmas.'

"'We shall get our death of cold,' said Mrs. Spread.

"'We'll muffle well, my dear; particularly as it's a house-warming,' he added, his eye twinkling with humour.

"'Muffle,' repeated his wife, as if she thought that all the muffling in the house would not be enough for a dinner with her husband's partner in the month of January.

"'Well, my dear, we have till morning to consider the question. I grant you it is a serious one—a very serious question. But now for our whist.'

After much discussion, and many arguments used upon either side, it is

finally settled that the Spreads dine with the Narrowsmiths, to whom we must now introduce our readers. The picture of this amiable and accomplished family is finished by the hand of a master; and there is no better scene to be found within the pages of the book before us than the anxious consultation which took place within the mansion of the junior partner, upon the subject of the "impending festivities." And, first, let us present Mr. Isaac Narrowsmith. He was a small mean man, dressed in seedy black, with vulgar arithmetic in every line of his pinched and sallow features—little sharp suspicious eyes, and nose not worth talking about; he was a merchant plebeian, not a merchant prince; he had the facilities for acquiring wealth, without the talents or the virtues to enjoy it. He was as narrow-souled as he was narrow-chested; efficient in his counting-house, out of it nobody. With books he was totally unacquainted, save the waste-book, the day-book, and the ledger. As to the arts, he was only versed in the mean ones; and the only science he had ever studied was that false arithmetic which makes men penny wise and pound foolish. Narrowsmith was a man of illiberal opinions, whom circumstances attached to the liberal party. He voted with the Whigs, but the Whigs could well have dispensed with his ungracious and discreditable support. He was a reformer who sneered at Lord John Russell, a freetrader who made light of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Villiers—that acted all his meannesses as a private individual, and all his worthlessness as a public man. He was the darling of the lady on the wheel—she smiled on him, pampered, caressed him. The work of his shrivelled hands succeeded; all his speculations prospered. He speculated widely, and often daringly, in all manner of securities and insecurities. Always wide awake on 'Change, and never for an instant diverted from his schemes of self-aggrandizement by any consideration of humanity, or sense of moral obligation. In short, he was not much of a Christian, although he went to church; but was much of a Jew, although he did not frequent the synagogues.

There was between Mr. Narrowsmith and his amiable lady but one

soul, and that of dimensions capable of being lodged within a nutshell. Mrs. Narrowsmith was tall, muscular, and harsh, with flat, square, pale, rigid, frigid features, admirably adapted for the matron of a work-house or gaol. She was as frigid as an icicle, and as mild as a white bear after a bad day's fishing in the frozen seas. Harder, colder, and keener than her husband, in her neighbourhood the thermometer fell—"she radiated cold—and people beside her got sore throats." The only trace of beauty she had was her hair, which she spoiled by twisting up into a knot behind, secured by a comb of imitation tortoiseshell. Her attire was a very ancient black silk dress, very tight, very short—which latter peculiarity had the advantage of showing her stockings, which were of a subdued white (or "Isabella colour," as the fabricators of trout flies call it), and shoes that looked as if they had been made by her husband's shoemaker.

" 'How many shall we have,' said the miser, chafing his skinny fingers, and preparing to count the list of his company upon them. 'Ourselves, two—Maria, three —'

" 'Maria, or more properly Maria-Theresa, was the daughter and only child of the Narrowsmiths. She was twenty then, and too much like her mother to be much of a beauty, either in person or in mind, but she was too young to affect the thermometer in the same degree; besides, she had her mother's hair; and having been then three years at a boarding-school (there she learned to thump pianos, and call it music—to bedaub paper, and call it painting in water-colours), was considered by her mother a highly accomplished young woman. Of course, she was a great, that is to say a rich match. She had not herself thought much about matrimony; but her consistent parents had been speculating for some time upon Philip Spread, as an eligible husband for her.

" ' 'Ourselves three, the Spreads five,' continued the penurious merchant.

" ' 'Only four Spreads; three and four are seven,' said the lady.

" ' 'Seven—the Neverouts won't.'

" ' 'Of course they won't, they never dine out in winter.'

" 'Then why did Mrs. Narrowsmith invite them?—simply because they never dined out in winter.'

" ' 'What of the Marables?'

" ' 'The Marables keep New Year's

Day with old Mrs. Marable, at Birkenhead. Maria ascertained it. Don't they, Maria.'

"'Yes, mamma,' cried Miss Narrow-smith.

"'But you asked them?' continued Isaac.'

"'I did, of course; we were so long in their debt that I positively felt ashamed; now that the compliment's paid, there is a weight off my mind.'

"'Seven: George Voluble makes eight; the Crakenhorpes ten; Doctor and Mrs. Prout, twelve. Will General Guy Dickens come? Yes, and Miss Guy Dickens; he never dines out without her, and we can't do without the general's man.'"

Now we may as well mention here, that the reason of the miser's hospitality to the Prouts was, that they were the fortunate possessors of a magnificent Epergne, which it was the custom of the Liverpool dinner-givers to borrow for such occasions. In such requisition was this table ornament, that the Epergne *never* dined out without the Prouts, and the Prouts *seldom* dined out without the Epergne.

"'Fourteen,' said Mrs. Narrowsmith, summing up; I have been thinking it would be right to ask Mr. Spread's friend, Mr. Barker.'

"'Won't it do to ask him to tea. The Rev. Mr. Thynne, and Mr. Fitzroy, the commissioner, are only asked to tea. Mr. Barker is one of your London fine gentlemen, who cock up their noses at everything, and can't dine without champagne and napkins. You can't be so infatuated, Mrs. Narrowsmith, as to think of giving champagne?'

"The miser crossed his legs, twirled his thumbs, and looked very serious and miserable; thinking of his partner's diners, and what was likely to be expected from a man worth a hundred thousand pounds. Then Mr. Crakenhorpe was a railway prince, and General Guy Dickens was a great railway man, too, and a sort of a nabob into the bargain. Isaac Narrowsmith was actually so infatuated as to be thinking of giving champagne, with some little fluctuation in his mind as to the question whether his champagne should be French or British. Conscience and vanity pronounced for the foreign article—avarice and meanness for the home produce.

"'Well,' said the female screw, divining the cogitations of her spouse as perfectly as if her soul was a portion of his, 'I always leave the wine to you, only tell me if you make up your mind to

have champagne, that I may borrow Doctor Prout's glasses'—a bit of forecast on the part of the fair speaker, from which the reader will infer that Doctor Prout's table was not the most celebrated in Liverpool for the jovial size of his goblets.

"Borrow them,' said Mr. Narrowsmith, with admirable economy of words, conveying both his determination to produce the sparkling wine, and his concurrence in his wife's plan for restricting the consumption of it within the closest possible limits.

"'I positively won't have napkins, then,' said Mrs. Narrowsmith, her frugal mind jumping as nimbly as her husband's from one sordid speculation to another.

"It was tea-time within the genial mansion of the Narrowsmith's, and the fair proprietress thereof had just finished her second cup, when two notes were handed her by a not over-clean or well-appointed lad, intended to enact a page, as appeared from the multitude of tarnished buttons on his jacket—a jacket that was manifestly a resurrection in the jacket from off one of the oldest of his master's old coats. The notes were presented on a salver made of one of those wonderful metals which the public is assured by the patentees, is not only a perfect substitute for silver, but more genuine than silver itself.

"Everything in the Narrowsmith's house was either second-hand or spurious imitations, substitutes, things 'as good as new,' wonderful bargains, delft not to be distinguished from china, tallow candles superior to wax, cottons equal to silks, 'old lamps for new,' German silver and Albata plate.

"One of the notes was from the Spread—with what reluctance was that note written! The second no sooner was opened than it produced a sensation almost electric. It came from the family who had been so cunningly invited to dinner, because it was believed they had accepted a previous invitation. The biters were bitten! The Marables were coming—all the Marables: Mr. and Mrs. Marable, Miss Marable, Miss Lucy Marable, Master Frederick Marable—innumerable Marables. It was all a mistake about their engagement at Birkenhead. The miser looked tragically comical—his lady looked comically tragic; and as to Maria Theresa, notwithstanding her imperial name, she narrowly escaped having her ears boxed by her mild mamma, who, excited by the spirit of parsimony, was much more like Xantippe than her husband was like Socrates.

"Mrs. Narrowsmith said that it was 'a nice to do.' Mr. Narrowsmith ob-

served, in equally classic phraseology, that it was 'a pretty kettle-of-fish.' The mother said that the daughter was a careless slut; and she could hardly have chosen an adjective and substantive more happily describing that young lady had she been profuse in rhetoric in the college of Billingsgate.

"The miser, as became his sex, was the first to recover his confidence.

"'It can't be helped,' he said, philosophically; 'we must only make the best of it.'

"'And after all,' said Maria Theresa, regaining confidence, 'a dinner for twelve is a dinner for twenty—indeed, mother, I have heard you say so twenty times.'

"And in truth this was a doctrine which Mrs. Narrowsmith frequently not only broached, but acted on in her hospitable dispensations.

"'We shall have twenty, if all come,' said the merchant, lugubriously.

"'James, remove the tea-things,' said Mrs. Narrowsmith, with asperity; 'put that cold muffin carefully by; take care of the tea-things. Maria, go and look after the napkins; don't leave out more than will be absolutely necessary—eighteen will do. Wait till I give a dinner and ball again. What are you looking at, Mr. Narrowsmith?—do you see anything on the floor?'

"The merchant had just fixed his little keen eyes upon a small shining object at some distance from him, just where the tortured Kidderminster refused to go any further. Mrs. Narrowsmith directed her tolerably acute visual organs to the same point; but Maria Theresa, who was on the point of crossing the room to execute the commission respecting the napkins, not only discovered what the object was, but picked it up, proclaiming the important fact that it was a silver fourpence. Who could have dropped it there—who could have been so profligately careless of their money? The Narrowsmiths disclaimed the ownership of the glittering fourpence, all of them; yet Mr. Narrowsmith made no scruple of seizing it to his own uses, and depositing it in his own pocket, observing to his wife as he did so—

"'How providential that I saw it.'

We are strongly tempted to give the dinner-scene at the Narrowsmiths, which is full of point and cleverness; but were we to go on extracting at this rate, we should only mar the pleasure which our readers must enjoy when they become possessors of a work containing so much keen observation and

piquant description. The forte of the author chiefly consists in what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a nice derangement of epitaphs"—a shrewd knowledge of the oddest nooks and crannies of human nature, and a caustic and humorous mode of presenting them to his readers. What can possibly be better than his sketch of Dorothea Potts, the ingenious and exemplary cook of Mrs. Narrowsmith? She had ruled the roast for a Welsh parson; she had ministered in the kitchen of a half-pay captain of infantry; she had officiated for briefless barristers in lodgings—the best of all academies for the finer branches of gastronomy; and having already passed an apprenticeship of four years in the service of the Narrowsmiths, she had ample time to perfect her education, particularly as the climate of the kitchen was never of that high temperature which must so seriously enervate a cook's frame, and embarrass her in the discharge of her local duties. The night before the banquet, under the management of this experienced artiste, we are informed—

"There was fearful cooking in Rodney-street; mixtures of all things cheap and varied—sweets that should have been sour, and sourd that should have been sweet. Mrs. Narrowsmith manufactured custards without precedent; Miss Narrowsmith fabricated puddings without example; while the *soi disant* cook concocted inexplicable gravies and appalling soups. A dropper-in during the orgies might well have cried—

"'How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is it ye do?'

And the trio might with equal propriety have replied—

"'A deed without a name.'

The bachelor of the Albany, who is present at the feast, behaves himself with tolerable propriety, except in regard of an argument upon Irish absenteeism, which, however, attracts the attention of two crotchety members of the company to such a degree, that they meditate returning him for Boroughcross, a town in Yorkshire, then in want of a representative.

Absenteeism, says the bachelor, is one of the few blessings which Ireland enjoys. The absentee is either rich, or he is poor. If he is rich, he must

be a rascal to desert his native country, where there is enough of that commodity at present: if he is poor, he can be of no use, for what can a pauper landlord do for a pauper tenantry? Therefore, &c. &c.

This sophism is an ingenious one; and we cannot too much commend it to the notice of those great landed proprietors who think their country, from which they extract their fifty thousand a-year, suffers no detriment in consequence of this sum being squandered on idle dissipation in London, instead of being judiciously laid out at home. The banquet in Rodney-street is remarkable, too, for introducing to the notice of the company a young lady, who is led in by Mrs. Narrowsmith for the purpose of stopping up a gap in the table, some one of the party having discovered the astounding fact that it amounted only to the inauspicious number of thirteen. The new-comer was a distinguished-looking and singularly interesting girl, plainly and even poorly dressed, but attracting the attention of all by the fascination of her manner, and the gentle and winning grace of her deportment. She was unknown to all the company—no one had ever been aware that the cold and churlish mansion of the Narrowsmiths could boast of so rare an ornament. It is discovered, however, that Miss Medicot—for such was her name—is the orphan ward and the near relative of the miser. Lately returning, on the death of her father, from one of the colonies, she had suffered shipwreck upon the Cornish coast; and after having undergone all the fearful perils and privations consequent upon one of the most calamitous shipwrecks of the time, with a fortitude and calm courage unexampled in one so young, she had landed upon the shores of England totally unacquainted with the face of a human being, and utterly ignorant of even the residence of the relative to whom she had been consigned, indebted for a temporary asylum to the charity of a benevolent clergyman in the neighbourhood, who, to use the singularly powerful and expressive words of the author, “preached the doctrines of his divine master not ineloquently in the pulpit, but with ten times more power in the silent rhetoric of his life.” She succeeded in recovering a few articles

of her property from the wreck, amongst which was a box containing, besides some papers of consequence, a letter directed to Mr. Narrowsmith, of Liverpool, to whom, accordingly, supplied with clothes for her journey from the scanty wardrobe of the wife of her benevolent protector, she at length found her way, shortly before the period of the banquet. This young lady is the heroine of the story, the plot of which is exceedingly simple, and may be narrated in a very few words; but before we proceed to describe how this interesting girl becomes connected with the fortunes of the eccentric bachelor of the Albany, we positively cannot resist extracting our author's piquant and charming description of the drawing-room in Rodney-street, which is a perfect gem. We have seen such ourselves: we only wish we could describe it as well:—

“The drawing-room!—a withdrawing-room would have been a better name, for there was nothing to draw any one to it, but everything to induce people to withdraw from it. To Mrs. Spread it was bleaker than the dining-room many times. A few pompous pieces of furniture only drew attention to the shabbiness of their associates; there was not a picture or even a print upon the walls, or anything to cover their nakedness, save a single very large looking-glass, in an ostentatious frame—a looking-glass quite out of keeping with the other details of the apartment, and which only served, in fact, to double the dreary effect of the surrounding objects. The space between the windows was occupied by tables of a whitish-grey marble; on one of these cold slabs lay one or two annuals of days gone by, probably bought at a sale for a shilling a-piece; a tawdry prayer-book, and an album in half-binding, gaudily lettered, with the name of Miss Maria Theresa, glittered and shined upon the other. The room was newly—and if you will take Mrs. Marable's word for it, tastily—furnished; the governing tint was drab, all drab—drab walls, drab carpets, drab everything. It made one think of the men of Pennsylvania, or the Society of Friends. Drab was Mrs. Narrowsmith's colour; her very soul must have been drab; it was a cheap colour, and what she called a fast colour—a colour, too, that bore dying and turning, and all the metamorphoses to which fancy, inspired by meanness, could subject stuffs. Pendant from the ceiling by a green cord

was a system or constellation of glass prisms and sockets, capable of holding some eight or ten candles. It was dignified by the name of a chandelier, and held in such veneration by the Narrowsmiths, that it was only illuminated upon gala occasions like the present; at all other times kept as religiously sacred as the relics of Aix-la-Chapelle, or the Holy Coat of Treves. When Mrs. Spread entered the drawing-room, the superb affair had only two candles lighted. Mrs. Narrowsmith, however, ordered the page to illuminate the rest forthwith, explaining to the matrons around her that the candles were patent amandines, the advantages of which over wax were incredible, and looking when the operation of lighting was complete, as vain as the wife of a mandarin presiding at a feast of lanterns. This splendid room communicated by a folding door with another still more spacious, embellished with the same severe taste, and in an alarming state of preparation for music and dancing. Here stood Miss Maria Theresa's second-hand Broadwood (a very grand piano), bought at an auction for twenty guineas, with a pile of music-books near it, containing all the odious overtures, rascally rondos, and snobbish sonatas, composed for coarse hands and red fingers, to enchant the low countries of the musical world. However, she did not rely on her mother for her solos or her melodious powers, for a table in a corner of the same room was covered with unequivocal proofs that she could astonish the eye with colours as well as the ear with sounds. In fact Miss Narrowsmith was decidedly a magnet with two poles, the only misfortune being that they were both repelling ones; at least they had no other effect that evening upon the young man whom she had laid so extensive a scheme of conquest, for the conduct of Philip annoyed all the Narrowsmiths evening. He never vouchsafed a glance at Maria's paintings, never once peeped into her album, and, while she was performing the overture of *Der Freischütz*, his back was turned upon the executioner, and he was engaged in conversation with his mother, and at one time (of all people in the world) with little Grace Medlicot; so piqued was the miser's daughter at his negligent behaviour, that she positively refused to sing, although in the opinion of her own circle she was little short of a prima donna."

Not one of the least amusing characters in this book, is Mrs. Martin, the governess of the Spreads, whom the master of the house leads into

dinner with as much respect as if she was the Duchess of Sutherland—a lofty lady of great dignity, who was the authoress of a work on "the God-mothers of England"—was eminent for her skill in mastering young mistresses and governing young masters. Taking a hint from the clever suggestion of the sprightly Miss Laura Smyly, she feels disposed to correct her pupils with "Montgomery's Satan," which will have the effect of making them hate both Montgomery and Lucifer for the rest of their lives, and to give them "Pollock's Course of Time" smartly instead of the birch. This exemplary lady lectures Miss Elizabeth Spread, the betrothed of the Rev. Bat. Owlet, after the fashion of the famous Miss Griffin, upon domestic government, and the management of husbands. Her first principle is *design*. "Let there be, my dear," she says to her pupil, "design in everything you say and do." The pupil wonders and looks as if she thinks this a singular precept for so great a moralist as her governess; and then the lady draws a distinction between having a design and being designing; the *design*, to which she more particularly refers being the moral culture and improvement of the husband. The art of conversation, for the purpose of carrying out this object, being reduced to three simple rules—the first of which is adaptation, or the study of his character and tastes, and the conformation thereto of the lady's conversation; the second, a perpetual air of sprightliness and animation; the third, a continual aim either for the establishment of a fact or the deduction of a moral. And by these simple rules are all the husbands in the world to be governed. We wish, for the sake of a practical illustration of her favourite theory, the worthy governess had taken in hand to break in the refractory "Bachelor of the Albany." To be sure, it would have been rather stiff work, but he falls, perhaps, into better hands, for such management is generally more effective when it comes assisted by the rhetoric of a pair of bright eyes, and when "the moral is deduced" by a handsome, sprightly girl like Laura Smyly, instead of by an antique governess in a wig and black silk gown. This picture of Mrs. Martin is very cleverly drawn, possibly with not quite

so much elaboration as some of the other characters; but it is nothing the worse for that, as, with the artist's pencil, a single touch effectively given often does more than the most minute and careful finishing of a less practised hand.

Mrs. Harry Farquhar is also a piquant portrait, the original of which is not quite strange to us. A small, tight, pretty—a wickedly pretty woman!—with an insolent eye and a passionate complexion—she broke herself in gloves at exciting conjunctures—always tearing off a button when she was “raised” in a conjugal fracas. In her toilette she was a turgid, wearing the most piquant of bonnets, but wearing it awry; she was too hasty for buttons, and too violent for hooks and eyes. She drove, moreover, the prettiest pair of prancing ponys, in the nicest little carriage which ever was seen at Norwood. She pays a visit to our friend, the Bachelor, at his chambers in the Albany, in high wrath at some supposed interference on his part with the Spreads, in the choice of a country residence. The scene between the pair contains some humorous touches:—

“Leaving her ponies in charge of the servant, standing at the entrance to the Albany, she strutted, whip in hand, in her brazen, fearless way, towards the Bachelor's chambers, the number of which she had first learned from the porter.

“Reynolds answered her loud knock and her sharp application to the bell.

“Is Mr. Barker at home?”

“Reynolds hesitated, and was lost. In a moment, the Bachelor was startled from a chapter of Rabelais, which he was reading, by the apparition of a lady in his sanctum sanctorum, and the last lady he would have coveted a visit from. She bustled in, affectingly smiling and simpering, but with half an eye you could see the snake among the flowers.

“‘You are surprised at a visit from me, Mr. Barker. No, thank you, I shan't sit down. You never come to see me, Mr. Barker.’

“Barker had never been so completely thrown off his centre before. He muttered something about his being glad to see Mrs. Farquhar, and an humble inquiry as to the fortunate circumstances to which he was to ascribe the honour she had done him.

“‘Perhaps I'm come to give you a

little bit of a scolding, Mr. Barker,’ still smiling, but the snake more visible every moment.

“Barker bit his lip, grew a little white, and said, ignorant as he was of having given any offence, he hoped she would see the propriety of reserving her favour of that description for Mr. Farquhar.

“This stung her little ladyship, but she passed it over in her eagerness to come to the main point, which was her desire to know what he meant by interfering in the affairs of her sister's family.

“‘Madam!’ said Barker, not perceiving her drift.

“‘The Spreads must live at Richmond, to plague you, Mr. Barker; they can't take a house at Norwood, near me, because you presume to intrude.’

“‘The intrusion, madam, is not on my part,’ said Barker, lowering, and almost glancing at the door.

“‘To meddle in what's no affair of yours,’ continued the pretty vixen, slapping her dress with her whip.

“‘Really, Mrs. Farquhar,’ said Barker, with the severest gravity, and anxious to disembarass himself of his visitor, ‘I can discover no adequate motive for this strange proceeding upon your part, unless indeed you are come to horsewhip me.’

“‘Now, don't you deserve it, sir?’ said the pretty little Amazon, again slapping her dress, but now she did it rather playfully, and with a simpering laugh; beginning to be sensible that she had placed herself in a false position, and that her best course was to laugh herself out of it. Barker ought to have built a bridge of gold for the flying enemy, but he could not resist the temptation of replying, and he made the reply in his most acrimonious manner—

“‘I have not the honour of being your husband, Mrs. Harry; if I had’—glancing at the horsewhip, with the plainest intimation that in that case it would inevitably change hands.

“‘If you had, you would know better than to interfere in what is none of your business, Mr. Peter—Peter the Hermit. We all know what kind of hermits you bachelors of the Albany are. Your character —’

“‘Take care of your own character, madam—you will have no sinecure office,’ rejoined Barker, vehemently.

“‘My character is in no great danger here, at all events,’ retorted Mrs. Harry, with a look so point blank at Mr. Barker's grizzled hair, that never did arrow go truer to the mark. She was so content, indeed, with the blow, that she accompanied it with a *contumelious* courtsey, and thought it a good opportunity

for retreating, which Reynolds, who had witnessed the scene (not without apprehensions for his master's safety) gave her every facility for doing. However, she did not return to her ponies without several brandishes of her whip, and a muttered volley of 'mischief-making bachelors, and Peter the Hermit,' three times over."

The bachelor of the Albany becomes at length the freak of fortune. Greatness was thrust upon him; and, like Mr. O'Callaghan, who opened his eyelids one morning, and found he was married, or Byron, who awoke to find he was famous, Mr. Barker discovers in the *Times*, that he is duly elected a Burgess to serve in parliament for the town of Boroughcross. The bachelor is frantic; he writes a virulent and abusive letter to his old friend, Mr. Spread, accusing him of being the author of his misfortune. There is no use, however, in rebelling against his destiny—a member of the legislature he is; "set up as a kind of target, by the constitution, for the political bores of all England to shoot at, besides being, in a special manner, the property of the bores of Boroughcross." His perplexity is told in a most comical and graphic manner, when, after a short space, his table began to be covered with all sorts of petitions and applications; requests from electors, "who had done the state some service," for places, cornetries for younger sons, &c.; two petitions, in tin cases, against a standing army; three for the instant removal of bishops from the Lords; two for the erection of May-poles in rural districts; one from the fair constituents of Boroughcross, praying a prohibition duty might be imposed upon cigars, and free trade extended to Brussels lace and bulbous roots; and then, to add to his chagrin, the *Boroughcross Independent* is duly forwarded to him, containing a spicy article from the pen of the redoubted Mrs. Farquhar, cutting him up into mincemeat. In the direst embarrassment he thinks seriously of taking the Chiltern Hundreds, which no sooner occurs to him than it is announced in large letters by the *Daily News*, and then comes an epistle to the following effect:—

"March 15—224, Silver-street.

"HONOURABLE SIR,—I trust your goodness will excuse the liberty I take

of intruding upon your valuable time—now the property of your country; but your kindness to me on a former occasion emboldens me to apply to you again, now that Providence has placed you in the high position to which your talents justly entitle you, and to which, knowing your honourable emulation, I always predicted that, sooner or later, you would arrive. Finding, from the organs of public intelligence, that you are about to accept the lucrative and influential situation of the Children Hundreds (which, I presume, is an office connected with the all-important subject of national education), I am induced humbly to beg you will cast a favourable eye upon my poor nephew, Alexander, who now writes an excellent official hand (having been instructed by myself), and is otherwise competent to fill the office of private secretary or confidential clerk, beside being particularly fond of children, which would of course be expected in your department. I beg to enclose specimens of my boy's chirography, with twenty-three testimonials of his moral character.

"And trusting again that you will pardon this intrusion, '*Cum tot sustineas*,' as Horace says,

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your grateful and obedient servant,

"MATHEW QUILL,

"Your old writing-master.

"To the Right Hon. Peter Barker, M.P.
the Albany."

But it is time for us to return to the story, the main incidents of which are slight, and the plot just sufficient for the development of the characters of its *dramatis personæ*. The residence of the pretty Grace Medicot beneath the roof of the Narrowsmiths, became so intolerable, from the series of "minor snubbings" and petty annoyances to which she was exposed on the part of the heads of the house, and the fair Maria Theresa, that at length she determines upon immediate flight, which, by means of the pecuniary assistance of Mrs. Potts, whom we have already introduced to the notice of our readers, she succeeds in effecting. Her place of refuge is unknown, although she is anxiously sought after through the greater part of Europe by Philip Spread, who becomes the victim of her attractions. The Bachelor, in the progress of one of his visits to the Rosary, where the Spreads had taken up their country residence, gets overset in the river, and not being much of a swim-

mer, very narrowly escapes with his life; the result of his sudden immersion in the water, is a severe illness, by which he is overtaken at a little cottage, the rustic abode of the wicked and pretty Mrs. Harry Farquhar, in the neighbourhood of which the accident had occurred, and hither he was carried, for the purpose of restoring suspended animation. His illness becomes alarming, and, in its protracted course, "He summons his thoughts to council, upon his temporal affairs, and holds a session of the court of conscience." The result of his investigations is the recurrence to his mind of an earnest notice, which had some time previously attracted his attention, in what Mr. Quill called the "organs of public intelligence"—to the purport, that if he would apply to a certain office in Chancery-lane, he would be made acquainted with something which deeply concerned him, in connexion with his brother, who had died in the West Indies. By this notice the selfish bachelor, in the days of his health, had been greatly tormented. He thought, with some reason, that it was a nephew in search of an uncle; and having, upon two occasions, got into disagreeable contact with a very unprepossessing young gentleman, with a rough voice and a shaggy great-coat, to whom he had conceived an instinctive aversion, the bachelor had taken it into his wise noddle that this must be the very nephew in question; and so repugnant did he become to any further acquaintance with his interesting relative, that he obstinately abstained from taking any steps towards answering the advertisement. Conscience, however, now began to twitch him; he reproached himself for his selfish conduct; to whom should he leave his property, in the event of this illness proving fatal? ought he not make the only reparation in his power for his cruel and unfeeling neglect, by taking instant measures for the discovery of his unfortunate relative. Tortured by these reflections, he at length consults Mr. Spread, whom he dispatches to the house in Chancery-lane, mentioned in the newspapers as the place to which he was to apply. Spread is unsuccessful in his inquiries, the gentleman who had inserted the notice being out of town; none of the clerks in the office

knew anything about the matter, save that the person interested in the inquiry was "young, a female, and an orphan." He obtains, however, the name and address of a clergyman, who proves, upon inquiry, to be the same who had afforded shelter to Grace Medlicot, after her shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall. The clue, however slight, is sufficient, and an envoy having been instantly despatched to the Cornish parson, it turns out that the person described in the advertisement, and Miss Grace Medlicot, are identical. But how to discover the fair fugitive is now the puzzle; when all the anxious researches of the enamoured lover had proved ineffectual, what chance was there of ascertaining her retreat? Now there was residing at Mrs. Harry Farquhar's cottage, when the half-drowned bachelor was carried thither, a certain pretty little governess, who went by the name of Mrs. Grace; she becomes, of course, exceedingly attentive to the bachelor, and grows much interested in his fate, as his progress towards convalescence becomes more confirmed, the reason whereof is soon explained. She requests the nurse to lay, as if by accident, upon a table within the sick man's apartment, a certain picture, which he soon discovers—and then, upon the sight, a host of incidents connected with his earlier life, of scenes and places long forgotten, crowd upon his mind:—

"Raymond—Raymond? Barker had long, for many years almost forgotten the name, but now that accident recalled it, a hundred recollections of scenes and places, of pleasures and pursuits connected with that name come tumbling in quick succession from the long unvisited nook in the case of memory, as mouldy papers or old coins roll out of the recesses of some cabinet unlocked for three generations. He had met Raymond in his fresh youth, before his cynical character had been formed, and they had contracted an ardent friendship upon the basis of a common passion for the pursuits of literature. Hand in hand they had roamed the flowery tracts of Greek and Roman learning, more thoughtful of wit and philosophy than of prosody and syntax; not in the steps of the Bentleys and the Blomfields, to discuss the digamma or wrangle about accents, but to gather the sweet fancies, the deep maxims, and the glorious sentiments of the bard, the historian, and

the orator; together they had lingered over Livy's picture page; listened enchanted to the notes of 'sweet Electra's poet;' laughed (especially Barker) with Aristophanes and Lucian, at the perennial follies and impostures of the world, and then repaired to the famous orators—

"Those ancients, whose restless eloquence
Wielded at will the fierce democracy."

to learn how the thunderbolts of speech were forged by the Cyclopien bards of old. Descending the stream of time, the young fellow-travellers, through the commonwealth of letters, rapidly visited all that is most worthy of note or cultivation in the literature of Italy and France, but lingered over that of their own country—traced and retraced its highways and its by-ways, in prose and rhyme, until, like the old swain, they

"Knew each lane and every alley green,
Dingle and bushy dell in that wild wood,
And every bosky borne from side to side."

It is in haunts like these that the fastest friendships are formed. In the common adoration of Milton or the common joy in Shakespeare, Barker recalled the very places where he and his friend made their first acquaintance with the masterpieces of the English language. Raymond's tastes had been softer than Barker's: his temperament was melancholy without being morose; there was something mysterious about his family and position in life, which Barker, with all his intimacy, recollected he had never been able to fathom. He was limited in his circumstances, and careless about making them better. Though his manners were gentle and his tastes refined, the bachelor was inclined to think his origin had been humble. After the first year of their acquaintance, Raymond's small income must have been considerably reduced, for he sought to turn his literary talents to account, and became a reporter to a weekly newspaper and a contributor to several reviews and magazines. He would have risen in that path, thorny and tedious as it is, had he persevered, but he had little ambition and less avarice. He was thoughtless and reckless of himself; as provident as if he expected to be fed by the ravens or by manna dropping from the skies. He made friends, but made no use of them when made; he lost friends, and took no pains to recover them. Now and then some high-minded man, with social or political influence, aware of his worth, or charmed by some production of his pen, would make an effort to raise him to his pro-

per place in society; but he commonly repelled such services, and seemed perversely to prefer a precarious to a certain revenue. At length he wrote a tragedy: it was printed, and pronounced not only a fine piece of dramatic writing, but eminently adapted to the stage. The managers of two theatres offered large terms to secure it, but Raymond had not written it for representation, and obstinately refused both proposals. This was the occasion of the only disagreement (save on points of criticism) that had ever occurred between him and Barker, who could not see, without extreme impatience, the road to reputation and independence opened to his friend in vain. He urged him vehemently to take the prudent course, and censured him harshly when he proved inaccessible to reason. The sensitive author was offended, and the intercourse of friendship was suspended for some weeks. But Barker was seized with a malignant fever, and instantly Raymond was at his side. When the bachelor rose from his couch, a stranger would have been at a loss to decide whether he or his friend had been the victim of disease. Their first separation was then near at hand. Raymond had at last been induced to accept a small colonial appointment. Barker was grieved to lose him, but glad to see uncertainties at length exchanged for certainties. When the heavy hour arrived, the young men—neither had reached his three-and-twentieth year—embraced with more than brotherly affection, and with a sentiment becoming their age, exchanged their rings. Raymond's was a carbuncle, with a head of Shakespeare; Barker's a topaz, with his heraldic emblem—a mastiff. The Atlantic soon divided them; a few letters were interchanged, and then poor Raymond was no more heard of."

The pen which has produced this beautiful episode, is capable of a higher flight than the satirical delineation of character—the exhibition of the ludicrous, or the light texture of the vivacious and sparkling dialogue. It must be one of power, to stir the deeper feelings of the human heart, and, in scenes of pathos and of tenderness, to captivate the heart and charm the fancy. We have unfortunately as yet had but slight opportunity of testing the accuracy of our opinion, but there can be no question that the writer who has produced that exquisite morceau which we have just extracted, is capable of the very highest excellence which can be achieved.

The progress of the story soon develops the fact, that Grace Medlicot is the orphan daughter of the long-forgotten Raymond, who had been consigned by her father upon his deathbed to the care of his old friend, the "Bachelor;" and explains, too, what is more astonishing still, how the Mrs. Grace, the governess of Mrs. Harry Farquhar's cottage orneé, and Miss Grace Medlicot, are one and the same. Obligated to make a retreat from the abode of the miser, and compelled to have recourse to her own talents for subsistence, the charming Grace had selected the garb of a widow, as the most demure she could assume, and the one best calculated to do away with the unfavourable impression her extreme youth would create in the capacity of instructress of youth; she had succeeded in obtaining the situation of governess in the family of Mrs. Farquhar, ignorant of the relationship in which she stood to the Spreads. Mr. Isaac Narrowsmith had unjustly possessed himself of a property, under the decree of a colonial court, to which his orphan ward was entitled. This decree is reversed, upon appeal to the privy council, Grace enjoys her own again, and becomes the happy wife of Philip Spread. But how can we bring ourselves to narrate the catastrophe which befalls the luckless Bachelor? The stream of human events had set against him—his systems were demolished—his chambers in the Albany had no longer charms for him. At a certain archery meeting at the Rosary, the fair Laura Smyly sends her shaft to the mark with such unerring precision, that she not only transfixes the "bull's-eye," but, through the adamantine circle which surrounds it, pierces the Bachelor's heart. The game is up, the Bachelor is floored; and one lovely morning in the merry month of May—when fields and gardens were rife with beauty—when the air was laden with the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the perfume of roses—three couples stood before the altar of the parish church—the Bachelor and his bride, Philip and Grace, and Elizabeth with her Owlet, to which gentleman, we are bound to mention, a point occurred as to the ca-

nonical propriety of the appointed hour, which was at last adjusted to his satisfaction.

Upon the whole, the perusal of this work has afforded us the highest gratification—our interest has never been allowed for a moment to flag—full of the quaintest conceits, and abounding with a species of dry humour which is irresistible, we have no doubt that it will add largely to the reputation of the author of "*The Falcon Family*." We have entered, perhaps, rather more at large into the details of the story, and the description of the characters, than we should have done, had the public been already familiar with them, or had the work not been from the pen of one in whose success, as a countryman of our own, we feel the strongest interest. We have, possibly, no right to assume that the author is a countryman, for the "venue is laid" in England, in which country also the work has been published; but we are interested in connecting with the literature of Ireland, one of whose fame she has reason to be proud—the more especially as we have now an additional proof of what we took occasion, in a notice of a recent work, to assert, that we have in Ireland men capable of earning for her in the world of literature a name which will be imperishable. We have had a double pleasure, too, in making this book known to the public, ere vulgar critics have "tried their 'prentice hand" upon its virgin pages; and in being the first to offer a prediction, which we feel certain will be abundantly verified—unless our critical acumen be strangely at fault, that the success of "*The Bachelor*" will be complete and rapid. Our judgment in such matters is seldom astray; and although our draft upon public favor has been a large one, we venture boldly to assert that it will be accepted *at sight* by the opinion of our readers; which acceptance, to say nothing of our *endorsement*, will, we feel assured, have the effect of adding to the proceeds of the author in the bank of Fame, as well as the not less agreeable consequence, of increasing the balance to his credit in the hands of his publisher.

POOR AND PAUPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

IN strictness of dictionary language, these words may have the same meaning, but in the sense conventionally used, while paupers must always be poor, all poor are not paupers: the latter term implying a dependance upon *relief* for subsistence, and a support, which is the fruit of the labour of others, and, therefore, a tax on their industry, and, perhaps, on their benevolence.

Any person in the position of a *pauper*, unless from absolute inability to earn a subsistence, is in a state of degradation; and a nation containing many such paupers is in a state of national degradation; and laws which tend to the support of paupers, rather than to the *removal of pauperism*, tend to perpetuate, and necessarily, also to increase this national degradation.

Ireland is undeniably in a fearfully pauperized state. That we are *poor*, is neither a *shameful* fact, nor a cause to dread our inability to rise; but *pauperism* is a disease naturally self-increasing, and urgently calling for a cure—not merely by the application of *alleviating* medicines, but, much more, of *alteratives*.

It seems to be an opinion, happily gaining ground, that the money *laid out* under the restrictions of government, and called a loan to the landed interests, which supported in idleness or on useless works, our *poor* population during the last season, and pauperized them—that this money was not judiciously expended, even if the relief of the poor were the only object in view (whereas the repayment to the imperial treasury of a considerable part of the same, by persons who *were not permitted* to expend any portion of it so as to produce any return, or in any way to render such repayment feasible, seems to be a very material object in the view of the party advancing the money.)

The admission of the radical error seems, however, to be gaining ground, and to the credit of those who erred, at a time of great pressure, and under circumstances quite sufficient to account for the error of agents not gifted with more than human wisdom, their object now seems to be to act for the *real benefit* of this country.

Let it be remembered, however, that having *pauperized* our poor country, while feeding our poor people, this error cannot be remedied by merely cutting off the supply of *gratuitous* support. We are not on the ground on which last year's affliction found us, but, morally, far beneath it; and in a national point of view, in a position requiring greater, though far less costly, exertion on the part of the government. Last year, the question was, *how to feed the hungry*, and in the benevolent endeavour to solve and meet this question all else was overlooked.

This year, the question is, how to unpauperize the paupers; and if it were physically impossible for the poor, hungry people to feed themselves, it is fully as impossible, morally, for a pauperized people to unpauperize themselves. The pauperism we speak of is poverty of circumstances, aggravated by poverty of spirit—want of mental and moral energy—and one of its most certain symptoms is the loss of even the will to improve.

For a people in such a state, the only hope is to place them in circumstances to support themselves by honest industry, and to act towards them with such beneficent severity, such steady, long-sighted benevolence that they *must* avail themselves of the means afforded them, both to enable them to live, and to repay the public purse all advances which may be required to enable them to begin.

And these remarks apply equally to all classes, especially to landlords and tenants of land.

The purpose of this communication is, to show, by a *statement of facts*, that an advance of public money, upon full security, for the purpose of land improvement (such as that under the late Land Improvement Act), *followed by such a line as shall cause those for whose immediate benefit it is meant, to avail them-*

selves of it, will be a most efficient measure in unpauperizing our land, provided the working of the act be divested of the difficulties and delays which are now disheartening many proprietors who sought to avail themselves of it.

It is intended to show that there is ample room for the profitable occupation, in general, of the whole available population; and that this occupation must be continued for several years before the soil of Ireland is in a state fit to be cultivated with that advantage which our land and climate admit of; and that being so improved, the land would produce so much more food and other productions, as to afford sustenance in comfort to a much larger population; and it follows that both time and occasion would thus be given for the introduction of manufactures, not *forced* on the country for the mere employment of the poor, but naturally introduced to meet the demands arising out of an improved state of industry, productiveness, and wealth.

The facts which I would state are simply these:

Possessing a landed property on the west coast of Ireland, it was apparent to me, this time last year, that a crisis was at hand.

I looked well into the condition of my property, which is a fair sample of landed properties here. The population is dense, about one-half of my tenants holding so little land as not to be subject to pay any poor-rates.

I perceived at once the destruction that threatened us, if we did not bring the resources of our *bodily strength* and *improbable soil* into play.

I tried to convince my tenants of this, *but in vain*. Though I laid out work for them, and offered double the usual wages, they declined to work (seeing the preparations making for pauperizing by gratuitous relief), and knowing my anxiety for their welfare, and infected with the prevalent moral epidemic, they lazily remained at home as long as they had a morsel to eat. Some brilliant exceptions there were, but this was the general character.

I availed myself of the existing acts of parliament for advancing money for drainage, and raised the means (rents being merely historical facts) of enabling such of my poorer tenants who wished it, to emigrate; not in order to get rid of them, but to obtain *possession* of land to work upon; for I found it in vain to try to operate upon the scraps of their little holdings which I could persuade them, as a favour, to allow me to drain and improve.

In the early part of the year I was obliged to work, almost entirely, with the tenants of other landlords, mine all holding aloof, though they saw daily hundreds of their neighbours, who passed their doors, coming to my work; and the very men who, on ordinary years, always worked for three or four months with me, this year refused to come.

However, I kept them from receiving public relief as much as I possibly could, though I was often taunted for my *cruelty*, even in my place as a member of the board of guardians of the poor; and the long-desired result at length rewarded my perseverance. Hunger at last drove them to work, after they had sowed their land, and eaten their last pound of provision. And now for eight months I have had the satisfaction of seeing industry as decidedly the rule among my tenants as indolence was; and they are now as proud of not having had a pauper from among them in the poor-house, as I can possibly be. *Their moral condition is altered*; they feel and acknowledge their error, and are grateful for what I have done—much, very much, more grateful than the most thankful of those who received the pauper's relief, and are pauperized.

I have done all my work (as far as possible from its nature) by contract. The feeling of the people was quite against me, and they turned out many times on account of it; but by never yielding, and patiently waiting, and kindly speaking and advising, this was quite got over, and my labourers have learned to work like men.

The difficulties and delays which I met with in my arrangements under the drainage acts were so great, that had I not embarked so largely in the improvement of my land, I would never have gone through the vexation occasioned thereby. I mention this merely to show that mine was not a *pet case*, in which less than ordinary difficulty was to be encountered.

I trust that the arrangements for carrying out the new "Land Improvement Act," will be found such that all landlords will as speedily as easily avail them-

selves of its advantages, and that my difficulties will leave a smoother path behind me.

The result of my endeavours is now—

1. That every man, woman, and child on my property, who chooses to work, is fully employed.

2. That almost all do choose it.

3. That some hundred acres, drained and subsoiled since Christmas, have yielded crops, which give the greatest encouragement to go on, and have been so reported by several inspectors sent by the Board of Works.

4. That hardly one off my property has had occasion to seek relief in the poor-house.

5. That as my tenants have had, and have still means of supporting themselves by their earnings, and are in a better moral condition than those supported by paupers' pauperizing rations, I have a much better prospect of receiving rent from them than if I had acted otherwise. (I should add, that this prospect is by no means merely in the distance, but is realizing itself satisfactorily.)

I would remark, in conclusion, that I have had every difficulty to cope with, except *personal intimidation*, which can be mentioned. I had *no funds* to begin upon; no encouragement from a disposition in my tenants to meet my views, and little from any example or co-operation around me.

I was surrounded by a population casting themselves upon public charity, almost totally unchecked and unaided, and this greatly enhanced my difficulties.

I was necessarily occupied, to the exhaustion of body and mind, in attending to the wants of the surrounding paupers, being chairman of the finance, and of two relief committees, besides my ordinary poor-house business.

One of my districts is in the too notorious Union of *Glenties*, which is enough to brand it as *hopeless* in the opinion of most persons; but by the constant attention of my son, who has banished himself into that wilderness, there is neither labour-rate upon our electorate there, nor any ordinary poor-rate, except for the keeping up of our share of the poor-house staff.

The conclusion I draw is this, that what has been done on my property, and with my tenants, may generally, if not always, be done; and if it be done generally, Ireland will be unpauperized. Therefore, the question with a government should be, "*How shall we with certainty cause an energetic unpauperizing line of conduct to be followed?*"

It is clear that an attempt to keep up the poorer class by pauperizing the richer, must end in the dissolution of all social and political welfare and prosperity.

If this communication causes one or two men of mind and heart to think and speak out on these matters, I have not written it in vain.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HAMILTON.

St. Erna's, Donegal.

N.B.—To work effectually, estate improvements should, I think, be conducted on so large a scale as to interest, occupy, and remunerate a master mind. A *regular system* must be laid down and worked out.

And it should never be forgotten that the works should be *remunerating* to the undertaker, and should be carried on with a view to this. Else, however benevolent may be the intention, the effect is artificial and deceptive; and the very endeavour must cease with the exhaustion of the energy, or the purse, or the life of the person carrying on works for mere charity.

It will be seen that *some aid* for emigration would be necessary to enable all proprietors to work out my plan. This aid might be given as an *adjunct to the improvement of the land, and similarly charged as the advance for drainage, &c.*, being confined to cases where the land was the subject of an approved proposal for improvement under the act.



UNIVERSITY REFORM—TRINITY COLLEGE.*

A book bearing the ambitious title of a "Constitutional History of the University of Dublin," has been published by a young Roman Catholic alumnus of Trinity College, already known to the public by his litigation with that body in order to enforce his admission to a scholarship. From what is known of the author we were predisposed much in his favour, and took up his book with an anxious wish to speak well of it. We were grievously disappointed. It has no pretensions to be called a "history," in any sense of the word. The historical portion of it consists of a meagre outline of the progress of the University—far less satisfactory than the introductions prefixed to the old volumes of the "University Calendar"—distorted by sketchy misrepresentations of a few of those leading topics in Irish history which partisan historians delight to discolour. It has no pretence to research, having nothing of detail beyond the ordinary points with which most young Roman Catholic politicians are crammed for declamation. Its statistical information is mainly supplied by Thom's Almanack, and the "University Calendar," interspersed with the exaggerations of Barrington's "Sketches," and Duigenan's "Lachrymæ Academicæ."

Regarded, however, as a pamphlet on the opening of the college to Roman Catholics, the book has claims to attention. It has been taken up and approvingly commented on by the advocates of Roman Catholicism, who cite its many falsehoods as facts, and avail themselves of the moderation which it sometimes evinces to advance on its demands. It is announced in the preface, that it "is published at the expense of

Mr. Heywood, to whose exertions the cause of university reform is so much indebted." The use which it is thus plainly intended should be made of the work, gives it an importance which neither its own merits nor the personal opinion of the author could command. The latter, indeed, is entitled to but little weight. Mr. Heron writes as a judge in his own cause: he has done what many a defeated litigant has done before him—after losing his lawsuit he has written a book on the hardships of his case.

The book purports to give an historical account of the university, statistical details of its present state, and arguments for its reform. The historical part is merely subservient to the main object of the work. It is degraded from the rank of history when it is made subservient to pamphleteering. The spirit in which the author writes, appears in every page. O'Neill's rebellion is thus noticed:—

"Trinity College received from the crown certain lands, situate in remote districts of Ireland, at that time producing absolutely nothing, because the right owners considered themselves as having the best right to them, and did not acknowledge foreign confiscation. Hugh O'Neill was in the North, beating General Norreys at Clontibret, and Marshal Bagenal at Beal-an-atha-buidh. Hugh Roe O'Donnell was driving the Bingham's out of Connaught."—p. 24.

This paragraph is a fair random specimen of the writer's tone. It is easy to recognize the school to which it belongs—the spirit that fosters and exults in the forgotten feuds of three hundred years ago, that can feel a triumph in the memory of

* "The Constitutional History of the University of Dublin. With some Account of its present Condition, and Suggestions for Improvement." By D. C. Heron, A.B., T.C.D. Dublin: James M^cGlashan. 1847.

"Report of the case of D. C. Heron, before the Visitors of Trinity College, Dublin." By M^cDonnell and Hancock. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1847. The same case reported by J. F. Waller. Dublin: Grant and Bolton. 1847.

"Reform in Dublin University—The Scholarship Question."—*Dublin Review* for October, 1847.

rebellion and bloodshed, and writes with an unrestrainable eagerness to display and encourage it. Of that, however, we would not wish to speak harshly, though we estimate Red Hugh and Tyrone, no doubt, very differently from Mr. Heron, and look with different eyes on the efforts of those who still delight to hound the Celt against the Saxon. The colouring given to Irish history is what we condemn, especially to the more recent periods, when *religion* became emphatically the distinguishing test of Irish parties. After a statement that:—

“The Lords Justices at this time (1630) had determined to *extirpate* all Catholics, not only the mere Irish, but also all the old English families. By this inhuman policy they precipitated the Northern rising in 1641.”—p. 42.

Mr. Heron gives the following sketch of the death of the venerable and benevolent Bishop Bedell, the celebrated provost of college:—

“The insurgent forces afterwards removed him to the castle of Cloch-Uachtar, a short distance from his own house. It was a lonely tower, in the centre of a lake, where in 1649, Ireland's last chieftain, Owen Roe O'Neill, died a victim to poison, ‘upon St. Leonard's day.’ Bedell was permitted by the rebels to preach and administer the sacraments to his flock. In a skirmish at this time, some prisoners had been taken from the insurgents, and Sir James Craig and Sir Arthur Forbes exchanged them for Bedell and his son, who then took up their abode with the Rev. Denis Sheridan, a converted priest. The insurgents still would not permit him to leave Cavan. In this house he died, full of years, piety, and sorrow. He was buried in the churchyard of the Catholic Cathedral of Kilmore. O'Reily's forces assembled to honour his interment, and they gave permission that the service should be read over his grave in the manner prescribed by the Church of England. They marched in great solemnity at his funeral, and buried him with all military honours. They fired the usual volleys over his grave, and cried out—‘Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum.’ Amidst the horrors of persecution, and the rage of despairing rebellion, it is *refreshing* to find this instance of virtue on the one side, and affectionate gratitude on the other.”

It would be difficult to frame another

description so ingeniously coloured as this. There is scarcely one sentence of it which might not mislead the reader. Bedell was kept a close prisoner in Cloch Oughter, in a miserable damp prison. No one came to him but his guards (who, of course, were Romanists), and the victims who were imprisoned along with him. The latter were even for some time in irons; from which cruelty the bishop—being seventy years old, and unable to run—was excused. By the kindness of the soldiers Bedell was not hindered from administering the comforts of religion to his fellow prisoners; and this is what is alluded to when it is said he was “permitted to preach and administer the sacrament to *his flock*.” When Sir J. Craig and his party consented to the exchange of prisoners by which the aged prelate was released from this dungeon, the rebels agreed to allow him and his son and chaplain to proceed to Dublin; but no sooner had the prisoners for whom they were to be exchanged been liberated, than the rebels broke their promise, and, in the hopes of getting some further advantage by keeping the bishop in their power, prohibited him from leaving Cavan. This breach of faith obliged him to remove to the house of Mr. O'Sheridan. There death overtook him, hastened, if not altogether caused, by his wanton imprisonment in Cloch Oughter. His wife had been buried in *his own* Cathedral of Kilmore; and his dying request was, that he might be buried beside her. The titular bishop, whose name was Swiney, and some of whose family had experienced the friendship of Bedell, had, however, usurped the possession of the see and cathedral. When applied to, his response was that it would be improper any more to defile that ancient holy ground with the bodies of heretics. This brutality, however, for the honour of human nature, was not persisted in, whether from a better motive, or, as seems not unlikely, from fear of the soldiers, by whom Bedell was much beloved. They accompanied the corpse to the grave, and the leader would have allowed Mr. Clogy, the bishop's chaplain, to read the service prescribed by his own church; but this *was* not done, from a well-founded fear that the reading of a “heretic” service would probably give occasion for raising the

sleeping fanaticism of the by-standers. The soldiers, in token of respect, fired a volley over his grave. Thus this aged man—after a long life of love and charity, after labouring for years among the people, the friend of all, eminent for every virtue that can adorn a true Christian and gain respect for a benevolent and upright man, to whose door no man laid any charge, who lived without reproach, and died without an accusation—was murdered by a cruel imprisonment in the very field of his own good labours; by a vile breach of faith was debarred from seeing his friends around his death-bed; and was indebted to the casual good feeling of a few soldiers for the privilege of being buried. This is a *refreshing* picture!

These specimens may suffice, to judge of Mr. Heron's claims in history. His statistics are still worse. As he advocates a revolution in college, it was necessary first to find fault freely with its present state; and the little impediments presented by adherence to facts are got over with wondrous facility.

He makes a statement (pp. 70 to 73) as to the Erasmus Smith professorships. He says that the three new professorships, founded in 1762 (mathematics, history, and Hebrew) were placed under the same arrangements as the previous foundations of 1723, and the Board is, therefore, bound to hold a public examination for them. This is *not true*: the Board may give them to any of the fellows whom they please. This error Mr. Heron may, however, have been led into by a loose statement in the "University Calendar," which he cites; but it is immediately followed by a most unpardonable misrepresentation. It is stated that the board systematically disregard the conditions of *all* these foundations, and most corruptly and improperly appoint fellows to the chairs in silence and secrecy. This charge is *utterly groundless*. The only two for which an examination is prescribed by the founders are, natural philosophy and oratory. For them the election is not annual, as Mr. Heron most strangely (for a college man) imagines, but on the retirement of each professor a successor is elected. Of the election, there is invariably given three weeks' public notice—it is posted on the college gate; and

an examination is *invariably held*. This statement is aggravated by the specious detail with which it is accompanied, "of two attempts to break through the monopoly." In fact, the board of Trinity College do not appoint at all. They can only select and recommend the professor to the board of Erasmus Smith, with whom alone the appointment rests. The selection of fellows is directed by the College Stat. of Car. I., c. 15, and an order of the board of Erasmus Smith, dated January, 1743.

But still grosser mis-statements are made with reference to the revenues of college. There is a list given (pp. 95, &c.) of several endowments of the college, that includes various sums for small annual salaries, which are called Exhibitions. These, Mr. Heron estimates (p. 109) at £556, annually. He directly charges the board with embezzling the greater part of this sum. He gives them credit (p. 129) for paying £250 of it, in Erasinus Smith exhibitions; but he says (p. 102), "though the author has been a long time in college, and probably knew as much about its affairs as most students, he never heard of any of these exhibitions being given away, except the Worrall and the Erasmus Smith." This is bold. *Mr. Heron himself holds one of these very exhibitions, called a Briggs' Exhibition, and is regularly paid it!*

The extent of Mr. Heron's misrepresentations on the subject of these exhibitions is as great as his courage. The amount as paid by the board is not £250, as he states, but £701 12s., yearly. For several of them they pay much more than they are required by the founders—*e. g.*, a gift is mentioned by Mr. Heron (p. 97), from Mr. Span, of £12 yearly; for this the board pay £46: it is held by a very remarkable man in college—Mr. Hamilton, "the blind scholar."

But the mis-statement which perhaps exhibits Mr. Heron's utter ignorance of college matters, and flippancy in commenting on them, in the strongest light, is the following:—

"After paying the salaries of the fellows and professors, the annual prizes, and other college expenses, whatever remains is the property of the board, to divide among themselves. This arrangement is decidedly a bad one; it

places their duty and their interest in exact opposition," &c.

—followed by pages of virtuous commiseration over the "trying position" of the board.

It will gratify Mr. Heron to learn, that almost every other man in college knows, that his pity is unnecessary. The fluctuating income of the senior fellows, who constitute the board, is paid *exclusively* out of the renewal fines on college leases, which are devoted to that purpose, and none other. The only other member of the board, the provost, is paid also out of a separate estate. All the other college revenues go into a fund, called the *cista communis* of the university, not one shilling of which can be touched by either fellows or provost, except for payment of fixed salaries, and every shilling of which is devoted to public objects—*s. g.*, beside the ordinary expenses, to building, or improving the college institutions, as the museum, the botanic garden, library, &c.

In almost every other occasion in which Mr. Heron ventures beyond the information given in a "college card," he exhibits similar specimens of ignorance and reckless audacity of assertion. The income of the provost's estate is exaggerated nearly threefold. Nothing is omitted which can give colour to the assertion with which one of his chapters commences, that Trinity College is the richest University in the three kingdoms. We heartily wish it was.* It is amazing, in a book so meagre of detail how he contrives to introduce so many blunders. We do not pretend to point out all of them. We shall observe on but one more, and that because it has been taken up and dwelt on by a writer in the *Dublin Review*—being indeed the solitary instance he could fix on, to censure anything except the religious tendency of the present system in Trinity College.

Mr. Heron asserts (pp. 144-5) that all the instruction to be derived from college is given by private tutors; that the lectures of the fellows are a most flagrant waste of their own time, adding, "it is the interest of the fellow, having his fixed salary, to do as

little as possible." Many of our readers are aware that fellows were formerly paid each by his own pupils, and each gave private instruction to his own pupils only. The result of this was, that some had recourse to other means than teaching to increase their chambers—dinners to schoolmasters, favouring pupils at examinations, and similar devices, began to be loudly complained of. The system of instruction was also inefficient; for each fellow lectured in every thing, and naturally neglected such branches of instruction as were distasteful to himself. Their lectures were, therefore, falling into disrepute, when the present system was introduced, by which all the payments are divided rateably among all the tutors, and they divide the task of lecturing—each selecting those branches which he considers most adapted to his own attainments. This has been found to work admirably: there is an honourable rivalry among the fellows to make their lectures as useful as possible; they are well attended by students anxious to improve themselves; such complaints as Mr. Heron's are seldom heard, except from those who will always make them—the idle and discontented, who want an excuse for *mitching*.

To come now to the main object of Mr. Heron's book. At present Roman Catholics, in Trinity College, are excluded only from a few professorships, from offices on the foundation, the enjoyment of which would make them members of the body corporate, and from the rewards for a course of divinity which they will not study. Every other advantage of every kind is as open to them as to Protestants. It is candidly admitted by Mr. Heron, and the fact is notorious, that the slightest partiality on the ground of religion is never shown.

With respect to professorships in sciences, unconnected with religion, it is not intended to discuss the policy of the exclusion. It depends entirely on the will of the founder. The college had no power to accept a gift of the endowment, and reject the terms on which it was given. They should take it as it was offered, or not at all. There are very few of the college

* Or even the richest college. Christ-church and Magdalen, perhaps, also, All-Souls, at Oxford, are richer colleges; and there are 22 colleges in Oxford University.

professorships or lectureships subject to the exclusion. The only instance, unconnected with the divinity school, occurs in the university school of medicine, which is regulated by an act of parliament. But the admission of Roman Catholics to the corporation of the college—which consists of the provost, fellows, and scholars—involves very different considerations.

With respect to scholarships, apart from the intention of their foundation, it is only as far as they are constituent parts of the body corporate of college, that the exclusion of Roman Catholics from them is advocated. A scholarship is held only for five years, if obtained at the usual time, viz., the third year of the student's course. Its emoluments are £20, Irish, *per annum*, and commons, with a reduction of one half of chamber rents and tutor's fees. It affords encouragement to students with limited means, to seek a university education, by aiding them in defraying the expense of it themselves. Regarding only this effect of scholarships, it would be desirable that Roman Catholics should share them. If it could be made out that it would not be a violation of the intention with which they were founded, and if they were wholly dissociated from the body corporate of the university, from the general feeling of persons interested in the college, the admission of Roman Catholics to them would not be objected to.

Mixed education is now very generally approved of. It lessens acerbity of feeling, removes prejudices, unites men in after-life in pursuit of useful objects in which they agree, and leads them mutually to forbear on subjects on which they differ. In Trinity College it has been found eminently successful. Roman Catholics and Protestants now live there on the best and most cordial terms of friendship,* and are treated with perfect impartiality by the heads and senior members of the college. Therefore, beside the increase of the number who

can enjoy the benefit of a university education, and are, so far, better fitted for a more refined tone of society, the presence of Roman Catholic students has the great additional advantage of promoting kindly feelings and liberal sentiments between them and Protestants. The institution of rewards which would promote this, is very much to be approved of, and Protestants desire and court it; but while, with a liberality unequalled in any Roman Catholic educational institution in the kingdom, they offer freely to share with their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen the benefits of their college, they reasonably require that it may still remain *theirs*.

In short, the system we advocate in Trinity College, is, to admit Roman Catholics freely to all rewards for learning, and all places for teaching, which are not parts of the body corporate or governing body of the university, and not directly for the teaching of religion. Let the centre of the body preserve its Protestant integrity, according to its foundation; let the direction of the institution remain in the hands of the professors of that religion which its founders believed, and which we believe, will tend most to its usefulness; but let it borrow the aid of teaching from the followers of every other religion, subject to that control, and let the followers of all religions participate equally and freely, subject to the like control, in all the benefits of its teaching, equally encouraged to do so by all rewards and inducements to study. When the rules prescribed by the founder of any particular office or reward forbid the adoption of this general principle, that should be an exception; and the trust undertaken in adopting his bounty must, according to every dictate of justice, be strictly performed.

But such a rule as this falls far short of what Roman Catholics demand. The moderate laymen among whom Mr. Heron should be classed, demand the throwing open to them of

* A statement was made some time since, on a discussion in reference to the English universities, in the House of Commons, that mixed education had been found to work badly, and was very mischievous in fostering religious animosities, in Trinity College, Dublin. This statement was suffered to pass, to the very great surprise and unfeigned regret of every one interested in the college. There may have been some truth in it forty years ago, but it certainly is not so now.

every thing in [the university. The ecclesiastical party speak more boldly. The writer in the *Dublin Review* demands that provision be made for teaching Roman Catholicism, and keeping students under the guidance exclusively of their own church. The candid avowal is made by the Irish ultra Romanist, who has less discretion, that his plan is but a temporary arrangement, till Protestants can be wholly excluded, and the college devoted to "exclusively Catholic" purposes. The arguments urged by all for the revolution they advocate are in the main the same.

It is the general tone of Irish Roman Catholic periodicals—especially some notoriously conducted by professing Protestants—to affect a scrupulous piety and veneration for the ordinances of the Romish Church. It is a favorite argument with such politicians, that the present system in Trinity College tends to induce Romanists to conform to Protestantism from pecuniary motives—"to apostatize for base lucre." This affords a fine scope for declamation, and is the staple commodity of Mr. Heron's book. He dwells upon it till his earnestness becomes perfectly ludicrous. It is introduced in the preface, and never once lost sight of till the appendix. It would have saved expense in printing to have stereotyped the sentence, "corruption of Catholic souls." It is impossible for the reader to forget that Denis Caulfield Heron, with a constancy unequalled since the days of the primitive Christians (for the holocausts of Madrid, or the roastings of Smithfield, being, of course, the just penalty of invincible ignorance, cannot be compared to orthodox martyrdoms), has actually withstood the awful temptation of a scholarship—£18 6s. 8d. per annum for five whole years, and firmly refused to barter his soul, even at that enormous price! We are told (p. 2 of the preface) of "that system which takes advantage of a man's poverty to corrupt his soul;" (p. 194) of those "missionaries who take advantage of the starvation of the body to corrupt the soul;" (p. 189) "of the pollution of that proselytism which says to the friendless scholar, 'sell your soul for gain,' " &c., &c.; and he sums up thus:

"The agents of the sultaun yearly

kidnapped the strongest and most healthful of the male infants of the Greeks, and educated them to be janissaries of the Ottoman power, to fight the battles of despotism, and imbrue their swords in the life-blood of their kindred. In like manner, Trinity College has existed as a gigantic trap to catch young Catholics of rising talent, and array them against their ancestral religion. . . . It is a grievous thing to have this degrading relic of former persecution still remaining."—p. 189.

What an awful picture does this present! Conceive Sultan Sadleir presiding at the board of Turks! See Mameluke Moore and Janissary Singer setting "that gigantic trap" to catch "the strongest and most healthful of the male infants" of Eblana (in which description the reader can perhaps recognize Mr. Heron), and corrupt his soul, that "he may imbrue his sword in the life-blood of his kindred!" But the painful picture is relieved by contemplating the "young Catholic of rising talent" saved. The mild influence of such men as MacHale and O'Higgins has, no doubt, counteracted the diabolical exertions of the university Mussulmen. Still they are blinded by their Turkish prejudices—they never dreamed that it is persecution *not to reward* a man for being in error; but learn and whisper it to all your political friends, that the man who has a chance of place or pension by changing his opinions, is the *victim of persecution*!

It is not easy to speak seriously of this absurd *grievance*, which occupies so large a part of Mr. Heron's book; but the truth is, that "conversion for scholarship" is a matter of exceedingly rare occurrence—so far from being a regular system, as he represents it. The odium which is always cast on a converted Roman Catholic, if the slightest handle is afforded for imputing interested motives to him, has deterred many converts to the reformed religion from seeking scholarship, which they otherwise would have probably obtained.

This topic is, throughout the book, treated in a similar style of exaggeration. The young author has a great and a just admiration for that very excellent institution, the College Historical Society, and if truth must be told, his argument is often more suited

to such an audience than the more fastidious criticism of an adult "public." Speaking of "the corruption of souls," in page 187 he writes thus:—

"The successful man will generally be poor: he will be most exposed to temptation: and should be most protected from such contaminating influence. This *worker in troubled ways—this toiler who toils not for himself alone*—whose labour, if most successful, benefits not himself most, but others more—should, more than any other, receive the protection of the law. If he give up health and strength for the sake of knowledge, and *spins from his life's-blood thoughts* which raise a nation to prosperity and glory, let him at least be left his honour."

What, in the name of common sense, does this mean?

But the public are not aware of one-half of the evils arising from the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the College Corporation. The reproach of "Silent Sister" arises from this cause solely; not as the reader might suppose by excluding from college intelligent Roman Catholics likely to write, but by the operation of the "corruption of soul" theory, which is demonstrated in the following ingenious manner (p. 193):—

"The man who forswears his faith for scholarship feels through life that odious weight of guilt for ever weighing down the abilities of his soul. Many who, with minds unsullied by this conscious stain, would have exerted their intellects for the good of mankind, have never been able to free themselves from this reflection constantly clinging to them like black care. This, *there is no doubt*, although the scarcity of records prevents statistical detail (!), is one of the principal reasons for that inactivity amongst the former fellows, which gained for Trinity College the epithet of the "Silent Sister"—this is one of the reasons for the fewness of the distinguished names which shine forth as stars from out that long list of lettered obscurity."

We will quote one more deduction from the "corruption of soul" theory, before we dismiss it. Bishop MacHale accounted for the potato failure as a special providence for the "Infidel

Colleges" scheme.* Mr. Heron traces it to Trinity College. It is singular how both causes escaped the penetration of Sir Robert Kane. He says (p. 183)—

"A famine of the thirteenth century occurs in the nineteenth;—a famine that ought to have occurred only amongst the bondmen of the middle ages, rages among the freemen of the nineteenth century. But, little more than fifty years ago, the Catholics of Ireland were scarce better than such bondmen. They were denied education; and education alone leads to prosperity and freedom. A partial measure of emancipation was then granted," &c.

—and so he proceeds to show that our university is still the last stronghold of intolerance, where education is still denied to the Catholic.

The argument of this passage, it must be admitted, is obscure. However, it appears to imply that Sultan Sadleir and his janissaries are the true authors of the *aphis vastator*. Not satisfied with corrupting souls, they attack the body, and assail the potato—the food of the enslaved and impoverished Catholic! Taken in connexion with Mr. Heron's own exertions, this falls in wonderfully with the popular explanation of this great botanical puzzle, and is a striking instance of poetic justice. The college is the last stronghold of Protestant intolerance, and it is about to yield to the Catholic claims. It has long been the popular notion that the "praties and Protestants came in with Queen Elizabeth, and are to go out with Queen Victoria." See how it is being proved true!

The most ordinary argument put forward for removing all restrictions excluding Roman Catholics from college, is founded on its being a *national* institution. It is said it should be open to all the nation, and that it is a national and patriotic concession to make it so; that the majority of the Irish people are Roman Catholics; that the opening of college would be acceptable to them, and their wishes should be consulted.

It is a favourite sophism of Roman Catholics in Ireland to represent sec-

* See his Pastoral Letter.

tarian concessions to themselves as national gifts. With them Maynooth is a "national" institution, though 2,000,000 of the nation are utterly excluded from all participation in it (beyond contributing to its ample endowment), though not one in five hundred of the remainder can be taught there, as *no layman* is admitted, and though it is governed with the most rigorous sectarianism and contains only members of the one creed, from the president to the porter, within its walls. Trinity College, Dublin, is yet to be made a national institution, though it is already open to every subject of the realm, without distinction, to receive their education there, and though it is admittedly conducted with the most liberal impartiality to all sects. If, because from its government and a few of its offices Roman Catholics are excluded, it is therefore not a national institution, we have no national government, for the head of it must be a Protestant; we have no national judiciary, for the highest office of it must be held by a Protestant. It is absurd to call a measure national which is only to give to one sect of the nation what it takes from another. Some limit to the eligibility of college governors must be adopted. A fellowship is at present open only to the industrious and learned. It would be extended to a much larger class, if it was open to the ignorant and idle. The university is not the less a national institution because Protestantism is among the qualifications required from its rulers.

Mr. O'Connell's followers have at length got into a habit of dealing with Popery and nationality as convertible terms. In discussing the new colleges scheme in 1845, that measure was actually condemned as unacceptable to the nation, because a large proportion of its officers and teachers were not made *exclusively* Popish; it was not national because there was no part of it sectarian. It is amusing to see the topic treated in the *Dublin Review*, a periodical affecting nationality, though it is printed and published in England, and has no connexion with Ireland beyond that afforded by the accident of this being the most Popish part of the British dominions, and its capital supplying thus a good trade name for an English ultra-montane periodical.

The assertion that the majority of the Irish people professing the Roman Catholic religion would either be benefited by or take the slightest interest in the admission of Roman Catholics to fellowships, is wholly untrue. When this argument is put (as it often is, and among others, by Mr. Heron) thus, that at present 7,000,000 of our countrymen are excluded from fellowships, it becomes absolutely ludicrous. Think of the Connaught haymakers reading for fellowships! Imagine the beauty of Tipperary frize under a gown, and the charming simplicity of a Kerry glibb under a cap and tassel! Imagine a young fellow slipping *in* from his college chambers, and slyly running down by the Great Southern and Western Railway to the barony of Ormond for a midnight rendezvous—a doctor of divinity posting a threatening notice, and a professor of mathematics drawing the diagram of the coffin!

The lower order of the people are not those for whom a university education is either adapted or intended. The vast majority of the upper and middle classes, who, as society at present exists, are the persons likely to use a university, are of the Protestant religion. The disproportion in favour of Protestantism in these classes of society in Ireland is greater than it is in favour of the Roman Catholics on the whole population. It is, then, absurd to impute the small proportion of Roman Catholic students in college to any internal regulation solely. No doubt the fact that the education which they will receive there is *not sectarian*, prevents some who are under the influence of intolerant or superstitious ecclesiastics, from sending their children there; as it would from sending them to any other place, where their teaching is not to be wholly under the guidance of "the church." But, under any circumstances, the great preponderance of the college students would be Protestants. If, therefore, there be any force in the argument derived from the wishes of the majority, it cuts the other way. The majority to be consulted must be those who use and are intended for the university, and not those who can derive no possible benefit from and take not the least interest in it.

The change which is demanded, has, then, nothing whatever *national* in it. It would be a new concession to the Romish party, at the expense of Irish Protestants, and nothing more. Mr. Heron justly terms it, in the concluding page of his book, "a most welcome boon to Irish Catholics." Let the proposition be mystified and declaimed upon never so much, such is plainly its real character. To the latitudinarian, to whom all religions are equal, this may be of little weight, if the measure be not shewn to be otherwise unjust or mischievous. But to the majority of our readers it will be far otherwise—they will appreciate at once the evils of affording a triumph to the Romish party, and a proportional discouragement to Protestantism—the danger of the impetus which it may afford to an erroneous and mischievous creed, while it may clog the advance of truth.

Even to those who are not awake to this consideration, it is useful to expose the real aspect of the demand. The source of Irish discontent is beginning to be better understood. The agitators who represented "Catholic claims" as the true salve for Irish suffering—who would quiet the starving peasant, not by filling his stomach, but by soothing his religious feelings—are beginning to be justly appreciated. At the recent general election this political trade has taken another turn. We have seen the tools of the Romish clergy, men who have but the one cause at heart, sectarian triumph—without one spark of genuine patriotism—coming to the hustings with a lie upon their lips—unqualifiedly pledging themselves to repeal, for the purpose of getting into parliament to support a ministry pledged to oppose it—treating it as an election humbug, with an audacity hardly credible—with their hands on their hearts, vowing eternal enthusiasm for national independence, and their tongues in their cheeks, in ridicule of national simplicity—swearing to the vulgar their fidelity to the cause, and laughing with the intelligent at the notion of their being believed. To such politicians the "opening of College" must be a welcome topic. It is called a national concession—it is a purely sectarian one; it is asked for, and pretended to be given to, the people, who can by no possibility derive the remotest advantage from it, and will consequently not

lose by it a single mite from the treasury of political grievances on which such agitators live.

Another class of arguments usually takes this form. The college is a public institution, supported by public grants. The principle is already admitted by the legislature, that in public and corporate bodies there should be no exclusions on religious grounds. The same rule should be applied to it that has been already affirmed as the just one in respect of other public institutions. Keeping any part of the university still exclusive, is inconsistent with the liberal and progressive spirit of the age.

To many of our readers it would probably be a sufficient answer to this class of arguments, to point to the intolerance and violence exhibited by our modern municipal corporations—and which characterize them just in proportion to the preponderance which the Roman Catholic party acquire in them. But the case of the college rests on widely different grounds. Bodies, like municipal corporations, are, strictly, public bodies. They have the control of towns in which Roman Catholics *must* live—the direction of affairs in which Roman Catholics *must* participate. Their estates were for the most part acquired from public funds, many of them being grants in popish times, others collections from the citizens. Neither of these propositions apply to Trinity College.

No Roman Catholic is obliged, for any reason, to be educated there. He must live in a town, and drink pipe-water, but he need not go to Trinity College, or learn hydrostatics from Professor MacCullagh. He will do the latter, only because he will get a better education there than elsewhere. Trinity College has earned for itself a character so high; its system of education is so good; the reputation of its learned men is so great—that its degree is stamped with a high value, and passes current in society. Participation in that is as open to a Roman Catholic as to a Protestant—but that is a boon to him; he may be educated elsewhere if he pleases. It would be impossible to establish a second municipal corporation in a city, but there is nothing to prevent the existence of a second college. So, the admission of Roman Catholics to corporate and parliamentary

rights, was properly a removal of disabilities—it was but restoring what they formerly possessed; but in college they claim what they never enjoyed before. Mr. Heron's own case shews the exclusion to be inherent in the constitution of the university.*

The right of the legislature to deal with corporate property rests either on the ground that the estates and privileges of such bodies being grants of public money and public rights from the state, the state has a right to withdraw them, or direct their application; or on the ground that the holders of such property and privileges are trustees, and that the interference of the legislature is in furtherance of the objects for which they were granted. The wealth of Trinity College is derived from two sources: the college estates, and the payments made by students and for degrees. The college estates can in no proper sense be called a gift of the state, which it has a right to revoke. The grant to Maynooth is such a gift. But the estates of Trinity College are either private gifts, or gifts of the crown out of what, according to the policy of the age when they were granted, was as much in the control of the crown as any other part of the king's private revenues, and might equally have been given to a Butler or Fitzgerald, or any other private person; the gift thus flowing from royal bounty is no more a grant of public funds than the estates of the Duke of Leinster; and it would be as reasonable for the legislature to meddle with the application of money given by the queen at a fancy fair or charity sermon. If this is public money, which the legislature has a right to control, where is its interference to stop short of taking into its management the property of every landed proprietor in the kingdom? It is commonly said, that every acre in Ireland has been forfeited three times over, and more than half the titles in the kingdom originate in a

patent flowing from the voluntary bounty of a king, just similar to the origin of the college titles. The payments for education, or degrees in college, which constitute its principal revenue, it cannot be pretended are public money; it would be as reasonable to call the fees of a lawyer, the profits of a merchant, or the dividends of a joint-stock company, the money of the state. Therefore no argument can be rested on the allegation that the college is supported out of the public purse.

Is the right of state interference with the revenues of college, then, strengthened by applying the doctrine of public trusteeship? On the contrary, when applied to the question in dispute here, the argument cuts entirely against the change. There could not be a more flagrant violation of the purposes for which *every shilling* of the property vested in Trinity College, in its corporate capacity, was given—there could not be any more outrageous departure from the wishes and intentions of its founders and benefactors—than the admission of Roman Catholics to the governing body of the university. The gifts of James and Charles were accompanied by rigid restrictions, wholly excluding Roman Catholics from any participation in them. They constitute the greater part of the college estates. The remainder, given in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, including the ground on which the college is built, were granted for the same purpose for which the college was established, one great object of which was the encouragement of the Protestant faith, and the suitable education of a clergy to preach it. Ever since the foundation of the college, this property has been applied, as intended, by Protestant governors only. After centuries, it is proposed to entrust it to the very persons whom the donors were most careful to exclude from its management. The recent statute curtailing the power of Chancery over

* The exclusion from *fellowship* is confirmed by Statute 21, 22 Geo. III. c. 48, s. 3, adopting here the English statute 3 & 4 Wm. III. c. 2, which provides that every person being master, governor, head, or fellow of the University of Dublin, shall take the oath of supremacy, and sign the declaration against transubstantiation. This statute renders it impossible to admit Roman Catholics to fellowship, except by an act of parliament; while it is doubtful if scholarships might not be opened by a Queen's letter. It does not, however, affect the proposition above stated, as it was plainly passed merely to supply a new test.

religious institutions was thought by many a very strong measure, though it was contended for on reasons of convenience, like other statutes of limitation; but the Romanizing of Trinity College would be going far beyond anything ever before attempted—it would be commanding the misapplication of trust-property never before misapplied—perverting it for the first time to objects in fraud of the donors' intentions.

But it is sometimes urged, that it was not a part of the scheme of Elizabeth, in founding the college, to make it an exclusively Protestant institution. This is among the modern discoveries in history, which derive their piquancy from being opposed to the received opinion of centuries. Supposing it was made out, it is not very material. It is admitted on all hands that the endowments and privileges granted by James and Charles, and all the private endowments which are now kept exclusive, were made from the first rigidly exclusive of Roman Catholics. The endowments of Elizabeth are comparatively of small amount, proportioned to the original scanty institution of three fellowships, each to last for seven years, and three scholarships, each to last for five. It is admitted also, that the uniform course of practice agrees with the received notion of its exclusive Protestantism; and that, except during the brief and clearly illegal appointments made by James II., while the college was a horse-barrack, no Roman Catholic has ever pretended to claim a place in its corporation. If the principle of the Dissenting Congregations' Act is defensible, it would establish that the application of the institution for centuries should be taken as a conclusive reason for its continuing to be so applied, without reference to the founders' intention. These, however, are comparatively weak grounds, when the fact is, that the admission of Roman Catholics would be a gross violation of the intention and object of *all* its founders, and *all* its benefactors.

The assertion that Queen Elizabeth or her ministers intended college as much for Roman Catholics as for Protestants, is so directly opposed to all their policy and known political opinions, that it would require very strong proof. She was an excommunicated heretic, whom any of her

Roman Catholic subjects might lawfully depose or kill. The enlightenment of modern times has changed the opinion of the unchanging church, and modern Roman jurists disown such a doctrine; but there can be no question it was popularly received and encouraged among the Roman Catholics at the time the college was founded, and even for a century afterwards. Sixty years after, in 1642, it was still the open teaching of the Roman court. The letters of Cardinal Pamphilio to the Nuncio Rinuccini, in reference to his direction of the great Irish rebellion, repeatedly affirm the proposition, that it was the invariable course of the policy of Rome not to approve of the civil allegiance which Catholic subjects paid to an heretical prince. There was no part of the world where the opinion was more practically received, in Elizabeth's time, than in Ireland. Religion was notoriously the mainstay of Tyrone's rebellion. Bulls were brought from Rome, granting to her subjects who should join in the war against her, plenary indulgences, as were granted to the soldiers of the cross against the infidels. If, therefore, she did intend the college as a boon for Irish Roman Catholics, it is not only an extraordinary exception in her political conduct, but proves her to have been, instead of a vigorous and energetic princess, a most weak and silly governor indeed—to encourage a religion whose followers were authorized, nay incited, to depose and kill her. It is to no purpose, even if it were possible, to shew that the utmost stretch of this doctrine had not the legitimate authority of the Romish Church. Elizabeth and the Protestants of her age indubitably believed that Romanists held it, and that is all that is material for this question. *En passant*, it is odd enough that this instance of Elizabeth's latitudinarianism, in founding the college, should be discovered and insisted on by the very party who are always assailing her and her ministers for illiberality and intolerance, and who, in the same breath, will accuse Loftus and Ussher of bigotry.

But further. If the charter of Elizabeth admitted Roman Catholics to fellowships and scholarships in Trinity College, it was made in direct violation of an act of parliament passed

thirty years before. The statute 2 Eliz. c. 1. s. 10, required every person taking orders, or who should be preferred to any degree of learning, in any university that should thereafter be within the realm, to take the oath prescribed by the seventh section, which declared a belief in the queen's supremacy in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things and causes as well as temporal in the realm; and contained the most stringent penalties against teaching the spiritual supremacy of any foreign power. By the same parliament, the Act of Uniformity was passed.*

But the case does not rest even here, for Elizabeth's own charter is conclusive on the subject. After reciting the petition of Henry Usher (a Protestant divine), in the name of the city of Dublin, for the foundation of a college, "*ad meliorem educationem, institutionem et instructionem, scholarium et studentium*," it proceeds thus:—"Sciatis quod nos, pro ea curâ quam de juventute regni nostri Hiberniæ *pie et liberaliter instituenda* singularem habemus, ac pro benevolentia quâ studia studiososque prosequimur ut eo melius ad bonas artes percipiendas colendamque virtutem et *religionem* adjuventur, huic *piæ* petitioni gratiose annuentes," &c. It then ordains that there shall be a college for the instruction of youth, shewing thus, in the very commencement, the object of the foundation to be the religious training of youth, "*Pro cura de juventute pie instituenda*;" and that they might be the better enabled to study and cultivate religion—"ad colendam religionem." When the same charter goes on to empower the provost and fellows to make college regulations, it is expressly for the religious government of the college, "*ut leges, &c., pro suo collegio pie et fideliter gubernando de tempore in tempus in perpetuum faciant*;" and proceeds to authorize

them to borrow such rules as they think fit from Oxford and Cambridge, both of which were then exclusively Protestant. It is a hardy undertaking, in the face of this charter, to prove that religion did not enter into the views of Elizabeth and her ministers in founding the college. No one pretends that if religion was in view of the founders, the religion intended was any other than the Protestant faith.

What, then, are the grounds relied on to show that the teaching and encouragement of religion was no part of Elizabeth's design, and that she intended the college to be equally open to all creeds, or, as it is sneeringly said, that "proselyting to Protestantism" was no part of Elizabeth's design? They are merely these, that a circular was sent, stating that the college was for the good of the "whole" kingdom, and that some Roman Catholics were induced to subscribe to it.

The circular relied on, after reciting that the queen's majesty had appointed and authorised the deputy and council to found a college, and that a site for it had been granted by the citizens of Dublin, proceeds as follows:—

"These are therefore earnestly to request you (having for your assistant such a person as the sheriff of that county shall appoint for his substitute), carefully to labour with such persons within his barony (having made a book of all their names) whom you think can or will afford any contribution, whether in money, some portion of lands, or any other chattels whereby their benevolence may be shewed to the putting forward of so notable and excellent a purpose, as this will prove to the benefytt of the whole country, whereby knowledge, learning and civility may be encreased, to the banishment of barbarism, tumults and disordered living from among them, and whereby their children, and children's children, especially those that be poore (as it were in an orphan's

* Mr. O'Hagan, in his argument before the visitors, in Mr. Heron's case, and Mr. Heron (pp. 26, 27), make a most extraordinary answer to the argument founded on this statute, viz., that it was passed by a contrivance of the minister, and a promise was made that it would not be enforced. This statement, if well founded (which it is not), would not affect the argument. The act equally shows the animus of the government, and was equally the law of the land, however it was passed. Indeed the act being fraudulently passed by the ministry against the wishes of parliament would rather strengthen it. If Elizabeth's ministers went such dangerous lengths to exclude Roman Catholics, it is the less likely that they would voluntarily confer a benefit on them.

hospitall freely) may have their learning and education given them with much more care and lesser charges than in other universities they can attain it. The which business, seeing God hath prospered so far, that there is already procured from her Majesty the grant of a corporation, with the freedom of mortmain, and all liberties, favour, and immunities belonging to such a body, as by their charters and letters patent may appear; and that the scite and place wherein the buylding may be raised is already granted, it shall be a comfort and rejoicing to the whole country that there is such a beginning of so blessed a work offered unto them, to further and assist with their good devotion, seeing the benefit redoundeth to their own posteritie, and will in time appear to be a matter of no small comoditie to the whole countrie."

This circular is headed "W. Fitzwilliam, by the said Deputy and Counsell;" but it is signed by the Protestant Bishops of Armagh and Meath. It was sent round to some principal persons in various counties, to collect funds for building. It is argued that this letter does not show that the institution was to be exclusively Protestant, and, on the contrary, represents it to be for "the whole country." But it is quite plain that the writers never dreamed of any one's supposing that the queen, whose whole life was devoted to the encouragement of the Protestant faith—who had already reigned for thirty-four years, during which she proved herself the determined and uniform enemy of the Romish religion—who thirty years previously had passed an act, making the admission of Roman Catholics into such institutions illegal—should found a college for the education of Roman Catholics! As to the passage stating the institution is to be for the good of the *whole* kingdom, there can be little doubt that the Protestant prelates who wrote it *justly* conceived that it would be for the good of the whole kingdom, most eminently for its good, to make every man, woman, and child in it Protestants. "Proselyting" them, as it is called, would

have been, in their eyes, the greatest benefit the university could confer.

There is no proof that any Roman Catholic contributed a sixpence in consequence of this letter. There are a couple of the returns to it extant; one from Louth, where the gentlemen answered, "They were poore, and not able to contribute anything towards the building of the college;" and another from Meath, which contains some *promises*, but it does not appear what were the payments. There is proof that the collection made was inconsiderable. The only other contribution pretended to be made by Roman Catholics is the swamp which the Dublin corporation had shortly before got from the forfeitures of the Priory of All-Hallowes, and which they gave as a site for the college. There were some Roman Catholics in the corporation, but it does not appear that they assented to this grant. But even conceding that it was proved that Roman Catholics did contribute, and conceding the second premiss assumed in the argument, viz., that it is absurd to suppose Roman Catholics would be liberal enough to subscribe to a Protestant institution (as Protestants do to building Romish chapels every day), still the utmost it would prove is, that they were not fully acquainted with the character of the institution when they subscribed.*

No one will accuse O'Connell of being over scrupulous in politics, yet he has stated in public, that to alter the Protestant constitution of our university would be an act of spoliation. He has done more—he has sworn it. He was examined on the subject of opening scholarships to Roman Catholics, on the inquiry into the state of Ireland in 1825. He was asked—

"Would not one measure very much tend to conciliate the Roman Catholics, namely, that of leaving the election of scholarships open to both religions, which they are not now?"

Answer—

"I doubt that, and I will state why. As Trinity College, Dublin, is consti-

* Mr. Wyse, in 1844, propounded another historical discovery, viz. that Trinity College was founded in atonement for "the old university of Ireland," whose endowments were confiscated at the Reformation. The absurdity of this was so ably exposed by Dr. Todd that it will hardly be repeated. See "Remarks on some statements attributed to Thomas Wyse, Esq." Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1844.

tuted, it is intended for the education of the Protestant clergy. I do not think it would be a wise thing to give the scholarships to Catholic young men. I think that young men of talent, who are intended for the Protestant Church, ought to have those scholarships. It is intended for the education of Protestants, but then the scholarships are helps to poor young men. The Protestant gentry can support themselves exclusively, and thus they seldom look for them, except from political motives, and the natural desire of young men to distinguish themselves; but no fellow-commoner can get a scholarship. The scholarship is, therefore, excluded from the Protestant gentry. My notion is, that the intention was to leave those scholarships for young men intended for the Protestant Church, who would exhibit their talent, and would have the means, by these scholarships, of supporting themselves till the time of their ordination in the Church. Considering that to be the case, I conceive that no other person ought to interfere with their possession of them."—p. 158.

Such was the solemn statement of O'Connell, in reference to the most minute part of the proposed changes. But the strong-minded Catholic of the present day sees little or no impediment in the violation of the founder's intentions. It is only for the satisfaction of the scrupulous he condescends even to the shallow argument which we have been above considering. The "progress of the Catholic mind" on the question is strongly evidenced by contrasting the tone of Mr. O'Connell's evidence in 1825, and the discussion in some Dublin newspapers in 1845, which plainly spoke of the anticipated changes as an instalment, till the college could be devoted to "exclusively Catholic" purposes.

It is further argued, that the religious tests by which Roman Catholics are excluded, are, *per se*, impolitic and vicious. It is said that they exclude only the conscientious, and that the unscrupulous will easily take them; that, therefore, they encourage laxity of principle, and afford no protection. There would be much force in this objection if the test was intended to gauge a man's morals, or guarantee what opinion he really held. But its object is quite different: it is to test the opinions which he will *profess*—it is to exclude him, if he will openly avow and advocate a certain class of opinions. It is no objection to a reli-

gious test that it cannot do that which no human means can effect—fathom the purity and sincerity of the human heart. The moral depravity does not consist in taking the test against a man's conviction, but in the state of mind which enables him to do it; and the man who is lax enough to do it will not be excluded from fellowship by removing the test.

It is then said that it is disadvantageous to the university itself, that it should be deprived of the ability and industry of many Roman Catholics, who would become fellows, if the test were removed. This can be no argument for *forcing* their admission. The founders and benefactors of the college thought that the evils of the admission were much greater than the benefits to be derived from it. The college itself, and an overwhelming majority of the Protestant community is of the same opinion at the present day; and no power has morally the right to force such a benefit on third parties against their wishes.

Hitherto the Roman Catholic party in Ireland has not produced many men eminent for science. Its men of ability have usually devoted themselves to sectarian or political subjects, which unfit them for connexion with an educational institution. The present day certainly presents, at least, one brilliant exception to this remark, in the person of Sir Robert Kane—a man whose great abilities and deep and extensive acquirements cannot be too highly spoken of, and whose career has in all respects justly won for him universal admiration and esteem. The closer the connexion of such a man with the university the better; but, unfortunately, the rule must be made for the class, and not for individuals. Beside, the power of electing Roman Catholics to professorships removes much of the force of the objection. Some of these are places nearly as lucrative and distinguished as a fellowship. We do not advocate the exclusion of Roman Catholics from them, when Irish Roman Catholics as competent as Protestants to fill them are found; on the contrary, it would be highly desirable to secure to the university their assistance. At present there are too many of the professorships held only by fellows.

It is urged, in a similar way, that it is for the interest of the public that

Roman Catholics should have the best education the country can afford, and the strongest inducements to become educated. The college *does* afford them, equally with Protestants, the best—no doubt, *the* best—education to be had in the country, and holds out to them the same inducements to study; but it is quite another question whether it should admit them to fellowships. The number of fellowships is so small, and the difficulty of ascertaining the chance of success so great, until a man's college career is nearly ended, that they have an inappreciably trifling effect as an inducement to study; but, even if they had such an effect, and all other objections to the admission of Roman Catholics were overcome, still this proposition would only raise the question, whether the benefit to the community, by giving such an additional encouragement to Roman Catholics to become learned, is sufficient to warrant the state in taking precisely the same quantity of encouragement from their Protestant fellow-countrymen, in violation of their present title to it.

The encouragements to study in college, from which Roman Catholics are excluded, have, like the revenues of the Protestant church, been made the subject of much misrepresentation. There is a statement on this subject in Mr. Heron's book, which is made with an obvious desire to exaggerate the benefits it offers to Protestants, as contrasted with those open to Roman Catholics. His statement consists of three tables. The first contains "Prizes confined by law to members of the Established Church," which he estimates

at £6,680 annually. The second enumerates the "Prizes which are legally open to students of every religious denomination, but which, in practice, are confined to members of the Established Church," which he rates at £1,495. The third table contains "Prizes which are open to free competition," estimated at £1,345.

The first of these tables, it will be observed, with the exception of the catechetical premiums and the rewards for fellowships and scholarships, consist exclusively of rewards for the study of a course of divinity, and from which lay Protestant students are as much excluded as Roman Catholics. They are also *private* donations, except two, including the catechetical premiums (£100); and as to these, Roman Catholics, though not required to do so, have often contested and obtained them.

Of the rewards mentioned in the second of Mr. Heron's tables, there is no reason whatever why Roman Catholics should not have them. They consist chiefly of exhibitions attached to the royal schools which are confined only to students educated at them; there is nothing to prevent Roman Catholics going there, except the intolerance of their own clergy. The only item in the table which there is a plausible pretext for saying Roman Catholics are excluded from, is £20 for Irish, and the only reason why some will not compete for that is, because they think it wrong to listen to an English prayer with which the present professor, with the concurrence of his class, sometimes opens the lectures.

From the third table there are the following omissions:—

Exhibitions founded by the Academic Association (about)	£ 50 0
Berkeley Medals for Greek	10 0
Prizes for Modern Languages	5 0
Premium for Botany	10 0
Professor of Law's Premium	15 0
Medical Prizes	20 0
Value of Sizarship* should be £38 8s.—i. e., £13 8s. more than Mr. Heron's estimate—for each of the 30	402 0
Exhibitions omitted† (about)	400 0
To this add Mr. Heron's calculation	1345 0
And add the second of Mr. Heron's tables	1495 0
Total	£3,752 0

* The emoluments of a sizar are being excused from fees, £15 annually, free commons, or £18 4s. annually, at his own option, and a chance of various small offices, called "rolls," together worth £156.

† The entire amount, as before stated, is £701; but about £150, paid for private foundations, is confined to students attending divinity lectures.

Thus it appears that under the present regulations in Trinity College, the annual amount of rewards (exclusive of scholarships) open to all students is £3,752, while those open to all students of the Established Church, excluding Roman Catholics, amount to about £100!—unless they choose to enter on the course intended for the clergy, and study divinity.

It is then said that religious tests and distinctions are illiberal—an exploded relic of more ignorant and intolerant times; that there is much doubt whether the opinions of Roman Catholics or Protestants are more near the truth; that the points at issue between the religions are matters on which the most learned have differed, and who shall venture to decide them? The rhetoric and common-places exhausted on this topic, applied to previous subjects, is served up anew in applying it to Trinity College.

This argument is not very consistent with the theme for declamation which we have already considered—the objection to proselyting. If the grounds of difference between the two creeds be shadowy, and the points at issue trivial, it is no hardship to require conformity to either: it cannot wound a man's conscience to abandon an opinion which he thinks doubtful, and follow an observance to which he attaches no importance. In truth, the concession is by a Roman Catholic himself demanded, on the very opposite hypothesis. He cannot be heard to say that indifference is a sign of liberality or enlightenment.

Illiberality, in the sense in which it is used in this argument, consists in the exclusion of a man from something, in consequence of a difference of opinion in a matter which ought not to affect his competency for that from which he is excluded. To the exercise of a man's political or civil rights, it signifies nothing, or at least little, what are his speculative opinions on most religious questions. It cannot affect his vote on the currency question or the grand jury laws, whether he believes in transubstantiation, or prays for the dead. His capacity to use his property, his interest as a citizen, and his stake in the proper ordering of society are equal, whatever be his religious sentiments. His political rights are conversant with the

protection of life and property; in the exercise of them, his duty is to promote the safety and comfort of the subjects of the state; they have nothing to do with the advance of truth or falsehood. But the trust for the direction of education is quite different: the first duty of a man in discharging it, is to disseminate *truth*, and the exercise of his power is directly and necessarily conversant with truth and falsehood.

But it is said, exclude religious teaching, and Roman Catholics are as competent as Protestants to teach everything else. Before considering the truth of the assertion, that Roman Catholics are as likely to promote education in general as effectively as Protestants (of which a word presently), let us examine the other proposition involved in this proposal. First, it amounts to this—"wholly disregard the object of the founders; commit daily and hourly a breach of the trust impressed on the original institution of the college." But further, without going the length of some, that the Bible should be the basis of *all* teaching, no one can deny that religious teaching is a very important ingredient in the education of the young; and the proposal is, to admit into the governing body of the university some men who will be wholly disqualified for bearing any part in that branch of education; to make it theoretically possible that the whole body of the fellows would ultimately become incompetent to teach religious truth, and at all events to lessen the capacity of the body for such teaching, in the precise proportion of the number of Roman Catholics becoming fellows. It is asking Protestants, therefore, to render their college less effective for teaching what all agree is an important—what many think is the most important—branch of education. It is no abandonment of this objection, that religious instruction is not (as it is in other universities) compulsory. Four-fifths of what is taught in Trinity College is not compulsory on the students. Beside, who will define what extent of reading is to be excluded, under the vague definition of religious teaching? The ultra opponents of the national system among Protestants, and the whole Roman hierarchy who joined in the remonstrance against

the provincieal colleges, consider that religious opinions are affected by three-fourths of the subjects of human teaching. Who will find the just mean between these extremes, and the latitudinarian who thinks religion indifferent in everything?

The proposal of those who would make college subservient to the actual teaching of Romanism, is, of course, exposed to ten-fold stronger objections. Every argument against taking from Protestants their present possessions, applies more strongly against perverting those possessions to the spreading of error, fundamentally opposed to their faith.

The lessening the utility of college for religious instruction, appears a still stronger argument, when we reflect that it is the school for educating the Protestant clergy. At the time of its foundation, the clergy were almost the only educated class, and the instruction of persons who should preach the reformed creed was the great object of its founders. Candidates for orders form now a very large proportion of the students. The class studying divinity is so large that the divinity professors require the aid of no less than fourteen assistants, from among the other fellows who are in orders. If college was Romanized, there might be great difficulty in detail in providing for the education of so large a proportion of the students, so as not to leave their studies under the control of Roman Catholics.

The importance of the school for educating the clergy of the Irish Church cannot be overrated. In England, an ignorant or inefficient clergyman does comparatively little mischief. He is surrounded by followers of the same creed, who will not seize on his failings, to turn them into weapons against the faith. He is not himself in danger of public exposure, or his flock of secret seduction from truth. In Ireland it is quite the reverse. The Irish clergyman is surrounded by enemies watching to seize upon and spread abroad every failing, to take advantage of every deficiency. The flock for whose guidance he is responsible are constantly exposed, not merely to the active teaching of error, but, among the lower classes especially, to what is still more dangerous—the contagion of the prevailing opinions

around. To him is entrusted, in a more eminent degree, the more difficult duty, by his example and teaching, to introduce the truths of which he is the minister among a people unwilling to receive them. Ireland is the outpost of the Protestant Church of England; the duty of her clergy bears to that of their English brethren the relation which the garrison of a fortress in an enemy's country bears to a regiment in barracks at home.

The question is not whether there shall be any institutions in which Roman Catholics are to direct education in common with Protestants. There are such institutions already established. It must always be remembered that the question is, whether there shall be left *any one* institution of which Protestants are to have the control. The Roman Catholics have an institution exclusively Romish, more largely endowed than this one—this solitary one—which Irish Protestants have. Maynooth is endowed by the state, which, while it gives £30,000 per annum for teaching a creed it professes to believe erroneous, gives not one farthing towards the teaching of that which it professes to believe true. When Roman Catholics demand a participation in the funds devoted to teaching the Protestant clergy, they should at least offer to share the funds devoted to teaching their own—to throw this £30,000 *per annum* into hotchpot with the funds of Trinity College.

But the argument of illiberality assumes further, that Roman Catholicism has no tendency to stop the progress of intellectual improvement; it is said to be a monstrous and bigoted proposition to assert it has. Whether it has or not is not precisely the question at issue: the true question plainly is one of comparison—whether Romanism or Protestantism has the greater tendency to promote intellectual improvement, or which has the greater tendency to check it; and if the question was whether in establishing a *new* institution the direction of it should be entrusted to Protestants exclusively, it would be a fair issue for the Roman Catholic to propose. It is plainly impossible here to consider it at any length; but we will glance at a few leading points bearing on the college question.

There is first the great fact that in-

tellectual progress has been far greater in Protestant than in Roman Catholic communities, as a general rule. Wherever the genius of the Reformation has set his foot, science has flourished, social prosperity and civil liberty have but kept pace with knowledge in attending his steps; while where the spirit of Romanism rules, learning and science have not thriven, and social misery and civil thralldom are the fit companions of intellectual torpor. Why are England and Protestant Germany first among the nations of Europe, and Spain and Italy last? Why is the northern continent of America foremost among the civilized, the southern lowest among the barbarous? France is no exception—the land of Sue and Michelet. Half her prime ministers, for fifty years, from Neckar to Guizot, have been Protestants. Compare her to her neighbour Austria. To come to our own land—why does the spread of knowledge and mercantile prosperity mark the Protestant North, and ignorance, vice, and poverty riot in wild confusion in the Popish South? Why are the vast, the overwhelming majority of the great men of the world of science produced in Protestant countries? What answer is to be given to these questions, but the same which will explain the unequal progress of knowledge before and since the Reformation: that will tell why, in three centuries since that great emancipation, the human mind has advanced with one-hundred fold more rapidity than in any part of thrice as many centuries of papal supremacy which preceded it.

Of course it is not pretended that *all* Roman Catholics are affected by the anti-progressive spirit of their Church. No one asserts that it is such an overwhelming and universal incubus on the human mind as to crush the intellect of every one within the scope of its teaching. No doubt there are great numbers of the Roman Catholic laity, and some among their clergy, not only most eminent for their own intellectual attainments, but (which is the important point) wholly free from those Church influences which check mental freedom. But selection is plainly impossible, and the rule must be made for the general effects of the *system*. It is, therefore, futile to cite individual examples otherwise than for the pur-

pose of comparison, so as to judge of the tendency of creeds by their effects. It is curious to observe the ranks from which the advocates of Romanism recruit the strength of their little intellectual army. The flower of it is gathered from Frenchmen and from Italians of the sixteenth century, both notorious for their infidelity. Such men as Comte or La Place, are no more sons of the Church than Mahometans; and in the court of Leo X. infidelity was so fashionable that a believer in revelation was considered a simpleton.

Others will refer us to the middle ages, when, it is said, the monks were the depositaries of learning, and preserved for us the remains of antiquity. Verily they were careless guardians. Most ancient authors have come down to us incomplete. How many chapters of Livy, or odes of Sappho, were washed from the reluctant parchment, to make way for some foolish legend, or more foolish litany? It is also a very unfortunate fact for this argument, that the drawing of the learning of antiquity from the profound secrecy in which its monkish preservers had kept it, was the immediate precursor of the Reformation. The tide that turned up to the western world the learned relics, washed away for ever the spiritual universality of the popedom. A still more unfortunate argument is the reference to the mediæval poets, painters and sculptors. Superstition has not the same tendency to crush the efforts of the imagination, which it has to still the voice of science. Ecclesiastical power often finds the former useful; it fears the latter. It is natural that the arts of music and painting particularly, which minister to the grandeur of a church, should be fostered by it; but knowledge is a different thing. Accordingly we find the lack of general education—the absence of knowledge—the only *defect* that spots the glories of Italian art. The gross anachronisms and obvious want of historical accuracy exhibited by the great masters of Italian painting has been often remarked. With respect to the poets usually cited as examples, many had little to boast of in the way of *encouragement*. Dante wrote in exile and poverty; Tasso spent half his life in prison; Camoens died in beggary.

But beside the general result of its

teaching, there is no lack of instances of direct hostility to the course of knowledge on the part of the Church of Rome. Let us take a science which we would, *a priori*, suppose the least likely in the world to endanger the church—astronomy. The dungeon that held Galileo testifies still. Mr. O'Connell made a great vindication in this matter, viz., that Galileo was punished not for saying the earth went round the sun, but for saying it appeared from scripture that the earth went round the sun. Beside the little objection that the statement is untrue, as a perusal of the sentence of the inquisition against Galileo shews, it is difficult to see how it betters the case. According to the distinction, it would be wrong to imprison the author of an ordinary treatise on geology; but the writer who first explained the theory of the earth's creation in accordance with the first chapter of Genesis, might justifiably have been sent to the Tower for life. But this is not the solitary battle in the astronomical campaigns of the church. Being infallible, and having once committed itself to preventing the earth from going round the sun, the church cannot back out of it. Accordingly we find the learned Jesuits, the scientific luminaries of the Papedom—the vaunted grenadiers of her army of knowledge, boldly assert their adherence to the church theory, that the earth stands still, a century after poor Galileo had ceased to view the stars through his heretic little refractor. In the well-known edition of Newton's "Principia," by Le Sueur and Jacquier, the editors prefix the following declaration*:—"Newtonus, in hoc tertio libro telluris motæ hypothesin assumit. Auctoris propositiones aliter explicari non poterant nisi eadem quoque factâ hypothesi. Hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam; *ceterum latè a summis pontificibus contra telluris motum decretis nos obsequi profitemur!*"

To other sciences, less innocent than astronomy, the church's hostility has been more frequent. The same time that produced the foregoing specimen

of ecclesiastical astronomy (1740), the Pope procured the banishment of Giannone, because he wrote a history of Naples. It would not be very difficult to fill a small volume with similar instances, from the roastings of the metaphysicians of the dark ages, who were condemned as heretics, down to the excommunication of Eugene Sue, in 1845. The interference of the church is, it is quite true, becoming less every day. But we need not go to Rome to see an example of it even now—we need not refer to the unexplained scruples of his holiness the late Pope about the orthodoxy of railways; but we will take what occurred at home two years ago. The well-known memorial of the "Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland," respecting the provincial colleges, contained the following, among other demands.

"3. That office-bearers should be appointed by a board of trustees, of which the Roman Catholic Prelates of the province in which any of those colleges shall be erected, shall be members.

"4. That Roman Catholic pupils could not attend the lectures on HISTORY, LOGIC, METAPHYSICS, MORAL PHILOSOPHY, GEOLOGY, or ANATOMY, without exposing their faith or morals to imminent danger, unless a Roman Catholic professor shall be appointed to each of these chairs."

Here we have the Romish Prelates of Ireland boldly avowing that six important sciences are not to be studied, except under ecclesiastical surveillance—under the same protection heretofore held out to astronomy. It would be dangerous to the soul of a Romish student to hear Miller, Mitford, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Sismondi, Alison; he should satisfy his cravings for knowledge with the orthodox twaddle of Schlegel, or the genuine quotations of O'Connell from Fynes Morrison. Whately and Mill are forbidden in logic: Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Brown, Kant, Stewart, Reid, must not be heard in metaphysics. Every English and German writer on moral philosophy is excluded.

* The first edition was published at Geneva. The declaration is prefixed to the third volume. The preface is dated "Romæ in conventu S.S. Trinitatis. Ann. 1742."

In geology, he dare not listen to Buckland, Lyell, Hutton, &c., &c. And in anatomy—but that has been sufficiently laughed at already.

Among the signatures to this memorial, is that of the titular Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray. If there be one man more than another among the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops eminent for shrewdness and common sense, it is he. He is, and most deservedly, the man usually put forward to Protestants as the example of a liberal, sensible, and enlightened Roman Catholic clergyman. What think you, gentle reader, are his contributions to literature? A tract on a miraculous cure of Mrs. Mary Stuart, worked, in 1823, in Rathmines convent!*

The argument of it is, that as the miracles of Christ were to confirm the faith of his disciples, so the cure of Mrs. Mary Stuart, which was worked by administration of the eucharist, was intended to awaken faith in the reality of it. It is every whit as absurd as Shrewsbury on the estatica. O'Connell would not commit himself to it,† but he would not brand a bishop as a "pious fool." Since Butler and Paley would be dangerous to the faith and morals of a Roman Catholic student, what a valuable substitute is afforded by "Murray on miracles!"

The principles of this memorial are vigorously re-asserted by Mr. Heron's approving commentator in the *Review* we have so often before referred to. It is repeatedly there asserted, that the "Protestant atmosphere" of Trinity College must have a corrective; that it requires the guidance of the church to direct the "implicit faith of boyhood" launching into the danger of learning; that it is a "deadly injustice" to send forth an educated Catholic, holding his religion "as a fragmentary, unassimilated portion of the great fabric of his opinions." We recommend a perusal of the article, for the terror with which the writer speaks of the liberalizing effect of a mixed education is positively entertaining. The tolerance of different opinions with which it imbues students, is "cri-

minial indifferentism." Scotch metaphysicians, English historians, and French mathematicians are so many beacons which the young Catholic must shun. The "Catholic philosophers," whom Protestants disrespectfully "lump together under the title of schoolmen," the "refutation of the shallow falsehoods about the middle ages," and "Schlegel's philosophy of history," are the objects of the writer's admiration. It is instructive to mark these efforts of the church party still to keep their hold on the human mind. The days are passed when they dare boldly by force repress all inquiry. Their efforts now are rather to keep back their own flock. True religion, like all other truth, must profit, not lose, by the free discussion and progress of knowledge; but they dread these. The unproductive nonsense of the schoolmen is harmless to them; or, perhaps, useful, in guiding the mind from truthful realities to unsubstantial refinements.‡

But by their fruits teachers and schools may be judged, as well as other things; and a fair opportunity of comparison between Protestant and Roman Catholic education is afforded in Ireland. Maynooth is under the exclusive management of Roman Catholics; Trinity College of Protestants. Do their fruits bear comparison for one moment? It is said to be unfair to taunt Maynooth with a want of eminent men in science, because it is more a theological than a scientific school. That is one of the very evils complained of—its teaching is so fettered to the barren and useless lucubrations of narrow-minded churchmen, that it does not tend to produce an enlarged or elevated mind. However, passing in indulgence the want of eminent men of science—the absence of a MacCullagh, a Lloyd, a Kane, a Hamilton, &c., &c.—look to its finished alumni—the proper and legitimate objects for whose teaching it was instituted—compare it to the divinity school of Trinity College. Compare, as a class, the Protestant clergy educated there, and the Romish priest-

* See his "Pastoral Address to the Catholic Clergy and Laity," on this subject, published by Coyne in 1823.

† See his evidence before the Committee of Inquiry, p. 168.

‡ See also "Thoughts on Academical Education, by a Catholic Priest." Duffy. 1845.

hood educated in Maynooth. What a contrast!

The exhibition made by some clerical demagogues at the late election, excited much observation in England. The speeches of Fathers Laffan and Costelloe were spoken of by the English press with surprise, as if such effusions were extraordinary from men having any pretence to education. Here they excited no wonder; if there was anything remarkable about them, it was their comparative refinement. These orators appear Addisons in correctness, and Chesterfields in elegance, when compared with many of their brethren.* There is scarcely a month that does not produce some Christian philippic from a chapel altar, or political homily in a Repeal club, which, for low personality, coarse buffoonery, and rancorous falsehood, as far exceed the productions in question, as the latter differ from a sermon of Fenelon. But take even the mild specimens of Maynooth refinement exhibited by these two reverend gentlemen, and conceive for one moment what would be the result of a Protestant clergyman giving vent to such an effusion!

An instance came under the notice of the writer of this paper, of a priest in a country parish, which exhibited a striking specimen of Maynooth education. He was a sincere little man; pious to fanaticism; was reported to wear a hair shirt, and sleep in a coffin; of his fastings and mortifications there was no end; he had his breviary at his finger ends, repeated litanies by the dozen, and had pious services with unusual frequency in his chapel; he was regarded as a saint by the people. Yet this man could not *spell* English correctly. His letters would literally disgrace a pupil in a charity school. His notions of Latin were ludicrous; he had a good store of monkish words, but an utter contempt for Syntax. His ascetic and overstrained training operating on a mind naturally superstitious, the suppression of the so-

cial passions which his profession required, and the total absence of any study or branch of knowledge that could enlarge or enlighten his mind, had utterly emasculated an intellect naturally acute, and perverted a disposition naturally amiable. The obligation of all social restraints was to him nothing compared to the sacred duty of obedience to the church; the calls of benevolence, which his heart suggested, were chilled into subservience to his stern creed; to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, to preach peace and charity, to save the life of a dying father, to lighten the load of grief that bowed down the widow and orphan—these were minor duties compared to the ordinances of the church. Better the father should lose the chance of living, than risk slipping into eternity unanointed;—better the widow should hazard the poor-house, or a cell in bedlam, than a litany should be left unsaid, or a confession neglected. Such instances are not uncommon. They are the natural result of a restrictive system of education. When the subject of it has energy of character, he becomes a Hildebrand or a Dominick; when he has not, he is likely to prove a clerical Shrewsbury.

In remote ages the Roman Church boldly announced that error in religious opinions was a civil crime; that the church had defined true religion, and to deviate from what she had defined deserved civil punishment; and as the soul is more important than the body, so the crime which endangered the former deserved a punishment proportionably more terrible and exemplary. The doctrine that inquiry in matters on which the church has pronounced an opinion is criminal, is still, though more mildly, enforced. In Piedmont, to this hour, among the Protestant population, a Popish priest is commissioned by government to preach on controversial topics, and it is a crime, civilly punishable, to answer

* An instance has just occurred, in which the Poor Law Commissioners have censured the Rev. B. O'Neill, for abusing persons who refused to give evidence for him in the Newtown-Limavady poor-house. It appears from their letter, that the reverend instructor, in addressing his congregation called one *individual*, who refused to swear at his dictation, "schemer and vagabond;" another, "a most damnable vagabond;" and a third, "a damnable rascal." See the Commissioners' letter, dated 25th September, 1847.

him. An inn-keeper at Chamouni dare not allow a Protestant service to be read by visitors at his inn, among themselves, as occurred to our knowledge this very summer. Two years since Portuguese subjects, in Madeira, were imprisoned and exiled for listening to a Protestant teacher in an English resident's house. These are occasional instances of the workings of the same principle, which has attempted to fetter the spirit of scientific inquiry and define the bounds of human knowledge. While one sinew of that Protean monster, the church's authority, retains its power, they who are within its grasp will be less fitted than their neighbours to promote education or to encourage learning. It is not speculative doctrines, it is not transubstantiation or purgatory, which make the essential difference between Protestantism and Romanism: many Protestant sects differ on points nearly as important. It is the Roman Church's authority that Protestants fear—that is the great stumbling-block. Thundered forth among the tortured yells and human fires of Madrid, or launched in the unreal terrors of a bull from the Vatican, silently testified in the lying scruples of a Jesuit astronomer, or whispered in the pious caution of Irish prelates, the principle asserted is still the same—that it is a crime to inquire where the church has defined. The assertion of infallibility that justified an *auto da fê* or massacre of St. Bartholomew; the dispensing power that absolved subjects from their allegiance, or commanded the Imperial perjury by which Huss was burned; the spiritual assumption that defines what is moral, so as to quiet the conscience of the obedient—are but the more violent operations of the same principle, which

teaches danger in scientific freedom, which has attempted to stay the progress of the human mind, and to the present hour boldly marks the limits within which knowledge must be restrained. This mighty jailer is now but the ghost of his former self—he is wasting to a shadow; with his final and total disappearance will probably come the time when religious distinctions between Christian creeds will cease to be important.

Therefore, in the face of all charges of bigotry, we do boldly assert, that as yet Roman Catholics are not as fit as Protestants to be entrusted with the guidance of education; and we do so because we are advocates of educational freedom, because we would open *all* the treasures of knowledge to *all* men, of all classes and all creeds.

But it must ever be borne in mind that the question, whether Trinity College, Dublin, as a school for general education, would be deteriorated by the proposed change, is but a small part of the argument. That it would be less fit for one main object—the education of the clergy—is beyond controversy. We condemn the change on the further grounds, that it is a gross act of spoliation depriving the Protestants of Ireland of the only educational institution in their hands; that it would be an utter violation of the intention of its founders, and an unjustifiable perversion of its endowments; that it would be a gratuitous interference, for which there is no sufficient reason—a mere party triumph, at the expense of a body against whom no charge has been brought, but who, on the contrary, are on all hands admitted to have faithfully and honestly fulfilled their duty.



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FIRESIDE HORRORS FOR CHRISTMAS.

THERE are two things in particular for which we feel thankful, when we see the year verging to its close, and the dusk falling earlier and earlier every day. The first is, that we never saw a ghost ourselves, and the second is, that other people did. The world does not always consider the debt of gratitude it is under, to those who have vision for the invisible. Winter would not limp more tediously away without the long evenings, than the long evenings without ghost-stories. We do not envy the feelings of the man who can get through his December without any deeper shudders than those produced by physical cold. We have little sympathy with people whose talk, when they hitch their chairs closer together about a well-heaped hearth, does not instinctively turn on haunted houses, nightmares, and warnings before death. To us, the bars of a grate infallibly suggest the ribs of a skeleton; and as we watch the thin smoke, flitting silently up the chimney, our thoughts are of things in winding-sheets, that glide by moonlight along the aisles of ancient churches. In what manner our own shadow, dancing behind us on the wall or ceiling, might affect our imagination at such a time, we have no means of saying, as we have always felt disinclined to the indulgence of any rash curiosity on the subject. Who knows what other shadow we might see, if we turned round to look at our own? And if we saw none *but* our own, the spell would be broken, the hearth would be disenchanted, the mysterious "behind us" would be spoiled of its mystery, and *that* evening's tale of wonder would be told to listless and incredulous ears. We pity the

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man who, from his place at the Christmas fireside, has looked behind him; for that man, life has lost its illusions; he has lifted the veil of Isis, and "seen the Truth" in the shape of his grandmother; he has leaped into the abyss, and found it just knee-deep. The law of the winter evening is—look straight into the embers, and think of your favourite horror. When you feel horrified through and through, begin to talk, still looking straight into the embers. Horrors belong as naturally to the fireside, as the fireside belongs to Christmas. The cold of the season does not more cravingly demand the genial blaze, than the heat of the blaze demands that agreeable chill which a churchyard reminiscence will send with electric swiftness through the blood. The passing shiver that runs over you as you listen to some chimney-corner legend, of wan women with their throats cut, that sit down opposite to solitary students at midnight, or of hands thrust out of unhallowed graves, to point to the murderer as he goes by, is as gratefully refrigerant and bracing to the nerves as a raspberry ice in the dog days. Then, there is nothing that so much heightens the enjoyableness of a ghostly gossip about the Yule fire, in an old rambling country-house, as the thought of the wide staircases you will by-and-bye have to ascend, the long corridors you will have to traverse, the dark rooms, with their doors standing open, you will have to pass, with no company but your candle and the echo of your footsteps, on your way from that warm parlour, that lies bathed in the glow of the wood fire, as in the "light of setting suns," to the woe-begone, vast chamber, with a bed like a hearse,

that awaits you at the farthest end of the scarce half-inhabited mansion. The anticipation of this pilgrimage makes the circle round the hearth a true magic circle, out of the bounds of which no one cares to tread. The living world has shrunk to the dimensions of that charmed ring, and all beyond its confines is a dark and spectre-peopled void—a world of spirits that have heard you talking about them. No wonder you have little mind to go out into the goblin domain, with no better amulet against its terrors than a bed-room candlestick. And why should you do so? Why not rather pile on more faggots, and commend yourself to the safe keeping of Vesta, till the “witching time of night” be past? Why not outwatch the ghosts, and betake yourself to your own bed when the first cock-crow summons them to theirs?

If any one doubts that telling ghost-stories is the proper employment for a winter's night, let him open his window, and look out. Can anything be more spectral? There is not a hill or a hollow in sight, but has put on a shroud, and stares at him with a still, white face, the phantom of itself. The trees stand like giant skeletons, lifting their bleached arms towards the trooping clouds that hurry across the sky, like witches flocking to their sabbath. What is all that but a ghost-story in dumb-show, told by the earth to the stars? If the doubter can go on doubting in the face of an example like this, nothing that we could urge in the way of precept would be likely to decide him: we give him up, and can only hope it may not be our fate to have him for a reader. What has he to do with our fireside horrors? He is a horror himself, more horrible than any that we can conjure up, for whatever fireside he sits at.

Thee, actual reader, we well discern to be of a different spirit: come, then, and shudder with us, in the first place, over some ghastliness gleaned from a delightful little book, published this year by Mr. Burns, and bearing the title, most germane to our subject, of “Communications between the Seen and the Unseen Worlds.”*

You are to suppose, then, that a party of friends are assembled, perhaps for the Christmas holidays, at a house which, from some accidental indications, we judge to be in the country. A starry sky, the sight of which it is pronounced “almost a pity to shut out,” leads the conversation of the friends to the comparative beauty of the winter and the summer night; and the gentler season most naturally finds an advocate in a gentle lady of the company, who is introduced to you by the name of Eusebia. Eloquent does Eusebia plead for the season of her preference. The rare power of “painting with words” is hers in a high degree, and you feel, as you listen, that the influence of the hour she describes is upon you—

“When the west has lost its more gaudy hues, and the only trace of the departed sun is the calm, still belt of green, that reposes above the distant hills, as if they were the barriers of this world, and that quiet ocean of light the gulf which parts us from the realm of spirits.”

Then, she insists further—

“There is the soft scent of the sleeping flowers, the dewiness of the air, the few bright stars that peep through the still faintly-illuminated sky; the joyous song, it may be, of the nightingale; the merry chirp, that seems, wherever you go, to be equally close to you, of the grasshopper. It is repose in its truest sense,—life enough to banish the idea that nature, as people talk, can ever sleep,—rest enough to lead on the mind to a more perfect, even an eternal repose.”

Eusebia's friends will not deny that the summer night is beautiful; but there is one of them, at least—his name is Pistus—who holds that the winter night is more beautiful still, or, in any case, that its beauty is of a more solemn and spiritual character. Too much of this world, Pistus thinks, is mixed up in our ideas of the night of summer. With its flowers, its birds, its dew, and that green brightness over the western hills, it is of the earth, earthy; it does not carry us away to other worlds, but throws a colouring of poetry and illu-

* “The Unseen World; communications with it, real or imaginary, including Apparitions, Warnings, Haunted Places, Prophecies, Aerial Visions, Astrology, &c. London: James Burns. 1847.

sion over our enthrallment to this. It is not so, he exclaims, with the winter night!—

“The sky, and the sky alone, so glorious, yet so awful, so spangled with brightness, so mysterious in its depth, that is all. There is nothing that can remind any sense of earth; nay, the very cold seems to enhance the solitude, to tear away all connexion between yourself and external nature, to make you feel more utterly lonely. And you stand and gaze on those bright worlds, till you seem as if you were banished into the desolate regions of space; and there, without any orb near you, looked forth into the perfect blackness around, and watched the motions of the worlds that above, beneath, and on every side, were moving along in their mysterious path. It is the time when you feel, if ever, that there must be a world of spirits; when the mind seems almost brought into contact with that invisible universe; and when, more than at any other period, it longs to know something of its future home, and to hear some of those ‘unspeakable things’ which it is not lawful for a man to utter.”

The conversation now turns on the strange and dangerous charm which we find in every glimpse, real or imaginary, into things connected with the world of the invisible. How, it is asked, can we but be interested in knowing somewhat of a region of being, to the influences of which we are, perhaps, hourly exposed—and which, hereafter, is to receive us as its denizens for ever? And yet, what peril there must be in attempting to raise a curtain which God has drawn, and which may conceal what it would scare the soul from her earthly tabernacle to see disclosed! Has that curtain ever been raised? A thousand traditional voices say it has. Raised in prophetic dreams and omens; raised in apparitions of the dead; raised in pranks and gambolings of elves, demons and goblins; raised in pacts of the evil one with human kind. Raised, also, in visits of angels; in miraculous warnings and interferences of heavenly powers in the affairs of men; in visions and glimpses of revelation, from the sphere of essential light, vouchsafed to contemplative souls. That the invisible world has access by many avenues to the visible, the experience of all ages attests, and the friends believe. And now that they

have, as it seems, nine December evenings to spend together, what employment more congenial to the time can they find, than ascertaining, if they can, the positions of these avenues, and marking them down, as it were, in a kind of spiritual chart? In other words, what task can engage them, better suited to those long winter nights, than that suggested by Pistus—to inquire into all the methods by which the intercommunion of the seen with the unseen is carried on? They will set about it forthwith. And, hear the wise resolution with which they enter upon the inquiry:—

“In listening to any details which the wisdom of the world would reject as improbable or impossible, we shall, I hope, be guided by a wiser feeling. We will weigh them on their evidence only: if that is sufficient to convince a man in his every-day conduct, it shall be sufficient for us; if not, while we stigmatise nothing as impossible, because it is unusual, we shall return a verdict of ‘not proven.’”

The plan to be pursued in the investigation is now settled. The mystic symbolism by which material nature, in such a variety of ways, seems to point to spiritual truth, is first to come under consideration; then aerial phenomena, fiery crosses, comets, and meteors, whirlwinds, and sudden tempests—viewed as prognostics of momentous events on earth; then the various luminous appearances to which popular belief has ascribed a supernatural character, “stationary lights, corpse-lights, St. Elmo’s lights, firedrakes, and Will of the Wisp;” then haunted places, and the tribes that haunt them, whether classic, as “Naiads, Fauns, Satyrs, Dryads, Hamadryads,” &c., or romantic, as “The Brown Man of the Moors, Fairies, the Good People, Trolls, Telchens, Pixies, and Pixycolts,” not forgetting the more peculiar house-goblins, “the old Lar, and our own Robin Good-fellow.” Then the “grand question” is to be debated, “If the spirits of the departed have ever been permitted to visit the living in a visible form;” this will give occasion to speak of the motives of ghostly visitations, of death-warnings, of disclosures of secret crimes, of apparitions in fulfilment of a promise, and so on. After this will come dreams, and the second-sight; and, to wind up

the whole inquiry, a glance will be thrown at the grounds of the once so general belief, in astrology and witchcraft. Truly, as one of the friends remarks, "a comprehensive subject, and, if discussed with an unprejudiced mind, almost fresh ground."

As we are not going, however, to review the book, but merely to cull from it anything that seems to us particularly available for our present purpose, of tempering with a light breath of fear the heat of the Christmas fire, we will not follow the inquirers through the several stages of their task. This it will be well worth the reader's while to do for himself; and, although the friends took nine nights to get over the ground, he will find it easily accomplished in one. If he has a pleasanter night than that one, this December, he will have no reason to complain of his winter. In the meantime, we will hear Pistus, who is the travelled man of the party, tell what once befel him on a mountain excursion in the island of Madeira.

"I believe that people with the strongest nerves have the most dreadful fits of panic when they have them at all. I have wandered far and wide in the most precipitous places of mountains, and never felt it but once. I had a mind to try if the Pico do Cidrao, one of the loftiest, and, at the same time, steepest mountains of Madeira, could not be scaled from the Pico dos Arrieiros. It was a fine day in spring—we tethered our horses on the Arrieiros, and then, with our mountain-poles, and a shepherd for guide, we committed ourselves to the narrow isthmus that joins the two mountains. Narrow it is—for, on either side, it slopes down almost perpendicularly into an abyss of some two thousand feet; while, at the top, it is in many places not more than eight feet broad, and its material of crumbling scoria. Indeed, so thin is it, that it vibrates, or seems to vibrate, in a heavy gale. When we had accomplished half the distance, we sat down to rest, and gaze at the wonderful chasms which opened below us. Seeing a small crack in the earth, I looked down into that, and lo! the opposite chasm was distinctly visible through it. At last, however, up ladders of rock, assisted by the shepherd's banisters of roughly-spun rope, round corners where you trusted yourself to the young oak, or the sapling *til*, and hung for a moment over a depth that it makes my blood run cold to recollect—now creeping along this side of the isthmus, now

working like worms along that, we stood under the shadow of the great Cidrao itself. Here, on a little platform of turf, my friend sat down, weary and sick at heart, while I resolved, with a good courage, still to follow my guide. On we went: the path was a ledge of about eighteen inches, a steep precipice above, a steep precipice below, all bare rock—no twining root, or friendly twig, to give the hand a firm, nor even an imaginary hold. Just then the northern gale swept a mass of clouds into the abyss, and it seemed as if we were walking along the edge of the world. I began to feel a little uncomfortable, when my guide, by way of consoling me, wrenched a large rock from its place, and hurled it downwards into the clouds. I lost it in that soft bed, but half a minute afterwards its crash came up from beneath, echoed from crag to crag, and seeming as if it came from another world. Oh, I shall never forget that moment! My brain seemed to turn round, my limbs to have no power of support, and I felt that horrible desire of leaping after the rock, the descent of which I had just witnessed. That was my only panic, and I thought it would have been my first and last."

There is nothing *obviously* preternatural in the above; but, the question being raised, to what immediate cause we are to attribute the terrible, and apparently malign influences which, in cases of the kind, nature exercises over us, a solution is offered, which gives to these "toys of desperation" a ghastly character indeed. The speaker who undertakes to answer the question is named Sophron, and here is what he says:—

"If you ask my opinion, I have long believed it to be the immediate effect of temptation. The name, *panic*, proves that the spirits who were supposed to haunt wild and lonely scenery, were also supposed to be gifted with an extraordinary influence over the mind; just as, in Gothic lore, fairies were gifted with the same power of depriving their unwelcome visitants of reason. Now, that the evil spirits by which we are surrounded, should delight in making God's works, which in themselves are very good, occasions of the misery of man, is extremely likely in itself, and consistent with all analogy. We do not remember, or we will not believe, that the presence of Christians must make an inroad on the powers of darkness; that they cannot exercise the same influence over mankind in such regions, as in wild and lonely mountains,

which Holy Church can scarcely be said to have vindicated,—almost inaccessible to man,—intended, to the end of the world, to be none of his, to whomever else they may be given. . . .

. . . . True, there is a brighter side to the picture. Angels may delight in solitudes unstained by sin: and peaks, like those of Chimborazo and Himalaya, may be, could we only hear it, vocal with the songs of the just made perfect. But still it is a solemn thought that the doom has been once spoken, which, till the regeneration of the heavens and earth by fire, must remain in some sense in force, 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake.' The Church, we know, has a power of reversing this curse; but, till she has blest, it remains, and must remain. The sorest temptations which the history of the Church can recount, have taken place in the desert; also, I grant you, some of the most glorious victories. We must expect the one, we may hope for the other."

We should like to know how Sophron would account for the fact, that the same giddy impulse which seizes the wanderer in the solitudes of the Alps or the Andes, is also not unfrequently felt by those who look down from consecrated minster-towers, in which christened bells, the terror of all imps of darkness, are hung. We have felt the solicitations of the dreadful magnetism ourselves, when looking through the open-work of the spire of Strasburg; and more than one dizzy brain has yielded to the fatal fascination, from the same holy height. It is not many years since a laughing young girl, into whose pure, glad soul, the thought of suicide had never thrown its shadow, sprang from that spire, in such a sudden passion of mad terror, to the pavement, five hundred feet beneath. Now we are very much mistaken in Sophron, or he will confess that cathedral steeples, built in the ages of faith, are the very antipodes, spiritually, of those wild and unchristianized solitudes which "Holy Church can scarcely be said to have vindicated." Exeter Hall may sneer at the sacredness of a Strasburg minster, but Sophron does not believe that Luther was the founder of the Christian religion; or that the day of Pentecost was that on which the confession of Augsburg was drawn up. How, then, will he account for panics occurring on the tops of Catholic and devil-dreaded belfries?

Leaving that question, we turn to those enigmatical appearances which, be they natural or supernatural in their origin, are oftenest observed to present themselves in situations unreclaimed, or unreclaimable by the hand of man, from the desolation of the primal curse. Of this kind are the lights that lure unwary travellers into marshes, or that gleam from lonely headlands on stormy nights, and draw the inexperienced seaman upon sandbanks, or the ledges of a rocky shore. Such lights, Pistus tells us, are seen in nights of tempest, along the wild capes and crags of Madeira; glancing up and down precipitous cliffs; leaping over mountain-chasms and ragged beds of torrents; now almost dipping in the surf that beats the bottom of the rocks; now burning on the very brow of the beetling sea-wall. "The fishermen," says Pistus, "believe them to be tormented souls, thus working out part of their punishment, and testify great horror at the apparition."

All this our philosophy knows how to explain; but Sophron has something to tell, which no theory, that we are aware of, will account for. What does the reader think of this?—

"There is a bed-room in Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, where, on a particular spot on the wall, a pale phosphoric light is always to be seen when the windows are darkened. I have heard, that to wake in the stillness of the night, and to see this pale light glaring quietly on you, is a most unpleasant thing. And so the proprietors thought, for they had the wall pulled down and rebuilt, but to no effect; the light appeared again, and is to be seen there to this day."

We confess we do not exactly envy the guest at Lulworth Castle, who has to sleep in this particular bed-room, after an evening of ghost-stories about the Christmas fire.

Under the chapter of death-warnings, the following is related, and has a pleasant touch of horror about it:—

"When a man, whose whole course of life had been marked by the most flagitious atrocities, was lying on his death-bed, near St. Ives (in Cornwall), a black ship, with black sails, was observed to stand in to the bay, into shallows where seamen felt convinced that no ship of that apparent burden could float. At the moment the soul passed

from the body, the vessel stood out again, nor was it ever seen more."

We do not know whether the reader will be affected as we were, by the following account of a dream; but we own that few things of the kind have impressed us more disagreeably. Sophron *loquitur* :—

"A married lady of my acquaintance dreamed that she was compelled one Sunday to stay at home, while the rest of her family went to church; that the house was one which she had never seen before; that she heard a knock at the door, and went to open it; that a man of most ill-favoured appearance entered, and began to insult her, on which she awoke in terror. Some time after, she removed temporarily to another house, and it so fell out, that one Sunday she stayed at home herself, in order that the rest of her family might be able to go to church. While there alone, she heard a knock at the front door, and there being no one else in the house, went down to open it. When she had reached the hall, the remembrance of her dream flashed in an instant across her mind, yet she had not sufficient faith in it to hesitate about opening the door. She did so; and behold! there stood a man, the exact counterpart of him whom she had seen in her dream. She shut the door in his face, locked and bolted it, and awaited the return of her family in great agitation. The man (whoever he was) could not be found. Now that this was a providential warning of danger, it is hardly possible to deny."

The mention of dreams leads to that of second-sight, and this to predictions of death in general. Relating to this topic, a curious circumstance is mentioned, recorded in the account of the plague that depopulated Rome during the pontificate of St. Agatha. In the dead of the night, a knock, sometimes single, sometimes repeated, was heard at the door of doomed houses, whether at the time infected or not; and as many knocks as were heard in the night, so many deaths followed on the succeeding day. There is something horrible in the thought of these knocks, falling at intervals along the silent streets, in the darkness of night. It gives you the feeling as if the plague were going from door to door, making up the list of her next batch of victims. A different kind of death-warning, and

one perhaps still more frightful in its character, accompanied, as we have read somewhere, the plague with which Basle was visited at the end of the sixteenth century; the dying themselves, in the unconscious fantastic babblings and delirium of the last moments, announced the names of those who were to die next after them.

Apparitions of the dead affect us with a profounder sense of terror than, perhaps, any other form in which the powers of the unseen realm can approach us. It is not mere terror; it is terror combined with shuddering antipathy—with a loathing which the idea of no *naturally* bodiless being, however evil, awakes. The blood does not curdle so at the thought of a purely diabolical visitation, as at that of finding yourself face to face with one who has been what you are—with a man who has died, and been buried. You cannot, in imagining such a visitant, escape the association of the corpse, and the grave-clothes, and the atmosphere of death, and all the characteristics of mortality which our mortal nature, just because it is mortal, recoils from with the most invincible abhorrence. In presenting to the reader, therefore, some account of such apparitions, we feel that we are got to the right horrors, the horrors *par excellence*; and so, without further preface, we transcribe the following story, related by our friend Sophron, in the words of Lady Fanshawe :—

"And here (she says) I cannot omit relating the following story, confirmed by Sir Thomas Baber, Sir Arnold Breamer, the Dean of Canterbury, with many more gentlemen and persons of that town. There lived, not far from Canterbury, a gentleman called Colonel Colepepper, whose mother was wedded unto Lord Strangford. This gentleman had a sister, who lived with him, as the world said, in too much love. She married Mr. Porter. This brother and sister being both atheists, and living a life according to their profession, went in a frolic unto the vault of their ancestors, where, before they returned, they pulled some of their father's and of their mother's hairs. Within a few days after, Mrs. Porter fell sick and died. Her brother kept her body in a coffin in his buttery, saying it would not be long before he died, and then they would both be buried together; but from the

night of her death, till the time that we were told the story (which was three months), they say that a head, as cold as death, with curled hair like his sister's, did ever lie by him when he slept, notwithstanding he removed to several places and countries to avoid it; and several persons told us they have felt this apparition."

Lady Fanshawe's high character, Sophron justly remarks, leaves no room for the least hesitation in receiving this story, one of the most singular that he knows. Pistus agrees that the story is singular, and, we think, so will the reader. Nor is it more singular than frightful: we cannot conceive a truer hell on earth than that the being who had been your partner in sin while alive, should refuse to quit you when dead.

Here is a story less horrible, though scarcely less strange. The names of the parties concerned, it is mentioned, are altered, some of them being still alive:—

"Lord F. was on his travels on the Continent, when he met a young man engaged in a similar way, with whom he grew very familiar. Mr. G. (for so I will call his friend) gave him, in the course of conversation, to know that the end of his life had been predicted to him, and that he had some grounds for believing that this prediction was not without its weight and credibility. 'As how?' asked Lord F. 'I was travelling with two friends,' replied the other, 'in Italy, and at Florence we agreed to have our nativities cast by a woman there, who had a great reputation for astrological skill. She foretold that none of us would live long, and named the days on which we should each die. My two friends are dead, and that at the time she named: it remains to see whether her prediction will be verified in me.' 'Pooh, pooh!' cried Lord F., 'a mere coincidence; impossible that it should happen a third time. But what is the day she named?' Mr. G. named one about six months distant. 'And where shall you be then?' pursued Lord F. 'At Paris,' 'Why, I shall be there too. Let it be an engagement. Come you and dine with me on that very day at seven o'clock, and keep up your spirits till then. I shall be found at No. —, Rue de —. Do you agree to the bargain?' 'Willingly,' replied the other, and in a short space of time the friends separated. The six months passed, and a little before the appointed

day, Lord F. found himself in Paris. He sent a note to Mr. G., to remind him of his engagement, and received for answer that he would come. However, a day or two after, another note was brought him, in which Mr. G. said that he was not very well, and must postpone the pleasure of dining with Lord F. till another time; that the indisposition was very trifling, and ere long he hoped to have the pleasure of waiting upon him. Lord F. thought no more of the matter, ordered dinner on the day that had been named at seven, for himself, and about six o'clock sent his servant to Mr. G.'s with a merely formal inquiry how he was. Seven o'clock came; Lord F. sat down to dinner, when, just as he was beginning his meal, the door opened, and in walked Mr. G. He walked in, it is true, but he said not a word, went up to the table, and went out again. Lord F. was alarmed, and rang the bell, and it was answered by the servant whom he had sent with the message of inquiry. 'How is Mr. G.?' he demanded. 'Dead, my lord,' was the reply: 'he died just as I reached his house.'"

Apparitions of beasts form a puzzling chapter in phantomology, and have something very demonish about them. Every one remembers

"Him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man."

But it is when they come as warnings of the approach of death, that phantom brute-shapes suggest the most disquieting apprehensions. Here is an instance of the kind, which, Sophron says, comes to him so attested, that he really knows not how to disbelieve it:—

"A family in the east of England has a tradition, that the appearance of a black dog portends the death of one of its members. It was not, I believe, said that no death took place without such warning, but only that when the apparition occurred, its meaning was certain. The eldest son of this family married. He knew not whether to believe or to disbelieve the legend. On the one hand, he thought it superstitious to receive it; and on the other, he could not, in the face of so much testimony, altogether reject it. In this state of doubt, the thing being in itself unpleasant, he resolved to say nothing on the subject to his young wife. It could only, he thought, worry and harass her, and could not, by any possibility, do any

good. He kept his resolution. In due course of time he had a family, but of the apparition he saw nothing. At length one of his children was taken ill, I think with the small-pox; but the attack was slight, and not the least danger was apprehended. He was sitting down to dinner with his wife, when she said, 'I will just step up stairs and see how the child is going on, and will be back again in a moment.' She went, and returning rather hastily, said, 'the child is asleep; but pray go up stairs, for there is a large black dog lying on his bed; go, and drive it out of the house.' The father had no doubt of the result. He went up stairs; there was no black dog to be seen, but the child was dead."

Pistus immediately "caps" this story with one of a family in Sussex, in which a white rabbit appears, a few hours before death, to the sick man himself. After all, a white rabbit is not so suspicious a messenger to come for you, from the other world, as a black dog; though they are both of them unclean beasts, too.

Dwarfs, gnomes, and other spirits of a gross nature and sullen mood, have always, and in all countries, been believed to haunt mines, and, as caprice sways them, sometimes to obstruct, sometimes to help the miners in their work. Many northern tales of the "wild and wonderful" are founded on this belief, which, in some mountainous regions, is not yet extinct. These spirits of the mine were not regarded with un-mixed dread; only care was taken not to offend them, for they were easily moved to anger, and their revenge was terrible. Retzel, a German writer of the last century, who, being a *Bergrath*, or director of mines, must have been well acquainted with the subject, tells us a good deal about them. He says they rarely let themselves be seen in a defined shape, but rather make themselves heard under ground, in the pits where the miners work, and particularly when either a great piece of good fortune or a great calamity is near. At night, when few, or on holidays, when none of the miners are in the pits, they have their sport, and make a noise as if the work were going on in the briskest manner, especially in such pits as promise something good. Hence, judges the good *Bergrath*, it appears that they intend, by such noises, to give a

hint to the miners to work in these places, and to win the blessing which God has therein laid, and to bring it to light. When these spirits are not provoked, they do no hurt to any one; but he who mocks or speaks scornfully of them is sure not to escape their resentment, but, in ascending and descending, is squeezed or otherwise hurt by them. And it is a belief of the miners that he who is so hurt, if he relate before the ninth day what has befallen him, must on the ninth day die, of which there are many examples.

Of these *berg-mannikins* there would seem to be two sorts, for some, when they appear, or make themselves heard, bring good fortune, some evil. They seldom take a visible form; but such as do, show themselves in the appearance of a diminutive miner, with a burning lamp; these portend good luck, and indicate rich veins of ore to be in the places where they are seen. Oftener the light only is seen, gliding swiftly, as if carried by one that ran, but the bearer appears not. These lights burn blue, and the brighter they are, the better the omen. On the other hand, when visions of beasts or of monsters appear under ground, it is an evil prognostic, and commonly there follows thereupon great ill-fortune.

These spirits, Retzel says, are no devils or infernal angels, fallen from a better state, but they, as well as the spirits of fire, air, and water, are creatures sprung from the elements, have no higher nature than that of the elements, and will be destroyed with the elements when the present system of things ceases to be. Vice or virtue cannot be attributed to them, any more than to the winds, the floods, or the lightnings; they have their fits of good and ill-humour, their spells of fair weather and foul; they are friendly to man or unfriendly, just as the elements are, with just as little merit and as little blame. But mines are sometimes haunted by a different kind of spirits, as Sophron shows in the following story:—

"You know that the Whitehaven mines run out far underneath the sea, and are some of the most terrible in England. A man who had worked all his life in them, and had always borne a high character, was laid on his death-

bed, and sent for the clergyman of his parish, to whom he had been previously known. I know not of what kind the disease was; it was one, I am assured, at all events, that did not affect his mind in the least, and that, during the whole of the account which I am going to give you, he was perfectly and most manifestly himself. He related it on the word of a dying man. He assured the priest that it was no uncommon thing in the mines, for the voices of persons who had long been dead, to be heard as in conversation or debate. I do not think he said that apparitions were seen, but he affirmed that they were heard to pass along the passages with a loud kind of rushing noise; that the miners, as far as possible, got out of the way on these occasions; that the horses employed in the mines would stand still and tremble, and fall into a cold sweat; and that this was universally known to be a thing that might occur any time. One remarkable instance he gave. The overseer of the mine he used to work was, for many years, a Cumberland man, but being found guilty of some unfair proceedings, he was dismissed by the proprietors from his post, though employed in an inferior situation. The new overseer was a Northumberland man, who had the burr that distinguishes that county very strongly. To this person the degraded overseer bore the strongest hatred, and was heard to say that some day he would be his ruin. He lived, however, in apparent friendship with him; but one day they were both destroyed together by the fire-damp. It was believed in the mine that, preferring revenge to life, the ex-overseer had taken his successor, less acquainted than he with the localities of the mine, into a place where he knew the fire-damp to exist, and that without a safety-lamp, and had thus contrived his destruction. But ever after that time, in the place where the two men perished, their voices might be heard high in dispute—the Northumbrian burr being distinctly audible, and so also the well-known pronunciation of the treacherous murderer.”

We will give but one more story out of this volume: the scene of it is laid on board a Brazil packet:—

“A lady was lying on the sofa in the ladies’ saloon, when, to her surprise, a gentleman entered it from the grand saloon, and passing through it, went out by the door that led towards the hold. She was much astonished, both that any one should enter the room at

all, at least without knocking, and at not recognizing the gentleman who did so, as she had associated with the passengers for some days. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who said that he must have been confined to his berth till then, but that it would perhaps appear, when the passengers sat down to dinner, who he was. At dinner-time the lady carefully examined her companions, and was positive that no such person was among them. She asked the captain if there were any passenger not then at table. He answered her, that there was not. She never forgot the circumstance, though her husband treated it as a mere fancy, and thought no more of it. Some time afterwards she was walking with him in London, when she pointed out a gentleman in the street, and said, with some agitation, ‘There! there! that is the person whom I saw on board the packet. Do go and speak to him—pray do go and ask him if he was not there.’ ‘Impossible, my dear,’ replied her husband; ‘he would think that I meant to insult him.’ However, his wife’s importunity and agitation prevailed. Stepping up to the gentleman she had pointed out, and apologizing for the liberty he was about to take, ‘Pray, sir,’ said he, ‘may I ask whether you were on board the — Brazil packet at such a time?’ ‘No, sir,’ replied the person addressed, ‘I certainly was not; but may I inquire why you thought that I was?’ The interrogator related the circumstance. ‘What day was it?’ asked the other. That having been settled, ‘Well, sir,’ said the stranger, ‘it is a very remarkable circumstance that I had a twin brother, so like myself that no one could tell us apart. He died, poor fellow, in America, on that very day.’

“The most remarkable point (observes Pistus) in that story, is its localism, so to speak. A man dies in America, and his spirit is seen, on that very day, on board a ship between America and England, as if crossing from one country to the other.”

Here we take leave of this very pleasant Christmas party, not without renewing our recommendation to the reader, to cultivate their further acquaintance. We have put before him some of the stories they tell, but we have said nothing to him of the delightful way in which they talk about these stories. We have passed over all their practical reflections on the subject of their discourse, all their reasonings as to the credibility of the things related, or of preternatural relations in gene-

ral; all, in short, in the little volume, that is calculated to make the reader a better man. The reason is, we don't want to make the reader a better man, but merely a more uneasy one. We appeal to his nerves, not to his conscience. Our aim is not to improve, but to frighten him. Besides, if he thinks reflections upon the stories he has been reading would do him good, what is to hinder him from making as many as he pleases? There they are; let him reflect upon them for himself.

We now turn to another treasury of horrors, to wit, Mr. Joseph Glanvil's "Collection of Relations, in proof of the real existence of Apparitions, Spirits, and Witches," published in the year 1688, the never-to-be-forgotten epoch of Britain's deliverance from brass money and wooden shoes, and of Ireland's from money and shoes of any material whatever.

The following narrative is contained in a letter of Doctor Ezekias Burton to Doctor Henry More:—

"About ten years ago, one Mr. Bower, an antient man, living at Guildford in Surrey, was, upon the highway, not far from that place, found newly murdered, very barbarously, having one great cut cross his throat, and another down his breast. Two men were seized upon suspicion, and put into gaol at Guildford, to another, who had before been committed for robbing, as I suppose. That night this third man was awakened about one of the clock, and greatly terrified with an old man, who had a great gash cross his throat, almost from ear to ear, and a wound down his breast. He also came in stooping, and holding his hand to his back: thus he appeared, but said nothing. The thief called to his two new companions; they grumbled at him, but made no answer.

"In the morning he had retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same purpose again, and they told him it was nothing but his phantasia. But he was so fully persuaded of the reality of the apparition, that he told two others of it, and it came to the ears of Mr. Reading, justice of peace in Surrey, and cousin to the gentleman that was murdered.

"He immediately sent for the prisoner, and asked him in the first place, whether he was born or had lived about Guildford? To which he answered, No. Secondly, he inquired if he knew any of the inhabitants of that town, or of the neighbourhood? He replied that he was a stranger to all thereabout.

Then he inquired, if he had ever heard of one Mr. Bower? He said, No. After this he examined him for what cause those two other men were imprisoned? To which he answered, he knew not, but supposed for some robbery.

"After these preliminary interrogatories, he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the night? Which he immediately did, exactly according to the relation he (Mr. Reading) had heard, and I gave before. And withal described the old gentleman so by his picked beard, and that he was, as he called it, rough on his cheeks, and that the hairs of his face were black and white, that Mr. Reading saith, he himself could not have given a more exact description of Mr. Bower than this was. He told the highwayman that he must give him his oath (though that would signify little from such a rogue), to which the man readily consented, and took oath before the justice of all this.

"Mr. Reading being a very discreet man, concealed the story from the jury at the assizes, as knowing that this would be no evidence according to law. However, the friends of the murdered gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances. One of which was, that those two men had washed their clothes, and that some stains of blood remained. Another, that one of them had denied he ever heard that Mr. Bower was dead, where as he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon these and such-like evidences, these two were condemned and executed, but denied it to the last. But one of them said, the other could clear him if he would, which the by-standers understood not.

"After some time a tinker was hanged (where, the gentleman has forgot), who at his death said, that the murder of Mr. Bower of Guildford was his greatest trouble. For he had a hand in it; he confesseth he struck him a blow on the back which fetcht him from his horse, and when he was down, those other men that were arraigned and executed for it, cut his throat and rifled him. This is the first story which I had from Mr. Reading himself, who is a very honest, prudent person, and not credulous."

In the same repertory is contained an account of the apparition of Edward Avon, of Marlborough, which was seen by his son-in-law, Thomas Goddard, of the same place, about nine o'clock in the morning, leaning over a stile on the highway between Marl.

borough and Ogborn. Goddard had a good deal of conversation with the ghost on family matters. It appeared to him several times, and in different places; looked in upon him at seven o'clock of a November evening, through his shop-window, and met him as he rode down the hill on the way from Chilton, "between the Manor-house and Axford farm-field," in the shape of "somewhat like a hare," at which his horse started, and threw him in the dirt: on getting on his feet again, after this fall, he saw the ghost in its proper shape, standing about eight feet directly before him in the way, and it said to him, "Thomas, bid William Avon (that was the ghost's son) take the sword that he hath of me, which is now in his house, and carry it to the wood as ye go to Alton, to the upper end of the wood by the wayside; for with that sword I did wrong above thirty years ago, and he never prospered since he had that sword." Then, after various other directions about family affairs, the spirit vanished.

Goddard went to the mayor of Marlborough, and made a formal deposition of the above circumstances. The mayor ordered him to do as the apparition had directed; and the next morning, at nine o'clock, he and his brother-in-law, William Avon, went with the sword, and laid it down in the copse, near the place the ghost had appointed Goddard to carry it. As they left the spot, Goddard again saw the apparition of Edward Avon, standing by the place where the sword was laid, and called out to his brother-in-law, "There is the apparition of our father!" William Avon said he saw nothing; upon which, Goddard fell on his knees, and prayed, "Lord! open his eyes that he may see it;" to which the other, instead of "Amen," responded, "Lord! grant I may not see it, if it be thy blessed will." The apparition then beckoned to Goddard, and said, "Thomas, take up the sword, and follow me." Goddard took up the sword, and followed the apparition about ten perches further into the copse, where he laid down the sword again. At this time he saw something stand by the apparition, like a mastiff dog, of a brown colour. On Goddard's laying down the sword, the apparition took it up, and going a few paces farther, pointed with it to

the ground, and said, "In this place lies buried the body of him whom I murdered in the year 1635 (thirty-nine years before), which is now rotten, and turned to dust." Goddard asked him why he had committed this murder, and the ghost said, "I took money from the man, and he contended with me, and so I murdered him." Then Goddard said, "What would you have me do in this thing?" and the ghost said, "This is that the world may know that I murdered a man, and buried him in this place in the year 1635."

The place to which the ghost pointed was a dry and bare spot, on which nothing grew, and which, as Goddard described it, was like a grave sunk-in." As the two brothers-in-law went away together, Avon confessed to Goddard that he had heard the voice of the ghost, but had neither been able to distinguish the words, nor to see the speaker.

Against the credit of this story, Mr. Glanvil mentions two things that were alleged by people in Marlborough, who knew Thomas Goddard; that first, about a year before he saw, or affirmed he had seen, his father-in-law's apparition, he left off going to church (of which he had been a diligent frequenter), and "fell off wholly to the nonconformists;" and the other, that he was sometimes troubled with epileptic fits. But to these reasons Mr. Glanvil does not allow much weight; observing, that a man's falling-off to the nonconformists, though it may argue a vacillancy of his judgment, yet affords not any presumption of a defect in his external senses, as if a dissenter were less able to discern when he saw or heard anything than a sound churchman. In this we agree with Mr. Glanvil: it is not sight that a dissenter wants, but faith. As to the epileptic fits, our own opinion is, that Goddard's liability to these was the very thing that made him also capable of seeing ghosts. However, our author will not say positively but what the apparition may have been "some ludicrous goblin," personating the ghost of old Avon, merely to mystify, or "take a rise out of" the son-in-law. For Porphyrius has noted, that demons do sometimes personate the souls of the deceased; and the learned Von Meyer of Frankfurt confirms this by many instances within his own experience. It ought to be observed that

there were no bones found in the place pointed out by the spectre, but this, after forty years or nigh, is not surprising.

Here follows a story "Of a Dutchman that could see ghosts, and of the ghost he saw in the town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk":—

"Mr. Broom, the minister of Woodbridge in Suffolk, meeting one day, in a barber's shop, in that town, a Dutch lieutenant (who was blown up with Opdam, and taken alive out of the water, and carried to that town, where he was a prisoner at large), upon the occasion of some discourse, was told by him that he could see ghosts, and that he had seen divers. Mr. Broom rebuking him for talking so idly, he persisted in it very stiffly. Some days after, lighting upon him again, he askt him whether he had seen any ghost since his coming to that town? To which he replied, 'No.'

"But not long after this, as they were walking together up the town, he said to Mr. Broom, 'Yonder comes a ghost.' He seeing nothing, askt him whereabout it was? The other said, 'It is over against such a house, and it walks looking upwards towards such a side, swinging one arm, with a glove in its hand.' He said, moreover, that when it came near them, they must give way to it; that he ever did so, and some that have not done so have suffered for it. Anon he said, 'Tis just upon us; let's out of the way.' Mr. Broom, believing all to be a fiction, as soon as he said these words, took hold of his arm, and kept him by force in the way. But as he held him, there came such a force against them, that he was flung into the middle of the street, and one of the palms of his hands, and one knee, bruised and broken by the fall, which put him for a while to excessive pain.

"But spying the lieutenant lye like a dead man, he got up as soon as he could, and applied himself to his relief. With the help of others he got him into the next shop, where they poured strong water down his throat, but for some time could discern no life in him. At length, what with the strong water, and what with well chafing him, he began to stir, and when he was come to himself, his first words were, 'I will show you no more ghosts.' Then he desired a pipe of tobacco, but Mr. Broom told him he should take it at his house; for he feared, should he take it so soon there, it would make him sick.

"Thereupon they went together to Mr. Broom's house, where they were no

sooner entering in, but the bell rang out. Mr. Broom presently sent his maid to learn who was dead. She brought word that it was such a one, a taylor, who dyed suddenly, though he had been in a consumption a long time. And inquiring after the time of his death, they found it was as punctually as it could be guessed at the very time when the ghost appeared. The ghost had exactly this taylor's known gate, who ordinarily went with one arm swinging, and a glove in that hand, and looking on one side upwards."

In a story of a butler in Ireland, who was like to have been carried away by spirits, because he went out to buy cards for his master on a Sunday afternoon, the most remarkable point is, that he "was perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr. Greatrix (Valentine Greatrix, or Greatrakes, of Cappelquin, the famous magnetizer of the seventeenth century) and another lusty man clapt their arms over his shoulders, one of them before him and the other behind, and weighed him down with all their strength. But he was forcibly taken up from them, and they were too weak to keep their hold; and for a considerable time he was carried in the air to and fro over their heads, several of the company still running under him to prevent his being hurt if he should fall, and was caught before he came to the ground, and had by that means no hurt." This took place at the house and in the presence of the Earl of Orrery.

Another curious point in this case is, that a spectre came to this butler at night, bringing with it a grey liquor in a wooden dish, which it bid him drink off (as a cure for fits that he had), but he would not. At this the spectre was angry, and upbraided him with his suspicious temper; but told him if he would drink plantain-juice, it would cure him of one sort of his fits (for he had two), but he should carry the other to his grave. He asked whether he should take the juice of the roots or the leaves, and received answer, the roots.

Sophron, in that book about the "Unseen World," refers to this story, and condemns it as tending to "corporealize our notions of spirits." But this seems to be said without due reflection; for, first, we ought to ask,

whence are our "notions of spirits" derived, that we should make agreement with them the test of facts? And then, it is not a very reasonable doctrine that a spirit, which can move a body, cannot move anything that the body can move.

The floating of persons, who are under spiritual influence, in the air, is no uncommon phenomenon. We have been informed by an eye-witness, that one of the ladies at Port-Glasgow, who "spoke with tongues" in the year 1830, flew about the room in which the prophesings were held, for some time, without touching the floor. A similar phenomenon is the riding of witches through the air to their sabbath. On which subject, Doctor Antony Horneck, a weighty divine of the seventeenth century, speaks as follows:—

"That a spirit can lift up men and women, and grosser substances, and convey them through the air, I question no more than I doubt that the wind can overthrow houses, or drive stones and other heavy bodies upward from their centre. And were I to make a person of a dull understanding apprehend the nature of a spirit, I would represent it to him under the notion of an intelligent wind, or a strong wind, informed by a highly rational soul—as a man may be called an intelligent piece of earth. And this notion David seemed to favour, when speaking of these creatures, Psalm civ. 4, he tells us that God makes his angels wind, for in the original it is רוח; and most certainly if they be so, they must be reasonable windy substances; nor doth the expression which immediately follows in that verse cross this exposition—viz., that he makes his ministers a flaming fire; for it's no new opinion that some of those invisible substances are of a fiery, and others of an airy nature: and as we, God gives rational creatures here on earth, bodies composed of grosser matter, why should it seem incongruous for him to give rational creatures above us bodies of a subtler and thinner matter, or such matter as those higher regions do afford? And if wind, breaking forth from the caverns of hills and mountains, have such force as makes us very often stand amazed at the effects, what energy might we suppose to be in wind, were it informed by reason, or a reasonable being?"

A curious thing happened in the

year 1659, at Crossen in Silesia, of an apothecary's servant. The chief magistrate of that town at that time was the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, a person famous in her generation. In the spring of the year, one Christopher Monigk, a native of Serbest, a town belonging to the princes of Anhalt, servant to an apothecary, died, and was buried with the usual ceremonies of the Lutheran church. A few days after his decease, a shape exactly like his in face, clothes, stature, mien, &c., appeared in the apothecary's shop, where he would set himself down, and walk sometimes, and take the boxes, pots, glasses off of the shelves, and set them again in their places, and sometimes try and examine the goodness of the medicines, weigh them in a pair of scales, pound the drugs with a mighty noise in a mortar, nay serve the people that came with their bills to the shop, take their money, and lay it up safe in the counter; in a word, do all things that a journeyman in such cases used to do. He looked very ghastly upon those that had been his fellow-servants, who were afraid to say anything to him, and his master being sick at that time of the gout, he was often very troublesome to him, would take the bills that were brought him out of his hand, snatch away the candle sometimes, and put it behind the stove. At last, he took a cloak that hung in the shop, put it on and walked abroad; but minding nobody in the streets, went along, entered into some of the citizens' houses, and thrust himself into company, especially of such as he had formerly known, yet saluted nobody, nor spoke to any one but to a maid-servant, whom he met hard by the church-yard, and desired to go home to his master's house, and dig in a ground-chamber, where she would find an inestimable treasure; but the maid, amazed at the sight of him, swooned; whereupon he lift her up, but left such a mark on her flesh with lifting her, that it was to be seen for some time after. The maid having recovered herself, went home, but fell desperately sick upon it, and in her illness discovered what Monigk had said to her, and accordingly digged in the place she had named, but found nothing but an old decayed pot, with a *hematites* or bloodstone in it. The

princess hereupon caused the young man's body to be digged up, which they found putrified, with purulent matter flowing from it, and the master being advised to remove the young man's goods, linen, clothes, and things, he left behind him when he died, out of the house, the spirit thereupon left the house, and was heard of no more.

Another curious thing happened in 1673, at Reichenbach in Silesia, in which also an apothecary was concerned, who after his death appeared to divers of his acquaintance, and cried out that in his lifetime he had poisoned several men with his drugs. Thereupon the magistrates of the town, after consultation, took up his body and burnt it; which being done, the spirit disappeared, and was seen no more. This was stated to Doctor Anthony Horneck by a very credible witness.

Webster, a writer against the existence of witches and apparitions, has recorded a story which makes strongly against his own views, and which he nevertheless seems to believe. It is quoted out of his "Display of Supposed Witchcraft," in Doctor H. More's letter to Mr. Glanvil, prefixed to *Saducismus Triumphatus*, and is as follows:—

"About the year of our Lord 1632, near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman-man of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be with child, and was, towards the dark of the evening, one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn Hundred, in Lancashire, and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise or little was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham, or Grime (for so in that country they call them), being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn; and as about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head hanging down and all bloody, with five large wounds in her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless him, and at last asked her who she was,

and what she wanted? To which she said, 'I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to till I was brought to bed and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house.'

"And accordingly," said the apparition, 'I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor (naming a place that the miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal), and gave me those five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank, and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash, but seeing the blood would not wash forth, he hid them there.' And the apparition further told the miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition.

"But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would certainly pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas's Eve, before Christmas, when being, soon after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

"In the morning he wrote to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following (I think it was Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some that reported that the apparition did appear to the judge, or the foreman of the jury (who was alive in Chester-in-the-Street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed), but of that I know no certainty.

"There are many persons yet alive that can remember this strange murder,

and the discovery of it; for it was, and sometimes is, as much discoursed of in the north country as anything that almost hath ever been heard of, and the relation printed, though now not to be gotten. I relate this with the greater confidence, (though I may fail in some of the circumstances), because I saw and read the letter that was sent to Serjeant Hutton, who then lived at Goldsbrugh, in Yorkshire, from the judge before whom Walker and Mark Sharp were tried, and by whom they were condemned, and had a copy of it until about the year 1658, when I had it and many other books and papers taken from me. And this I confess to be one of the most convincing stories (being of undoubted verity) that ever I read, heard, or knew of, and carrieth with it the most evident force to make the most incredulous spirit to be satisfied that there are really sometimes such things as apparitions."

Doctor Henry More thought this story so "considerable," that he mentioned it to a friend of his, a prudent intelligent person, Dr. J. D., who, of his own accord, offered him, it being a thing of such consequence, to send to a friend of his in the north for greater assurance of the truth of the narration, which motion, he, (Dr. H. M.,) willingly embracing, he (Dr. J. D.) accordingly sent. The answer to his letter, from his friend, Mr. Shepherdson, was this:—

"I have done what I can to inform myself of the passage of Sharp and Walker. There are very few men that I could meet, that were then men, or at the tryal, saving these two in the enclosed paper, both men at that time, and both at the tryal. And for Mr. Lumley, he lived next door to Walker; and what he hath given under his hand, can depose, if there were occasion. The other gentleman writ his attestation with his own hand, but I being not there, got not his name to it. I could have sent you twenty hands that could have said thus much, and more, by hear-say, but I thought these most proper, that could speak from their own eyes and ears."

Thus far, Mr. Shepherdson, the doctor's discreet and faithful intelligencer. Now for Mr. Lumley's testimony, it is this:—

"Mr. William Lumley, of Lumley, being an ancient gentleman, and at the
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tryal of Walker and Sharp, upon the murder of Anne Walker, saith—That he doth very well remember that the said Anne was servant to Walker, and that she was supposed to be with child, but would not disclose by whom. But, being removed to her aunt's in the same town, called Dame Carie, told her aunt that he that had got her with child would take care both of her and it, and bid her not trouble herself. After some time she had been at her aunt's, it was observed that Sharp came to Lumley one night, being a sworn brother of the said Walker's, and they two, that night, called her forth from her aunt's house, which night she was murdered.

"About fourteen days after the murder, there appeared to one Graime, a fuller, at his mill, six miles from Lumley, the likeness of a woman, with her hair about her head, and the appearance of five wounds in her head, as the said Graime gave it in evidence. That that appearance bid him go to a justice of peace, and relate to him how that Walker and Sharp had murdered her, in such a place as she was murdered; but he, fearing to disclose a thing of that nature against a person of credit, as Walker was, would not have done it; but she continually appearing night by night to him, and pulling the cloathes off his bed, told him he should never rest till he had disclosed it. Upon which, the said Graime did go to a justice of peace, and related the whole matter. Whereupon the justice of peace granted warrants against Walker and Sharp, and committed them to prison. But they found bail to appear at the next assizes. At which time they came to their tryal, and upon the evidence of the circumstances with that of Graime of the apparition, they were both found guilty, and executed.

"WILLIAM LUMLEY."

"The other testimony is of Mr. James Smart, of the city of Durham, who saith—That the tryal of Sharp and Walker was in the month of August, 1631, before Judge Davenport. One Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence upon oath, that he see the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders during the time of the tryal. At which time the judge was very much troubled, and gave sentence that night the tryal was; which was a thing never used in Durham before, nor after."

There is a difference of opinion between Mr. Webster and Dr. Henry More, as to the nature of this apparition—the former holding it to have been the "astral spirit of Anne

Walker; the other deriding this as a fantastic conceit of the Paracelsists, and insisting that it was her soul. Perhaps the two opinions are not irreconcilable. However, we will not stop to reconcile them here, but relate one more story, and let the reader go to bed.

Some years ago, when travelling in Germany, it was our fortune to make the acquaintance of a Roman Catholic clergyman, who was the subject of a most strange and frightful spiritual visitation. In the year 1838, he had been appointed to a village parish, and entered upon his work with an ardour that distinguished him in all his pursuits. The first night that he spent in his own residence, he could not sleep; hour after hour, he lay tossing on his restless bed, and rose in the morning without having closed an eye. He attributed this, however, to the excitement of his spirits, the strange bed, the fatigue of his journey—in short, to any cause but what proved to be the true one. The second night came, and he rested no better: the third and the fourth equally failed to bring him repose. He changed his hour of going to bed, worked hard during the day, did everything possible to win sleep to his pillow, but in vain. It might be on the seventh or the eighth night that he felt, as he lay feverishly turning from side to side, something sitting, as he thought, on the side of his bed. He sat up, groped with his hand over the bed-coverings, to the place where the pressure seemed to be, and was sensible of something that yielded to a push, but immediately after returned to its former place. He got up, and lighted a candle; there was nothing to be seen on the bed, nothing to be found in the room, that could have been the cause of his sensations. He lay down again, leaving the light burning, and now first did a superstitious awe steal over him, when he felt the weight on the bed-side as before, while his eyes assured him that nothing visible occupied the place. Of sleep there was now no hope, and not only for that night, but for many following, till the health of the man, thus at once deprived of his natural rest, and pursued by the terrors of an invisible world, began perceptibly to give way. This had gone on about a

fortnight, when he began to see something. It was the shape of a woman veiled from head to foot, as it seemed, in a grey mist, sitting on the bed. The haunted man began to fear for his reason; he wrote to Schubert, to Doctor Kerner, to Professor Eschenmayer, to every one he could hear of, as versed in the secrets of psychology; he detailed his sufferings; he supplicated help. As might be expected, the correspondence had no result but that of rendering the case more hopeless. The sufferer travelled from one master of the mystic science to another; and it was while on a visit to Schubert that we became acquainted with him. Of course all that could be done for him was done, and amounted to just—nothing. He returned in despair to his parish; and, to put the reality of the apparition to a new test, he spoke to it. It answered. He related this to his friends; they smiled, and said his poetical temperament was carrying him too far. More than one said, "Send your spectre to me; if there be anything in her, I'll find it out." He promised to do so, and kept his promise. Sleep, so long a stranger, revisited his bed; but the next morning, the rash inviter was sure to come, and say, one visit was enough for him, a second such night would drive him frantic. The niece of the clergyman, who was his house-keeper, a good-hearted and religious girl, heard of this, and begged her uncle to send her the apparition: he did it from time to time, to have a night's sleep. The phantom-lady, in all her visits to others, kept silence; no one but the clergyman ever heard her speak; perhaps, because no one else had the courage to speak to her. But *what* she said to him, he could never be induced to tell. So stood the matter when we were brought into contact with him: as, for aught we know, it stands to this hour. From other sources we have learned that he often passes his night in the open air, to evade the dreaded visitation, unwilling to lay too heavy a tax on the self-sacrificing affections of his niece. At such times, his village-parishioners often lie awake till the dawn, listening with a heart-clutching fear to the unearthly tones which his voice and his guitar conspire to send forth into the shuddering night.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE CAMP—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE sayings of soldiers and those related to them have been memorable in all ages.

A Lacedemonian mother, addressing her son going to battle, said—"Return living with your shield, or dead upon it."

Xerxes, menacing Leonidas with the overwhelming numbers of his army, said—"Our arrows will obscure the sun." "Well," replied the Spartan, "we shall fight all the better in the shade."

Commanders have been remarkable for the ready tact of their improvisations. Cæsar stumbled and fell on landing in Africa. He instantly affected to kiss the soil, and exclaimed—"Africa! I embrace thee."

When Dessaix received his death-wound at Marengo, his last words were—"Go and assure the First Consul that my only regret in leaving life is, that I have not done enough to be remembered by posterity."

A drummer, one of whose arms was carried away by a cannon-ball at the moment he received an order to beat the "charge," exclaimed—"I have still one hand left," and beat with the remaining hand.

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried—"Soldiers! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said—"This flag that you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars, covered with crape—your corps is disbanded."

On hearing the first gun of the enemy at Friedland, he exclaimed—"Soldiers! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

The fourth regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle—"What have you done with your eagle?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes, but I see two standards that you have taken. 'Tis well," concluded he, with

a smile—"you shall have another eagle."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel who allowed General Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password was brought before him—"Go," said he—"the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

A general officer, not eminently distinguished, once solicited a marshal's baton—"It is not I that make marshals," said he—"it is victories."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him—"Sire," said the young man, "let me be shot! I have suffered my guns to be taken."—"Young man," said he, "be consoled! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory."

When the Duke of Montebello, to whom he was tenderly attached, received a mortal wound from a cannon-ball, Napoleon, then in the meridian of his imperial glory, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with his tears, uttered these untranslatable words—"Lannes! me reconnais tu?—c'est Bonaparte! c'est ton ami!"

In the Russian campaign he spirited on his troops by the assurance—"Soldiers! Russia is impelled by Fate! Let its destiny be accomplished!"

On the morning of the battle of Moscow, the sun rose with uncommon splendour in an unclouded firmament—"Behold!" exclaimed Napoleon to his soldiers, "it is the sun of Austerlitz."

It will be recollected that the battle of Austerlitz was commenced at sunrise, and that on that occasion the sun rose with extraordinary splendour.

At Montereau the guns of a battery near his staff were ineffective, owing to having been ill-pointed. Napoleon dismounted from his charger, and

pointed them with his own hands, never losing the skill he acquired as an artillery officer. The grenadiers of his guard did not conceal their terror at seeing the cannon-balls of the enemy falling around him—"Have no fears for me," he observed, "the ball destined to kill me has not yet been cast."

In his celebrated march from Fregus to Paris, on his return from Elba, one of the regiments at Grenoble hesitated before declaring for him. He, with a remarkable instinct, leaped from his horse, and unbuttoning the breast of the grey surtout he usually wore, laid bare his breast—"If there be an individual among you," said he, "who would desire to kill his general—his emperor—let him fire."

It was, however, in his harangues to the soldiers, delivered on the spur of the moment, and inspired by the exigency of the occasion, and by the circumstances with which he found himself surrounded, that his peculiar excellence as an orator was developed. The same instinct of improvisation which prompted so many of his strategical evolutions, was manifested in his language and sentiments. At an age, and in the practice of a profession, in which the resources of the orator are not usually available or even accessible, he evinced a fertility, a suppleness, and a finesse, which bordered on the marvellous, and which, with an audience not highly informed, might easily pass for inspiration. What language it were best to use, what conduct it were best to pursue, and what character it were best to assume on each occasion which presented itself, he appeared to know, instantaneously and instinctively, without consideration, and without apparent effort of judgment. He gained this knowledge from no teacher, for he never had a mentor; he gained it not from experience, for he had not years. He had it as a gift. It was a natural instinct. While he captured the pontifical cities, and sent the treasures of art of the vatican to Paris, he was profoundly reverential to the pope. Seeking an interview with the Archduke Charles, the lieutenant of artillery sprung from the people, met the descendant of the Cæsars with all the pride of an equal, and all the elevated courtesy of a high-born chevalier. He enforced discipline, honoured the arts and sciences,

protected religion and property, and respected age and sex. In the city he sacked, he put sentinels at the church doors to prevent the desecration of the altar. To set the example of respect for divine things, he commanded his marshals with the staffs to attend mass. He managed opinion, and twined popular prejudice to the purposes of power. In Egypt, he would wear the turban and quote the Koran. His genius for administration was no way inferior to his genius for conquest. He could not brook a superior, even when his rank and position were subordinate.

In his first Italian campaign, as the general of the Directory, he treated, not in the name of the directors, but in the name of Bonaparte. He was not merely commander-in-chief of the army—he was its master; and the army felt this, and the republican tacitly acknowledged it. The oldest generals quailed under the eagle-eye of this youth of five-and-twenty.

His eloquence of the field has no example in ancient or modern times. His words are not the words of a mortal. They are the announcements of an oracle. It is not to the enemies that are opposed to him that he speaks, nor do his words refer to the country he invades. He addresses Europe, and speaks of the world. If he designates the army he leads, it is *THE GRAND ARMY!* If he refers to the nation he represents, it is *THE GREAT NATION!* He blots empires from the map with the dash of his pen, and dots down new kingdoms with the hilt of his sword. He pronounces the fate of dynasties amidst thunder and lightning. His voice is the voice of destiny!

To reproduce his highly figurative language, after the fever of universal enthusiasm, in the midst of which it was uttered, has cooled down, is hazardous. It may seem to border on the ridiculous. Sublimity itself, when the hearer is not excited to the proper pitch, does so. At present, after thirty years and upwards of a general peace, the very generation which felt the enthusiasm of victory has nearly passed away, and another has grown up, all whose aspirations have been directed to far different objects. Other wants, other wishes, other ideas, other sentiments—nay, even other prejudices—have grown up. In the days of Na-

oleon's splendour, military renown was all in all. The revolution had swept away all political and almost all geographical landmarks. An undefined future presented itself to all minds. The marvellous achievements of the French army itself, led by a boy on the plains, illustrated in other days by Roman glory, heated all imaginations to a point which enabled them to admire what may seem to border on bombast in the present prevalence of the intellectual over the imaginative, and of the practical over the poetical.

Let the reader, then, try to transport himself back to the exciting scenes amidst which Napoleon acted and spoke.

At six-and-twenty he superseded Scherer in the command of the army of Italy, surrounded with disasters, oppressed with despair, and utterly destitute of every provision necessary for the well-being of the soldier. He fell upon the enemy with all the confidence of victory which would have been inspired by superior numbers, discipline, and equipment. In a fortnight the whole aspect of things was changed; and here was his first address to the army:—

"Soldiers!—You have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men! You have equalled the conquerors of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of all necessities, you have supplied all your wants. Without cannon, you have gained battles—without bridges, you have crossed rivers!—without shoes, you have made forced marches!—without brandy, and often without bread, you have bivouacked! Republican phalanxes, soldiers of Liberty, alone could have survived what you have suffered! Thanks to you, soldiers!—your grateful country has reason to expect great things of you! You have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Is there one among you whose courage is relaxed? Is there one who would prefer to return to the barren summits of the Appenines and the Alps, to endure patiently the insults of these soldier-slaves?

"No!—there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, and of Mondovi!

"My friends, I promise you this glorious conquest; but be the liberators,

and not the scourges of the people you subdue!"

Such addresses acted on the army with electrical effect. Bonaparte had only to walk over northern Italy, passing from triumph to triumph in that immortal campaign with a facility and rapidity which resembled the shifting views of a phantasmagoria. He entered Milan, and there, to swell and stimulate his legions, he again addressed them:—

"You have descended from the summits of the Alps like a cataract. Piedmont is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fertile plains of Lombardy. You have passed the Po, the Tessino, the Adda—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumphs, and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much, but much more is still to be accomplished. Will you leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a Capua? Let us go on! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge.

"To re-establish the capitol, and revere the statues of its heroes; to awake the Roman people sunk under the torpor of ages of bondage;—behold what remains to be done! After accomplishing this, you will return to your hearths; and your fellow-citizens, when they behold you pass them, will point at you and say—*He was a soldier of the army of Italy!*"

Such language was never before addressed to a French army. It excited the soldiers even to delirium. They would have followed him to the ends of the earth. Nor was such an event foreign to his thoughts. The army no longer obeyed—it was devoted. It was not led by a mortal commander—it followed a demigod.

When he sailed from the shores of France, on the celebrated expedition to Egypt, the destination of the fleet was confided to none but himself. Its course was directed first to Malta, which, as is well known, submitted without resistance. When lying off its harbour, Bonaparte thus addressed the splendid army which floated around him:—

"Soldiers!—You are a wing of the

army of England. You have made war on mountain and plain, and have made sieges. It still remains for you to make a maritime war. The legions of Rome, which you have sometimes imitated, but not yet equalled, warred with Carthage by turns on the sea and on the plains of Zama. Victory never abandoned them, because they were brave in combat, patient under fatigue, obedient to their commanders, and firm against their foes. But, soldiers! Europe has its eyes upon you; you have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage, and fatigues to suffer."

When the men from the mast tops discovered the towers of Alexandria, Bonaparte first announced to them the destination of the expedition:—

"Frenchmen!—You are going to attempt conquests, the effects of which on the civilization and commerce of the world are incalculable. Behold the first city we are about to attack. It was built by Alexander."

As he advanced through Egypt he soon perceived that he was among a people who were fanatical, ignorant, and vindictive, who distrusted the Christians, but who still more profoundly detested the insults, exactions, pride, and tyranny of the Mamelukes. To flatter their prejudices and conform their hatred, he addressed them in a proclamation conceived in their own Oriental style:—

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, they will say to you that I have come to destroy your religion! Believe them not. Tell them that I come to restore your rights, and to punish your usurpers, and that I, much more than the Mamelukes, respect God, his prophet, and the Koran!

"Tell it to the people that all men are equal before God. Say that wisdom, talents, and virtue, alone constitute the difference between man and man.

"Is there on your land a fine farm?—it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there anywhere a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a splendid house?—they all belong to the Mamelukes. If Egypt be really their farm, let them show what grant God has given them of it. But God is just and merciful towards his people. All Egyptians have equal rights. Let the most wise, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous rule, and the people will be happy.

"There were in former days among you great cities, great canals, and vast trade. What has destroyed all these,

if it be not the cupidity, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mamelukes?

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, tell it to the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Was it not we that subdued the pope, who exhorted nations to war on the Mussulmans? Are we not also friends of the Grand Signor?

"Thrice happy those who shall be on our side!—happy those who shall be neutral: they will have time to be acquainted with us, and to join with us.

"But woe, woe to those who shall take arms for the Mamelukes, and who shall combat against us! For them there will be no hope! They shall perish!"

After quelling the revolt at Cairo, he availed himself of the terror and superstition of the Egyptians, to present himself to them as a superior being, as a messenger of God, and the inevitable instrument of Fate:—

"Sheiks, Ulemas, Worshipers of Mahomet, tell the people that those who have been my enemies shall have no refuge in this world or in the next! Is there a man among them so blind as not to see Fate itself directing my movements?

"Tell the people that since the world was a world, it has been written, that after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism—after having beaten down their crosses, I should come from the depths of the west, to fulfil the task which has been committed to me. Show the people that in the holy volume of the Koran, in more than twenty places, what happens has been foretold, and what will happen is likewise written.

"I can call each of you to account for the most hidden thoughts of your heart; for I know all, even the things you have not whispered to another. But a day will come when all the world will plainly see that I am conducted by orders from above, and that no efforts can prevail against me!"

Where Charlatanism was the weapon most effective, he there scrupled not to wield it for the attainment of his ends.

After the 18th Brumaire, surrounded by his brilliant staff, he apostrophised the Directory with the haughty tone of a master who demands an account of his servants, and as though he were already absolute sovereign of France:—

"What have you done with that France which I left you surrounded with

such splendour? I left you peace—I return and find war. I left you the millions of Italy—I return and find spoliation and misery! What have you done with the hundred thousand brave French, my companions in arms, in glory, and in toil? **THEY ARE DEAD!**"

Bonaparte was remarkable for contemptuously breaking through the traditions of military practice. Thus, on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, he adopted the startling and unusual course of disclosing the plan of his campaign to the private soldiers of his army:—

"The Russians," said he, "want to turn my right, and they will present to me their flank. Soldiers, I will myself direct all your battalions; depend upon me to keep myself far from the fire, so long as, with your accustomed bravery, you bring disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but, if victory were for one moment uncertain, you would see me in the foremost ranks, to expose myself to their attack. There will be the honour of the French infantry—the first infantry in the world. This victory will terminate your campaign, and then the peace we shall make will be worthy of France, of you, and of me!"

What grandeur, combined with what pride, we find in these last words!

His speech after the battle is also a *chef-d'œuvre* of military eloquence. He declares his contentment with his soldiers—he walks through their ranks—he reminds them who they have conquered, what they have done, and what will be said of them; but not one word does he utter of their chiefs. The emperor and the soldiers—France for a perspective—peace for a reward—and glory for a recollection! What a commencement, and what a termination!—

"Soldiers! I am content with you; you have covered your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and of Austria, have been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed; whoever has escaped your sword has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stand of colours—the standards of the imperial guard of Russia—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners are the results of this day, for ever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of, and in

numbers so superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rivals to fear.

"Soldiers! when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown, I entrusted myself to you; I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendour and glory, which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to say, '*I was at the battle of Austerlitz*,' in order that your countrymen may answer, '*Voilà un brave!*'"

On the anniversary of this battle, he used to recapitulate with pleasure the accumulated spoils that fell into the hands of the French, and he used to inflame their ardour against the Prussians by the recollection of those victories; thus, on the morning of another fight, he apostrophised his soldiers in the following manner:—"Those," pointing to the enemy, "and yourselves, are you not still the soldiers of Austerlitz?" This was the stroke of a master.

"Soldiers! it is to-day one year, this very hour, that you were on the memorable field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled terrified; their allies were destroyed; their strong places, their capitals, their magazines, their arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred pieces of cannon, five grand fortified places, were in your power. The Oder, the Warta, the deserts of Poland, the bad weather, nothing has stopped you. All have fled at your approach. The French eagle soars over the Vistula; the brave and unfortunate Poles imagine that they see again the legions of Sobieski.

"Soldiers! we will not lay down our arms until a general peace has restored to our commerce its liberty and its colonies. We have, on the Elbe and the Oder, recovered Pondichery, our Indian establishments, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who shall give to the Russians the hope to resist destiny? These and yourselves. Are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

He commenced the Prussian campaign by a speech that burned and flashed like lightning itself—

"Soldiers! I am in the midst of you. You are the vanguard of a great people, You must not return to France unless you return under triumphal arches.

What! shall it be said that you have braved the seasons, the deep, the deserts, conquered Europe, several times coalesced against you, carried your glory from the East to the West, only to return to your country like fugitives, and to hear it said that the French eagle had taken flight, terrified at the aspect of the Prussian armies? Let us advance, then; and since our moderation has not awakened them from their astonishing intoxication, let them learn that if it is easy to obtain any increase of power from the friendship of a great people, its enmity is more terrible than the tempests of the ocean."

On the eve of his celebrated entry into Berlin, he excited the pride of his troops by placing before them the rapidity of their march, and the grandeur of their triumphs:—

"The forests, the defiles of Franconia, the Saale, and the Elbe, which your fathers had not traversed in seven years, you have traversed in seven days, and in this interval you have fought four fights and one pitched battle. You have sent the renown of your victories before you to Potsdam and to Berlin. You have made sixty thousand prisoners, taken sixty-five standards, six hundred pieces of cannon, three fortresses, and more than twenty generals; and yet nearly one-half of you still lament not having fired a shot. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, as far as the banks of the Oder, will be in your power."

It is true, and it will occur to every mind, that a large part of the force of this eloquence of the camp in the case of Bonaparte, depended on the astounding character of the facts which he had the power of repeating. Even now, after these miracles of military prowess have been repeated in as many versions by an hundred contemporary historians in every living language, we cannot read these simple references to them without being overwhelmed with amazement. The narrative of them borders often on the impossible, and forcibly impresses us with the justness of the adage, that truth is often more wonderful than fiction, and that the historian has often to record that from which the novelist would shrink.

At Eylau, he thus honoured the memory of his brave warriors who had fallen:—

"You have marched against the enemy, and you have pursued him, your swords in his reins, over a space of eighty leagues. You have taken from him sixty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or captured, more than forty-five thousand men. Our *braves* who have remained on the field of battle have died a glorious death. Theirs is the death of true soldiers."

At Friedland, he again apostrophised his army:—

"In ten days you have taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seven standards, killed, wounded, or captured sixty thousand Russian prisoners; taken from the enemy all its hospitals, all its magazines, all its ambulances, the fortress of Koenigsburg, the three hundred vessels that were in the port, laden with every species of munitions, and one hundred and sixty thousand muskets that England had sent to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula you have passed to those of the Niemen, with the rapidity of the eagle. You celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of my coronation; you have this year celebrated here the anniversary of Marengo. Soldiers of the grand army of France, you have been worthy of yourselves and of me!"

In 1809, when prepared to punish Austria for her treachery, he again adopted the bold and unexpected course of confiding to the army his great designs. He mingled amongst the soldiers, and made them share the spirit of his vengeance; he never allowed himself to be separated from them, and made *his* cause *their* cause. What a military *elan* there is in the following speech!—

"Soldiers! I was surrounded by you when the sovereign of Austria came to my bivouac in Moravia; you heard him implore my clemency, and swear eternal friendship for me, his victor in three campaigns. Austria owed everything to our generosity; three times has she perjured herself. Our past successes are a sure guarantee of the victories that await us; forward, then, and let the enemy acknowledge its conqueror in our very aspect."

It was with a like ardour he animated the army sent to Naples against the English. His speech appeared to move with the *pas de charge*:—

"Soldiers! march; throw yourselves upon them in a torrent, if these feeble battalions of the tyrants of the deep will even wait for your approach. Do not wait to inform me that the sanctity of treaties has been vindicated, and that the *manes* of my brave soldiers, murdered in the ports of Sicily, on their return from Egypt, after having escaped all the perils of the deep, of the deserts, and of a hundred fights, have at last been appeased!"

It was also to beat down the power of his implacable and eternal enemy, that he harangued the army of Germany, on its return, and that he opened before its view the conquest of Spain:—

"Soldiers! after having triumphed on the Danube and the Vistula, you have traversed Germany by forced marches—I order you now to traverse France without a moment's repose. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard defiles the peninsula of Spain and Portugal; let it fly terrified at your look. Carry your victorious eagles even to the columns of Hercules; there, also, you have treachery to revenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you equalled the glories of the legions of Rome, who, in the same campaign, triumphed on the Rhine and on the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus?"

Let us now pass to the penultimate act of this gorgeous drama. Behold! the scene is the court of Fontainebleau. Listen to his solemn *adieux* to the faithful remains of his army—to those soldiers who could not bring themselves voluntarily to separate from their general, and who were weeping around him. Antiquity affords no scene at once so heart-rending and so solemn:—

"Soldiers! I make you my *adieux*. For twenty years, that we have been together, I have been content with you! I have always found you on the road to glory. All the powers of Europe are armed against me alone; some of my generals have betrayed their duty and France. France has deserved other destinies. With you and the other *braves* who have remained faithful to me I could have maintained a civil war, but France would have been unhappy. Be faithful to your new king—be obedient to your new chiefs—and do not abandon your

dear country. Do not lament my fate. I shall be happy so long as I know that you also are happy. I might have died. If I have consented to live, it is still to your glory. I will write the great deeds that you have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Come, *General Petit*, let me press you to my heart. Bring me that Eagle, and let me embrace it also. Ah! dear Eagle, may this kiss which I give you be remembered by posterity. Adieu, my children. My prayers will always accompany you. Preserve my memory!"

He departed, and in the island of Elba he organized that expedition, the mere narrative of which seems almost fabulous.

He had not yet set foot on the shores of France, when already, from the deck of that frail skiff "which bore Cæsar and his fortunes," he gave to the winds and the waves his celebrated proclamation. He evoked before the eyes of his soldiers the images of a hundred fights, and sent his eagles before him, as the harbingers of his triumphant return:—

"Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice. We have not been conquered, but betrayed. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations, but we must not allow others to mingle themselves in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be master in our country? Resume those eagles that you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. The veterans of the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the west, of the grand army, are humiliated. Come, place yourselves under the flag of your chief. Victory will march at the *pas de charge*. The eagle, with the national flag shall fly from steeple to steeple, until she lights on the towers of Notre Dame!"

On the morrow of his arrival at the Tuilleries, and amidst the astonishment which followed that night of enthusiasm and intoxication, he called his old guard around its flag, and presented to it his brave companions of the island of Elba:—

"Soldiers! behold the officers of the battalion who have accompanied me in misfortune. They are all my friends—they were dear to my heart: wherever I saw them, they represented to me the different regiments of the army. Among

these six hundred veteran companions were men of all the regiments. All reminded me of those great days, the memory of which is so dear to me—for all were covered with honourable wounds, received in those memorable battles. In loving them I loved you all. Soldiers of the French army! they bring you back those eagles, which will serve you as a rallying point. In giving them to the Guard, I give them to the whole army. Treason and unhappy circumstances have covered them for a time with mourning; but, thanks to the French people and to you, they reappear, resplendent with all their former glory. Swear that they shall be found always wherever the interests of the country shall call them. Let the traitors and those who invade our territory never be able to stand before their looks."

Some days afterwards, at the assembly in the Champs de Mars, he speaks not of the glory of the battles, nor of the devotion of the soldiers, but, being in the presence of the people and of the legislative bodies, he extols the grand principle of the national sovereignty:—

"Emperor, consul, soldier—I hold all from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, on the battle-field, at the council-board, on the throne, in exile, France has ever been the only and constant object of my thoughts and of my actions. Like that king of Athens, I sacrificed myself for my people, in the hope of seeing realised the promise given, to preserve for France its national integrity, its honour, and its repose."

On the meeting of the Chambers, he addressed them, conjuring them to forget their quarrels in the face of the imminent danger of the nation:—

"Let us not imitate the example of the lower empire, which, pursued on all sides by barbarians, exposed itself to the laughter of posterity, by occupying itself with paltry dissensions at the moment when the battering ram struck on the walls of the city. It is in difficult times that great nations, like great men, develop all the energy of their characters."

Falling unexpectedly amongst the army, he recalled to its recollection that it ought not to allow itself to be alarmed by the great numbers of its enemies; that it had atrocious insults

to avenge; that surrounding nations were impatient to shake off the yoke, and to combat the same enemies:—

"These, and ourselves—are we no longer the same men. Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against two, and, at Montmirail, you were one against three. Let those among you who have been prisoners with the English tell you the tale of their prisonships, and of the frightful evils that they have suffered.

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, groan at being obliged to lend their arms to princes who are hostile to justice and the people's rights."

And when all was finished—when the lightning of Waterloo had struck him, how touching were his last words to his army!—

"Soldiers!" said he, "I will follow your steps, although absent. It was the country you served in obeying me; and if I have had any share in your affections, I owe it to my ardent love for France—our common mother. Soldiers! some few efforts more, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will be grateful to you for the blows you are going to give."

From on board the *Bellerophon*, anchored in British waters, he addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent:—

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Overcome by the factions which divide my country, and by the hostility of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles of old, to sit down at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

At St. Helena, his imagination retraced his past life, reverted to Egypt and the East, and the brilliant recollections of his youth.

"I should have done better," said he, striking his forehead, "not to have quitted Egypt. Arabia waited for a hero. With the French in reserve, and the Arabians and Egyptians as aux-

liaries, I should have rendered myself master of India, and should now have been emperor of all the East."

Dwelling still on this grand idea, he used to say—

"St. Jean d'Acre taken, the French army would have flown to Damascus and Aleppo, and, in the twinkling of an eye, would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Armenians, would have joined it. The population was about to be shaken. I should have reached Constantinople and India; and I should have changed the face of the world."

Then, as if liberty, fairer than the empire of the world, had shed on him a new light, he exclaimed—

"The great and noble truths of the French revolution will endure for ever. We have covered them with so much lustre, associated them with such monuments and such prodigies—we have washed away their first stains with waves of glory. They are immortal; issuing from the tribune, cemented by the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people and of nations, sanctioned by treaties, they can never retrograde. They live in Great Britain, they are resplendent in America, they are nationalized in France. Behold the tripod from which will issue the light of the world!"

Images of war floated continually before his imagination during the maladies which preceded his death.

"Go, my friends," he used to say, "and revisit your families; as for me, I shall see again my brave companions in the elysium of futurity. Yes! Kleber, Dessaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, all will come to meet me. When they see me, they will be wild with enthusiasm and glory; we shall talk of our wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Fredericks, unless," added he, with a smile, "the people there below should be afraid to see so many warriors together."

In an excess of delirium, which occurred during his illness, he imagined that he was at the head of the army of Italy, and that he heard the drums beating. He exclaimed,

"Steingel, Dessaix, Massena, away,

away, run—to the charge!—they are ours!"

Pondering on his melancholy situation on the rock of St. Helena, he used to soliloquise—

"Another Prometheus, I am nailed to a rock, where a vulture devours me. Yes! I had robbed fire from heaven to give it to France; the fire has returned to its source, and behold me here! The love of glory is like that bridge which Satan threw over chaos to pass from hell to paradise: glory joins the past to the future, from which it is separated by an immense abyss. Nothing remains for my son save my name."

The concluding words of his testament were marked by his usual eloquence.

"I desire," said he, "that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people whom I have so much loved."

But let us now endeavour to dispel the illusions created by the sublimity of his genius, and to look at Napoleon as he will be viewed by the wisdom of posterity.

As a statesman, he had at once too much genius and too much ambition to lay down the supreme power, and to reign under any master whatever, be it parliament, people, or king.

As a warrior, he fell from the throne, not for having refused to re-establish legitimacy, not for having smothered liberty, but as a consequence of conquest. He was not, and he could not be, either a Monk or a Washington, for the simplest of all reasons, that he was a Napoleon.

He reigned as reign all the powers of this world, by the force of his principle; he perished, as perish all powers of this world, by the violence and the abuse of his principle.

Greater than Alexander, Charlemagne, Peter, or Frederick, he, like them, has imprinted his name on an age; like them, he was a legislator; like them, he established an empire; and his memory, which is universal, lives under the tent of the Arab, and crosses, with the canoes of the Indian, the far waters of Oceania. The people of France, who forget so soon, have retained nothing of that revolution, which disturbed the world, except his

name. The soldiers, in their discourses of the bivouac, speak of no other captain; and when they pass through our cities, direct their eyes to no other image.

When the people accomplished the revolution of July, the flag, all soiled with dust, which was unfurled by the soldier-artisans—the chiefs of the insurrection—was the flag surmounted by the French eagle—it was the flag of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, and not that of Jemappes or Fleurus; it was the flag that was unfurled in the squares of Lisbon, of Vienna, of Berlin, at Rome, at Moscow, and not that which floated over the federation of the Champs de Mars. It was the flag riddled by the bullets of Waterloo; it was the flag which the emperor embraced at Fontainebleau, when he bade adieu to his old guard; it was the flag which had shaded his expiring brow at St. Helena—it was, in one word—the FLAG OF NAPOLEON.

He—this man—had dispelled the popular illusion which attached itself to the blood of kings—sovereignty, majesty, and power. He raised the people in their own esteem, by showing to them kings, descended from kings, at the foot of a king who had sprung from the people. He so overwhelmed hereditary monarchs, by placing them in *juxta-position* with himself—he so oppressed them with his own greatness, that, in taking them one by one, all these kings, and all these emperors, and bringing them beside himself, that they were scarcely perceivable, so small and obscure did they become by the comparison with this Colossus.

But let us listen to what the severe voice of history will pronounce against him:

He dethroned the sovereignty of the people. The emperor of the French republic, he became a despot—he threw the weight of his sword into the scales of the law—he incarcerated individual liberty in his state prisons—he stifled the liberty of the press, by the gags of the censorship—he violated trial by jury—he trampled under his feet the tribunals, the legislative bodies, and the senate—he depopulated the workshops and the fields—he engrafted on the army a new *noblesse*, which soon became more insupportable than the ancient one, because it had neither the same antiquity nor the same prestige; he levied arbitrary taxes—he desired that in the whole empire there should be but one voice—*his voice*; and but one law, *his will*. The capital, the cities, the armies, the fleets, the palaces, the museums, the magistrates, the citizens, became *his capital*, *his cities*, *his armies*, *his fleets*, *his palaces*, *his museums*, *his magistrates*, and *his subjects*. He drew the nation out to conflict and to battle, where we have nothing left remarkable save the insolence of our victories, our corpses, and our gold. In fine, after having besieged the forts of Cadiz—after having in his hands the keys of Lisbon, of Madrid, of Vienna, of Berlin, of Naples, and of Rome—after having made the pavement of Moscow tremble under the wheels of his artillery, he left France less great than he found her—bleeding with her wounds, dismantled of her fortresses, naked, impoverished, and humiliated.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.—NO. III.

The Gaels.

(FROM THE IRISH OF DERMOT O'SULLIVAN.)

I.

O ! a time . . . there once was, . . . in the country of King Heber
 When the Irish yet were Men, and would scorn to bear what *we* bear.
 Farmers wouldn't sell their stock then for a little rent in hand,
 For the Gaels, the Gaels,
 The Gaels were then alive in the land !

II.

They ate their own fat oxen ; they kept at home their poultry ;
 They had no cleaves for cherries then—the produce of some sole tree.
 The milk was for the family—it was piggined in and canned,
 When the Gaels, the Gaels,
 The Gaels were still alive in the land.

III.

They were not yet down to tea, nor up to snuff, as we are.
 That they sported no silk handkerchiefs, I think, is pretty cle—ar.
 And, as to fans, the women then were—wind-and-tempest fanned,
 While the Gaels, the Gaels,
 While the Gaels were alive in the land.

IV.

Our squires were not yet booted, nor, I fancy, pasteboard-hatted.
 Neck-strangulation wasn't known, for men went uncravatted ;
 And people scorned a tongue that only geese could understand,*
 When the Gaels, the Gaels,
 When the Gaels were yet lords in the land.

V.

The corset and the stays were undreamt of by the slattern,
 And the milliner wasn't overworked for "a gownd on that new pattern."
 None tripped it then in high-heeled slippers, tied with silken band,
 For the Gaels, the Gaels,
 The Gaels were yet alive in the land.

VI.

The girls, I warrant you, were busy cooking, spinning, stitching ;
 The hind had something better than a groat a-day for ditching ;
 Rents were *not* paid up so punctually—they were seldom in demand
 When the Gaels, the Gaels,
 When the Gaels yet lived in the land !

* The sibilant peculiarities of the English language are, of course, alluded to here.

VII.

O! all ranks were happy then, were gay and gladsome-hearted,
 With hope and health, with wine and wealth, and more long since departed.
 The blind old Bard enjoyed the regard of the Chief and Dame so bland
 When the Gaels, the Gaels,
 When the Gaels were alive in the land!

VIII.

But let me dwell no more here on virtues often vaunted;
 The charity, the piety, that God's rich love implanted
 In the souls of High and Low were known from strand to strand
 When the Gaels, the Gaels,
 When the Gaels were alive in the land.

IX.

May that good God ere long redeem from her disasters
 Our sick and groaning country, and put down her cruel masters!
 May he banish far the Saxon and his gory slaughter-brand,
 And bring back the great Gaels,
 Bring the Gaels back again to our land!

The Brothers and Sister.

(FROM THE SERVIAN OF OBRADOVICH.)

I.

Two tall pine-trees flourished on a plain,
 And a rose-tree bloomed atween the twain.
 Were those pine-trees and was this a rose?
 Rose-tree this was not, nor pine-trees those.
 All were children of one loving mother;
 Two were youths; a damsel was the other.
 Thus the youths were named,—Radúlf and Paul,—
 And their lovely sister's name was Ilver.
 Cordially both brothers loved the maiden;
 And her hundred-windowed house and hall
 With rich gifts and golden gauds were laden;
 And oh! how she prized them, lovely Ilver!
 Till, one sunny Easter morning early,
 Paul, a Vaivode then in Anadoli,
 Sent her, cased in figured gold, a pearly-
 Hafted knife of dazzling Turkish silver.
 Ill-starred gift, unmeet for day so holy!

II.

Now, when Paul's young wife she came to hear this
 Wrath flamed in her breast well nigh to burn it;
 "Human insult never yet came near this!
 Love! *his* love! I scorn it and I spurn it!
 But, Revenge! Revenge! 'tis this I want!"
 Straight she hasted to Radúlf's young wife—
 "Sister," spake she, with a tempest-brow,
 "Knowest thou not some deadly poison-plant?
 I must have that crafty Ilver's life!"—
 Horror-stricken was Radúlf's young wife.
 "God in Heaven!" she said; "What meanest thou?
 Who knows aught of such accursed things?
 Murdres in design, if not in deed,
 Hence! Begone, and quit my house with speed—

Quit my house with speed, or else I vow
 Count Radulf shall quickly lend thee wings.
 Nor shall Paul thy husband's love and blindness
 Screen thee from the vengeance of his arm—
 Silver Ilver offereth no one harm,
 And full well deserves her brother's kindness.

III.

Wrathfully the youthful wife of Paul,
 Jeska, left her sister's house and hall.
 Straight she hasted to the yellow heath
 Where her husband's favourite steed was grazing,
 Drew her sharp steel khandjar from its sheath,
 Stabbed him till he fell and died; then, raising
 Loud and piercing outcries, sought her spouse.
 "Woe," she exclaimed, "to thee and all thy house,
 Hoodwinked brother of an evil sister!
 She but dupes thee! Woe the hour and while
 Thou unweetingly wast led to list her
 Glozing speech and words of honeyed guile!
 Lo! the wretch hath killed thy favorite steed
 While it grazed on yonder yellow mead!"

IV.

Wrathfully the brother left his home,
 And sought out his sister—"By thy soul,"
 So he spake, "say why this wrong hath come
 Thus to pass? Why hast thou killed my steed?"—
 Answered then the sister, "May all dole,
 May all woe be mine eternal meed,
 Paul, my brother, if I killed thy steed!"—
 And that loving brother wept, and kissed her,
 For he less believed his wife than sister.

V.

Jeska heard what ill success had blasted
 Her black plan of murder: secretly,
 Therefore, to the castle-garden's walk,
 When the eve was shutting in, she hasted,
 And there strangled Paul's grey geyser-hawk.
 Then to Paul, all shrieking, hurried she.
 "Woe to thee! I bear thee tidings trister,
 Hoodwinked brother of an artful sister!
 Still she dupes thee! Woe the day and hour
 That first brought thy soul within her power!
 She hath strangled thy grey geyser-hawk—
 Lo! it lieth dead in yonder garden-walk!"

VI.

Wrathfully the brother once again
 Sought his sister. "Sister, by thy soul,"
 So he spake her, "if thou hast not slain
 My good steed, why wouldst thou kill my hawk?
 Dupe me now no more with hollow talk,
 But speak truly!" And the sister spake—
 "Brother! may my guerdon and my goal
 Be hereafter Hell's unquenched Lake
 If I killed, or know who killed, thy hawk."
 So that loving brother wept and kissed her,
 For he less believed his wife than sister.

VII.

Thirsting, burning still for Ilver's life,
Jeska stealthily, in dead of night,
Sought that maiden's house, and stole her knife,
That gift-knife, all pearls and silver bright.
Home then hied she ere the morn was red,
And therewith remorselessly she slew
Her own infant in its cradle-bed,
Severing bloodily its throat in two.
Then, with shriekings as of wild despair,
Rushed she through the house and rent her hair.
"Luckless," cried she to her husband Paul,
While her piercing shrieks filled holm and hall,
"Luckless was the daughter of my father
Thus to wed with one who scorns his wife.
Wilt thou still believe thy sister rather
Than give ear to me? Behold the knife
Thou bestowedst on her! She hath shed
Thy babe's life-blood in its cradle-bed!"

VIII.

Up sprang Paul, his blue veins hot and swelling,
Forth he hasted to his sister's dwelling,
And held up to her, bestained with blood,
That red knife, while all amazed she stood,
All amazed, and marvelling at his bearing.
"Curses on thee, false one, and thy swearing!"
Thus he spake—"thou hast no heart nor soul!
Thou destroyedst my favorite Cheskian steed
While he grazed on yonder yellow mead;
Thou too strangledst my grey geyser-hawk,
And then cheatedst me with lying talk,
When I fain had pleased thee, sought thee, won thee,
And now, cruel murtheress, thou hast shed
My babe's life-blood in its cradle-bed—
May the curse of Heaven rest ever on thee!"

IX.

Loudlier then his sister swore—"My brother!
By thy life and soul, and by my soul,
By the memory of our buried mother,
I know nought of this new deed of dole!
Hark! thou hearest coming storm and thunder.
Brother, take and bind me with a chain
To four horses' tails upon the plain—
Let four horses rend my limbs asunder,
Ne'er must thou mistrust my word again!"

X.

Fire was flaming in the brother's brain.
Forth he dragged his sister to the plain,
Bound her to four horses, horse with horse,
And then dashed with all across the plain.
But where'er his sister's blood or tears
Rained upon the earth there sprang up flowers
Fairer than the growth of summer bowers,
And above her dead and mangled corse
A small church arose in after-years.

XI.

Now fell sickness heavily, alas !
 Upon Paul's young wife ! Amid her bones
 There upsprouted rank and matted grass,
 And small asps, and beetle-wasps, and drones,
 Nestled in her flesh ; and day by day
 In her agony she pined away.
 So, despairing, spake she thus to Paul—
 "Lead me to the Church upon the plain,
 To my sister's church, for I would fain
 Die there, since my bones are rotted all !"

XII.

Paul then bore her to the church's portal ;
 But a voice was heard to cry aloud—
 "Come not hither, sick and sinful mortal !
 Unto thee remains no Christian shroud !
 Hark ! thou hearest coming storm and thunder !
 Let thy brother bind thee with a chain
 To four horses' tails upon the plain—
 Let four horses rend thy limbs asunder ;
 Thou must die a death of torturing pain !"

XIII.

So, Paul dragged his young wife to the plain,
 Bound her to four horses by a chain,
 And then dashed with all across the plain ;
 But, wherever Jeska's blood and tears
 Dropped upon the earth, there sprang up weeds.
 Nettles, thistles, and all poison-seeds ;
 And above her corse, in after-years,
 Rose a stagnant pool of bloody dye,
 Nauseous to the scent, and hateful to the eye.

 Step.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUFFIN.)

I.

Fancy a blazing fire-grate and red brilliant hearth,
 In a great thousand-chambered pile,
 Before which smoke and talk, half-mournfully the while,
 Some score or thirty of the bravest
 Of that brave class of men whom thou, oh, Earth,
 Chiefly degradest and enslavest !

II.

'Tis in the Luxembourg. They who are there this night
 Serve one who doth not master them !
 Their thoughts and souls are on One trampled Diadem.
 Power, which inveigles all, inveigles
 Not them ! They think upon *His* vanished might—
 They recollect the Imperial Eagles !

III.

The Pyramids. The Pope. St. Bernard's. How they o'ercame
 The Italians here, the English there—
 Their victories in Spain. Their triumphs, and despair,
 Amid the frost and flames of Moscow.
 All are gone o'er. Praise is bestowed, and blame,
 Much in the style of Thiers and Roscoe.

IV.

"My friends," cried one, "*my great man is the Prince Eugene.*"
 His glory leaves all glory dim !
 I never saw a general prompt to charge like him,
 Ay ! even when Hope was down at zero.
Ma foi ! the soldier who has never seen
 Eugene has yet to see a Hero !"

V.

"Not so !" exclaimed another ; "you forget Murat,
Le beau sabreur. That was the man !
 Though fitter, I allow, to execute than plan.
 The cypress has too soon o'ershadowed
 His royal tomb."—"Was he not shot, Pierre ?"—"Ah !
Sacre ! yes—yes !—shot—*fusilladed !*"

VI.

A thrill ran through the groupe. They glanced uneasily round
 Through the old, sombre, high-roofed room,—
 For palaces themselves may have their share of gloom ;—
 Rows of tall musquets, primed and loaded,
 Stood piled, by spaces, on the dark stone ground.
 What was it those brave men foreboded ?

VII.

Foreboded ? Ah ! 'twas no foreboding that they felt.
 They thought upon the coming morn
 With intermingled feelings of grief, wrath, and scorn.
 Their hearts were full of recollections
 Connected with the fame of one who long had dwelt
 Deep in their warm, though rude affections.

VIII.

"*Eh bien, mes camarades !*" at length a veteran said,
 "Death is the soldier's recompense.
 A bullet strikes him down. Amid the blind intense
 Excitement of the bloody contest
 None stop to ask who last was smitten dead—
 Success alone is Glory's *one* test.

IX.

"Still, the man falls without a stain upon his name,
 But"—"Say no more, *mon bon ami* ;
 None will have left behind a purer name than he !"—
 —"None !" cried a third. "Forgive this weakness !"
 He dashed away a tear with natural shame—
 "A very child was he in meekness !"

X.

—"Ay ! and loved children, comrades ! You beheld him risk
 His life one day to save a boy.
 You all beheld the mother's gratitude and joy.
 The snows lay deep : 'twas in December.
 You know, of course, the spot—the Obelisk
 Near Pampeluna ?"—"We remember.

XI.

"Us, too, he saved in Russia. None of us forget
That wondrous iceblock-bridge he made.
He appeared, to nerve our souls, to cheer us and persuade,
When all our hopes had wellnigh vanished.
No! to no General, comrades, owe we a deeper debt—
Scarce to the Emp—— the...Man they have banished."

XII.

—"And for such guerdon, then, this world-and-soldier-wooded
Hero, surpassed all other men
At Lutzen, Bautzen, Innspruck, Manheim, Elchingen?"—
—"Ay! and at Magdebourg and Tabor!"—
—"In Transylvania, too, where he renewed
The grand renown of Bethlem Gabor!"

XIII.

Another voice then added, in a sadder tone—
—"And *Waterloo*!—O! thankless land!
But"...he paused,..."*Nex* was everywhere sublime and grand.
Should we have shot him by the surges
Of the majestic Loire?...Then, not alone
Soldiers, but Kings themselves, are scourges!"

XIV.

Friends!—for my friends you are—I overheard your words.
Your plain, strong, camp-born common sense
To me was worth even all Dupin's* rich eloquence.
In that dark hour I could have taken
All power from Europe's crowns to place it in your swords,
And felt I had bade the world awaken!

XV.

But this were most unwise! And, unto thee, Dupin,
I, we, France, Europe, owe all praise—
Praise of perchance less value in our children's days—
For Truth hath dawned upon our era,
And we draw near that *Light* which, as the Old Bards oft sang,
Will yet shine from Pe-keen to Péra.

XVI.

Enough! The day breaks dark. Let the Condemned come forth!
Condemned? Oh, Human Justice! those
Whose poems paint thee blind first found thee so in prose!
But somewhat, surely, bade thee treble
Thy bandages that morn, else had the Hero's worth
More than sufficed to save the Rebel!

XVII.

—"His executioners, comrades—are they French?"—"No!—Swiss!
French soldiers have not yet become
Quite parricides. They love their Father; and though some
Slaves have pronounced his '*Degradation*,'
They—we—hear but the Echo of the Law in this—
Not the free Voice of our great Nation!"

* M. Dupin was the *avocat* who defended Ney on his trial.

XVIII.

But, all anon are silent, for the still air brings
 To the ear the notes of muffled drums.
 Hark, to the measured tramp of infantry ! “ Who comes ? ”*
 “ France ! ”—*France ?*—No ! but a death-black chariot,
 From which descends the great-souled Man whom Kings
 Have branded as a new Iscariot.

XIX.

’Tis he ! Behold him there—the bravest of the Brave !†
 Prepare your instruments of death,
 Ye hirelings, all unworthy to have drawn your breath
 First in the land of Tell and Werner !
 Nay !—fear not him, the Man to whom you give a grave.
 He is calm ! You have seen a priest look sterner !

XX.

Swiss ! you respect him, you too !—yon dark bastion frowns
 Over an ivied height of wall.
 Escort your prisoner thither, and there let him fall !—
 —But, hark ! his voice !—“ Friends, do your duty ! ”
 He stands upon the plain. They fire. Enough ! He crowns
 By a dreadless death a life of beauty !

XXI.

The Luxembourg is dark. Its inmates rest awhile.
 But there is one within its walls
 For whom no rest remains—whom every sound appals.
 Upon the weariest of all pillows
 He presses a Crowned Head. His thoughts are on that Isle
 That rises lone ’mid Afric’s billows !

The Turnip-King.

(FROM THE SWEDISH OF OSTRENK.)

I.

An aged monarch was Helgovórd.
 He had doffed, as a useless weapon, his sword.

II.

He had hung his armour up in the hall,
 Where the spider clomb the darkling wall.

III.

The harbour girdled his galleys round,
 And his charger grazed o’er the heathy ground.

IV.

He meted justice with even hand
 To prince and peasant throughout the land.

* ‘*Qui vive ?*’—the parole.

† Such, as my readers may be aware, was Napoleon’s constant adjunct to the name of Ney.

V.

And Sweden waxed rich in herds and flocks,
And yellow corn grew high on its rocks.

VI.

The husbandman ploughed the waste and wood,
The trafficker ploughed the dark-blue flood,

VII.

And cities rose up in places lone,
And Freya drave Thor from his iron throne.

VIII.

Now the haughty Nobles deemed it strange
That Sweden should brook so humbling a change.

IX.

They rode, some score of them, Jarl and Lord,
Away to the castle of Helgovórd.

X.

They blew at the portal a trumpet-peal,
And they entered the hall, apparelled in steel.

XI.

Then stood Jarl Bolk before King and Court ;
High floated his helm-plume, and proud was his port.

XII.

His faulchion made he to clank and ring
Against the floor as he spake to the King.

XIII.

"Sir King, we are Swedes ! Who is it that dares
To forge our swords into scythes and shares ?

XIV.

"We will plough with the ploughs of Harold of old,
Who won for the Northmen glory and gold.

XV.

"We will mow, like the valorous King Sigorth,
The lands of the South with the scythe of the North.

XVI.

"We, Swedes, we are Men ! We put no trust
In a King who suffers the sword to rust.

XVII.

"We are tired of a King who, when he should pant
For Battle, doth nothing but hammer or plant.

XVIII.

"For, the Northman is born to fall or stand
With buckler on arm and sword in hand.

XIX.

"So, doff thy robes, and get thee agone,
We want no Turnip-King on the throne !"

XX.

So spake Jarl Bolk, o'erboiling with ire,
While he grasped his blade, and his eyes flashed fire.

XXI.

Now, as the old Monarch listed the words,
The veins in his brow swoll thick as cords.

XXII.

Up rose he, after a space, to speak,
While the blood burned high in his furrowed cheek.

XXIII.

Up rose he to speak ; and his hollow tones
Were like broken thunder from far-off zones.

XXIV.

"Mine eye is dim, but perchance mine arm
Can still work rebels and loose harm !

XXV.

"Ho! Riknar!—my sword!" The weapon was brought.
"Now, Bolk, I will have thee trulier taught.

XXVI.

"Thy Turnip-King is in a meet mood
To lower thy liking for battle and blood."

XXVII.

They fought ; and the King, with one mighty blow,
Clave open the helm and skull of his foe.

XXVIII.

Then Bolk fell dead without speech or sound,
While his Conqueror turned to the Nobles around.

XXIX.

"One use," he spake, "of the sword is to bring
Such death on the traitor who beards his King !

XXX.

"Depart!—be wiser ; and understand
That I will but the weal of our Fatherland."

XXXI.

So, all departed, Jarl and Lord,
But great grew the fame of Helgavórd.

The Song of Glánnast.

(FROM THE IRISH OF WILLIAM HEFFERNAN.)

I.

It was on a balmy evening . . . as June was departing fast,
That, alone, and meditating . . . in grief on the times a-past,
I wandered through the gloomsome shades
Of bosky Aberlow,
That wilderness of glens and glades,

When, suddenly, a thrilling strain of song
 Broke forth upon the air in an incessant flow.
 Sweeter it seemed to me—both voice and word—
 Than harmony of the harp, or carol of the bird,
 For it foretold fair Freedom's triumph, and the doom of Wrong!

II.

The celestial hymns and anthems . . . that, far o'er the sounding sea,
 Come to Erin from the temples . . . of bright-bosomed Italy,
 The music which from hill and rath
 The playful Fairy-race
 Pour on the wandering warrior's path,
 Bewildering him with wonder and delight,
 Or the cuckoo's full notes from some green sunless place,
 Some sunken thicket in a stilly wood,
 Had less than that rich melody made mine Irish blood
 Bound in its veins for ecstasy, or given my soul new might!

III.

And, while so I stood and listened, . . . behold! thousand swarms of bees,
 All arrayed in gay gold armour, . . . shone red through the dusky trees.
 I feel a boding in my soul,
 A truthful boding too,
 That Erin's days of gloom and dole
 Will soon be but remembered as a dream,
 And the olden glory shew eclipsed by the new!
 Where will the Usurper* then be? Banished far!
 Where his vile hireling henchmen? Slaughtered all in war!
 For, blood shall rill down every hill, and blacken every stream!

IV.

I am Heffernan of Shronehill; . . . my land mourns in thralldom long,
 And I see but one sad sight here, . . . the Weak trampled by the Strong.
 Yet, if to-morrow underneath
 A burial-stone I lay,
 Clapsed in the skeleton arms of Death,
 And if the pilgrim winds again should waft
 Over my noteless grave the song I heard to-day,
 I would spring up, revived, reborn,
 A Living Soul again, as on my birth-day morn,
 Ay! even though coffined, over-earthed, tombed-in, and epitaphed!

The Dnieper.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF JAROSLATEZ.)

I.

When the tired sun turneth sleeper,
 But ere the moon hath yet awoken,
 I love, oh! how I love, to roam
 By the grand resounding Dnieper,
 Where'er its billows may have broken
 Into the hoarest foam.

* George I.

II.

As on Jordan's banks the leper
 Oft left of old his ghastly ailment,
 So I, on thy tempestuous shore,
 O thou grand resounding Dnieper,
 Feel nightly as though no assailment
 Of woe could wound me more !

III.

Up those cliffs which ever steeper
 Through twilight loom I often clamber,
 To see thy black waves rush and roll,
 O mine own, my glorious Dnieper,
 And feel the sunset's gold and amber
 Deep-dye my thoughts and soul !

IV.

Scale these heights, thou poor weak weeper,
 Thou who, alas ! art wont to diet
 Upon thy bitter heart for food,
 And gaze down upon the Dnieper !
 The sight will change to dreamy quiet
 Thy dark and troubled mood !

V.

Come, too, thou who seekest deeper
 Emotions from the scenery round thee ;
 And, though thy wanderings rivalled Cain's,
 Thou shalt feel, anigh the Dnieper,
 As though some spell-word had unbound thee
 From Time's ten thousand chains !

VI.

Thou hast more than wert thou reaper
 Of all the gems and golden treasure
 Sown and long-buried in the deeps
 Even of this vast cryptful Dnieper.
 Wealth for thy soul beyond all measure
 Its boiling surface keeps !

VII.

Richer joys there be—yet cheaper—
 Than those which slay in palaced city.
 Take all thou wilt, great world, for thine—
 Give *me* Freedom and the Dnieper,
 And Pride may wreak its wrath or pity
 On other heads than mine !

Jealousy.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF SELIM-IL-ANACH.)

I.

ALI SHAH.

My darling tiny little girl,
 I'll give thee jewelled shoes and dresses,
 I'll give thee zones of silk and pearl,
 And tell me who has combed thy hair,
 I'll give thee kisses and caresses,
 And say, What youth has combed thy hair ?

AMINAH.

O, by my word! O, by my truth!
 O! by the life of Ali Shah!
 Aminah knows no stranger youth.
 By all the times that thou hast kissed her,
 Her hair was combed by Zillahâh,
 Her own beloved sister.

ALI SHAH.

My own, my whitest girl, I vow
 I'll bring thee sweetmeats sugared newly,
 And tell me, only tell me now,
 Who overdarkened thine eyes with *kohl*?
 My white Aminah, tell me truly,
 Who overdarkened thine eyes with *kohl*?

AMINAH.

O, by my word! O, by my soul!
 O, by the soul of Ali Shah!
 Myself o'erdarkened mine eyes with *kohl*!
 'Twas given me by my own dear mother,
 My whitest mother Fatimâh;
 I had it from none other!

ALI SHAH.

My playful girl, I'll give thee rings,
 And gold, and gems beyond comparing.
 I'll give thee thousand costly things,
 And say who bit those lips of thine,
 Come, tell what Kuzzilbash so daring
 Hath bitten those red lips of thine!

AMINAH.

O, by my love! O, by my life!
 'Twas by a bright red rose this morn
 Given me by Zayde, my brother's wife,
 These guiltless lips of mine were bitten.
 For, *Brightest rose hath sharpest thorn*:
 This, as thou knowest, is written.

ALI SHAH.

Thou crafty girl, I know thine art—
 Dread thou my wrath—I give thee warning!
 But, if thou wouldst regain my heart,
 Speak! Tell me who has torn thy shawl!
 Say what young Galionjee this morning
 Tore thus in twain thy scarlet shawl!

(Aminah remains silent.)

O! faithless, truthless, worthless jade,
 I have tracked thee, then, through all thy lying.
 Away! No jewels, no brocade,
 No sweetmeats shalt thou have of me!
(She begins sighing and weeping.)
 Away, false girl! Thy tears and sighing,
 Seem worse than even thy lies, to me!

The Day and the Night.

(FROM THE TURKISH OF ABOU-ABDOOL WAHEED.*)

I.

Glory to Allah, the Father of Justice and Light!
Victory willethe he ever to Truth and the Right,
Even though myriads and millions of years in their flight
Chronicle nought but the frauds of the Day and the Night.

II.

*Prosperous robbers they both are, the Day and the Night;
Jugglers and plunderers are they, the Day and the Night.
All that is fair disappears and departs from the sight,
Lured by the traitor-embraces of Day and of Night.*

III.

Look to Iskander, and think upon Tamerlane's might!
Mark Bayazeed†—though he clomb an o'er-perilous height,—
Ponder the fate of Murád,—whose renown is not slight,—
All were the victims, the martyrs, of Day and of Night.

IV.

*Sinner, then, pause! They are tyrants, the Day and the Night.
Merciless tyrants and stark are the Day and the Night.
Horror and Hell, and all features and forms of Affright,
Will they yet startle thy soul with, the Day and the Night!*

V.

Thou that in purple and scarlet and gold art bedight,
Wilt thou walk haughtily? Wilt thou disparage and slight
Aught that is flesh of thy flesh? The poor half-coated wight
Yet may stand higher than thou o'er the Day and the Night.

VI.

*Woe unto him who, despising the Day and the Night,
Scorneth to share in the booty of Day and of Night!
All that he planneth and doth shall be smitten with blight
By the tremendous Avengers, the Day and the Night!*

VII.

Friend! If thou seek to o'ermaster Hell's angels in fight,
If thou be willing to rise from thy present low plight,
If thou aspire to the realm of the Beauteous and Bright,
Join heart and soul in the schemes of the Day and the Night!

VIII.

*Then shall His blessing who made both the Day and the Night
Follow thee all the glad hours of the Day and the Night—
Then shall thy life be a banquet of holy delight,
And thine eternity give thee a Day without Night!*

J. C. M.

* He flourished in Stamboul, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

† Bajazet II.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. XVI.

LORD CLARE.

Does the age produce the man, or does the man fashion the age? Are the qualities observable in the great characters who have figured in public life, the result of the circumstances in which they were placed; or have they themselves, by force of intellect, controlled, or modified, or directed those circumstances, so as to accomplish the ends at which they aimed? We believe it may be truly stated, that instances not a few are to be found, in which affirmative answers may be given to both these questions. The age sometimes develops, and affords peculiar facilities for the exercise of the moral or mental powers of remarkable men; and thus invites to, or aids in, the achievement of important objects, which, whether for evil or for good, may be felt in their effects by a distant posterity. On the other hand, it is undeniably true, that the vigour and the ability of one commanding and energetic mind will sometimes compel an acknowledgment of its ascendancy above "the chances and changes" of the age in which it lives, and be able to say, to the billows of faction, or the tide of innovation, which menaced the subversion of social order, "Thus

far shalt thou come, and no farther; and there shall thy proud waves be stayed."

In resuming our notices of Illustrious Irishmen, it is in this latter class we would number John Fitzgibbon, the first Earl of Clare. He lived in eventful times, and acted a great part in the history of his country. If his power be estimated by the hatred with which he inspired the movement party in 1798, he will be found to have been by far the most formidable of the antagonists whom they encountered; but we will still want an adequate measure of his extraordinary energy and determination, unless we consider how he moulded the feeble and irresolute individuals composing the Irish Government to his own will, and impressed upon the British Cabinet the views which it was indispensable, at that most critical period, they should entertain, if British authority was to be maintained in Ireland.

He was born in the year 1749. His father had qualified himself, by hard study and laborious practice, to take a high stand at the Irish Bar; and the curious document which we subjoin below,* while it proves the closeness

* The following note, in the handwriting of Sir James Burrow, was written in the blank page prefixed to his Copy of Fitzgibbon's Reports, which is now in the possession of Mr. Graham.

"This book was published the very next Term after it ends, viz., in Michaelmas Term, 5 Geo. II., and was then produced in Court, when it was treated with the utmost contempt both by the Bench and Bar. The author of it was an Irish student, who was called to the Bar in either Trinity or Michaelmas Term, 5 Geo. II., and the current report was, that the scheme of publishing this book was to satisfy Walthoe, the bookseller, either for chamber-rent, or money advanced towards the charges of the author's call to the Bar.

"Lord Raymond spoke of it at the sittings a few days after with a good deal of resentment, and threatened that he would take care to see Walthoe punished for the publication of it. But nothing came of it. Mr. Fitzgibbon went to Ireland immediately on being called. I think Lord Raymond called this performance a libel upon the Bar and the Bench, and said, that it had made the judges, and particularly himself, to talk nonsense by wholesale.

"But I have examined all the King's Bench Cases in it very carefully, and have compared them with my own notes, and find him to have made the judges talk almost verbatim what I took down myself from their own mouths. There are, indeed, errors in it, but* upon the whole, the cases seem to be clearly stated, the arguments of

* See in folio a case extremely well and clearly reported, though argued by two gentlemen who are more remarkable for the knowledge they are masters of, than for a facility of conveying it to their auditors, as no one can have omitted to observe, who has ever attempted to take notes of their arguments.

and the industry with which he observed the proceedings in Westminster Hall, during the period of his noviciate, also intimates, in a manner not to be misunderstood, the contemptuous estimate of Irish legal abilities entertained by one of the learned judges, who commented upon his "Reports," as well as the honest vindication of them by another, whose judgment is much more entitled to respect, and by whose testimony their accuracy is placed beyond all question.

Mr. Fitzgibbon, the elder, was born of Roman Catholic parents, and, of course, during his earlier years, brought up in the communion of the church of Rome. But his clear and strong understanding soon led him to see the errors of Popery; and in becoming a member of the Established Church, although his interest, undoubtedly, lay in that direction, we have no reason whatever to doubt the sincerity of his convictions. He lived at a time when much of intrigue pervaded the higher members of the Romish ecclesiastical body, and he was, we believe, cognisant of maxims and practices which might well have made him doubt the compatibility of a full profession of the Romish creed with a wholesome allegiance; nor is it at all unlikely that the impressions which his son must have early received from him of the Papal system, may have laid the foundations for those strong convictions which he afterwards built upon them, and which led him to take a leading part against every measure by which Popery would obtain any vantage-ground against the institutions of this Protestant empire.

Young Fitzgibbon entered our University as a fellow-commoner in 1763, being then 14 years old. He and Henry Grattan, both the sons of eminent lawyers, were in the same class, and competitors for academic honours. During the first two years of the course, the latter took the lead, being better versed in the

lighter literature with which they were conversant; but in the two last years, when the severer sciences predominated, Fitzgibbon had the advantage, being as much superior to his brilliant antagonist in all that tried the intellect, as that antagonist was to him in what interested the feelings, or captivated the imagination. In the year 1765, at the Hilary examination, Dr. Law being his examiner, he obtained an *optime*, the very rarest honour in our academic course; and his father, who had realized an ample fortune, might well feel proud of a son who was alike remarkable for his industry and abilities, and who was about to enter upon the legal profession with advantages so much superior to those which he himself had possessed, and by the aid of which his fondest wishes concerning him were likely to be speedily realized.

How often has it been remarked, that the relations, whether of amity or of hostility, which young men bear to each other in college, are those by which they are known to the world in after life! The rivalry, as academicians, by which Grattan and Fitzgibbon were thus early distinguished, was but the undeveloped exponent of that political antagonism by which they were pitted against each other, when the senate became the arena of their conflict. The one, ardent, restless, imaginative, agitating by his eloquence the unstable multitude, and stimulating the adventurous spirits of his day to "untried changes," and perilous innovations. The other, cool, sagacious, and determined; possessed of an instinctive sagacity which could see, in their embryo, the evils of a sudden and violent departure from the practice of constitutional rule, and bringing all the resources of his intellect to bear against the weakness of the visionary, the wickedness of the incendiary, and the madness of the people. In both cases it may be truly said, in the words of the most illustrious of living bards,

different counsel at different times clearly, forcibly, and yet briefly represented, and the sense of the Court truly delivered. In short, there does not appear to one any want of accuracy, perspicuity, or judgment. However, after all, nothing certainly can excuse such a hasty unlicensed publication of the performances of a private note-taker, without authority or revision."

I copied the above from a note in a copy of these Reports, the property of Mr. Sharkey, who informed me the blotted-out number of the folio is a fac-simile of the same in Mr. Graham's copy.—G. J. B.

"The boy was father of the man." Nor can we fail to observe, that the early academic success of young Fitzgibbon was but the precursor of that more extended triumph which he afterwards obtained, when all the elements of misrule seemed to have been let loose, as the unflinching champion of law and order.

Placed in easy and even affluent circumstances, from very early manhood, the temptations were great to a life of ease and pleasure. Ireland then abounded in joyous spirits, whose maxim it was to enjoy to the utmost the passing day, "*quam minime creduli postero.*" Nor was there wanting a refined and intellectual dissipation, which had its seducing attractions for those whom a coarse sensuality would have revolted. But Mr. Fitzgibbon did not hesitate one moment to embrace a life of toil ; and he devoted himself from the first to the severer departments of his profession with as untiring an assiduity as if he were entirely dependent upon it for his subsistence.

The Bar, in his day, was not the profession which it has since become, and was more remarkable for a flaring eloquence and a volatile wit, than for legal erudition or logical preciseness. Eminent examples there had been, and there were, of powers which in any age would have vindicated for themselves a high ascendancy. Malone and Hutchinson were both extraordinary men. The one might be called great ; the other, very expert and able ; and both showed how rank and fortune might be attained by a dextrous use of their several abilities in the practice of their profession, or the service of the crown. Barry Yelverton, the first Lord Avonmore, was another brilliant instance of Irish genius, crowned with deserved success. He was, indeed,

"A gem of purest ray serene,"

and exhibited a rich and rare combina-

tion of powers and qualities which, in any civilized country, must have entitled him to a high place amongst its worthies. He united, in an eminent degree, legal, with classical and scientific lore ; and, while he contributed, both by precept and example, to give to sound maxims of jurisprudence their proper ascendancy in our courts, retained, to the latest period of his life, his relish for all that was refined and elevating in ancient or modern literature, and found a solace for the cares and the infirmities of age in converse with the sages, and the heroes, and the patriots of antiquity, amongst whom, even more than amongst his own brilliant and distinguished contemporaries, he might be said to have "lived, and moved, and had his being." He was regarded as an oracle of constitutional law, even as Mr. Fitzgibbon, the father, was reputed a high authority in the more strictly technical business of his profession, and in all those cases in which the rights of property were to be decided.

Amongst the inferior members of the Bar, there were humorists, whose powers of eloquence or repartee were their principal professional recommendations ; and who supplied the absence of higher attainments by a species of mother-wit, which never failed them, and by which they seldom failed to accomplish their objects. Some of these were men of a rare facetiousness. How often has Ned Lysaught, the Yorick of his profession, "set the table in a roar !" and Harry Grady, who has only lately departed from amongst us, having survived, by nearly two generations, his early cotemporaries, is still remembered for the rollicking drollery with which he could bully a judge, or bamboozle a jury, when strictly legal resources were not available to aid him in the case which he had in hand. Often has a *jeu d'esprit* decided the

* Mr. Lysaught practised upon the Munster circuit. At a bar dinner, in the town of Tralee, Con. Lyne, of convivial memory (will no one furnish us with a graphic sketch of that jovial boon companion?) was delighting his hearers with a song. In the midst of his melody, a riot sprung up in the room under that occupied by the lawyers, where the grand jury were dining. Loud was the noise, and great was the confusion ; and the barristers started up from their table, and rushed to the windows to see and enjoy the fun, as the Kerry gentlemen tumbled out into the street with broken heads and bloody noses, dealing each other such blows as would have demolished any heads but theirs. By-and-bye, when all was over, the barristers resumed their seats ; and Ned Lysaught, taking up the tune and

cause which legal maxims were vainly employed to elucidate; and a stroke of wit or a strain of humour, when happily adapted to the temper of the judge or the weakness or prejudices of the jury, have not unfrequently put to flight an array of authorities, which, in the more staid and sober English courts of law, would have been regarded as quite decisive. Nor will the reports of this period be fully collected or understood, until we have incorporated with them the *reports of the pistol*, to the arbitrement of which many difficult cases were referred. The law was, in Ireland, at that period, eminently a profession militant. The lawyer was always ready to fight as well as to speak for his client. The Roman maxim was directly reversed. It was no longer "*Cedant armis togæ*," but "*Cedat toga armis*." The blood and the breeding of an eccentric and dissolute gentry blended largely with the professional habits of a race who were quite as much distinguished by their love of pleasure as by their addiction to business; and never so happy as when they could combine their practice in the courts with the indulgence of their peculiar humours.

Nor may we forget that a parliament was at that time sitting in College-green, and that success at the bar was generally a passport to senatorial distinction. The bar might, in truth, be considered the feeder of the senate, and through it was infused into the legislative assembly much of the vigour and much of the ability by which it was enabled to assert its constitutional privilege as the representative of the people. Whatever the preponderance in numbers of the merely unprofessional members, the intellect, the spirit, the energy, and the activity which belonged to those whose forensic habits had trained them to the wordy strife, were sure to give them an advantage in the discussions which arose, over any amount of unpractised ability with which they might have to contend. The lawyers might, indeed, be said to have constituted the standing army in the House of Commons; and whether bribed by the minister, or arrayed on the part of the people, to have had the same advantages over the untrained members, as discipline gives to a soldiery over a mere rabble. Nor was it long before the influence thus acquired was felt, in the condition

measure of the song which his friend had been singing when they were disturbed, improvised the following lines:—

"Here we sit like merry lads,
Laughing at all silly asses;
While below, the Kerry lads
Are breaking their heads and their glasses.

"What care we for uproar and riot?
What matter who's right or who's wrong,
While we sip our claret in quiet?
Mr. Lyne, will you finish your song?"

Poor Lysaught! He was the very soul of humour, and the very Puck of fun and frolic. But he was also a finished gentleman of the old school—of the nicest honour, and the most generous and manly sensibilities. The last time the writer of this paper saw him was about the year 1810, in the town of Clonmel. He was retained as counsel for Miss Lee Sug, a child of twelve years old, a theatrical phenomenon, upon whose person a brutal assault had been committed by a country gentleman, who was then about to be tried for the offence. Lysaught, who had been wasted to a skeleton by illness, and who was wrapped in flannels from head to foot, became fired with all his old animation as he proceeded to detail the circumstances of the case. He called upon the court to vindicate their country and their common humanity from the disgrace which this "violation of the cradle" was calculated to bring upon them; and the flashing eye, and the thrilling tones, and the energy of action with which he gave utterance to his sentiments of abhorrence of the guilty wretch whose offence against nature he was denouncing, was altogether as fine an exhibition as could be imagined, and truly astonishing in the case of one who at that moment was much fitter for a sick room than for a court of law, and whose feeble frame quivered through every fibre under the powerful excitement which his indignation caused. We forget how the case terminated; but soon after, poor Lysaught was no more!

of the country, and the policy of the empire.

It was shortly after the struggle between the Irish Commons and the Crown, which had originated in the right of disposing of an unappropriated revenue, that Mr. Fitzgibbon was called to the bar. The condition of legislative subordination in which this country was held by England, necessarily lowered the character of a profession, which, as long as British domination subsisted, could be but of secondary importance in the interpretation of our laws. And no one, whatever may be his abstract opinion, can be surprised, that when men of the lofty intellect and imaginative temperament of Flood, and Grattan, and Hussey Burgh, appeared upon the theatre of affairs, the spirit of nationality must, sooner or later, have acquired an influence which could not be resisted.

In 1778, he was retained as counsel against the return of Richard Hely Hutchinson, afterwards Earl of Donoughmore, as member for our University, and succeeded in defeating the claims of that gentleman, so much to

the satisfaction of the constituency, that he himself afterwards became their member, and retained his high position until he was elevated to the peerage.

In the House of Commons, he identified himself with the national party. The degraded position of the Irish legislature he deeply felt; nor did he hesitate to go the whole length of the most ardent of the popular leaders in contending for the legislative independence of Ireland. Although comparatively inexperienced, his known abilities had given him a sort of brevet rank amongst the public men of his day. His mind was eminently legal. His power of continuous and vigorous application was immense. His judgment was clear and rapid; and he thus readily over-mastered any professional difficulties with which he had to contend, and felt himself at ease in the discharge of his most laborious duties as an advocate, even when opposed to those of much higher professional standing, and whose wit or whose eloquence might have rendered them much more distinguished.*

That a youthful aspirant for public

* The following extract from Lord Clare's fee book, which was kept in his own handwriting, will be interesting to our legal readers. It fills 146 pages small quarto, in double columns. We extract the following statement from the first page:—

"I was admitted to the bar on the 19th of June, being the first day of Trinity term, 1772.

"December 22nd, 1783, I was sworn attorney-general. To that day I received at the bar, £8,973 6s. 3d.

1772	£343	7	0
1773	414	3	5
1774	585	17	8
1775	619	17	1
1776	1,066	19	2
1777	1,633	16	0
1778	1,126	17	9 ¹
1779	672	17	9 ²
1780	892	8	0
1781	759	9	9
1782, 1783	859	5	5 ³
1784	4,625	17	0
1785	5,722	15	8
1786	6,702	19	3
1787	7,510	11	3
1788	7,980	0	0
1798, Hilary and Easter	4,395	6	6

£45,912 9 8

¹ "This term (Hilary, 1778) I was prevented from attending the courts after the second week, by my attendance on the College petition.

² "N.B. This year I was prevented appearing in the courts during the whole of the Easter Term.

³ "N.B. This year (1783) I did not attend the courts after the first week in Easter Term, nor during the whole of Trinity term. To this I add the sum which I received March, 1783, and begin a new account from the time I was appointed attorney-general.

Easter, 1783	£55	14	9
Hilary, 1783	344	18	8
Michaelmas, 1782	231	6	9

Eleventh year	£632	0	2
Michaelmas, 1783	227	5	3

£859 5 5

"From 19th June, 1772, to June, 1789, I received at the bar, £45,912 9s. 8d. Of this, £36,939 3s. 11d. was received by me in the last five years and a-half.

"1788.—N.B. In this year the Court of Chancery was shut from the first day of

distinction, such as Mr. Fitzgibbon was, should not have paused to consider how far the liberties which he fain would vindicate for his country were compatible with British rule, cannot cause any astonishment to those who know how the aged and the experienced were at that period acted upon by the powerful influences then at work for the creation of a national spirit in Ireland. He saw the form of a government, without the power—an ostensible ministry, a puppet administration; a parliament to all outward seeming, without any of the functions of a legislature; and he but aimed at giving a substantive reality to what had only mocked the lovers of liberty, as a hollow semblance of the British constitution.

But the political Frankensteins of that day knew little of the spirit they were about to evoke. They knew not the temper of the multitude who were about to be suddenly invested with new and untried powers, nor the number of able and unscrupulous men who meant "licence," when they shouted for "liberty." We now know, from authentic history, that the more active of the movement party regarded all that had been done but as an instalment of what was yet to come; and contemplated every advance which was made in constitutional dignity, but as the prelude to national independence.

The struggle in America which had but just terminated, excited, in the minds of the generous and the unre-

flecting, a disposition to make light of the authority of the British crown. And the new republic, which had arisen like a phoenix out of the ashes of what was called colonial servitude, was regarded, by the myriads who acclaimed its rising, far less as a warning than an example. A people who had been accustomed to deliberate with arms in their hands, and who had already extorted terms from the British minister, at the extent of which they were themselves astonished, could not easily believe that any limit would be set to the concessions which they might command, if they were but unanimous and determined in their resolution to attain them. Those who but a short time before had lain contentedly under the substance of servitude, having the forms of freedom, now that they had attained the full measure of constitutional liberty, could not bear even the semblance of restraints which reminded them of their former degradation. Restrictions which had never been felt before but as the necessary conditions of connexion, under the same crown, with another and more powerful kingdom, were now regarded as fetters no longer endurable, and from which it required only a strong effort of the national will to set them free. And even a large and liberal participation in the commercial and colonial advantages of Great Britain, when proffered to a country without a marine, with a generosity which should have dis-

Michaelmas term till the 14th or 15th of December; and for the very few days on which the Chancellor or the Commissioners sat, little or no business was done. In this year but one long cause was heard in the Court of Chancery, which was heard by Lord Chief Justice Carleton; and not one long cause was heard in the Exchequer, in Michaelmas term; and one decree to my account, and only one long cause in Trinity term."

Lord Clare made in his first term (1772), £94 14. 9d.; and in Michaelmas term, same year, £96 10s. 7d. The first fee he received was "Farrell v. Crosbie," £5 13s. 9d. The last fee he received was "Redmond v. Carr," £39 5s. 3d., in Trinity term, 1789.

In the year 1788, Lord Clare received 1,367 fees; and more than half the number were under three guineas. The amount seems small, considering that he was attorney-general, and at the top of his profession, as compared with the fees now paid to counsel.

The fees received are entered in each term, at the close of which, the total sum received is stated thus :—

Michaelmas, 1786	£1,413	8	1
Trinity, 1786	1,637	17	2
Easter, 1786	1,390	18	6
Hilary, 1786	2,260	15	6

1786 £6,702 19 3

armed all suspicion, was, because accompanied by certain conditions and limitations which were indispensable for securing a unity of action in the governing power, resented as a covert and insidious attack upon our newly-acquired and dearly-prized legislative and constitutional freedom.

Such was the temper of men's minds, such the views which were afloat in their imaginations, when Mr. Fitzgibbon, who had assisted in the triumphs of the popular party, by whom the settlement of 1782 had been achieved, was, upon the promotion of Yelverton to the Bench as chief baron, raised to the important office of attorney-general for Ireland. He took the oaths of office on the 22nd of December, 1783.

Whatever might be the views or motives of others, *he* contemplated the settlement which had been made as a final adjustment. He saw clearly that the Irish parliament had attained as much of independent power, and of freedom of action, as were compatible with public safety, and that any further enlargement of popular privileges would peril the security of British connexion. He could not but perceive that such ideas of finality were not entertained by the popular leaders; and that the firm hand of a strong government would be required to restrain them in their courses, if the peace of the country was to be preserved. Nor was it long before events fully justified his anticipations, and all his determination and ability were required to avert impending dangers.

The year following his appointment, 1784, was one of great excitement; and to meet the emergencies which were daily occurring, required no small degree, both of courage and ability, on the part of the first law officer of the crown. The country was called upon by the agitators to elect representatives, who were to sit in Dublin, for the purpose of over-awing the parliament. And Mr. Hardy observes, in his "Life of Lord

Charlemont," that "whatever objections might be made to the manner in which Mr. Fitzgibbon, then attorney-general, prosecuted the sheriff of the county of Dublin, a worthy man, but who was so ill-advised as to comply with this insane writ of sedition, no good member of a well-regulated community can deny his suffrage to the spirit, and even the wisdom, with which the attorney acted on that occasion." The following is the incident alluded to. We extract it from the "Life of Lord Clare," by the Rev. James Wills, author of the "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen," which was reviewed in our last number, and who thus gives it, as he found it recorded in many of the publications of the day:—

"At a time when a popular ferment, produced by various causes, strongly prevailed in the metropolis of Ireland, a general meeting of the inhabitants was, at the requisition of several persons, called by the sheriffs. His lordship, then attorney-general, and one of the most unpopular men in the kingdom, came to the meeting, accompanied by only one or two friends, and forced his way through the mob, who had latterly been in the habit of offering personal insults to those whom they suspected of being adverse to their measures; and getting upon the hustings, interrupted a popular orator in the midst of his harangue. He then told the sheriffs that they had acted illegally in convening the meeting, commanded them to leave the chair, and threatened them with an information, *ex officio*, if they presumed to continue it. He then left the astonished and staring assembly amidst the hisses of the mob, and the sheriffs instantly dissolved the meeting."

This was a bold stroke, and could only be hazarded by a man who resolved to stake his life upon the issue. It of course procured for him unbounded execrations on the part of the factious; but he had the satisfaction of feeling, that by his timely and vigorous interference most serious calamities were prevented.*

* The following letter from the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant, will show the high sense which his Grace entertained of Mr. Fitzgibbon's services, and also the approbation of them which was felt in a higher quarter:—

"Phoenix Park, October 1, 1784.

"DEAR SIR—I wished to have seen you before you had quitted Dublin, to have
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Indeed, between such a man as Mr. Fitzgibbon, and the men to whom he was now opposed, no cordial sympathy could ever have obtained. A clear, sagacious reasoner, well versed in constitutional law, and firmly resolved to maintain the authority of the British crown, had little in common with the visionaries and enthusiasts who were at that time agitating the popular passions, and by whose specious theorising so many of the ardent and unreflecting were deluded. He who had been made to feel, by the force of events, that too much had been already granted, was but ill assorted with those who were clamorous for the concession of the very little that had been retained. It is not, therefore, surprising that even thus early a decided antagonism sprang up between them; they regarding him as their most formidable adversary, while he regarded them as little better than covert and insidious traitors.

While his assailants were prodigal of invective, conveyed in every form which could wound, or lacerate, or cover the object of it with obloquy, his recriminations, or admonitions, were not conveyed in gentle terms, nor expressed with the grace or the courtesy by which they might be most effectually recommended. A manner, tart, abrupt, contemptuous; and language of severe invective, or lofty, withering scorn, were ill-calculated to secure the good will of his hearers, or reclaim the wanderers from the paths of constitutional order from the errors of their ways. In dealing with his opponents, he treated them more as culprits than as adversaries; and his reasonings were often so mingled with

splenetic effusions of temper, that their acrimony provoked, even more than their cogency convinced, those who might have otherwise had their minds opened by them to the designs or machinations of the disturbers. But, whatever were his defects, or imperfections, in these particulars, he was the very impersonation of vigorous rule; and as he perceived clearly that a crisis was approaching in which government must either succumb to, or boldly grapple with, the democratic leaders, all his influence was used to impress upon the authorities their bounden duty, and he resolved at once to take his stand upon a principle of resistance to popular aggression, which could alone, in his judgment, guarantee the integrity of the empire.

There are times when concession is madness, as there are, no doubt, when it is true wisdom; and to read aright "the signs of the times," so as to know when to resist, and when to give way, to popular clamour, is one of the most valuable characteristics of the true statesman. When clamour arises from felt grievances, the policy of redress may be safely adopted. When it is fomented by faction, or fostered by restless desires for organic change, not required by the actual condition of the people, and merely symptomatic of the all-devouring nature of popular ambition, it should be resolutely resisted. In the one case, it is a natural expression of pain, or uneasiness, and indicates a pressure which should be removed. In the other, it is a wanton and extravagant manifestation of violence, which cannot be indulged without leading to the overthrow of all legitimate authority. And

returned you my most particular thanks, for the manly and spirited part you have taken in the support of my government, and in the assertion of the Constitution of your country.

"I should not, however, on that account alone, have troubled you with it farther, had I not received in addition the King's commands to express to you his entire approbation of every part of your conduct. No words of mine can add weight to so honourable an encomium; but I assure you that I feel a singular satisfaction in being the instrument of conveying it to you. I must desire you at the same time to consider this letter not merely as a matter of compliment and form, but as dictated by the feelings of one who is most sensibly impressed with the importance of your services, and the effects of your exertions, to enable him to persevere in the arduous task which he has undertaken.

"I am, my dear Sir, with great truth, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant,

"RUTLAND.

"Right Honorable the Attorney-General, Mount Shannon, Limerick."

this latter was the phase which the popular discontent had assumed, when Mr. Fitzgibbon deemed it necessary that the executive should be armed with extraordinary powers, to defeat the factious commotions which threatened to bury society in ruins. All reasonable demands had been conceded. The duration of parliament was shortened—its independence was restored; a free trade had been granted; the independence of the judges was secured; and the faith of the government was pledged for the continuance of the advantages thus obtained, even if they did not—which could scarcely be assumed—carry their guarantee of permanency within themselves. Everything, therefore, had been done which could be constitutionally available for the national prosperity and freedom; and to permit the continuance of an agitation, carried on in a spirit of intimidation, and by an instrumentality which fain would supersede that of the parliament itself, would argue a weakness or timidity on the part of the ministers of the crown, which might justly expose them to the reproach of encouraging violence, or conniving at treason.

Undoubtedly Mr. Fitzgibbon was not the man willingly to incur such an imputation, nor would he have been worthy of the office which he held, had he hesitated a single moment to take the very promptest and most vigorous measures against the system of outrage which then disturbed the South and the West, and of which the following is but a tame description. We quote from the "Irish Parliamentary Debates of January 31st, 1787," in which he thus describes the proceedings of the insurgents:—

"Their commencement was in one or two parishes in the county of Kerry, and they proceeded thus:—The people assembled in a mass-house, and there took an oath to obey the laws of Captain Right, and to starve the clergy. They then proceeded to the next parishes on the following Sunday, and there swore the people in the same manner, with this addition, that they (the people last sworn) should, on the ensuing Sunday, proceed to the chapels of their next neighbouring parishes in like manner."

Having thus rapidly organised all

Munster into one vast conspiracy against tithes, they next proceeded to regulate, after their fashion, the rent of land.

"In all their proceedings they have shewn the greatest address, with a degree of caution and circumspection which is the more alarming, as it demonstrates system and design. Bodies of five thousand of them have been seen to march through the country unarmed, and if met by any magistrate who had the spirit to question them, they have not offered the smallest rudeness or offence; on the contrary, they have allowed persons charged with crimes to be taken from amongst them by the magistrates alone, unaided with any force. Wherever they went, they found the people as ready to take an oath to cheat the clergy, as they were to propose it. But if any one did resist, the torments which he was doomed to undergo were too horrible even for savages to be supposed guilty of. In the middle of the night he was dragged from his bed, and buried alive in a gravelined with thorns; or he was set naked on horseback, and tied to a saddle covered with thorns; in addition to this, perhaps his ears were sawed off. Sir, there is this day an account received of two military men, who had exerted themselves in the line of their duty, who were attacked by a body of Right Boys, and, I fear, murdered, for there is but little hope of their recovering of their wounds. The way in which the Right Boys perpetrated this crime was, the two men were walking together armed, they set a dog at them, when one of the men fired; he had no sooner thrown away his fire, than a multitude rushed upon the two men from behind the ditches, and wounded them in a most shocking manner."

We ask, what should be thought of a government which could permit a system of outrage such as this to ride rough-shod over the ordinary laws of the land? Upon the fullest inquiry, it was found that no charge of extortion could be established against the clergy. Mr. Fitzgibbon states, that far from receiving a tenth, he knew of no instance in which they received a twentieth of the produce. And he decidedly affirmed, that the disturbances were fomented by a race of oppressive middlemen, who ground down the peasantry by exorbitant rents, and whose object in resisting the clergy was, not to relieve the poor, "but

that they might add the clergy's share to the cruel rack-rent already paid." "Quos ego ——— sed motos praeestat componere fluctus." There can be no doubt that he would have dealt vigorously and effectually with these worst enemies of their country, had time and opportunity been afforded to devise the remedies which the case required; but the evil immediately before him admitted of no delay, and he proceeded at once to meet it with a promptitude which would strike terror into the insurgents. For this purpose, he deemed a revision of the magistracy indispensable. He also was of opinion that the Right Boy offences should be deemed felony—they being, by the existing law, only regarded as misdemeanours. But the most objectionable feature in the system of coercion which he recommended, was, the arming magistrates with authority to pull down such popish chapels as had been profaned in the manner above described by the administration of unlawful oaths to the congregation. Of this very strong measure, the following is, "quantum valet," his justification:—

"I come now to the clause which, upon the first reading, drew forth such a string of feverish epithets from some honourable gentlemen—the clause directing magistrates to demolish mass-houses in which combinations shall be formed, or unlawful oaths administered. Sir, I am as unwilling as any man to abolish Christianity; for I know if religion is abolished, there is no longer any tie over the minds of men. I am as unwilling as the right honourable gentleman to stab men through the sides of their gods; but if they will make their places of worship places of combination, they should be prostrated; if they will pervert them to the vilest purposes, they ought to be demolished. However, though I should not press this clause, I am glad it has appeared in print; it will shew the bulk of the people what they are likely to draw upon themselves; and it will rouse those who are most interested in their preservation to exert themselves for the prevention of combinations, and administering of unlawful oaths in them."

His object was the repression of crime; and he well knew that punishment is but cruelty as long as that end is not attained. It should be effectual for its purpose, or it should not be at

all. And there was mercy as well as wisdom in the resolve to bear with a heavy hand upon transgressors who could only be put down when the laws became as great a terror to them, as they were to the peaceable and unoffending. For this he incurred the hatred of all who traded upon popular discontent, and who had more pleasure in seeing the government embarrassed, than the disorders in the country remedied. But the "mens conscia recti" sustained him; and although he did not wantonly court, yet he cheerfully braved unpopularity, when it must be incurred for the purpose of averting national dangers.

Nor can we form a just estimate of the difficulties with which he had to grapple, unless we consider the inflamed state of parties at that period, and the manner in which the political malecontents of the north were prepared to take advantages of the agrarian disturbances which agitated the south and the west of Ireland. He had not merely to take measures for extinguishing a house on fire, but to prevent the spread of a conflagration in the neighbourhood of a magazine of combustibles, the explosion of which must cause a universal destruction; and he was therefore compelled to exert a degree of promptitude and energy which, under ordinary circumstances, might not have been required. But that he was a humane and honest, as well as a very able public functionary, may be inferred, we think, from the following observations of his great antagonist, Mr. Grattan, in reply to something that had fallen from him in the debate upon the Navigation Act, which took place in the Irish House of Commons on the 20th of March, 1787:—

"The right honourable member has spoken of the opposition much to their disadvantage. They had one merit, however, that of making the right honourable member attorney-general. He is, however, too high in station, ability, and independence, to be the partisan of the party in government, or any party; but if he has censured the English opposition, he has censured his own countrymen at least as liberally. Sir, they were invited to discuss the subject by the minister; they gave such an opinion as was approved of by many very able and very honest men. We should treat that opinion at least with good manners;

particularly the right honourable member should do so, because he has abilities and pretensions to enter into the field of argument without any other assistance. However, what has fallen from the right honourable member is a proof that a certain asperity is not inconsistent with an excellent head and a very good heart."

By "a certain asperity" he was, no doubt, characterised. It was the rough find which encased a rich and mellow fruit. But, beset as he was by able and harassing antagonists, some harshness of temper cannot surprise us. The duties which devolved upon him as first law officer of the crown, were in the highest degree onerous and invidious. He it was who was called upon to watch the excesses of a seditious press, and to curb the extravagance of intemperate reformers; and he very soon began to perceive, that if a sound discretion, of which few hopeful symptoms were then discoverable, did not govern the exercise of the parliamentary privileges which he had aided in acquiring for his country, British connexion could alone be preserved by a legislative union. He thus expressed himself upon the regency question, on the 11th of February, 1789:—

"I shall, in as few words as possible, state my opinion. And first, I maintain that the crown of Ireland and the crown of England are inseparably united. Secondly, I do maintain that the Irish parliament is perfectly and totally independent of the British parliament.

"The first position is your security; the second is your freedom; and when gentlemen talk any other language than this, they either tend to the separation of the crowns, or the subjugation of your parliament; they invade either your security or your liberty. Further, the only security for your liberty is your connection with Great Britain; and gentlemen who risk breaking the connection, must make up their minds to an union. God forbid I should ever see that day; but if ever the day on which a separation shall be attempted may come, I shall not hesitate to embrace a union rather than a separation."

It is well known that, upon the important question then at issue, the two parliaments came to different conclusions; the British maintaining that it rested with the Houses of Lords and Commons to supply, as should seem to

them most expedient, the defect of the royal authority; the Irish, that the regency belonged of right to the heir apparent, as soon, and as long, as the incapacity of the reigning sovereign was ascertained. Thus it might happen that regents would be chosen by the separate members of the united kingdom, of opposite views and with different powers; the one restricted, and the other unlimited; and that a system of government, both foreign and domestic, might be devised and instituted by each, that would seriously compromise the integrity of the empire. A more fruitful source of national discord could not, indeed, be imagined. And had it not pleased Divine Providence to restore his majesty to his right mind, the extent of mischief which might have ensued must baffle human calculation. Ireland, flushed with her new independence, would not have brooked dictation from a body which had so recently been compelled to relinquish its assumed powers over her legislature, by an express act of renunciation. And as little could it be presumed that Great Britain, under the government of Pitt, would have permitted a departure from constitutional rule which seemed so full fraught with national ruin. The crisis was truly alarming; and how the jarring legislatures could reconcile their differences without receding from views and principles which each seemed resolute to maintain, would be as difficult to discover, as the evils were glaring and imminent which must have resulted from persisting in their pretensions. But the cloud which had so suddenly darkened the horizon, just as suddenly passed away; and no act of collision was rendered necessary, by any measures on the part of the separate parliaments, for carrying into effect their respective intentions. Not the less, however, did wise men foresee that contingencies must arise when such collisions could no longer be avoided, and that if the empire was not to be divided against itself, some better bond of unity must be sought for than could be said to exist whilst hostile legislatures might thus, upon a vital question, be brought into such deadly conflict.

The truth is, that a tide had set in which would not, and could not, be resisted. Mr. Grattan, at the head of

the popular, or national party, was dazzled by his own achievements, and was disposed to legislate irrespectively of every thing but the competency of parliament and the exaltation of Ireland. Mr. Fitzgibbon perceived clearly that such a spirit might carry him too far; that a sentimental or theatrical legislation was ill-suited to the country or the time; and that, without far more of moderation on the part of the Irish patriots than any appearances at that period would justify, but little hope could be entertained of making British connexion compatible with a full measure of Irish legislative freedom.

Upon the regency question it was that Mr. Grattan and Mr. Fitzgibbon first came into what might be called angry collision; not that either could be said to have lost his temper, but that both exhibited an impetuous earnestness corresponding to their sense of the importance of the matter at issue, and their so directly opposite convictions. Mr. Grattan professed to discuss the question theoretically and constitutionally, but, in effect, reasoned as though the honour and dignity of the Irish legislature were alone worthy of being regarded, and was, doubtless, under the influence of a strong expectation that his party were about to come into power. Mr. Fitzgibbon reasoned it technically, as a lawyer, but with a strong presentiment of the "confusion worse confounded" in which the empire would be involved, if his adversaries proved successful. The one was the plausible and brilliant orator, affecting to take large and liberal views, but which precluded altogether paramount imperial considerations. The other was, to all outward seeming, the narrow-minded and pedantic lawyer, but whose state-

ments and reasonings were governed by a strict regard for British connexion. Mr. Grattan's epigrammatic magniloquence won for him, on all sides, the palm of eloquence, while the intensity of his enthusiasm as an Irishman commended him to the patriotic party as the unflinching champion of national rights. Mr. Fitzgibbon's calm and lucid argument, although built upon the very words of an express enactment which had been brought in under the sanction of Mr. Grattan himself, incurred for him the reproach of being an anti-national special pleader, while in reality the wisdom and statesmanship of his propositions can admit of no doubt in the minds of any who will take the trouble seriously to reflect upon what might have been the issue of the struggle, had it not pleased a gracious Providence to render further proceedings no longer necessary, by removing the mental illness of the king.*

It was shortly after this discussion that he was raised to the high office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His abilities and his services could not have escaped the notice of Pitt, who, for his part, was not indisposed to accede to the wishes of the Irish government, by appointing Mr. Fitzgibbon to the custody of the Seals. But Lord Thurlow was, at that time, Lord Chancellor of England, and felt and expressed the strongest aversion to the promotion of any Irishman to a similar office in Ireland. He was a man of rough exterior, surly prejudices, and a temper at the same time crafty and violent, which had on more than one occasion enabled him, while he shewed his tusks against the minister, to win, by a fawning sycophancy, the good graces of the king. Pitt was, therefore, embarrassed as to how he should proceed.

* The following letter from the Prime Minister will show how highly he valued Mr. Fitzgibbon's services on the occasion:—

"Downing-street, February 23d, 1789.

"DEAR SIR—I cannot help troubling you with these few lines, to express the strong sense which, I am sure, every true friend to Great Britain and Ireland must entertain of obligation to you in the present critical conjuncture, for the stand you have made in support of those principles on which the safety of all for centuries so essentially depends. Allow me to add how happy I feel personally at such a moment, in being embarked in the same boat with you, and to assure you that in every circumstance I must entertain a grateful recollection of the support and credit which the cause of our government has received from your exertions.

"I am, with great regard, dear sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

"W. PITT.

"Right Hon. J. Fitzgibbon."

Lord Buckingham and his secretary had both intimated their determination to resign, if their recommendation were disregarded. The chancellor might have seriously troubled the minister, if his assent to it could not be obtained; and as the latter shrank from a personal conflict with this touchy and irritable personage, Major Hobart (afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire), was commissioned to wait upon him, and do what he could to stroke down his porcupine-quills, and win, if possible, his assent to an arrangement which might affect so materially the stability of the administration. The chancellor for long resisted his solicitations, but at length gruffly acceded to them, observing, that, "if government were resolved to appoint an Irishman, Fitzgibbon was the best they could find."

The Duchess of Rutland, who had

accompanied her husband to Ireland when he was appointed Lord Lieutenant, also, on this occasion, strongly interested herself for Mr. Fitzgibbon. She, too, addressed the minister on his behalf, representing to him that no one stood higher in the confidence of her late husband, or whose promotion to such an office would have given him so much pleasure. Pitt assured her of his own good wishes, and shewed her where his difficulty lay. She then undertook to solicit Lord Thurlow. We cannot say how far she may have succeeded in "smoothing the raven down of blackness, till it smiled;" but she was herself under the impression that his lordship's prejudices gave way before the importunate earnestness of her solicitations; and it may be that *some* effect was produced by them, which prepared the way for Major Hobart's interview, by which the mat-

* This we give upon the authority of the present Earl of Clare, to whom the facts above stated were narrated by the Earl of Buckinghamshire in 1814.

The following is Sir Jonah Barrington's character of Major Hobart, from which it would appear that Mr. Pitt was not injudicious in his selection of him for the purpose which he had in view:—

"A perfect gentleman; cheerful, convivial, conciliatory, though decided; liberal, yet crafty; kind-hearted, but cautious; and with a mixture of pride and affability in his manner, he particularly adapted himself to his official purposes, by occasionally altering the proportion of each, as persons or circumstances required their application. With an open, prepossessing countenance, he gained wonderfully upon every gentleman with whom he associated."—*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, p. 338.

The following letter his lordship received from Lord Thurlow. It is very characteristic, and shews the reluctance with which he acceded to the arrangement:—

"4th July, 1789.

"MY DEAR LORD—Allow me also to join in congratulating your lordship on your advancement; which I do as sincerely as if I had contributed to it. The rule, which has been observed so long, evidently sprang out of a principle, to which your lordship gave force and credit, at a moment when too many circumstances contributed to impair it; and your merit to both countries was exceedingly enhanced by the assurances which my Lord Lieutenant was authorized to give, that a disappointment would not shake your principles, or change your conduct. If it were clear that the precedent of relaxing the rule, out of attention to so much merit, would never be repeated, till a similar occasion should offer, the exception would, probably, not hurt the rule. But if it must be repeated, as often as similar merit is *claimed*, probably the exception eats up the rule. While this consideration was depending in the cabinet, to which I had the honour of being called on that occasion, I thought it inconsistent with that duty to explain myself to any other person; and I flatter myself that your lordship will accept that as my apology for declining to enter upon that subject sooner. I shall conclude with assuring your lordship, that, whatever may become of the example, I am very happy that his Majesty has in your station so able a minister; whose personal attachment to the king, combining with his public principle, is so likely to maintain the peace and security of his government, for the rest of his reign.

"I have the honour to be, my dear lord, with great regard, your lordship's most faithful and obedient servant,

"THURLOW.

"To the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Dublin."

ter was finally arranged, in accordance with the wishes, both of the minister, and the government of Ireland.* Mr. Fitzgibbon was at the same time raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Fitzgibbon, of Lower Connelloe.

Both the privy council, and the court of Chancery, soon felt the influence of a courageous, an untiring, and an energetic mind. He brought to his judicial office a vast amount of practical knowledge, acquired not only from converse with the ablest jurists, but his professional labours, which had made him intimately acquainted with the title-deeds of a vast amount of landed property in Ireland; and his decisions were rapid and perspicuous to a degree that astonished the profession, and greatly abridged the inconveniences which had long been felt from vexatious or protracted litigation. That he was sometimes hasty and intemperate, cannot be denied. A natural arrogance, which he had never taken much pains to subdue or mitigate, sometimes gave a haughty and overbearing character to his demeanour towards the practitioners; nor did he always forget the politician in the judge, when he had to listen to the pleadings of those of whose principles he disapproved. But his bark was always worse than his bite; while he was often angry, he was never unjust; and no one ever more sternly discountenanced the fraudulent practices of unprincipled solicitors, by whom the courts of law were in his day so grievously infested. That some of his decisions have been reversed, is only what may be said of every Irish lord chancellor; but we have heard one of the most eminent counsel of that day, and who was also a strong political opponent of Lord Clare, observe, that, considering the number of cases which he would decide in a given time, he was perfectly astonished at the correctness of his judgments; and that he did not think, that, under the same circumstances, an equal number of unrevokable decisions could

have been made by any other judge in England or Ireland.†

But the cabinet was, at that crisis, his proper sphere, and there the weight of his opinions was acknowledged, when matters came under discussion materially affecting the well-being and the tranquillity of Ireland. With the state of the country, and the designs of the agitators, he was well acquainted. That their demands were such as no safe concessions could satisfy, he very well knew; and that an extensive conspiracy pervaded the country, having for its object the overthrow of British authority, was clear to him from the speeches and the practices of those who sought to cover their ultimate designs under the specious pretext of a reform of the representation. No doubt many there were who then joined in the cry of the factious, without looking beyond constitutional objects. And, under a free government such as ours, there will always be, in the best constituted minds, an aversion from dealing harshly with public leaders, whose extravagance might justly expose them to much animadversion. The unpopularity which must attend any resolute course of counteraction, by which the seditious might be effectually coerced, will indispose the gentle and the feeble-minded to its adoption; and under such circumstances, a government may feel itself overpowered, before it can be made to see the necessity for prompt and energetic action. But the Irish cabinet now possessed a leading mind, which would not suffer it to be thus hood-winked. Lord Clare was too thoroughly acquainted with the diagnostics of treason, to mistake the symptoms then apparent, for any of the lighter inflammatory maladies, which might be dealt with by ordinary topical treatment. And he was not slow to impress upon his colleagues, the necessity, not only for caution, but for vigour, if they would not abandon all care of the public interest, and become themselves unpitied victims to the machinations of restless and pestilent disturbers.

* This we state upon the authority of the Rev. Alexander Franklin of this city, whose half-brother, the Rev. Thomas Franklin, late of the diocese of Limerick, stated to him, that Lord Clare shewed him the letter from the Duchess of Rutland, in which the statement above is contained.

† The late Peter Burrowes.

France was then commencing its bloody course of civil and social disorganization. It had not, as yet, sullied the revolutionary standard by the atrocities by which that ensanguined ensign was afterwards polluted; and the ardent and enthusiastic, throughout all Europe, were but too prone to regard with a favourable eye the proceedings of those who were loudest in their professions of patriotism, and aimed, apparently, at nothing beyond the legitimate end of their country's freedom.

In Ireland, the progress of the revolution was hailed with a wild exultation by the more ardent of the patriots of 1782, whose unexampled successes, in extorting concessions from England, had encouraged them to hope that it would be no difficult matter to obtain whatever remained, for the completion of Irish independence. And that this, in their judgment, implied a separation from Great Britain, and a republican form of government, is now confessed by every candid and competent enquirer, and was then distinctly perceived by the sagacious and intrepid statesman to whom those pages are devoted. Parliamentary reform, he well knew to be but a stalking-horse, or a stepping-stone, employed for the purpose of concealing designs which could not be safely avowed until the moment arrived when they might be securely accomplished; and that many, who would shudder, if distinctly informed of the dreadful excesses to which they must lead, could be but too easily reconciled to them, when, in the tempest and whirlwind of revolutionary frenzy, the popular passions were lashed into madness, and the landmarks of all legitimate authority overthrown.

Nor were the masses of the people unenleaved by the pestilence which was thus manifesting its virulence amongst the higher orders. The system of Defenderism, a species of agrarian conspiracy, confined to the Roman Catholic population, had, at that time, spread its net-work over a great part of the country, and bound its members by a solemn oath, not to rest satisfied until they had accomplished the extirpation of heresy from Ireland. To connect this subterraneous treason with the more decorous and plausible sedition upon the sur-

face, the theatrical displays of which were, as the hands and the dial-plate of the time-piece, to be regulated by the weights and the pulleys of the power that was unseen, was the anxious desire of those who began clearly to perceive that the hour for action was drawing near, and that the organization of the rustic conspirators might be useful in the coming conflict. And to awaken government to the dangers by which it was thus menaced, and recommend the measures most likely to baffle the projects of open or secret traitors, was the arduous duty which was so well and so wisely discharged by Lord Clare, when his position in the cabinet gave authority to his opinions, and his bold and commanding intellect secured for him a paramount influence in the public councils.

That the Romish population, as long as they continued blindly devoted to their peculiar system of doctrine, could not safely be entrusted with political power, was regarded as an axiom by Lord Clare, just at the very time when the influence of Mr. Burke was winning, in the British cabinet, for the Roman Catholic claims, a favourable consideration. Had the former been a temporiser, he might have profitably fallen-in with the views of his great countryman, and won unbounded popularity for himself, by aiding in establishing a perfect civil and religious equality between his Protestant and his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. But he saw, or thought he saw, too clearly, the evils to which it must inevitably lead; and on every occasion on which it was proposed to enlarge the privileges of Romanists, so as to weaken the best securities of church and state, he met the measure with stern and indignant remonstrance, which nothing, indeed, could justify, short of the overpowering conviction under which he laboured, that what was about to be done would never satisfy the cravings for political power on the part of the Romanists, while it involved a departure from principle which must lead to other and more perilous changes. Nor—although the time for any profitable consideration of them has gone by—is it possible for us to omit, as specimens of his reasoning, his eloquence, and his prophetic sagacity, some passages from the speech

which he delivered in the Irish House of Lords, in 1793, when, by the concession of the elective franchise, substantial political power was conferred upon those whom he regarded as the most formidable adversaries of the church, and the wooden-horse was, in his judgment, introduced within the walls of our Protestant constitution. He thus disposes of the ground of right upon which it was contended that Roman Catholics were entitled to the privileges to which they laid claim:—

“The bill now upon the table has been backed by authority, and is now by authority presented to us as a demand of right, by a great majority of the people, who assert that your church establishment is a profane usurpation upon a foreign prince, and claim to be admitted to a full participation of the powers of the state, by which alone your church establishment can be supported. If the parliament of Ireland is to listen to the claims of the Popish subjects of this country, to be admitted to political power on the ground of right, I desire to know where we are to make the stand? Religion is the great bond of society, and therefore, in every civilized country, there must be a religion connected with the state, and maintained by it against all attacks and encroachments; and, therefore, *I deny the right of any man who dissents from the religion connected with the state, to demand admission into the state, upon which alone the established religion can rest for support.* If the principle is once yielded, in my opinion, it goes directly to the subversion of all civilised government. Should the parliament of Ireland once admit the claims of the Irish Papists to political power on the ground of right, I desire to know where we are to draw the line? If Papists have a right to vote for representatives in a Protestant parliament, they have a right to sit in parliament; they have a right to fill every office in the state; they have a right to pay tithes exclusively to their own clergy; they have a right to restore the ancient pomp and splendour of their religion; they have a right to be governed exclusively by the laws of their own church; they have a right to seat their bishops in this house; they have a right to seat a Popish prince upon the throne; they have a right to subvert the established government, and to make this a Popish country—which, I have little doubt, is their ultimate object; and, therefore, if I were to look only into the manner in which this bill has

been brought forward, in my judgment, we are about to establish a fatal precedent, by assenting to it.

“But if the manner in which it has been brought forward stood clear of all exception, see whether the principle of the bill can be justified by sound policy. The great argument in support of it has been, that we ought to unite men of all religious persuasions in sentiment, and in support of the present constitution. If this could be effected, I am free to acknowledge it would be a momentous object; but so long as man continues a creature of passion and interest, I shall never have any faith in the efficacy of a government founded upon principles of sentiment and fraternity; and, therefore, despairing altogether to see a renewal of the golden age, I incline strongly, in framing laws for the government of man, to reject speculation, and to abide by experience; and, upon this particular subject, if I am to look to experience, the annals of Europe do not furnish an example of Protestants and Papists agreeing in the exercise of political power in the same state.”

He then adverts to the distinction of the great Lord Somers, between simple Romanists and political Papists. In the words of that great man, “those who adhere simply to the Church of Rome are good Catholics; those who adhere to the court of Rome are Papists, enemies, and traitors to the realm of England.” “And, therefore,” said Lord Clare,

“I meddle not with the religious and speculative opinion of any Roman Catholic. If he chooses to subscribe to articles of faith which my reason and understanding reject, that is his business, and not mine. But I object to all intercourse and communication with the court of Rome. I object to the canons and constitutions of the Romish Church, and to the pernicious influence which they have had, and which they always will have, upon the government of every Protestant state which is not effectually guarded against it.”

Having specified some most objectionable canons of the Romish Church, and shewn, by practical instances, that they were at that moment in operation in Ireland, he thus proceeds:—

“It is idle to palliate their attachment to the court of Rome, by asserting that the Catholics of Ireland acknowledge only canonical obedience to the Pope. Canonical obedience to the Pope

is inconsistent with the duties of civil allegiance to a Protestant state. I consider civil allegiance to my sovereign to consist in an explicit acknowledgment of the powers which the Constitution has entrusted to him, and in prompt and implicit obedience to the laws, civil and ecclesiastical, by which he governs his subjects. And I know the canonical obedience to the Pope, enjoined by the laws of the court of Rome, is utterly inconsistent with the duties of civil allegiance to my sovereign, as enjoined by the laws and the Constitution of the British empire. And, therefore, I do not scruple to say, that, in my opinion, it is an act of insanity in the parliament of Ireland, to open the efficient political powers of the State in any degree to Papists, holding correspondence or communion with the court of Rome. If they do not make use of them to subvert a Protestant government, they must resist the ruling passions and propensities of the human mind; and, as to their professions of attachment, I cannot forget that James the Second, when Duke of York, requested an exemption, in his person, from the Test Act, and pledged his word, as a king and a peer, that his religion was a matter only between God and his conscience, *and that it never should, in any instance, influence his political conduct in England.* I cannot forget that he renewed the same professions on his succession to the throne—that as a private man, he was always considered a man of truth and honour: yet when Mr. Devaux, his confessor, had access to him, his professions were all forgotten, and we know the abuses which he afterwards committed under the same pernicious influence.”

Such was the language of this intrepid and honest man, when, in 1793, the elective franchise was conferred upon the Roman Catholic population. What he said then passed with many for furious and shallow bigotry; and his judgment was equally set at naught by the British Government and the Irish Parliament. The candid reader must judge for himself how far subsequent events have refuted or justified his vaticinations. But of the measures then taken to conciliate the Roman Catholic body, no one, we think, can now hesitate to pronounce, that, large as they were, they could not be considered final; that too little was given, if more was not to be granted; and too much was granted, if anything was to be retained.

It cannot, therefore, surprise us,

that what was intended as a message of peace, produced only a spirit of discord; and that the Romish body began gradually to blend itself with the United Irishmen, and to merge their peculiar claims in the more general desire for national freedom.

It would occupy more space than we can afford, to describe at length that formidable conspiracy, and shew the manner in which, at that period, it was spreading itself through the length and breadth of the land. But as it was the monster evil with which Lord Clare had to contend, some notice of it is indispensable, to the right understanding of the policy by which he was governed, and the bold and decided course of action upon which he resolved.

It was a system which might be said to be a natural result of the distempered enthusiasm produced by the French Revolution, acting upon the national susceptibilities, in a high state of irritation from the collisions which had taken place between the British and the Irish parliaments. Ireland, like an unmanacled maniac, could not believe herself raised from a state of bondage, until she had flung her chains into the face of her oppressors, and, by cutting off all further intercourse, rendered it impossible for them, from thenceforth, to practise against her freedom. And it was to carry into effect this rash resolve, that the originators of the society, able, earnest, and unscrupulous men, directed all their powers, by framing it in such a way as to include every denomination of Irishmen who felt discontented with the British government, and could be induced to merge their peculiar aims in a general and passionate desire for liberty. Nor was there wanting much of the wisdom of the serpent, in the skill with which all its arrangements were contrived, and the manner in which, through all its ramifications, it was so guarded and regulated, as to combine caution with promptitude and energy; and, while it inspired its friends with unbounded confidence, to disarm suspicion, or baffle detection. In every class of society it had its appropriate organization; and the whole was so compacted together, that, while each of the component parts was isolated from every other, all were animated by one spirit, and in a condition,

at any time, to be brought into united action against the government for whose overthrow it had been contrived.

"The press," observed Lord Clare, in a speech from which we shall presently make larger extracts, "has been used with signal success as an engine of rebellion: sedition and treason have been circulated with unceasing industry, in newspapers and pamphlets, and handbills and speeches, and republican songs, and political manifestos. Robbery, assassination, and massacre, are the efficient powers of the Union, and are executed with prompt and unerring vigour by the order of every member of the executive in their several departments. The communication of their orders is so managed, as to render detection almost impossible. Each society has its secretary, from the general executive down to the lower subordinate clubs, the members of which are generally used as the agents of the Union in all acts of outrage; and every order is communicated by the secretary of the superior committee to the secretary of that committee or society which is next in immediate subordination to it; no subordinate committee knows of whom its next superior is composed; the accredited secretary vouches the order, from him it is received implicitly, and is communicated in like manner, till it reaches every member of the Union to whom it is addressed. The order is generally verbal; but if it be reduced to writing, the moment the person who is to receive and communicate it is fully instructed, the paper is destroyed. Here, then, is a complete revolutionary government, organised against the laws and established constitution; and let me ask the noble lord, whether such a combination is to be met or counteracted, much less dissolved, by the slow and technical forms of a regular government; an invisible power of infinite subtlety and extent, which has no fixed or permanent station, which acts by the ungoverned fury of a desperate and savage race, and scatters universal desolation and dismay, at its sovereign will and pleasure."

That there was but one mode of dealing effectually with such a system, no sane man can now deny. Had any courses less energetic than those recommended by Lord Clare been adopted, the country could not have been saved—treason must have been triumphant. Arduous, indeed, was his duty, and perilous his responsibility at that alarming crisis; and much

reason had he to dread that he would not be so fully sustained by the British cabinet as the emergencies of his position required. For a season Whig influence obtained the ascendant; and the arrival of Lord Fitzwilliam in Ireland, inspired the conspirators with strong hopes that all which was aimed at must be speedily accomplished. Even Wolf Tone, who had been in traitorous communication with Jackson for the introduction of a French force into Ireland, became an expectant for office, which he hoped to obtain through the influence of Mr. Grattan with the new administration. But his hopes were short-lived; better councils speedily prevailed, and Lord Clare again became the animating spirit by which the councils of the Castle were governed and directed.

"The arrival of Lord Camden to succeed Earl Fitzwilliam, was attended," Sir Jonah Barrington writes, "with almost insurrectionary outrage. The Beresfords were the ostensible cause of the people's favourite being overthrown; on that family, therefore, they conceived that they should signalise their vengeance, and their determination was nearly carried into execution.

"The chancellor, in his carriage, was assailed; he received a blow of a stone on his forehead, which, with somewhat more force, would have rid the people of their enemy. His house was attacked; the populace were determined to destroy him, and were proceeding to execute their intentions. At that moment their rage was, most fortunately, diverted by the address of his sister, Mrs. Jeffries, who, unknown, and at great personal risque, had mingled with the crowd. She misled them as to the place of his concealment. Disappointed of their object, they then attacked the Custom-house, where Mr. Beresford, First Commissioner of the revenue, resided. Dreadful results were with reason apprehended."

Such was the inflamed state of the public mind in the metropolis, when Lord Clare felt himself called upon to direct all his powers against the organised system of treason by which the country was, as it were, reticulated. Whilst every man knew that something dreadful was impending, no man could tell from what quarter the blow would first come, or when the moment would arrive which was to bring the signal for a universal

rising. It was well known that the army had been tampered with, and that disaffection had, to no small degree, found its way into its ranks. Were the government to wait until their best defence was thus undermined, all the sound portion of the community corrupted or paralysed, and nothing remained to craven administrators but to capitulate to triumphant and exulting assailants? Not so reasoned the intrepid and energetic chancellor. He appealed, with a noble confidence, to the spirit of loyalty which he knew to be still alive in the bosom of multitudes of the people, who only required to be suitably encouraged, to become fast friends of social order. By his advice the yeomanry were embodied, and other measures of a decisive character taken, by which the well-affected became assured. Wherever insurrectionary outrages broke out, they were promptly suppressed, and the authors of them punished with an exemplary severity, which, however, fell far short of that with which they themselves had often visited their unhappy victims.

Nor was it long before he had reason to perceive that his measures produced the desired effect. The disaffected were everywhere panic-stricken, the invading force became prisoners of war; and the undying hate with which traitors of every description regarded the author of their so signal discomfiture, is the most unequivocal proof of his patriotic services, and would be the most honourable inscription that could be engraven upon his tomb.

And yet, we are told by political wiseacres, who affect to see clearly into the bowels of the earth, while they are blind to what lies on its surface, that the Irish rebellion was a contrivance of Lord Clare for the purpose of enabling him to carry the Union! Thus it was that the defeated caitiffs of rebellion themselves began to whimper, when, by a vigorous and most unexpected policy, their well-laid plans were overthrown. Oh! the naughty Lord Clare! to seduce such simpletons as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Addis Emmet, Napper Tandy, Wolf Tone, and Hamilton Rowan, into revolutionary practices, for the

purpose of striking, through their sides, a fatal blow at the liberties of happy, contented, and prosperous Ireland! It reminds us of the blubbering of that injured innocent, Rob the Grinder,* who always represents himself as most cruelly ill-treated or abused by every one whom he had predetermined to betray or injure.— But Lord Clare was the very man from whom the revolutionary party had the earliest warning of the danger of those courses upon which they were about to enter, and who most distinctly foretold to what they must inevitably lead. They were heedless of his advice, until it could no longer be available for their guidance; and when their own desperate folly precipitated the crisis which he fain would have prevented, he undoubtedly met them in the manner that has been described. What a pity that he did not suffer the leaders to proceed in their work of disorganization, until they could no longer be “let or hindered” by any means which the authorities could employ! And that the peasantry, their sleeping-partners in sedition, were not permitted to carry into effect their plans of wholesale massacre and intimidation, without being made to feel, in their turn, that if they were merciless, the government could be severe, and that if they chose to set at nought all the ordinary restraints of law, there were terrors within the competency of their rulers, by which they must still be dismayed and confounded.

But it is time to give the reader some specimens of the manner in which the noble lord could defend himself, when attacked by the most able assailants. Lord Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings), denounced, in the House of Lords, the system of the Irish government, by which, as he contended, the people were goaded into the commission of crime. To this the chancellor thus replies:—

“The noble lord, who is so forward to impute Irish disaffection to what he calls a system of coercion acted upon by the Irish government, and encouraged by the British cabinet, will here please

* See Dickens's “*Dombey*.”

to recollect that the system of midnight robbery and avowed rebellion was completely established before any one statute was enacted here, to which alone every profligate innovator in Great Britain and Ireland pretends to ascribe the present matured system of Irish treason; and he will also please to recollect that the first of these statutes was enacted in consequence of a report of a committee of this house which has been just now read; a committee appointed on the motion of a noble earl [Farnham] unconnected with government, and without communication with Lord Westmorland, who was then lord lieutenant of Ireland; and I lament that a severe accident has prevented that noble earl from attending his duty on this night."

Having detailed a series of murders perpetrated by the United Irishmen, for the purpose of intimidating the gentry and magistracy from giving any active support to the government, he thus proceeds:—

"I know the noble lord has declared his opinion that assassination forms no part of the system which is acted upon by the Irish brotherhood, and encouraged by the privileged orders of innovation. I know that he has declared his opinion that the numberless murders which have been committed in Ireland since the institution of the brotherhood, are but so many instances of private and individual spleen. Nay, more, I know the noble lord has broadly insinuated an opinion, that a periodical paper published in the metropolis, which recommends assassination, and points out individuals for massacre, is printed and published by the connivance of the Irish government, and forms a part of the system acted upon here, and encouraged by the British cabinet. If the noble lord continues to hold that opinion, I will for the present leave him in the undisturbed possession of it, and shall only recommend to him to peruse attentively printed reports of the trial of twelve men convicted of a conspiracy to murder a soldier in the brigade of artillery, who had ventured to reveal to his officers an attempt made to seduce him; and of the trial of some domestics of Lord Carhampton, who were convicted of a conspiracy to murder him. If the noble lord doubts the authenticity of these reports, I beg to refer him to the judges who presided at the trials. When public justice was thus subverted; when the laws were openly insulted and beaten down; when every gentle-

man who had courage to remain in his county was marked for assassination, and had no protection under his own roof but from a military guard; when a plan was actually formed, and nearly ripe for execution, to disarm and cut off the soldiery thus dispersed in small bodies for the protection of individuals; when a fierce and savage foreign enemy hung upon the Irish coast, what alternative remained for the executive government, but to surrender at discretion to a horde of traitorous barbarians, or to use the force entrusted to it for self-defence and self-preservation? And what would have been the folly and debility of the government which could have hesitated to assert itself with vigour and decision at such a crisis? Lord Camden did not hesitate, but, as became him, issued an order on the 3d of March, to disarm the rebels in the northern district: and if he had not issued the order, I do not scruple to say that he would have betrayed his trust."

That such an order was not unconstitutional under the then circumstances of the country, he boldly avers, and refers to a similar one issued in London in 1779, when Lord George Gordon's fanatical mob had almost made themselves masters of the city. He acknowledges that the minister who issues such an order is deeply responsible for it; and that if he does it wantonly, and on light grounds, he is highly criminal; but if the occasion requires it, and the minister withholds it, he is responsible for all the evil that may ensue. If he issues it wantonly, or withholds it improperly, he is equally subject to impeachment; "But the approbation of both houses of parliament is, by the constitution of these kingdoms, his full justification for giving or withholding the order." He then goes on to say:—

"In obedience to these orders, General Leake did proceed to disarm the rebels in the northern district, and executed this service with all the moderation, ability, and discretion which have always marked his character as a gentleman and an officer; and in executing this service, he did, amongst others, disarm the rebels of the noble lord's town of Ballinahinch, which, I am sorry to say, has been for some years a main citadel of treason. In proportion to its size, it may vie in treason with the town of Belfast. The noble lord is of a different opinion, and has very fairly as-

signed his reasons. He says, that he explained to his tenants in that town and its vicinity the horrors of republicanism, the many advantages of the government and constitution under which they live; and above all, that he explained to them the splendid virtues of the heir apparent of the crown; that they all made to him the most unbounded professions of loyalty, in which, however, he would not have put implicit confidence, if he had not observed the countenance of every man to whom he had addressed himself, beam with joy and triumphant affection, when he mentioned the name and splendid virtues of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Giving the noble lord full credit as a physiognomist, I must conclude, if he will excuse me for a little professional pedantry, that the loyalty of this town of Ballinahinch is in *abeyance*, during the life of his present majesty. And, as the noble lord has very fairly stated the grounds of his opinion, I will as frankly state the grounds of mine; and first, let me refer the noble lord to the war-office, where he will find minutes of the general court martial, which tried and condemned several soldiers of a regiment of militia, four of whom were shot, and he will there find that these unhappy men were seduced into a conspiracy by the people of this town of Ballinahinch, to betray to the rebels of Belfast the military posts which it was their duty to defend, and that they were also seduced to accept of military commissions and military rank in the revolutionary army of Belfast and Ballinahinch, which was then organized, and waited only the opportunity to come forth in battle array. Let me refer the noble lord to General Leake, for another proof of the loyalty of the town of Ballinahinch."

As much has been said of the military outrages which his majesty's troops were represented to have perpetrated at Belfast, and as the story has been often since repeated, without any reference to the triumphant answer which it then received, we have the less hesitation in presenting the following extract to our readers:—

"The noble lord has thought good on this night to retract the charges originally advanced by him against the army of Ireland, and to declare that the excesses and extravagancies of which he complained, were committed under the direct and immediate orders of the executive government. The particular instances of military outrage adduced

by the noble lord were—"The destruction of the printing-press of a newspaper, called the *Northern Star*, at Belfast. The story of a child in convulsions, whose nurse was ordered to extinguish her lights. The picketing one blacksmith, and half-strangling another.' As to the first of these charges, in the terms in which it was originally advanced by the noble lord, an indifferent and uninformed hearer would have imagined, that a regiment, headed by its officers, had at noon-day marched, with drums beating and colours flying, under the eye of a general officer, at head-quarters, to demolish the house and the printing-press of a news printer who had made himself obnoxious to the executive government. But what is the fact, of which the noble lord might have been fully and distinctly apprized? A regiment of militia, which, I am well informed, until it was cantoned at Belfast and Ballinahinch, was considered as one of the best behaved and best disciplined regiments in the service, had been corrupted by traitors in both quarters; several of the soldiers had been capitally convicted by the sentence of a court martial, and four of them had been shot, upon clear evidence that they had yielded to the seduction practised upon them. The regiment, to retrieve its character, subscribed to a fund for discovering and punishing any new attempt to seduce the soldiery, and made a determined declaration of loyalty to their king and his government. A body of the soldiers, attended by some non-commissioned officers not on duty, went to the printer's office to desire that this declaration of loyalty might be printed in his newspaper, offering to pay for it: he refused to receive their advertisement, and accompanied his refusal with some taunting reflection on the soldiers, who did at the instant, goaded with the recent execution of their companions, which they attributed, perhaps with some degree of reason, to the poison diffused by the *Northern Star*, and with the taunting refusal of the printer to receive the declaration which they would have published, proceed to acts of violence against him, and did very nearly destroy his types and printing-press. Colonel Leslie, who commanded the regiment, almost immediately interposed, brought off his men, and shut them up in their barrack; however, while he was thus engaged, another party, composed principally of yeomanry, who were not in uniform, again attacked the printer's house, and completed the destruction of his types and printing-press. Let me ask the noble lord, whether he will

venture gravely to assert in this assembly, that he believes this outrage upon military discipline and the municipal law, to have been contrived and committed under the immediate direction of Lord Camden? And if he will venture to make the assertion, let me ask him, whether I am to understand his apology for General Leake and the officers under his command, to be, that they have tamely suffered the king's representative to pass by them, and to issue secret orders to the soldiery under their command, to go forth a mob, to the utter subversion of military discipline? Am I to understand his apology for his brother officers to be, that they hold their situations under a government which has maintained a secret correspondence and communication with the soldiery under their command, and has stimulated them to acts of outrage, which the noble lord did distinctly, in in his first statement upon this subject, insinuate, as scandalous and disgraceful to the military character in Ireland? If this be the noble lord's apology for General Leake, and for the officers in command in his district, in pure respect for them, I beg to deprecate it; and in pure respect for these deserving officers, I beg of the noble lord to abide by his first charge against them, however ill-founded."

In dealing with the other charges, Lord Clare shewed how easily, by a plain tale, he could put to shame all his accusers. Having disposed of the case of the blacksmith, and deplored the cruel necessity which sometimes imposed it as a duty upon military gentlemen to take summary vengeance upon such offenders, and shewn that, by the punishment of that individual, a whole district was, in all probability, saved from destruction, he then informs the House of what was the conduct of his noble antagonist, when he himself held a military command in America:—

"The noble lord was employed on this service in America, where he was reduced to the painful, but, I am confident, the indispensable duty of ordering a gentleman who bore the commission of a colonel, to summary execution, without the formality of a trial. He will readily perceive that I allude to the case of Colonel Isaac Haynes, who was hanged at Charlestown, in the year 1781. This gentleman had taken the oath of allegiance to his majesty, and was suffered to retire to his plantation some

miles up the country; the use which he made of this indulgence was, to excite sedition, disaffection, and disturbance in the adjacent district; to terrify the weak and timid into an union with him; and to murder every man who had constancy enough to resist his solicitations. Of this description was an Irishman of the name of Creighton, whose house he surrounded with an armed banditti in order to murder him; but Creighton had time to make his escape to Charlestown;—and a patrolle having come up with Haynes, and seized him, on identifying his person by a court of inquiry, he was hanged at Charlestown, by order of the noble lord and of Colonel Balfour. I state these facts from the printed reports of the debates of the British House of Lords, in February, 1782; and upon the same authority I will state, that the defence made for the noble lord in that assembly, by a near friend and connection of his, was, that the commander-in-chief had fully approved of the execution of Colonel Haynes, and that similar executions had taken place in hundreds of instances during the American war. Let me repeat, that I do not allude to this act of extreme military severity in any manner with a view to condemn it: I am confident that the noble lord, in issuing his order, felt that it was an act on his part of painful and indispensable duty; but with that feeling in his mind, I cannot but wonder that the noble lord has brought forward the story of the curfew, and the story of the inquisition, the story of the nurse and child, and the story of the blacksmith, more especially when I recollect the strong comment which the noble lord has transmitted to posterity upon a proposed parliamentary inquiry into the execution of Colonel Haynes, as an unpardonable abuse, in his opinion, of parliamentary privilege and authority."

Now, we venture to say, a clearer case was never made out, on the part of a great public functionary, to justify him in the course which he felt it his bounden duty to pursue. Easy Whig nobleman and gentleman, residing in another country, might find it a very agreeable and popular thing to indulge in a sentiment of commiseration for the sufferings of the wicked or the deluded of the United Irishmen who became obnoxious to the severe measures which they themselves had rendered indispensable to the public safety. But no man who considered loyalty as a duty, and who regarded

treason as a crime, could condemn the promptitude and vigour which were necessary to maintain the one, and repress the other. Either the insurgents must be put down with a high hand, or the country must be abandoned to the tender mercies of restless and infatuated traitors. And we have, even from the acknowledgments of his adversaries, abundant proof, that while Lord Clare had the head to perceive, and the nerve to decide what the emergencies of the country required, he also had the heart to feel for the severe domestic agonies of those whose relatives had been involved in guilt, and to whom pardon could not be extended.

When Lord Edward Fitzgerald lay wounded in prison, and strict orders were given that no one of his friends or relatives should be suffered to see him, his sister, Lady Louisa Connelly, called upon the Chancellor, and earnestly entreated his interference, that the restriction might be relaxed in her favour. He came out from a dinner-party to see her, and his heart was wrung as he listened to her piteous solicitations. He knew that no written order from him could effect the object which she had in view; and, therefore, dressed as he was, he stepped into the carriage with her, and drove directly to the prison in which the culprit was confined. He there, by his personal influence, procured for her permission to see him, and waited below during the whole of that long and most painful interview, which Mr. Moore has so well described. Was this the conduct of a ruthless and inexorable tyrant? A tyrant should be made of sterner stuff.

The following we extract from "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," by Sir Jonah Barrington—a work distinguished not less for a keen discrimination of character, than for a frantic and ungovernable antipathy to the authors and contrivers of the legislative Union. In speaking of the execution of the Sheares's, he thus writes:—

"It is only justice to Lord Clare to record an incident which proves that he was not unsusceptible of humane feelings, and which often led me to believe that his nature might have been noble, had not every feeling of moderation been absorbed by that ambition, the

final disappointment of which at length hastened his dissolution.

"By some unfortunate delay, a letter of Henry Sheares to me was not delivered till eleven o'clock of the morning after the trial. I immediately waited on Lord Clare. He read it with great attention. I saw he was moved; his heart yielded; I improved on the impression. He only said, 'What a coward he is! but what can we do? John Sheares cannot be spared. Do you think Henry can say anything, or make any species of discovery, which could authorize the Lord Lieutenant to make a distinction between them? If so, Henry may be relieved.' He read the letter again, and was obviously affected; I had never seen him so amiable before. 'Go,' said he, 'to the prison; the execution will be deferred for one hour. See Henry Sheares; ask him the question; and return to me at Cooke's office. I lost no time; but I found, on my arrival, that orders had been given that nobody should be admitted without a *written* order. I instantly returned to the Castle. They were all at council; Cooke was not in his office. I was delayed several minutes; at length the secretary returned—gave the order to see them, and to the sheriff to delay the execution for one hour. I hastened to Newgate; and arrived at the very moment the executioner was holding up the head of my old College friend, and saying, '*Here is the head of a traitor.*' I was deeply affected."

These unhappy young men were a very painful specimen of the evil spirit of the times. One of them—we believe Henry—Mr. O'Connell used to describe as a most sanguinary enthusiast. He met him in a packet-boat, as he was passing from France to England, and was deeply shocked when he exultingly produced a handkerchief stained with the blood of Louis XVI. and professed to regard it as a precious memorial of the triumph of liberty over tyrants! Poor misguided youth! he little knew how rapidly the time was approaching when he himself would be compelled to taste the bitterness of an ignominious death; and that, without exhibiting the meekness and constancy of the royal victim, who, whatever might have been his previous weakness, displayed a noble fortitude in his latter end.

But, if we may trust Sir Jonah Barrington, had it not been for the accident above narrated, even he would

have been spared. Indeed, when we look back upon this melancholy period, and behold the numbers who were compromised, and of whose guilt the government had indubitable proof, our wonder is, that so many were suffered to escape, whom it required but the forms of law to consign to the hands of the executioner. Does any man now—could any man then, doubt the guilt of Addis Emmet, of Mr. McNevin, of Arthur O'Connor, of Oliver Bond, and of a host of others, who yet were treated with a clemency which they never would have experienced, had the Irish authorities been bent upon bloody courses? A doubt, indeed, may be entertained as to whether forbearance was not carried too far; but none in any sane mind, that it had not fully reached the limits beyond which it could not pass without a degree of weakness on the part of our rulers, scarcely less criminal than treason.

That the severities which, in the dreadful state of the country, were sometimes practised, occasionally exceeded due bounds, is, we fear, but too true; as also that the innocent sometimes suffered with the guilty. But who were properly responsible for these calamities? Not those who were compelled by circumstances to make use of instruments whom they could not always entirely control; but those by whom they were reduced to the painful alternative of employing such instruments, or conniving at treason. The animus of government, and of its leading member, Lord Clare, is not to be collected from the desultory acts of individuals whom it was necessary to invest with a brief authority, during that season of trouble and of tribulation, but from their own recorded dealings with the disaffected, so many of whom were in their power, and so few of whom were made examples.

Upon the college visitation, in 1798, we shall not dwell,* as it has been so fully described in a former number.* Lord Clare, throughout his life, retained a strong regard for the theatre of his early distinction; and he was naturally desirous to protect the youths brought up within its walls from the

corrupting influences by which their loyalty might be undermined. That treason had found its way into that sanctuary of good letters, he had too much reason to believe; and his object was, by a strict inquiry, to discover, if possible, the extent of the evil, and separate the sound from the unsound portion of the university.

The result was, in his judgment, highly creditable to the college. About nineteen individuals were found to be so seriously compromised, as to render a sentence of expulsion, or of suspension, necessary. There were few who did not lament that the amiable and gifted Dr. Stokes should be of the number. His sentence was, suspension from his fellowship for three years; and *that*, not upon the ground that he had been involved in traitorous practices, but that some indiscretions were imputed to him, which, in such a perilous crisis, rendered it unmeet that he should hold his seat amongst the governing body of the college, until the troubles which just then agitated the country had passed away.

Of the Union, we have not space to write at the length which would be necessary, if we were to discuss that important question in all its bearings. Suffice it, for the present, to say, Lord Clare felt that it was rendered indispensable, by the turbulent and unruly use which had been made of Irish legislative independence. In an united parliament he hoped to find some remedy for the manifold evils of Ireland, and had no hope whatever that matters would not proceed from bad to worse, as long as there were separate houses of Lords and Commons in the united kingdom. Nor, in compassing that measure, did he do more than carry into effect convictions which he had long formed, and fully expressed, when, upon the questions of the commercial propositions and the regency, the connection between the countries was so seriously endangered.

He was, undoubtedly, of opinion, that, by the Union, the British and Protestant interests in this country would be maintained. What his convictions would have been, had he been able to foresee the time when both were to be abandoned, it might be

* See No. CLXI, for May, 1846.

rash to affirm; but we do not hesitate to express our belief that, could he have distinctly anticipated all that has since taken place, he would have been a reluctant party to that arrangement.

When he left Ireland to take his seat in the English House of Lords, he might have been considered as "*functus officio*." The great business of his life was done, and he felt himself, with rapidly declining strength, upon a new theatre of action, from which all his habits were estranged. The bold and haughty defiance with which he used to challenge and bear down opposition in his own country, were misplaced in an assembly over which he had never exercised any influence, and amongst nobles who prided themselves on their high descent, and could little brook that a parvenu and an Irishman should bear himself with any authority in their deliberations. Of his mortified vanity, when he was said to have sunk under the quiet and dignified castigation of the Duke of Bedford, much has been written. It has even been hinted that it hastened his demise. But the labours and anxieties of office had broken down an iron frame, and he might be regarded as a spent thunderbolt, when he rolled at the feet of the nobleman who is said to have done such execution upon him.

He died in 1802. Had he lived but another year, the country might have been spared the disgrace and horrors of Emmet's abortive insurrection.

Of the public character of this great man, we have failed altogether, if we have not conveyed a clear idea in the previous pages; but the following observations, which we extract from the "*Lives of Illustrious Irishmen*," by the Rev. James Wills, are too just, and too discriminating not to be submitted to our readers:—

"His intellect was rapid, clear, and full of power; but its power seems to have more consisted in sagacity and sound common sense, than in depth, or extraordinary comprehensiveness; still, for mere intellect, he may be placed at the head of the eminent Irishmen among whom he was an actor. He was still more eminently above these illustrious persons in the moral features of his character. With profound, but rough and masculine strength of feeling, he was endowed with a degree of moral firmness, and a superiority to popular in-

fluences, rarely belonging to public men. Without the high and chivalric scorn, which for a season impelled Grattan to shake off the base dictation of the rabble, or the comprehensive enthusiasm which raised the flight of Burke far above it, Lord Clare pursued a steady course, under the guidance of settled principle, and wholly impassive to the influences of opinions and passions in which he had no participation, and for which he entertained no respect."

Of his private character, we believe there was but one opinion. He was the best of fathers, the kindest of husbands, the most generous and indulgent of landlords, and the steadiest of friends. In his dealings with his tradespeople, liberality and punctuality were his characteristics.

In his style of living, without verging to excess, he was mindful of the splendor which beseeemed his station; and those who were admitted to his private intimacy, have often witnessed a jovial urbanity very strikingly contrasted with the sternness and severity which he often thought it right to put on, in the exercise of his judicial functions.

Against the incorruptible integrity of his conduct as Lord Chancellor, even when the fiercest animosity raged against him, there never was a whisper;—nor, with all his vast political influence, did he take any advantage of his high position to increase his private patrimony, which he left, we believe, very little, if at all, increased beyond what it was when he received it.

The part which he took in putting down rebellion, and afterwards in accomplishing the Union, subjected him to severe censure on the part of those, whose policy, if adopted, would have led to separation from Great Britain. But by none who desire that the empire should continue one and indivisible, can his conduct, upon these critical emergencies, be regarded with any other feelings than those of gratitude and admiration. His was the fortitude which braved the responsibility, from which weaker minds would have shrunk appalled; and the wisdom and the sagacity to devise the measures, by which alone the most frightful national calamities could be averted. The execrations with which he was regarded, pursued him even to his grave; and doubtless,

many who, at his interment, profaned the sanctity of the burying-ground, by outrage the most revolting, may have been of the number of those, who, in the day of his power, partook his clemency, when, had he been extreme to mark what they did amiss, they must have experienced the fate of traitors. But as *he* only followed *his* nature, when he extended to their crimes a generous forgiveness, so they but followed theirs, when that vengeance which they could not wreak upon him living, they visited upon him dead, and, over his insensate corpse,

exulted, with the fury of beasts, and the malice of demons!

"Requiescat in pace." We have now done our devoir in offering this tribute to his memory. But history will yet do ample justice to the wise and indomitable counsellor, who, almost alone, advanced to meet the enemies of the constitution in the gate; and, amid weakness, defection, and obloquy the most dispiriting, by his vigour and firmness maintained the cause of British rule, and preserved his country from the horrors of anarchy and revolution.

THE OLD MAN'S PLAINT.

'Tis bleak December, cold and drear,
The wintry winds pipe shrill and high;
The red deer crouch within their lair,
And wild birds to the thicket fly.
The hoar-frost silvers hedge and tree,
Now sparkling in the pale moon-ray,
The world seems growing old to me,
For I'm aweary, old, and grey—
Aweary, weary, old, and grey.

The Christmas chime, in olden time,
Rang out a joyous peal for me;
The yule-log blaz'd, while mirth and mime,
And laughter echoed cheerily.
But now, alas! how changed the scene,
How sadly sounds that peal to-day;
The world is not what it hath been,
And I'm aweary, old, and grey—
Aweary, weary, old, and grey.

I miss the happy faces now,
That circled once our festive board,
When pleasure lighted every brow,
And every touch wak'd friendship's chord;
Whilst now, like harp of shattered string,
Whose melody hath pass'd away,
I droop, a faded, soulless thing,
Forsaken, weary, old, and grey—
Aweary, weary, old, and grey.

But hush! what sounds come stealing o'er,
Like seraph choir, mine aged ear,
Strains that my soul hath lov'd of yore,
When all was mine that made life dear.
A light gleams o'er me—yes, I hear
The bells chime forth their olden lay,
And feel, with every gushing tear,
That I alone am old and grey—
Aweary, weary, old, and grey.

THE PETTY SESSIONS OF CARRIGNACROOE.

"To what cause are we indebted for the honour of your presence in our little court this morning, Mr. Quiffle?" said the presiding justice of Petty-Sessions at Carrignacrooe, as he shook the rain from his broadleaved hat, and deposited the same, along with a thick frieze coat, and a thong-whip, in a convenient corner of the room, which answered the purposes of justice in that rising village.

The individual to whom the question was addressed, was seated at a table, which served as a barrier between the bench and the populace. He had an Act of Parliament open before him, together with sundry papers tied up with bright red tape. But without these professional emblems, there would be no great sagacity required to divine his calling; a confident, yet deferential air, with a sharp physiognomy, and a certain swell-mobbish pretension of dress, denoting him for a provincial attorney.

"I have merely dropped in, sir," he pertly replied to the question, "as the shower of rain said to the pic-nic party at Lambay, knowing how welcome I'd be, and wishing to look after an honest client. I hope I see you well, Mr. Fitzdoodle."

"Much obliged," said Fitzdoodle, proceeding further to uncase himself from an inner surcoat, and to unwind a thick woollen scarf from about his jaws; an operation, which, added to his recent exertions in dismounting at the door, and jostling through the crowd, caused him to pant like a fat buck after a burst through the brakes of Ballynascorney; "A sheepstealer, eh?"

"No, your worship. That's Mr. MacRoary's vocation. *We* only burned a house."

"Only!" ejaculated the gentleman, who rejoiced in the name last mentioned, and whose person also bore the visible form and pressure of the same gentle craft with Mr. Quiffle. "Listen to that! *Only* burned a house! That's what he'd say if it was after putting a lighted turf they were

into the roof of *Saint Lawrence O'Toole*. We only burned a church, he'd say; bad luck to the more."

"O ho!" cries Quiffle, in a jeering accent, "is that the way with you this morning, after the defence you made the other day for firing through the parlour window of the *Red Cow* at *Kisheen*, when the two English gentlemen were at dinner? Your client was very sorry indeed for his offence; but he would not have done such a thing, *only* he thought the agent was in it."

The crowd of auditors laughed with all their hearts; but whether they were more amused by the force of Quiffle's rejoinder, or at the practical Tipperary wit of his antagonist's client, a mere observer could scarcely distinguish. They were mightily tickled; that's certain. And one fellow could not restrain his glee, or prevent himself from shouting aloud, as he reached forth his hand to tap the attorney on the back, "More power!" For which breach of order Sergeant Scrabby, of the police, forthwith seized him by the scruff of the neck, and pushed him out headforemost upon the pavement.

"There's more power for you," cried the gentle preserver of the peace, as he looked towards the bench, expecting a nod of approbation; but if such was his hope, it was not gratified; for a Stipendiary Magistrate, who had just entered, and taken his place beside the president, shook his head severely and said—

"Less force another time, Mr. Constable, is what I should recommend."

Whereupon the constable shook his head too, which, if ever a shake of the head spoke, said most articulately—"God be with long ago!" or words to that effect; and then he cast a menacing glance at the malicious bystanders, who kept mopping and mowing at him, but taking good care to utter no sound indicative of their satisfaction.

"Silence!" shouted the enraged

constable, rapping with his knuckles, for want of any thing else to rap them against, upon the cross rail which shut out the public from the court.

"We'll not braithé at all, your honour," whispers a wag in the crowd.

"Whisht! tizzy voo;" says another, in the same under-titter; "don't ye see he's going to read the Ri'ting Act?"

"Murther in Irish!" exclaims another, *sotto voce* like the rest, "he has it at his finger's inds a'ready."

The Sergeant was clutching his truncheon nervously with both hands, as if it were as much as he could do to restrain it from flying, of its own motion, into collision with the heads of his tormenters.

"Ah then, boys," said one of them, "have ye no regard for yourselves? Sure he's like a cat in a bowle, only watching his opportunity to give one of yez a claw."

"Silence!" bellowed the chafed Constable, more like a bull tied to a stake, than a cat in anything; "silence in the court!"

"Keep your temper, Sergeant," said the President; "you seem to have all the noise at your side. Be silent, and call Thady Ryan against Denis Quirke, Maurice Quirke, Martin Quirke, Biddy Quirke, and Nelly Quirke."

"We're all here, your honour;" cried the Quirkes, stepping forward "in conscious virtue bold."

They consisted of a man and his wife, well stricken in years, with their grown-up children, all well clad, and apparently of the class of peasant-farmers. Their demeanour was respectful, and the frank and *debonnair* expression of the whole family, was calculated to prepossess the court in their favour. The parents had the fresh and florid hue of healthful industry; and the young people, particularly the girl, were very good looking.

The complainant, on the other side, was a hard-featured person, of mean appearance, with a sullen cast of features, and a certain timidity of manner, which argued either a want of a good cause, or a consciousness that the general feeling was against him.

"What is your complaint against these persons?" demanded the principal magistrate, in no very encouraging tone.

"They risky'd me;" replied the accuser.

"Rescued you?" said the Stipendiary Justice, a military gentleman, but lately taken into the civil service of the crown. "From what? Were you in danger of anything?"

"In very great danger, please your honour, if it was'n't for my hat."

Here he exhibited the coverlid alluded to, which, beside the wear and tear of common use, was cloven from the crown downwards, about an inch and a-half.

"Only for that," he added, pushing his finger through the fissure, "I know where I'd be this blessed day."

"Do you swear *that*?" said Mac Roary, tauntingly.

The witness scowled at the attorney, and the attorney leered at the witness.

"It isn't here I'd be at all events," said the latter; "nor in company with *you*, by any means."

This turned the laugh rather against the man of law; and men of law—even the most jocund—do not often enjoy the laugh of a layman. Mr. MacRoary, therefore, was about to call for the protection of the court; but the Court interrupted the colloquy, to ask the prosecutor if he "felt it?"

"No, ~~thanks~~ be to mercy and your worship, I did not."

"He's hard of feeling then," observed the Attorney, with a grimace intended for the public, "considering it is a *felt-wound*."

And the public laughed till Sergeant Scrabby told them they should laugh presently at the other side of their mouths; whereupon order being restored, the court proceeded with its investigations.

"Do you know who did it?"

"Those," exclaimed the man, with fierce emphasis, designating with an angry jerk of his thumb, the pleasant smiling family, who occupied the space at his left hand.

"I don't comprehend you, man," said the Stipendiary Magistrate; "Didn't you say this moment that these people rescued you?"

"Sure I did, sir; risky'd me first, and bett me after."

The Magistrate, who was evidently a child in the language of the Irish local courts, cast an inquiring glance at his brother-magistrates, who were laughing in their sleeves at his *igno-*

rance ; but Quiffle, to whom a nod was as good as a wink any day, obligingly made haste, as *amicus curiæ*, to enlighten him.

"Allow me, sir, and I'll explain it to you. Thady Ryan here, a driver of my Lord Bohermore, is not the first of his trade that has made a baste of himself in this court. When a gentleman of his quality complains against people for rescuing him, he means to say, that they rescued an ass——"

The Lawyer paused a moment for the sake of effect.

"An ass, Mr. Quiffle?" said the Magistrate, with indignation; "I must say this levity is unbecoming."

"Yes, sir, with respect to your worship, I repeat the word. They rescued an ass, or perhaps a pig, or some other animal as noble as Thady Ryan himself, but twice more valuable."

"Oh, I think I understand it now;" said the tardy-witted Justice, who, as

"He did contract and purse his brow together,"

appeared all at once to have acquired half a dozen additional wrinkles: "I see it all now. He made a seizure from them; they rescued it; and that is what he calls rescuing him."

"Precisely so, answered the amused Attorney, adopting the emphatic enunciation of the bench. "That is what he calls rescuing him. Your worship is surprisingly quick and apprehensive."

MacRoary eyed his brother in the law with a leer of droll amazement, which would have seduced features less brazed by custom of impudence, into a broad grin. But Quiffle only frowned a frown of reproof, just moving, at the same time, the nether lid of his right eye, ever so imperceptibly, by way of a wink. But the critical public were less reserved in their comments, and wondered, almost aloud, what their Saxon tyrants could mean by sending a "magistrate" among them, who did not understand enough of good English to tell what was meant by "a risky."

The outrage was in nothing different from that form of resistance to the law and the rights of property, which has grown into a usage as common as the assertion of "tenant-right." The party complained of

owed two years' rent, and the landlord thought it reasonable to ask for one. They were "willing to pay" (where is the tenant who is not?) but "fware would they get it?" They had cattle, to be sure; but there was grass running to waste, and it stood to reason that they could not be prepared for the next year's rent, if their present stock was taken. They had oats, but that they must keep for food; and little enough there was in it. There was a good stack of wheat beside the barn door; but did the landlord want to ruin them entirely, by requiring it to be threshed, and the market so low as it was, compared to what it might be? There was a horse; but he could not be spared from the farm;—half-a-dozen sheep, but they belonged to "the little girl;"—and three or four pigs in the bawn, but when the Indian corn they had consumed came to be paid for at the mill, 'twas little would be left for landlord, or tenant, or for anybody else.

For all these excellent reasons, the landlord and his driver were considered an unconscionable pair of extortioners, to expect anything out of the farm in such a year as the present; and accordingly, when the latter went upon the land, and took possession of the live stock, he was set upon by this very mild, good-tempered looking family, and by their neighbours, from all sides, as far as a cow's horn, lustily blown upon the emergency, could summon them. Amid great uproar and tumult, spades, pitchforks, flails, and stones were plied, with little respect of persons; and the bailiff, with his *mermaidens*, as MacRoary was pleased to denominate half-a-dozen ragged bludgeoners, who had assisted in driving out the cattle, were "very proud to find themselves at home again," without their caption, and with only a few contusions to remind them of their morning's work.

All these circumstances were duly substantiated by evidence, during the delivery of which the accused parties gazed alternately at the court, and at one another, with the most decorous amazement. To judge by their very expressive dumb-show, a stranger to that mode of defence, which is common enough in the early stage of an Irish prosecution, would have pro-

nounced them to be the most harmless, and the most slandered of human beings. Each appealing glance to the bench was so eloquent in repudiation of the charge, and fraught with such pity for the unfortunate soul of the adverse witness, that it was difficult to resist the prejudice created by their mute expostulations. The women were peculiarly effective in the use of this artillery, pointing it, as they did, with many a pretty interjection and gesture, indicative of the most artless surprise.

The new magistrate was sensibly impressed by such demonstrations; and demanded of the complainant, in a peevish tone—"Do you mean to say that delicate young woman was an active party in an assault upon yourself and the six hulking fellows you had under your command?"

The fair subject of the question courtiesed, and looked ten times more innocent than before.

"I won't swear, sir," was the ungallant reply, "but that she was the worst of the whole lot. It wasn't her fault that one of us left the place alive."

"Oh! Mithur Ryan," exclaimed the fair Nelly, her full, dark eyes, flashing with an expression not quite so soft as that of her voice—"God forgive you, sir!"

"After that," subjoined her mother, "he'd swear a tunnel through the Rock of Gibraltar. *Eveleen* a-roon*, what did ye ever do, to be scandalised in this manner before the parish?"

The damsel squeezed out a tear, which added much to the concern her situation appeared to give the court.

"Didn't she fetch out a hatchet," exclaimed the terrified complainant, "and tell her brother Maurice to take the heads off us, like so many salt herrings?—and didn't she fire a whole kettleful of bilin' wather at me, which, if it hadn't been that Jack Rafter struck her hand down a little, would have scalded the hair of my head, as clane aff as if I was a pig?"

"And so you wor," said the pouting damsel, her bright eye sparkling out with the conceit,

"From the long lashes round it,"

in a manner that infected the beholders. "That's your name, as true as you were christened Thady."

Every one laughed, except the unfortunate driver, who was too anxious to complete his statement to heed the interruption.

"As it was," he proceeded, "the discharge was too well aimed. I did not lose a spoonful of it; and when I took off my stockings at night, saving your worship's presence, the skin peeled down off my two shins like biled innions."

The young lady's discretion could no longer tutor her, but she burst into a loud and hearty laugh; which was renewed when, suiting the action to the word, her victim cautiously laid bare one of the outraged limbs, and displayed a very considerable raw. The exhibition also contributed greatly to the merriment of the crowd, whose speculations on the ugliness of that leg, and the presumed greater ugliness of the other, led to the offering of several bets of small amount in the nominal currency of the country.

The legal defence of the accused was conducted by Mr. MacRoary, who represented his clients as a most peaceful, orderly, and ill-used family; always submissive to the laws; always willing to pay their own rent; but always most unwilling to pay the rent of other people. This was the point, upon which the *merits* of the assault complained of hinged. They had underlet a large piece of their farm, at a profit rent, the differential proportion of which left them clear of all charges, upon that part of it which they retained in their own hands. Yet they would not hold themselves liable for the head-rent reserved in the landlord's lease; but would merely pay him for the few acres in their own possession, leaving him to glean the *balance*, as brother Jonathan would call it, from the denuded fields of their well-drained cottier tenants.

This is a form of middleman roguery, which seldom comes before the public as a popular grievance. It cuts the other way, being one of the many forms of collusion between the different classes of our peasantry, by which

* The Irish for Ellen, or Nelly.

contracts are set at nought, and the proprietors of land are bullied and defrauded of their rights.

In this case, the legal gentleman made a great parade of the readiness of his industrious and honest client to pay for twelve acres of a farm that consisted of five-and-twenty, he having, all the while, a large profit-rent arising from the other thirteen, already secured in his pocket. It is a very usual process of realizing "the tenant-right" in Ireland; and when a landlord gets refractory, and will not submit patiently to be thus *thimble-rigged* out of half his estate, an outcry is raised against him in the newspapers; and if he is not shot at from behind a hedge, he is sure of being made a target for every bandier of small wit, in the minor law courts, to launch his popgun at.

Of such a nature was the law and logic employed upon this occasion by Mr. MacRoary. He was instructed to offer ten pounds, where the sum demanded was beyond twenty; and his tender being refused, he shook his head; did not wonder that the country should be in a barbarous condition; thought his clients were more to be pitied than blamed, for having been provoked to take the law into their own hands; and then sat down beside his brother craftsman to bewail, in private, on the part of another client, the impossibility of borrowing money at six per cent., on the security of an Irish rental.

A reporter for one of the numerous "*Vindicators*," who spin texts for lecturing statesmen, ran home with his notes, but was far from blushing as he gave them in, as good material for enlarging, in strains of indignant eloquence, on the oppression which drives wise men mad in other places, and makes murderers of them in Tipperary; and the magistrates, glad to elude the responsibility of dealing with an invidious subject, coolly decided, that they did not sit there to try titles, and would, therefore, remit the whole affair to the Quarter-Sessions.

The houseburning, in which Mr. Quifle was concerned, came on next. It was one of those numerous outrages which the grasping class of "half-sirs" perpetuate upon the property of their unfortunate dependants, and of which

the odium is commonly cast, by ignorant or prejudiced writers, upon the Irish gentry.

Mary Dempsey's tale was a simple one. Her father had retained possession of a cabin and some land, which a certain Mr. Daniel Darmody thought, or pretended to think, himself better entitled to; but the law being tedious, as well as costly, and its issues uncertain, he, Mr. Darmody, took a "main advantage," as the poor girl expressed it, while the strong man lay on the broad of his back, to effect a clearance. Fever, which has been lately so prevalent and so fatal, had seized upon this poor family. The mother first became its victim, and, after her death, the father was struck down.

Hospitals are not generally accessible to our rustic population, nor, indeed, in much request among them. They commonly prefer, even when they have a choice, to stretch themselves under a few wattles, at the side of a dry ditch, where the pure air passes over them in a continual current, and the lights, which garnish the heavens, give them assurance, by day and night, that there is an eye watching above them, which neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Into such a shed had John Dempsey caused himself to be removed, lest he should impart infection to his little motherless children; and whilst he lay thus helpless, Mr. Daniel Darmody took hold of the opportunity as too good to be lost, to render all further legal procedure unnecessary, by annihilating the principal object of dispute. Waiting a favourable moment, therefore, when the neighbours were all absent at the turf-bog, he came down with his *mermaids*, (as his learned advocate might have said), and having inveigled the sick man's children out of doors, he nimbly dislodged the few articles of household use they had left within; and then, in "haste to destroy," lest the boys from the bog should step in and interrupt his industry, he set fire to the roof, and speedily left the whole tenement in ashes.

The atrocity of such a deed was much aggravated by the knowledge which its perpetrator had, that the man of whom he took that "main advantage," was then lying in his agony, and that the last light he beheld on earth was a flash from the fire

which made his children houseless, at the same moment that the hand of God made them orphans.*

"Well, Mr. Quiffle," said Fitzdoodle, "what more can your client do, if this be *only* a house on fire?"

Mr. Quiffle was almost put out of countenance; but, as his familiar antagonist remarked, "his stock of *assurance* made any sort of fire sit light upon his mind;" and he immediately entered into the defence of his client with warmth, insisting on that grand principle of law and equity (wherever he found it), "*nullum tempus occurrit legi*,"—"which means," said he, "that every time is the right time for doing as a man likes with his own." Mr. Darmody had no doubt that the house of the interloper, John Dempsey, was his; and acting upon that impression, he had taken a short method of doing the same thing that other landlords do in a more roundabout way.

"I repeat it," said Mr. Quiffle, tying up one of his manifolded papers very tightly with a piece of red tape, "that we *only* burned a house; and if we had no right to burn it, the law is open. The sooner our accusers resort to it, the better I'll be pleased."

"That's as true a thing as you said to-day," tartly interjected MacRoary—"A bad cause, and a good action at the back of it, is the very thing to shoot a professional gentleman, who has a young *shoneen*, just enriched, for his client."

It was a fact, that Darmody had but recently administered to his deceased uncle, Farmer Roger, of the same ilk, who had taken his death from a wetting he got at a tenant-right meeting, a very short time before. Master Daniel was his sole heir and representative; and the youth's first public act, on setting up for himself, was to attack a poor family in their affliction, and burn them out, with the circumstances of cruelty we have attempted to describe.

"Your worship, I submit," said Quiffle, "that this is a question of civil right altogether. It is out of the jurisdiction of the court."

"That I deny," cried MacRoary,

who enacted the part of *Second Lawyer* in the comedy. "It is a criminal court, and takes cognizance of all offences, from dram-drinking to high treason. Arson, then, is clearly within its jurisdiction."

"Arson!" screamed *First Lawyer*, with well-acted disdain—"Arson—farce—on! Did ever anybody, since the Bill of Rights first became the law of the land, hear of a gentleman being held amenable for arson—for setting fire to a cabin not worth forty shillings? Arson, may it please your worship, may be committed, as often it is, against persons who live in valuable houses, and possess a right therein: but, to smoke out an overholding tenant, is no more a criminal offence than it is unfair to kindle wet straw at the mouth of a badger's den. How are you to make him bolt, unless you do something of the kind?"

A murmur of indignant horror ran through the crowd, which raised Mr. Quiffle, for the moment, in the estimation of Sergeant Scrabby, to the rank of a fellow-martyr.

The young female who represented the remains of the burned-out family, nudged her attorney angrily, at the comparison of the badger, and asked him if he was "going to stand that? For, if you do," said she, "I wont;" and, without waiting for the effect of the appeal, she turned upon the offender, and demanded, "What badger was smoked, the night he jumped out of the tinker's garret?" with sundry other interrogative reminiscences, which made every person in the presence merry, except the facetious Mr. Quiffle.

That sensitive gentleman took refuge in the professional safeguard, the dignity of the Court, where such coarse repartees cannot be tolerated, without endangering the unsullied robe of Justice herself. Her ladyship's garment is unpollutable, it seems, by any foulness that may proceed out of a privileged mouth; but, the least spatter from the lips of the profane vulgar renders it unfit to be seen.

The young woman was, therefore,

* The writer was present, during last autumn, at the trial of a case, of which this description is no exaggeration.

admonished to remember where she was; to understand the respect due to her superiors; to learn not to "badger" any gentleman, as she had presumed to badger Mr. Quiffle—with other moral precepts, calculated to form the manners of persons in low degree, when they come in contact with witty practitioners in the minor courts of justice. Whereunto she meekly conformed, with a subdued and stricken aspect, merely observing, without appearing to address the observation to the court, that she "didn't know he (meaning the said Quiffle) was a gentleman, but thought he was only an attorney."

Fitzdoodle, who overheard the sarcasm, and marked the titter it provoked, smiled and said, "That is the severest 'only' we heard as yet;" which remark caused each man of law to cock his right eye rather fiercely at the Bench, and then to turn aside with shrugs and grimaces, which spoke as directly as any series of contortions could speak—"Never mind. Every bird is a cock on his own dunghill; but wait a while. We bide our time;" and divers significant intimations besides, which it were tedious to translate into *litera scripta*.

The plea of simple incendiarism, however, was for the moment victorious. The Magistrates agreed with Mr. Quiffle that the case was only one of house-burning, and advised, rather than decided, that it should be made the subject of a civil process. The bearing of the case being explained to the complaining party, she readily acquiesced in the proposal to carry it to a higher tribunal. For though justice is dear to the Irish, they love *satisfaction* better; and there is nothing that more satisfies the injured, after the first warm feelings of resentment have had time to cool, than to obtain solid compensation for wrongs sustained. To the Quarter-Sessions, therefore, the question was referred, and another case was called on.

This was an ordinary affair of assault, and remarkable, in that both doer and sufferer belonged to the softer sex. They were trim-built and clean-rigged craft both of them, between thirty-five and forty, with rather a pleasant, not to say a jolly expression of countenance. Trespass of cattle had furnished a pretext for the en-

counter, of which the foundation had been in existence ever since their spinsterhood, when rival swains contended at hurlings and *patrons* for their smiles. It had happened in the rough-running course of true love, that each had been constrained to bestow her hand in marriage upon the favoured admirer of the other; and by a still more mischievous freak of fortune they were both located upon the same quartern of land, whereof their lords and masters were, together with several others, joint co-partners. Hence an ancient grudge was fomented on either side, which they were well pleased to gratify, when Mrs. Quigley was provoked to strike, and still worse to objurgate, with many side-wind reflections at the owner, Mrs. O'Rafferty's cow.

Cows in general, it must be confessed, have an unnatural, and even a spiteful appetite, for muslin handkerchiefs, and odds-and-ends of aprons or cotton-stockings; and Mrs. Quigley, who had placed her Sunday cap to dry upon a thorn-bush, was provoked beyond measure to find the bush empty in a few minutes afterwards, while her neighbour's cow stood coolly chewing the cud before the door, with the undeniable ribbons of the cap wagging to-and-fro from the opposite corners of her mouth. The animal's behaviour was enough to aggravate the temper of a Griselda; for she affected an utter unconsciousness of the enormity of her transgression, and stood, *flagrante delicto*, looking over the wall of Mrs. Quigley's garden, with a pleased and drowsy expression of countenance, as if she felt herself to be really completing a praiseworthy action.

There was nothing strange in the incidents of the case. Mrs. O'Rafferty overheard the cow that gave milk to her children, evil spoken of. She came to to the door, and saw the useful creature roughly entreated also. This she could not stomach nor excuse; for she had lost no cap. Much was she vexed, therefore, at all that she saw and heard; "A smaller thing, indeed, was enough to rise her, let alone —"

She said no more. Let us follow her example, and leave her husband to say for her. His evidence spoke volumes. He had been ploughing in

an adjacent field, when rumours of war came to his ear. Curiosity induced him to look towards the spot from which the sounds proceeded, and he saw the two Amazons down, seemingly rolled into one, his own share of the compound being undermost. "Upon the same——"

"Well," demanded Fitzdoodle, "what did you do, upon the same?"

"Faix I went back to my plough."

"And the other lady's husband—do you happen to know what he was doing?"

"Looking over his own hedge, your worship, helping me to see fair play; and wondering which would prove the best man of the two."

"And what was the result of his inquiry?"

"How can I tell, sir, when I did not wait to see it out? I only know that my wife had her eye shut up for two days, to that degree, it was ashamed to look upon its nearest friend."

A boy of fifteen, of diminutive figure and childish appearance for that age, was brought forward as a witness for one of the gentle belligerents. A wild, dark-eyed, bare-legged urchin he was, with his hair matted glibbe-fashion, and the ends of it bleached by the weather to the colour of beaten hemp; his garments, jagged and mired like those of Robinson Crusoe, were held together with pieces of packthread. He carried a stick reaching from the floor to the height of his chin, which occasionally rested upon it, his left hand was thrust, with an air of fashionable *nonchalance*, into what might be supposed to be a pocket, whilst his eyes took a rambling survey of the Bench, and of each individual ornament thereof, in succession.

"Upon my word," said Fitzdoodle, "you're quite a *je ne sçais quoi* sort of gentleman, with your flail in your fist. Pray which of the factions do you belong to—the Quigleys, or the O'Raffertys?"

"He belongs to the *Thrashers*, your worship," said Mr. Quiffle, jeeringly pointing to the boy's staff.

"*Niel s'agam kear tha thu ra,*"

replied the youth, still scanning their worships with a curious eye.

"What's that, my man?" said the Stipendiary Justice.

"I have no Inglish," answered the boy, as he jerked his head backward, and threw a conscious glance towards the attorney, who knew he had.

"An Irish witness," said the magistrate; "let the interpreter swear him."

The Interpreter did his office accordingly, repeating the Celtic formula, which concludes, like the Saxon, with an injunction to kiss the book.

"Ask him now," said Fitzdoodle, "does he know the nature of an oath?"

The question would have been more timely, had it been proposed before the ceremony of swearing was gone through. But the order of things is not very exactly observed, even in higher courts than that of Carrignacroe. The youngster, however, was up to the mark.

"*Tha meanm,*" said he, in answer to the interpreter's question; as much as to say, in the *Petruchio* vein, "Aye, 'pon my soul."

"I think that'll do;" remarked Fitzdoodle, drily.

"What does he say?" eagerly demanded the Englishman.

"He does know the nature of an oath, your worship," answered the faithful interpreter.

"Then let him explain what it is," said the Justice.

"Tell the Court (said the Interpreter in Irish, addressing the witness) what an oath is?"

"*Tha ishea meanm an Dhiaoul,*"† said the hopeful, with a knowing look towards the bench, while the people tittered.

"That is of the nature of an oath indeed," said the Attorney.

The answer was explained to the Stipendiary Magistrate, who looked amazed at the definition, but not deterred from pursuing this interesting metaphysical investigation; "Ask him now," said he, "what will happen, should he take a false oath?"

"*Tha me meanm an Diaoul,*"‡ was the answer to this question.

"And so ends *Law's Catechism.*"

* I don't know what you say.

† "It is, 'your soul to the d—l.'"

‡ That is, *my soul to the same place!*

The Bench were unanimously of opinion that the witness was in a very proper and suitable stage of knowledge to be examined. His evidence, however, after so great a preface, was not material. It merely established the fact of the demolition of Mrs. Quigley's cap, and the strong presumption which had already taken possession of the court, that both the ladies were in the wrong. In the poetic phraseology of the young Celt, Mrs. Q. had flung a rock at the cow, which made her drop the fragments of the cap much faster than a Christian in these times would be disposed to drop a hot potato; and Mrs. R., or O'R. (for she reads it both ways) had taken an unreasonable sheaf of hair out of her neighbour's head, in addition to threats of an awful nature, such as—that she would chew her neighbour up into a more shapeless mass than her cap, and make *bruss* of her; all of which this witness verily believed she might have done, but for the lucky hit which deprived this warlike dame of the assistance of the best of her two eyes, just in the very crisis of the engagement.

The Rule of the Court was, that the two ladies should enter into a bond to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, that they would mutually keep the peace for the space of twelve months; and

their husbands were required to join in the security.

The poor men protested very earnestly against such an obligation being imposed upon them, and declared, with apparent sincerity, that they would rather see their better halves marched off at once to cool themselves upon the treadmill, than subscribe to a condition, of which experience had convinced them both, long ago, that the fulfilment depended not upon themselves.

"Plase your honours," said Mr. O'Rafferty, "consider the hardship of it."

"Plase your worships," echoed Mr. Quigley, "look to its onpossability."

But the Law considers nothing hard or impossible; and although the Magistrates were all married themselves, they insisted on the terms of the sentence. Most unwillingly, therefore, were the two husbands obliged to perfect the bail-bonds of their respective helpmates, one of them muttering, as he scrawled his name upon the paper, that it was "as good as a five-pound note thrun into the say;" and the other asseverating, that "it was the quarest law that ever was known, to call upon him to answer for any woman's behavior, let alone his own wife's."

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR MAC CULLAGH.

Wrapped as we are in an o'erwhelming cloud
Of grief and horror, shake we off awhile
That horror, and that grief with words beguile;
And from our full hearts breathe, though not aloud.
Our minds to God's mysterious dealings bowed,
And mourning with the Genius of the land,
Take we awhile our reverential stand,
In the dread presence of MacCullagh's shroud.

Great, good, unhappy! for his country's fame
Too hard he toiled; from too unresting brain
His arachnean web of thought he wove.
The planet-form* he loved, the crystal's frame
Through which he taught to trace light's tremulous train,†
Shall be his symbols in the cypress grove.

W. R. H.

October 27, 1847.

* The Ellipsoid.

† The vibrations of the ether.

MICK MULLOY AND THE BLESSED LATEERIN.

BEING NO. IX. OF THE KISHOGE PAPERS.

"Well, 'tis lucky 'tis here—there's the village in view,
 And the nag needn't wait very long for a shoe."
 "The village!" cries Darby, with puzzle-pate air—
 "Begorra, your honour, we'll get no shoe there."
 "No shoe in the village!—you surely don't mean
 That there isn't a smithy in Ballytraneen."
 "If it's forge that you mane, sir, tis many a day
 Since the ring of an anvil was heard there to play;
 And fine music 'tis, too, and a rale pleasant sight,
 To stand be the forge of a cowl'd winter's night,
 While the neighbours talk over the news of the day,
 And the big, brawny smith sledges bravely away,
 And the white sparks fly joyfully up in the air,
 Like the short hopes that flash through a lone man's despair;
 And a hard curse it was, the Lord knows, on the place,
 And perhaps if there wasn't a saint in the case,
 One might think 'twasn't fair; but the saints do what's right,
 And the blessed Lateerin was too good and bright
 To be harsh without rayson." "But, Darby, my friend,"
 I exclaimed, half afraid that he never would end,
 "What the deuce has the blessed Lateerin to do
 With the fix that we're in from the loss of a shoe.
 Who was he himself?" "Stop," he cries, in alarm;
 "Twas a lady, your honour—Lord save us from harm!
 And to spake of the saints so, it don't show your sinse,
 For they're mighty quick sometimes at taking offence,
 And this same St. Lateerin, though quiet enough,
 Shews the things they won't matter to do in a huff,"
 "Well, be it so, Darby. I'll walk by the car,
 For there's no use remaining all day as we are;
 'Twill lighten the work on the limping old grey,
 And you'll tell the tale of the saint on the way."

DARBY'S LEGEND.

"Well, many's the day, sir," so Darby began,
 "For 'tis time out of mind, or the mimicry of man,
 Since, down by that village of Ballytraneen,
 Lived the fairest young *cailin* that ever was seen:
 Her hair was like sunshine, so golden and bright,
 And the *canavan's* down on her breast wasn't white;
 And her eye—but, begorra, 'tis foolish to try
 And describe *that* at all, 'twas so modest and shy—
 But it was blue, sir, av coorse; and to talk of the rose
 In one breath with her lips, would be nonsense, Lord knows;
 And the look on her face was as soft and as mild
 As the smile on the cheek av a sleepin' young child;
 And her motion and shape wor as graceful to see,
 As in soft summer winds a young mountain-ash tree;
 And in short, sir, though many a *cailin* was there
 That the boys of the village thought comely and fair,

And that wor comely too, faix, and fit for a prince,
There was never among 'em before, thin, or since,
Or, indeed, for the matter o' that, through all Erin,
One, a match for the beautiful, blessed Lateerin.

"Well, a beauty she was, but as often's the case,
All the riches she owned, sir, she had in her face,
Always barrin' the blessed good nature within,
And a soul that was free as an infant's from sin;
And av coorse, sir, beyant that, her beautiful self,
What I mane is, she hadn't a rap on the shelf.
But for all that, there wasn't a boy in the place,
Wouldn't take for a fortune that beautiful face,
And be right glad to get it; and maybe, at first,
There was hope in the feelin's that some of 'em nurst.
And the good lookin' *bouchals* about—and small blame—
Might have thought that a fancy for them was no shame—
Boys the life of a pattern, a fair, or a wake,
With girls by the score that would die for their sake,
Good plump rosy *cailins*, with plenty of fun,
That a clane, strappin' boy may be proud to have won;
The blame, as I said, to such chaps, sure was small,
To think that they shouldn't be sneezed at, at all.

"Howsomever that may be, at last it was plain,
They were throwin' sheep's eyes at Lateerin, in vain,
For 'twas truth what she tould 'em, not any desate,
That her mind was made up not to alter her state.
But St. Bridget herself for a patron to take,
And a vargin remain, all through life, for her sake,
So they gev up all hopes of her after a while,
Though they couldn't help lovin' her beautiful smile,
And her 'God save you kindly,' though simple the words,
Sounded sweet in their ears, as the song of the birds;
And the blessin's an' prayers of the ould and the young,
Like the flowers of the spring in her footsteps wor flung.

"Well, in them days, faix, Ballytraneen, you may swear,
Didn't want for a forge—'twas a brave one was there—
And a fine trade the smiths had, in troth, of it then,
Makin' shoes for the horses, an' pikes for the men;
And 'twould do one's heart good, faix, to look at the sight,
And to hear the sledge ringin' from mornin' till night.
But, at all events, then, there wor few in the trade—
Mick Mulloy couldn't manage to put in the shade;
A stout, swarthy fellow, with limbs like an oak,
And the devil's own janius for crackin' a joke:
In fact, up to ev'ry divarsion and fun,
With the boys and the girls, to Mick 'twas all one.
At laste with 'em both his time pleasantly passed,
But the bint of his fancy inclined for the last;
And indeed not a girl in the place was so coy,
That she hadn't a smile for the gay Mick Mulloy.

"As I tould you, the blessed Lateerin, poor thing,
Was as poor as a mouse, though fit match for a king;
And her mother, a little lone 'oman, and she,
Lived together as simple as simple could be.
A thing which we think quare enough, to be sure,
But by all accounts most of the saints wor as poor.
Howsomever Lateerin had plenty to do,
To keep the place tidy an' nate for the two;

Besides mindin' her prayers, and thim same, faix, they say,
 Wor a bisness that put a good hole in the day.
 For the saints, sir, av coorse, do a dale in that line,
 Since 'tis mostly by prayin' and fastin' they shine.
 She had work enough, 'troth, a young 'oman to tire,
 But, av coorse, her first bisness was lightin' the fire.
 And so, at the top o' the mornin' aich day,
 To Mick Mulloy's forge, faix, she used make her way,
 For a red sod of turf; for the smiths long ago
 Used turf in the forges, not coal, sir, you know;
 And that same was the rayson, I often heerd tell,
 Why the smith's-work in thim times was timpered so well.
 But, at all evints, Mick was well plazed, as he might,
 To see every mornin' so beauteous a sight;
 That still through the summer and winter-time came,
 And smiled on his work, like a beautiful dhrame.

"Now, though Mick used to joke with the girls of the place,
 And be praisin' the charms av aich beautiful face,
 And, in troth, have some sootherin' talk for 'em all,
 Whether dark-haired, or fair-haired, short, middlin', or tall,
 Yet seein' Lateerin was blessed all out,
 An' of that, faix, himself had the proof, beyant doubt;
 For she tuck the red fire from the forge every day,
 Without burnin' or scorch, in her apron away—
 By St. Bridget's protection, who didn't permit
 The turf, though 'twas blazin', to harm her a bit.
 Seein' this—though the praise on his lips often hung—
 He thought best, faix, to keep a good guard on his tongue,
 And to lave off his coaxin', for somehow he guessed
 That she mightn't, perhaps, take his words like the rest;
 Nor be plazed—though the harm it could do would be small—
 If he put his combether upon her at all.

"Well, one mornin' she came to his forge, like the rest,
 And, faix, she *was* lovely, and lookin' her best,
 But the thing that was most aggravatin' of all
 Was, the skirt of her gown was unusual small,
 And her illigant limbs, without stockin' or shoe,
 Left a little beyant her white ankles to view,
 And the dew from the grass hung like pearls on her skin,
 Which was fair as the beautiful spirit within.
 'God save you,' says Mick—'God save *you*, Mick,' says she,
 And there never was man so dumb-founder'd as he,
 But he gev her the turf—and said never a word,
 Fascinated he stud on the spot, like a bird,
 At the look of a sarpint. As usual, she placed
 The fire in her apron, not mindin' the laste
 That Mick stud there admirin'; and, faix, the words hung
 For a long time enough on the tip of his tongue;
 Till at last says he—'Gor, he said nothin' by halves—
 'Why, thin, blessed Lateerin, you've beautiful calves!'

"Well, we're wake craytures, surely—Lord, mark us to grace—
 And flattery comes over the best of our race;
 And saint as she was, troth, her eyes droppin' down,
 Gev one little peep near the hem of her gown
 At them beautiful ankles—quite proud av the praise—
 When her apron—Lord save us—burst out in a blaze;
 For St. Bridget detarmined she shouldn't again
 Take pride in the sootherin' words av the men.

An' sevarely enough she was scorched, you may swear,
Besides losin' the whole of her beautiful hair ;
An' good rayson she had to remimber the day
That deludherin' smith set her notions astray.

"Well, we're tould by the laygend her pinance was sore,
But St. Bridget resaved her to favor once more.
And from that till she died—in a blessed ould age—
She shut herself up, like a bird in a cage,
In her own contemplations ; and never again
Let her thoughts be divarted at all by the men,
But, in holy vexation av spirit, she set
The curse on the village, that sticks to it yet—
That all smiths who set up there, bad luck should attend
Whatsomever they do, till the world's at an end.
And them same that did try it, 'tis bad luck befel
The haythens an' heretics, as I heard tell ;
An' my gran'mother's aunt tould my mother, an' she,
With her own blessed lips, tould the story to me,
That one Johnny Carrol, who, when she was young,
Made the trial, was tuck up for murther, an' hung ;
And that some av the neighbours would swear to the sight
Of the divil a-blowin' his bellis all night :
And from that time to this, no one else, you may swear,
Risked the curse of Lateerin by settin' up there.

"Mick Mulloy, sir, the innocent cause av the blaze,
Never worked at a forge for the rest av his days ;
But tuck to religion, an' grew so devout,
That he didn't want much of a saint, faix, all out,
An' 'twas he was in luck, sure, to make the remark
That he did that same mornin', or maybe the spark
Of devotion might never be lit in his breast.
So you see what advantage may come av a jest ;
'Tis a bad wind blows nobody good,' as they say,
An' how true it is, surely, he larned on that day."

So ended the legend—the moral is quaint,
And may serve other folk than a blacksmith or saint.

THE COMIC ALPENSTOCK.

BY GUIDO MOUNTJOY.

CHAP. III.

OBJECTS MOST DESERVING OF NOTICE
IN SWITZERLAND.

It is generally agreed by travellers and topographers, that Switzerland owes its sublimity to their highnesses, the Alps; it would be gross flattery to call them their "*serene highnesses*," for they are as subject to storms, as the great folk of the world are to the gusts of passion, or the freaks of fortune. Murray, in chiralurgical imagery, calls them "the dorsal ridge, or backbone of the continent." Owing to the disorders that now prevail in Switzerland, Europe may, therefore, be said to labour under a spinal complaint. We trust the case is not yet beyond the reach of medicine. However, she is an old country—so old that Hannibal and Cæsar enjoyed her acquaintance—and we are not to wonder if she is subject to colds and aches; particularly to the tooth-ache, for, aged as she is, she has still a few teeth left—the Dent de Jaman, the Dents de Midi, and two or three more, including that very old stump, the Dent Noire.

Switzerland being a mountainous region, it follows (observes the learned Montanus Quinapulus) that the people are mountaineers. The country is hilly and chilly; some philosophers attribute the cold to the snow; others ascribe the snow to the cold. You may investigate the question, and prepare a paper about it for the next meeting of the British Association at Swansea.

Ice is so abundant that there are seas of it, yet much better ice is to be had in Paris, or at Rome (even in the height of summer), than on the most extensive *mer-de-glace* in Switzerland. Tortoni's beats Chamouni hollow for ices, even for strawberry-ice, though strawberries in the Alps are as plenty as blackberries elsewhere. As to peach-ice, apricot-ice, and pine-apple ice, when you reach the summit of

the Wengern Alp, or the Faulhorn, you may call for them, if you please; it is as good a way as any to enjoy the magnificent Alpine echoes.

AVALANCHES.

Avalanches are fine things, and not beneath your notice; but you must carefully avoid getting beneath them, unless you wish to "adorn a tale" in the Landscape, or Picturesque Annual, entitled "An Alpine Catastrophe, or the Fate of Mr. Fumbally." Survey such objects at a respectful distance, or take them on report; don't be too inquisitive into the secrets of nature; she dislikes the Paul Pry, who is always popping his head into her crypts and cabinets, and it is her just delight to punish severely such impertinent curiosity. Recollect the story of Peeping Tom and the lady Godiva, that admirable illustration of the disastrous consequences of being over penetrative into lady's doings. The Alps are "the palaces of Nature," as your pocket Byron will inform you—

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow."

Now, do not you enact the part of "the boy Jones," and constitute yourself inspector and supervisor of queen Nature's domestic doings. What business is it of yours, to creep after her into every Alpine nook and crevice of the glaciers? Let her form her avalanches in private; if you intrude into her chambers, she is very likely to fling one at your head, as a choleric queen might a footstool at the little IN-1-GO caught under a canopy, or behind a curtain, to get a peep at her majesty "eating bread and honey."

Several accounts are given of the

causes of avalanches; some consider them to be masses of snow, detached from the mountain-brows by their own weight; some attribute their fall to the loosening effects of solar heat; others to the concussions of the atmosphere produced by thunder-storms, but the true cause of the phenomenon remains to be stated; it is a result, not of gravity, but of levity; not of solar action, or atmospheric action, but of comic action. We have no hesitation to affirm, that it is nothing but the convulsive mirth to which the Alps are addicted, that brings the avalanches down, by shaking their sides, laden with the snows of centuries. Mountains were always hearty laughers.

"Ipse lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes."

as Virgil says, who knew the family well; and, believe me, they are as fond of a jolly laugh now as ever, although they are now some eighteen hundred years older than they were in the days of the Mantuan bard. Be counselled by me, and be as merry as they are; but, "be merry and wise," and while you laugh with the Alps, beware of slipping with the avalanches.

LAKES.

Madame de Staël, unable to imagine even a mountain existing without a looking-glass, considers the Swiss lakes as mirrors, placed by nature at the feet of the Alps, to enable the dowerers to enjoy the reflections of their dear old faces, in their white turbans. Lord Byron compares the Lake of Geneva, not only to a mirror, but to a sofa. In one line it is—

"The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect."

In another, he tells us that the Rhone hath there

"Spread himself a couch."

The Rhone, according to Byron's idea, would seem to have an hydro-pathic partiality to a damp bed; or, it is possible that the poet may have had in his mind's eye the water-beds which are sometimes used by invalids. A juster comparison for the lake in question would have been a bath, or

lavatory for the celebrated old river, seeing that he plunges into it all begrimed with the soil of his native mountains, and issues from it fresh and bright as a bridegroom, on a May morning, bound for St. George's, Hanover-square.

The general opinion with us is, that the beauty of lakes consists in water; we like them the better for possessing that element in abundance; but the Swiss taste is different, and somewhat Irish; they prefer dry lakes to wet ones; and, in process of time, they will, doubtless, drain all their lakes as they have done that of Lungern. This was once one of the prettiest lakes in Switzerland, embosomed in mountains, clothed with wood, which descended to the water-edge, unprofitably picturesque. The thrifty dwellers on its banks had no eye for the picturesque; but a shrewd one for the profit to be reaped by destroying it. They formed a joint-stock company, tapped the lake, and gained five-hundred acres of very ugly land, in place of five-hundred acres of very lovely water. So much for Lungernese taste, which is, however, likely to prove contagious; for we are told that the experiment of tapping Lungern having proved successful, a similar operation is to be performed upon the exquisite lake of Sarnen; and the system will probably be extended, in time, to all the lakes of Switzerland, unless rival joint-stock companies are formed to buy them up, on the part of the touring public, and secure them from drainage and desecration. We shall, ourselves, take shares in the Lake of Lucerne Preservation Company. There is much to respect in the canton of Unterwalden, particularly that good old law by which every inhabitant is bound to guide the stranger on his way, without fee or reward; but we should certainly have made their conduct, with respect to Lungern lake, a *casus belli*, and we heartily believe it would be as good a ground for hostilities as that which is now arming the Diet and Sonderbund.

WATERFALLS.

It is comical enough, but the Swiss waterfalls, like the Swiss lakes, are divisible into two classes:—

1. Waterfalls, with water.
2. Waterfalls, without water.

In a comic point of view, the latter are preferable; and I have, for some time, been in treaty with the people of the Bernese Oberland for a few cascades of the second class, to present to my friend, Blundell M'Blundell, of Blundell Park, to embellish that elegant demesne.

"The attempt," says Murray, "to fix an order of precedence for the Swiss waterfalls, is not likely to meet with general approval; because much of the interest connected with them depends on the seasons and the weather, as well as on the tastes and temper of the spectator." The order of precedence ought to be settled by heraldic authority; for it is melancholy to think of the traveller's temper being continually ruffled by the rival claims of waterfalls. At the same time, our advice to the tourist is, not to involve himself in the disputes of the Staubach with the Giesbach, or the Giesbach with the Pissevache. If the Rhine and the Aar can't fall without falling out, the more shame to them. Rivers of their station and high descent ought to fall with dignity, as Cæsar did. Imagine a brawl for precedence amongst the parties in question.

"I am a cataract," roars the Fall of the Rhine; "cousin to Niagara. What are you all but a pack of trumpery cascades?"

"Marry-come-up," cries the Fall of the Aar. "You a cataract!—you related to Niagara! I am the only fall in Switzerland that combines all the great qualities which a fall should possess—a grand elevation, and a vast volume of water. If you don't believe me, believe Mr. Murray."

"Volume of water!" exclaims the Staubach, with infinite scorn. "What has water to do with the matter? I am merely a thread; yet I flatter myself I am the only cascade in the Alps worth looking at."

"Not while the Giesbach condescends to tumble," cries the fall of Brienz.

"A pretty notion you have of tumbling," quoth the Reichenbach.

"And what do you know about it?" says the Pissevache; "for a truly beautiful fall, with an equally charming name, find a match for me, if you can—though I say it, who should not."

NATURAL HISTORY.

Amongst quadrupeds, the wolf holds the first place. Don't go in quest of him; you are very well off, if he does not go in quest of you. The character of the Swiss wolf is wolfishness; he is said to have a taste for lamb, but eats it (Latrobe is of opinion) without mint-sauce. Next to the wolf is the chamois. Chamois-hunting is good sport, but it is needless to advise you to take it coolly, especially over the glaciers. The Swiss hunt on foot; but there is nothing to prevent you trying it in a *char-à-banc*. If you are an invalid, a lady, or an alderman, follow the chamois in a *chaise-à-porteur*. Nothing can possibly be more diverting to the spectators!

"What kind of a chaise is a *chaise-à-porteur*?"

"A *tragsessel*."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Why, Mr. Fumbally, you know neither French nor German!"

"Not an iota of either."

"Well, then, open your Red-Book, and you will find it there stated, that 'even the aged or invalid female is by no means debarred the pleasure of taking a part in difficult mountain expeditions. Those who are too weak to walk or ride, may be carried over the mountains in a *chaise-à-porteur*, which is nothing more than a chair, supported in the manner of a sedan, by poles."

"Poles! Why not Switzers?"

"How dull you are, Mr. Fumbally! I don't mean natives of Poland, but wooden poles."

"Oh! I comprehend; a charming thing is a *tragsessel*, very. I have a grand-aunt in Suffolk, who has been bed-ridden for the last ten years, and now that I see it is practicable, I shall certainly treat her, next summer, to the excursion over the Wengern Alp."

"Do, by all means, and take the old lady to the top of the Faulhorn, and down by the Giesbach fall to Brienz."

But, to return to our natural history—there is a great bird, of the eagle or condor species (something smaller than the roc), called the *Lammergeyer*, because, like the wolf, he is fond of lamb's flesh. Take care not to confound him with the *Landamman*. You may shoot the former, but to shoot the latter is homicide. In

most parts of Switzerland you will find the *passer communis*, or common sparrow of the British isles. Swallows have been seen in some cantons; and I myself have seen, at more than one *table-d'hôte*, a bird extremely like the ordinary duck of our English ponds. Geese you will meet everywhere—geese of all countries, French, German, Russian, English, and occasionally a specimen of the Irish green-geese; you may know him by his incessant gabble, and by his ridiculous attempts to soar like an eagle, and sing like a swan. The French goose is a martial bird; you would fancy he had no bone in his body but the drumstick. The German goose is known by the foul state of his plumage; there is no passing a night on the same roost with him; he feeds on garlic and tobacco, and swims in beer. The English variety is the famous goose, that lays golden eggs. The Swiss delight in him; he visits them every year, and his principal haunt is Interlaken, because it resembles so much his favourite watering-places at home.

Cows, goats, and sheep constitute the principal wealth of the Swiss. The Swiss cow yields milk, like the English; the milk yields cream, the cream produces cheese, the cheese money,—there, you have the industrial history of the Gruyère district, from first to last—I do not see what more is to be known on the subject, unless you want me to give you the memoirs of all the dairy-maids in the Simmenthal; I can assure you, the book, if illustrated by the portraits of those damsels, would not be a book of beauty. I always thought the Swiss cow a much prettier animal than the Swiss milk-maid. The Switzers decorate their cows with bells; and the only Bell-Assemblée to be seen in the twenty-two cantons, is a herd of those useful animals. The Swiss peasant is very fond of his cow; the classical proverb—"Every one to his taste, as the man said when he kissed his cow," is of Swiss origin. They pet their kine as the Irish pet their pigs; the only difference is, the cow does not sleep with the Switzer, as the pig does with Paddy; but that is entirely owing to the cow having horns, which the Irish pig is *fortunately* unprovided with.

The Ranz-des-Vaches is the "Pa-

trick's Day," or the Marseillaise Hymn of Switzerland. The word means, "rows of cows;" the thing, or the music itself, is partly vocal, partly instrumental, a combination of sounds from a wooden tube called the Alp-Horn, and from the throats of the shepherdesses and milk-maids, of whose personal charms we have just spoken. We shall say no more of them at present, as we have a treatise in hand upon Swiss *husbandry*—a subject intimately connected with the natural history of the young women of the country.

Of bears we have said nothing; when you are at Berne, the city of bears, you will see and hear enough of them. The bear is the emblem, and almost the god of the Bernese: they hug him—which is better than being hugged by him; they paint him on canvas, carve him in stone, endow him, and swear by him. Their darling institution is the bear, as by law established; to defend and maintain him, is the oath of every citizen—of equal sanctity to our oaths of allegiance and abjuration. You have him alive in pits, dead in museums, and stuffed in both. They not only *stand* by their bears, but they *go* by them—for the town-clock is a marvellous piece of machinery, which tells the time of the day by the periodical issue of a procession of wooden bears across the dial-plate. In fact, at Berne, the bear is a bore. "No traveller," says the sage author of the Red-Book, "will quit Berne without paying the bears a visit, unless he wishes to have the omission of so important a sight *thrown in his teeth every time the name of Berne is mentioned*"—a frightful penalty, but not too severe for the crime. The true comic tourist will see everything that is visible, hear everything audible, eat everything eatable, note everything notable, and laugh at everything laughable. But there are travellers of another sort, who make it a rule to do just the reverse—fellows who would make the tour of the firmament without visiting Ursa Major, if they were only informed it was a great curiosity, and a thing to be seen. Better take the gruffest bear in the bear-garden of Berne itself for a travelling companion, than an ill-conditioned creature like this.

GOVERNMENT.

"The twenty-two cantons are united," says Mr. McCulloch, in his Geographical Dictionary, "on equal terms, in a confederation for mutual defence." The proof of this is, that fifteen of the number are now combined against the remaining seven, and actually at war with them. Instead of union for mutual defence, this looks extremely like disunion for mutual destruction. Switzerland presents a comic picture of confederation, and a good name for the country would be "the Dis-united States." The general constitution may be called a mixed anarchy—a composition of pure anarchy, with a dash of republican institutions. The cantonal governments are highly democratic, owing to the natural influence of "the mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty," in so very mountainous a country. In Uri, Schwytz, Zug, and two or three more cantons, there exists universal suffrage, or nearly the same thing—the only exception being, that infants do not vote, which is, no doubt, considered a grievance in the Swiss nurseries, and, like all nursery evils, a *crying* one.

The Diet is composed of deputies, or delegates, from all the cantons, who vote according to the instructions they receive—so that puppets, or lay-figures would answer quite as well, or, indeed, much better, for automaton legislators would neither talk nonsense, nor use inflammatory language, but simply raise their wooden arms at the touch of a spring, and throw their votes into a box, or an urn. The delegates lose their proper names directly they enter the Diet, but the loss is not much to be deplored, their names in general are so harsh and cacophonous. They take the names of the cantons which they respectively represent: Lucerne jumps up to call Geneva to order; Vaud rises to second the motion of Zurich; Tessino moves that Uri's bill be read that day six months; Berne calls Friburg a papist; Friburg calls Berne an infidel; and Zug threatens to pull Appenzell's nose. The duty of the Diet is to declare war, a duty it performs efficiently—and to conclude peace, an office which it does not discharge quite so well; it also contracts foreign alliances (with the king of Dalkey, or with Queen

Pomare, for example), and spends the finances of the confederation. It roves about Switzerland, like a gypsy camp, or a society of tinkers, or the British Association, or anything migratory you choose to compare it to. It cannot, for its life, sit more than two years in one place. When it ceases to sit, a body called the Vorort stands in its place, and governs the country at its indiscretion. The contributions of the cantons to the general revenue are called *contingents*, because their collection is contingent upon the pleasure or ability of each canton to pay.

There is no standing army, in the strict sense of the word, but only a militia, liable to be called out for any occasional throat-cutting which the Diet, in its wisdom, may resolve on. The Swiss Inn-keepers might be formed into a very effective *rifle-corps*; and the tourists, if enlisted, would constitute a formidable army of *observation*. There is no navy in Switzerland, owing, some think, to there being no ships; others opine that it is rather because there is no sea to float them in—at least, no sea but the *mer-de-glace*, the navigation of which would puzzle Drake or Nelson themselves, although Mr. and Mrs. Fumbally, with all the Fumbally squadron, made a voyage across it, on the memorable fifteenth of August, A.D. 1845.

SKELETON TOURS.

A quiet, easy tour made by Mr. Lazenby and Mr. Noddy in the summer of 1844. The remarks are taken mostly from their memoranda.

Days.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| | { | Schaffhausen. |
| | { | Rhine Falls. |
| 4 | { | Zurich—Hotel du Lac—capital beds, commanding a view of the lake. Mr. Noddy lost his night-cap and bought a new one. |
| 2 | | Right—two days to ascend, and two to descend. |
| | { | Altorf. |
| 6 | { | St. Gothard. |
| | { | Andermatt. Rest for a day—eat trout and play backgammon. |
| | { | Furca and |
| 3 | { | Grimsel Passes, in a <i>chaise-à-porteur</i> . Halt half-a-day at the Hospice on the Grimsel, and order turtle-soup, if you fancy it. |
| 1 | | Meyringen. Repose a day and a night. Cigars and dominos. |

- 2 Grindelwald. Dine, sleep, saunter about the inn, and look at the glaciers through a telescope.
- 2 Lauterbrunnen. See the Staubbach fall, from the inn-door; explore the upper part of the valley on horseback, or in a sedan. It is the most curious valley in Switzerland, for Murray informs us that it is visited by nobody, and "leads nowhere."
- 6 Interlaken. Hotel Belvidere. Secure a bed commanding a view of the Jungfrau; make yourself at home, and live as if you were at Harrowgate; go to the balls, and chat with the ladies about wolves and avalanches; relate your adventures on the Righi; get up picnics, and drink lots of iced champagne; wear an enormous straw hat and patent-leather boots; subscribe to the reading-room, and play whist or ecarte. Cultivate your moustache, and threaten to volunteer in the service of the Diet against the Jesuits. Stay at Interlachen as long as you like; the position is charming, between two of the finest lakes in Switzerland, without the possibility of getting a glimpse at either.
- Thun.
- 10 { The Simmenthal. A celebrated pastoral district. Make bucolical observations; quote Varro and Columella; and as to the dairy-maids, judge for yourself.
- Vevay.
- 2 Castle of Chillon.
- 3 { Bex.
- Martigny.
- 3 { Tete Noire—in a chaise-à-porteur.
- Chamouni.
- 4 Geneva. Home leisurely through France, or proceed quietly to Basle, and float down the Rhine to Cologne.

48 Days.

Whatever tour you take, let it include the ascent of the Righi; if you omit that, you lose the best laugh to be had in all Switzerland. The *culm* of the Righi is the culminating point of whatever is ridiculous and

farcical in the habits of that strange animal, the common tourist. Righi is derived from *rig*—travellers run such rigs there; and the village of Waggis, from which you generally ascend, takes its name from *wag*, owing to the infinite food for waggery always to be had there in the summer season. The great exploit, or rig of the Righi, is to pass a detestable night in "a Babel of sounds and *smells*" (as Murray elegantly expresses it), under a wooden shed, facetiously termed an *inn*, the thermometer being at zero; and then to be roused an hour before dawn by the braying of a horn, worse than Discord's, to stand shivering in your night-cap, gazing at the point where the sun ought to rise, but very rarely does, no doubt expressly to disappoint the crowd of impertinent donkeys assembled on the culm to stare at him. What a sight it is to see the Fumbally family, Mr. and Mrs. John Stubbs (newly married), old Mrs. Fazakerly, with her passport in her hand, the Puddicomes, with their thermometer and sextant, six of them, and Mr. Thomas Perkins of Aldermanbury, with his ferocious whiskers, trying to look like William Tell.

No wonder the Alps are such laughers; what can they do but laugh, beholding our countrymen and countrywomen on the Righi. Imagine Mr. Fumbally, in his red nightcap, and wrapped in a green quilt; Mrs. Fumbally in her husband's white great coat; Mr. Puddicome with a blanket about him, and Mr. Perkins politely informing him that, as it is the blanket from *his* bed, he is under the disagreeable necessity of requesting him to surrender it forthwith. A very disagreeable necessity it is to Mr. Puddicome, whose teeth are actually chattering with the cold, and his nose blue as an Italian sky, to say nothing of reasons drawn from considerations of propriety, which make him very reluctant to part with his blanket at that particular moment. But there is no resisting the menacing tone and aspect of Mr. Perkins—he will have his blanket; and Mr. Puddicome scuttles back to the shed, for his old mackintosh; but that having been seized upon by some unknown depredator, he is driven to the last resort, and snatches up a sheet, just in time to confront the "*Spectre of the Righi*"—not half so ghastly an appa-

rition as his sheeted spectator from London.

The spectre of the Righi is an atmospheric phenomenon—oh, I humbly beg Miss Patty Puddicome's pardon; she can explain it much better than I can. How proud it makes the mother of that philosophical young lady to hear her prattling on the laws of reflection and refraction, upon halos and the prismatic colours, to young Mr. Fumbally, who would understand the optical lecture somewhat better, if it were delivered at a lower altitude than 6,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and if the morning was not quite so polar.

If you are not cold *enough* after the sun-gazing business is over, you have only to take a plunge in the *Kaltes Bad*, or cold bath, a spring of most delicious frigidify, at some short distance from the summit. The droll custom was, to lie down in the bath with your clothes on, and afterwards walk about in the sun until they dried on your back. Try it, by all means, if you are *too* warm. The spring is called the "*Sisters' Fountain*," from a tradition of three spinsters, who sought refuge there from an Austrian bailiff. A capital place it is to this day for an asylum from bailiffs; the sharpest catchpole in London would scarcely recognize his man in the morning toilette of the Righi Culm.

As I have given you a skeleton of a quiet tour, you would, perhaps, like to have one of the opposite character; you shall have Doctor Swift's and Mr. Trotter's. They started from London, on July 26th, and on the 1st of August, dined at the Bergues, at Geneva.

August 2d. Chamouni, and a peep at Mont Blanc. A hasty toilette, hurried breakfast, and abrupt dinner.

3d. Martigny; delayed two hours; very impatient.

4th. Chillon, Vevay, Lausanne, posting at full gallop.

5th. Lausanne to Freyburg, all night, by diligence.

6th. Thun; posting—double trinkeld to the postilions; neck or nothing.

7th. Interlaken, by steam; late for table-d'hôte; sandwiches; steam again to Brienz. Mr. Trotter proposed to see Grindelwald, but Doctor Swift said Grindelwald was a humbug, and Mr. Trotter did not care much about it.

9th. Lucerne; across the Brunig, from Brienz. Would have seen the Lake of Sarnen, but it was, unfortunately, too dark.

10th. Voyage across the lake to Fluellen; back to Weggis; up the Righi, at midnight, would have seen the sun rise, only for clouds; down again, running the whole way, as if for a wager.

11th. Lucerne, again; compelled to dine and sleep there; Mr. Trotter annoyed; Doctor Swift beside himself.

12th. Berne; posting—horses *ventre-à-terre*. Saw the bears; dined; engaged a return *voiture* to Lausanne.

14th. Lausanne and Geneva; back to London on the 19th of August; Switzerland *done* perfectly. Mr. Trotter published his remarks on the manners and customs of the Swiss, and Doctor Swift intends to favour the world with "*Observations on the Glaciers*."

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. V.

THE BOYNE—THIRD ARTICLE.—CONCLUSION.

IN the article upon the Boyne, which appeared in our June Number, we conducted our readers from Clonard as far as Bective, where we would now resume the strain of our discourse. When we last wandered together by the banks of the Boyne, the sun was high in heaven, the warm air of summer around us, the trees still green with the foliage of spring, and musical with the notes of birds; the kine stood in the ford, splashing in the stream which quietly rippled by them; the cuckoo revelled in the grove, and the rail creaked in the meadow; the perfume of the thorn still lingered about the hedgerows, and the dragon-fly flitted to and fro among the flaggers by the water's edge. The scene is changed over all the land—the corn has been gathered in, and now stands in well-built stacks round the snug homestead: the stream has filled up its brinks, and spread partly into the adjoining meadows, while its surface is ruffled by the fitful gusts of the October blast, or thrown into bubbles by the heavy patter of the passing shower of this autumnal April. The various shades of green which decked the forest and plantation, have given place to the glowing orange, or the more sombre russet tints of umber and sienna; and the haws have crimsoned the hedges; the leaves are falling fast, and rustling into nooks and crannies for shelter; occasional gleams of bright sunshine give, at times, a glow of warmth to the landscape, but they nevertheless forbode the shower, or herald in the rainbow. A few of the early trees have become completely stript of their foliage, and form graceful studies for the student of nature, who, if he would excel in painting trees with their foliage on, should study the anatomy of the leafless branches with as much care as the figure-painter devotes to the dry bones of the skeleton. The lapwing wheels and peewees over the dreary moor, and clouds of fieldfares and starlings appear in the distance, as if gathering for the winter's campaign. Such is the scene as it is now presented to us; we would rather, however, describe it from our summer recollections, when piles of

the richest foliage were shadowed in the deep pools of the placid waters, and when the lark carolled high above us: or the long calm twilight of midsummer, with all its poetic associations, induced us to linger amidst those lovely scenes of beauty, fairy legend, and historic interest.

From the bridge of Bective, or Begty, situate midway between Trim and Navan, we obtain a pleasing view of the adjoining abbey, from which it is distant scarcely a quarter of a mile, upon the left bank of the river. From this point the ruins present an imposing and picturesque appearance of a noble castellated mansion, rearing high its turrets, gables, and chimneys, and shewing that its architect had both comfort and security in view. The tints which usually play upon the walls of Bective, are of a richer and more varying hue than we have ever seen before. The square grey towers, rendered in some parts perfectly golden by the most brilliant orange and yellow lichens, and in parts festooned with the dark-green drapery of the Irish ivy rising out of the light feathery foliage of a plantation of young larch, and standing in the midst of a field of corn, which stretches between the ruins and the blue waters of the Boyne, forms, upon a summer's evening, one of the most lovely objects in nature. The ruins are among the most perfect in Meath, and enough still remains to enable the tourist to decide, with a tolerable degree of certainty, upon the original use of each compartment, and every room and cell in the building; and as the present proprietor has enclosed them with a wall, they are less desecrated than most of the ecclesiastical remains in Ireland. It is a fact, strange, but true, that the peasants, who will not, for love or money, touch a stone, or remove a mound believed to be of pagan origin, will wantonly pollute, or, for ordinary building purposes, dilapidate the noblest monastic structure, or the most sacred Christian edifice! Around the ruins of Bective Abbey, a young plantation is yearly obscuring its fair proportions. The dark wide-spread

yew, the gnarled oak, the stunted elder, or the blasted ash, form fit companions for the crumbling wall and falling arch; but those young trees are anything but suited to the locality, and will, in a short time, completely hide the lower portions of this noble pile. Whether domestic comforts, more than piety and self-mortification, influenced the founders and early tenants of this monastery, or that the condition of the country at the time required a castellated mansion for defence, rather than an edifice erected for the service of religion, it is difficult to say, but certain it is, that while we are able, satisfactorily to trace the various halls, corridors, kitchens, galleries, courts, dormitories, and cloisters, it is with great difficulty we can decide upon the situation of the church. Two tall, lancet-shaped arches outside the enclosure, and the remains of a handsome window, which splays outward from the great court of the building, would lead us to conjecture, that it must have been situate adjoining the northern point. Others have, however, supposed that it stood over the gallery which formed the southern enclosure of the court-yard.

This abbey, called in Irish *Lietrede*, or old bridge, was founded from Mellifont, in the middle of the twelfth century, by Murchadh O'Melaghlín, king of Meath, for monks of the great Cistercian order, under the title of the Abbey de Beatitudine, and dedicated to the Virgin. The endowment was remarkably rich, the demesne consisting of two hundred and forty-five acres, besides a mill and fishing weir on the Boyne. The Lord Abbot of Bective sat as a spiritual peer in Parliament, one of the fifteen abbots entitled to that dignity in Ireland.

There is a remarkable historic incident attached to this ancient house. After the murder of Hugh de Lacy at Durrow, in 1186, an account of which we gave in one of our former

articles, the body was not recovered for several years, till 1195, when "the Archbishop of Cashel, Legate of Ireland, and John Archbishop of Dublin brought from the Irish country the body of Hugh Lacy (who had conquered Meath), and buried it in the Abbey Beatitudinis, that is, of Bective; his head they buried in the church of St. Thomas, Dublin."* (*Grace's Annals of Ireland.*) Now, as this latter establishment had been founded by one of the Anglo-Norman barons, William Fitz-Andelm, a companion of the great Palatine, by whom also it was largely endowed, the brotherhood of St. Thomas claimed the rest of the remains from the monks at Bective. A fierce controversy ensued amongst the rival churchmen on this subject, as to which abbey should possess both the relics; and, as in all Irish ecclesiastical disputes, then, as now, the pope was appealed to for his decision. Innocent III. appointed the celebrated Simon Rochfort, then bishop of Meath, and his archdeacon, together with Gilebert, the prior of Duleek, to arbitrate between the belligerents, and they awarded the corpse to the monks of St. Thomas, to which place it was accordingly removed. Such was the estimation in which the remains of a viceroy were held in Ireland in the twelfth century! An arcade of pointed cinquefoil arches, supported by light clustered pillars, decorated with elegantly carved capitals, separates the cloister from the courtyard or quadrangle, on the southern side; and, beneath one of these, tradition hints that the great Lord Palatine was buried. The carving of this colonnade is, from the hardness of the stone and the sharpness of the cutting, in fine preservation, and well worthy the attention of the archaeological and antiquarian student. On the extreme western pilaster, we find a figure cut in relief, of an abbot, and above it, a shield, enclosing three fleur-

* Now Thomas Court. A portion of this abbey was remaining within the memory of man. In the incident related above, we have quoted the circumstances as they are set forth in records acknowledged to be authentic; but, at the same time, we are inclined to question the chronology of the documents relied on by Irish historians—for if the body and head of De Lacy were thrown into the ditch, and endeavoured to be concealed by the Irish, it is not likely that they could have been identified nine years after; and the very fact of the head having been removed to Dublin, while the body was carried elsewhere, induces us to believe that the interment of both took place immediately after the murder. It is possible, however, that the body may have been originally interred at the cemetery at Durrow.

de-lis, probably the arms of the prelate interred beneath, for we know that beneath these arcades the ecclesiastics of olden time were wont to place their most venerated dead. The great tower at the entrance above the porch is still very perfect, and by its loop-holes and battlements hints that the inmates were, occasionally at least, entitled to be considered a part of the church militant. It has been said, that a portion of this abbey was erected prior to the date of the English invasion, and that Grecian architects were employed in its construction, but upon what authority we have not been able to discover. The annals of Bective present us with nearly the same amount of history as those preserved of similar establishments of the same era along the Boyne; and their detail, though highly valuable in eking out the general history of the country, would be uninteresting to the general reader—charters, grants of lands, endowments, and forfeitures,—bulls of popes, and letters of kings, excommunications and interdictions—pillagings, disputes with neighbouring powers, rival ecclesiastical establishments, exacting chieftains, or rude military commanders—observing of festivals, solemn interments, the preservation of relics, and the accession and deaths of superiors, forming the great bulk of such material.

There is a small hamlet near the bridge, to which the name of Bective is given; and the family of Taylor derive the title of Earl from this locality.

From Bective to Navan, the Boyne sweeps gracefully through a highly-cultivated country; and its banks are adorned, throughout the entire length of this portion of its course, by the grounds and plantations of noble parks and demesnes, as those of Balsoon, Bective, Bellinter, Dowdstown, and Ardsallagh. The banks are not high or abrupt, but form pleasing slopes and gentle undulations of surface—here stretching out into broad lawns, and there fringed with aged trees, which, with the handsome mansions of the neighbouring proprietors, give the whole very much the appearance of the inland scenery of England. It is not the peculiar features of any one of these seats that engender this idea, it is the general continuity of style, and the effect which the demesne

on one side lends to that on the other, and that together combine to shut out the surrounding country, that produces this beauty, and that keeps the stream still flowing onward for several miles of its course through this charming valley.

Near the Navan road, upon the northern bank of the river, not far from the abbey, we find one of those early military raths, so common throughout Meath; and about three-quarters of a mile below Bective bridge, on the same side, upon a small tongue of land, which runs out between a streamlet and the river, some most interesting, and hitherto almost unnoticed remains, both Pagan and Christian, claim our attention. These consist of the old church and bridge of Clady, and some subterranean structures lately discovered in the immediate vicinity. The church, which is now a complete ruin, was originally a parallelogram, with a projection at the south-eastern side, and a bell-turret upon the western gable; and although we are able to trace the outline of the structure throughout, the only portion of much interest spared by the hand of time is a very beautiful window, in the south chapel, the stone frame-work of which is still very perfect. It consists of two cinque-foiled arches, in the "early English" style, separated by a light shaft. The carvings on the round capitals are rich and tasteful. An aged elderbush overshadowing, and partly protruding through these lights, serves to heighten the effect of the picture; while a patriarchal ash, of gigantic dimensions, spreads its rugged arms over the adjoining graveyard. That many such windows as that we have described must have existed in this church originally, may be learned from the quantity of fragments, exhibiting the same form of mouldings and carving, which are scattered around, or partly sunk in the ground, as head-stones. An ancient lavatory or piscina is still remaining in the enclosure, on the northern side. Mr. Bolton, in whose demesne the church stands, has lately, with laudable zeal, removed the font to his garden, to preserve it from further demolition, and being literally ground away; for it had been used by the adjoining peasantry for years as a rub or whet-stone, as all loiterers in ancient churchyards must be aware has

been the fate of many a similar sacred utensil. It is perfectly plain—octagon in shape, and measures two feet five inches in diameter. It is evidently of great antiquity; and the size of its basin rather favours the idea which we stated in one of our former articles, when alluding to the font at Tallagh, that immersion was, in all probability, the form of baptism employed by the early Irish Christians. Now that Mr. Bolton has enclosed his domain, and that the same means of access for mere knife-grinding purposes have ceased to exist, we confess we should like to see this relic restored to its ancient and original site.

The adjoining stream is crossed by an ancient stone foot-bridge, about thirty yards in length, and supported by two arches, of different shapes. It is about five feet in breadth, and does not appear to have ever had a parapet. It is one of the very few foot-bridges which we have ever seen or heard of in this country; and if it is coeval with the church to which it leads, which in all probability it is, it cannot be denied that this is the most ancient stone bridge in Ireland.

In an adjoining plantation, and not above a stone's throw from the church, were lately discovered two subterranean chambers. Each of these crypts is formed entirely of unhewn stones, arranged in the form of a beehive dome, but without mortar or cement, the arch being formed by each tier of stones projecting somewhat within that beneath, and the summit completed by a large flag, the whole structure being preserved by the pressure and weight of the surrounding earth: for these chambers are quite below the surface; and it was owing to the accidental circumstance of a cow having pressed in one of the top stones, that a knowledge of their existence was obtained. From the floor to the summit measures upwards of nine feet; but from the drifting of some fine sand into the interior of these chambers and passages, their apparent altitude at present is much less. This is nine feet broad, and the walls are not indented by either niches or minor crypts. A small quadrangular passage, nine feet in length, two and a-half high, and three broad, and roofed with large flagstones, runs in a northerly direction, to another chamber, exactly similar in every respect, but without any other passage

leading from it. From the first chamber, a second passage, leading in a westerly direction, passes off, to a distance of about fifteen feet, where its dimensions increase considerably; but from the roof having fallen in, it is not possible at present to investigate it much further. We understand that these chambers were found in this condition when first opened, a few years ago, and did not contain either weapons, ornaments, or any animal remains, which could in any way assist us in pronouncing upon their probable use. Still the antiquary will speculate upon the purposes for which such structures were erected, their ages, and the people by whom they were built. They differ from the sepulchral caves, in that the dome springs directly from the floor, and not from a course of upright pillars, such as we find at New Grange, Dowth, and elsewhere; and in not possessing niches, or minor chambers—which some of the smallest of these latter, as that at Netherhill Park (to which we shall presently allude) possess. The stones are also much smaller, and totally devoid of carvings; and the passages from one to the other, as well as these chambers being sunk in the earth, and not surrounded by a mound of clay or stones, serve to distinguish them from those of the sepulchral class. There can be little doubt that they are to be referred to pagan times, before the use of the arch, or the advantages of mortar were known, and were, probably, employed as habitations and granaries—for which their dryness well fitted them—by some of the very early people of this island. The two chambers, and the passages just described, are, in all probability, but portions of a large collection of other souterrains adjoining; and some elevations of the ground in the neighbouring plantation, which have a remarkably hollow sound, lends probability to this conjecture. It is not unlikely to have been a troglodyte village, used as a granary as well as a hiding-place, by some of our Fírbolg or Tuatha Dedanann aborigines. The place is well worthy of further investigation, in those days of scientific antiquarian research; and we are sure the proprietor would willingly aid such an undertaking.

Below Clady, we meet with some high precipitous banks, upon the northern side, near Bective House; and upon the opposite hill, two sites,

of considerable interest, claim our attention—Balsoon, and Asigh. The former was once the residence of Archbishop Ussher, and is still worthy of a visit, from its ruined church, and ancient graveyard. The latter consists of the ruins of a castle, originally constructed upon the type of those at Scurlogstown and Trubly—a square keep, with circular flanking towers at the eastern and western angles. Like other castles of the pale, its summit commands the most extended view, including a long reach of the river in the upper and lower portions of its course. On the slope leading down to the river, we meet with a small group of ecclesiastical ruins—portions of the walls of one of the early missionary churches: the middle wall, with a square doorway, occupying the place of a choir arch; some broken fragments of stone mouldings, and a surrounding graveyard. Several noble ash-trees, which seem the peculiar growth of the valley of the Boyne, shelter this ruined chapel; and the luxuriant crop of white lichens, which have crept over the walls and tombstones, stamp the great antiquity of the place.

As the Boyne passes through the noble domain of Bellinter, it is again broken into islands, a group of which, nearly opposite Mr. Preston's house, are planted with considerable taste. This residence, which was once the seat of the lords of Tara, was designed by Mr. Castells, and is one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture in this part of Meath. It consists of a large square central building, with a projecting wing on each side, connected to it by a colonnade. The southern road, to Navan, presents the traveller with a fine view of this mansion, and the intervening park.

In our passage down the Boyne, we have heretofore confined our observations and researches to the scenery in its immediate vicinity, and the objects which present themselves within view of its banks; for were we to extend the field of our inquiry beyond this limit, we greatly fear the readers of a magazine might exclaim, that we were writing a guide-book to the various counties through which this river flows; or imposing upon them an antiquarian history of Ireland. And yet, as we stated at the beginning of these articles, such might be writ-

ten from the remains presenting in these localities; thus were we inclined to draw upon the sources of early Irish history, from documents of undoubted authenticity, referring to the pagan and early christian times; and to point with certainty to the evidences which existing remains afford of the truth of the topography at least, set forth in those early records, the bardic histories, which were written in the few first centuries of the christian era, we might lead our readers from Bellinter Bridge up a gradual ascent, which rises on the right bank of the river, about two miles beyond this spot, and, standing on a commanding eminence, point to the grassy mounds of Tara, as a proof of our position. We might, aroused by the enthusiasm which the very name inspires, describe the royal residences which once crowned this sacred spot; ay, and we might still point out the foundations of these very structures. We might recount the monarchs, Belgic, Scotie, and Milesian, from the days of Slaigne and Dagda through the royal line of Temur to the subversion of paganism, and the introduction of christianity in Ireland. We might describe the great assemblies of the chieftains; and while we hold not with superstitious reverence by all the bardic tales and poetic legends handed down to us for some fifteen centuries, except so far as they accord with common sense, or are borne out by collateral evidence, we could point with pride to the just and wise laws which emanated from the house of Ollamh Fodlah; we could tell of the warrior of the hundred battles; the druid famed for sorcery; the brehon wise in judgments; the bard who chronicled in wild and imaginative song, the half fabulous events of a semi-barbarous age; the kings renowned in story; the Cormacs and Nialls, and Dathis; but now

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells."

We might, by merely paraphrasing the translations of authentic Irish history, occupy pages of our memoir in recounting the deeds of Patrick, when he converted the monarch and the whole court at Tara. We might, even now, preach with his sermons, and enliven modern christianity with his

hymns. Or again, we might trace the various raths; the mound of the hostages; the rath of the senates and the rath-na-riogh; or descend upon the various wells and pillars-stones which consecrate this spot. The Lia-fail, or stone of destiny, supposed to have been removed to Scone, and from Scone to Westminster, but which is still undoubtedly at Tara, would in itself form a text for an entire chapter upon the civil history of this kingdom; while the remains of the cross of St. Adamnan, is a fitting proem for an hour's dissertation on our early ecclesiastical writings, and the colonies which sprung from this Isle of Saints, even to the far-famed Iona. Or, to come down to later years, the graves of the croppies, the lyrics of Tom Moore, and the monster meetings, would lead us far beyond the entire limits of a magazine.

For all that is known, or can, in all probability be known of the antiquarian lore and historic records connected with Tara, we must refer our readers to Dr. Petrie's essay upon the history and antiquities of that ancient seat of learning, wealth, and power. This essay, which has been published in vol. xviii. of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy—while it stamped its author as a most profound scholar, acute observer, and a most honest and laborious searcher after truth, with a mind unbiassed by theory, uninfluenced by the dogma of the school, or the authority of names,—has been of immense value to Irish history, not only for the sources of learning which it discloses, but for the lesson it teaches to all future gleaners in this field of patient investigation and critical research. If Dr. Petrie had never written another line, nor established another truth, this essay upon Tara would have established his fame, and formed the model on which the history of Ireland may hereafter to be framed.

Strangers and foreigners speaking the English language, and Irishmen also, visit the site of this regal city; and some carry with them the quarto volume of the Academy's transactions, as they would Murray's "Hand-book to the Rhine," and expect that it will point out the remains of the ancient halls and courts, so poetically described in some of the English histories of Ireland. In the one, however, they find nothing but a collection of earthen

mounds and grassy undulations, a few time-worn stones, and an old church-yard, crowning the top of rather an unpicturesque hill; and in the text of the other, a mass of, to them, dry, unintelligible documentary evidence, partly written in a language the very characters of which they are unacquainted with, and interspersed with quaint old poems, containing names of men and things quite unpronounceable by their vocal organs. Such casual visitors spend an hour at Tara, and read the commentary upon it, and acknowledge that they are none the wiser: and this we can fully conceive. To understand the one, and effectually to observe the other, requires a certain quantity of schooling in the investigation of the sources of history, and an eye practised to the forms of ancient remains; and there are hundreds whose valor or patriotism would *not* be aroused on the field of Marathon, nor their piety awakened amidst the ruins of Iona.

Were we to allow ourselves the latitude we should desire, or, perhaps, the subject deserves, we would carry our readers to the opposite hill of Skreen, and while we pointed out, from that elevated situation, the extensive prospect of the broad lands and fair mansions, the castles, churches, and monasteries, so full of interest in themselves, and such embellishments to the extended landscape within view, with the "Boyne of Science" gliding smoothly by them, we could also tell of the wonders of the locality whereon we stood, and call to our readers' recollection the legends about the shrine of Columba, and the history of the battles fought here by the Ostmen of old, and refer to its occupation, in more modern times, by the Feynos, and Cusacks, and Verdons. It is with reluctance that we return again to the Boyne; for at Dunshaughlin, a few miles from here, we could have introduced our readers to some subjects connected with the domestic life and usages of the Irish people, prior to the tenth century,—and have entered, at some length, and from most valuable authentic materials within our reach, into details concerning the races of cattle and animals of the chase, as well as those used for domestic purposes—from a vast collection of weapons, domestic implements, and culinary utensils, and even objects employed in the toilet, as well as an enormous

heap of animal remains, which were discovered in that locality not very long ago. But these we also fear to touch on; and yet while we cannot at present do more than direct the attention of our friends to these interesting localities, and to the subjects which they illustrate, we promise at a future, and more prosperous day, should all be well, and health and time preserved to us, to conduct the pilgrims of the Boyne by each and all of these beautiful or interesting localities.*

The demesnes of Dowdstown and Ardsallagh occupy the Boyne's bank below Bellinter Bridge. At the latter, the Duke of Bedford is at present erecting a handsome Elizabethan mansion, where report whispers that he will spend some portion of the year. St. Finian founded near this the monastery of Escairbrauin; but at present even the site of that ancient edifice is unknown. The Boyne now turns nearly northwards towards Navan. Upon its left bank, about half a mile from the river, and not far from the road leading from Bellinter to Navan, the old church of Kennastown claims a passing notice, from its picturesque situation, and its affording several specimens of early Irish ecclesiastical architecture. The circular choir-arch springing from highly-decorated impost, in the early English style, the nave and east window, with the piscina, afford a good opportunity for studying one of our churches of the thirteenth century; and, in the surrounding graveyard, portions of a cross and a rude font, now used as head-stones, give additional interest to the investigation of the tourist; while

some noble ash-trees, the usual guardians of our graveyards and ruined churches, greatly assist to heighten the picture of Kennastown. At Kilmarn the Dublin road is carried over the Boyne, by a well-built bridge, and continues upon the western bank, between which and the river intervenes a narrow stripe of green sward, while the opposite, or eastern bank, rises abruptly from the water's edge, and forms a pleasing wooded rampart from Kilmarn to Navan.

The chief scenic beauty of the Boyne lies between this point and Drogheda. Immediately approaching Navan, the river makes a bold sweep round the foot of the hill, on which stands the ruins of Athlumney Castle, the dilapidated towers and tall gables of which shoot above the trees that surround the commanding eminence on which it is placed, while glimpses of its broad stone-sashed and picturesque windows, of the style of the end of the sixteenth century, are caught through the openings in the plantation which surrounds the height on which it stands. In front of this ancient feudal hall, and immediately crowning the high eastern bank of the river, is placed an exceedingly perfect and most gracefully-shaped sepulchral mound. It is one of the most perfect in Meath; and as there is every prospect of it being shortly opened under the direction of persons competent for the task, the antiquary and ethnologist may hope for the discovery of most interesting remains within it.

Of the history of the Castle of Athlumney and its adjoining church, there is little known with certainty; but standing on the left bank of the

* The materials for these articles were collected during excursions made to the Boyne for health, amusement, or instruction. They have been published from a desire to illustrate the scenery and antiquities of our native land. Although the space allotted to us in a periodical does not permit of lengthened descriptions of any of the places to which we have alluded in the text, nor even of our entering into sufficient detail concerning those which fringe the very river's brink, the interest and curiosity which, we are told, has been awakened by the rapid sketches of the Beauties of the Boyne, presented in this and the foregoing articles, shall, ere long, be gratified by an illustrated handbook to this charming river, which it is the intention of the Publisher of the University Magazine to produce. In the meantime, we would direct our readers' attention to Mr. Wakeman's *Archæologia Hibernica*, now in the press, several of the illustrations of which have been derived from objects of antiquarian interest situated along the valley of the Boyne, or in its vicinity. This little work, while it will possess all the valuable information necessary to the tourist and the antiquarian student—such as was afforded in the *Dublin Penny Journals*—will far exceed in the number and the beauty of its illustrations anything of the kind yet produced in this country.

Boyne, opposite this point, we cannot help recalling the story of the heroism of its last lord, Sir Launcelot Dowdall, who, hearing of the issue of the battle of the Boyne, and the fate of the monarch to whom his family was so long attached, and fearing the approach of the victorious English army, declared, on the news reaching him, that the Prince of Orange should never rest under his ancestral roof. The threat was carried into execution. Dowdall set fire to his castle at nightfall, and crossing the Boyne, sat down upon its opposite bank, from whence, as tradition reports, he beheld the last timber in his noble mansion blazing and flickering in the calm summer's night, crash amidst the smouldering ruins; and when its final eruption of smoke and flame was given forth, and the pale light of morning was stealing over that scene of desolation, with an aching and a despairing heart he turned from the once happy scene of his youth and manhood, and flying to the continent, shortly after his cowardly master, never returned to this country. All that remains of this castle and estate were forfeited in 1700. Many a gallant Irish soldier lost his life, and many a noble Irish gentleman forfeited his broad lands, that day. We wish their cause had been a better one, and the monarch for whom they bled more worthy such an honour.

Tradition gives us another, but by no means so probable a version of the burning of Athlumney Castle, which refers it to an earlier date. It is said that two sisters occupied the Castles of Athlumney and Blackcastle, which latter was situated on the opposite bank; that the heroine of the former, jealous of her rival in Blackcastle, took the following means of being revenged. She made her enter into an agreement, that to prevent their mansions falling into the hands of Cromwell and his soldiers, they should set fire to them at the same moment, as soon as the news of his approach reached them, and that a fire being lighted upon one, was to be the signal for the conflagration of the other. In the meantime, the wily mistress of Athlumney had a quantity of dry brush-wood placed on one of the towers of her castle, which, upon a certain night, she lighted; and the

inhabitants of Blackcastle, perceiving the appointed signal, set fire to their mansion, and burned it to the ground. In the morning the deception was manifest. Blackcastle was a mass of blackened, smoking ruins, while Athlumney still reared its proud form above the woods, and still afforded shelter to its haughty mistress.

Like most Irish towns through which a river runs, the inhabitants of Navan have turned their backs upon the stream, scarcely a glimpse of which can be obtained from any of its narrow, dirty streets. There is here a picturesque weir, and immediately below the bridge which crosses it on the Drogheda road, the Boyne receives the Blackwater, which is there nearly as large as the stream into which it flows. There are also two valuable and extensive flour mills at this point. From Navan to its mouth, though intersected by several weirs, and descending several rapids, the river has been rendered navigable by means of a canal, affording transit to lighters of several tons burden, which convey a considerable traffic, particularly of coals and corn, between this place and Drogheda. Along the road by this canal the tourist can walk to Beauparc, or, descend, as we lately effected the voyage, in a rowing-boat, drawn by a single horse—and this mode of conveyance we would strongly recommend to our friends, not only as the least fatiguing, particularly for ladies, but also as enabling the tourist to cross the river at pleasure, for it is only in some places that the canal is necessary.

As we only engaged to present our readers with scenes of beauty, or of interest, we cannot be expected to devote much of our space to a description of Navan!—a dirty, ill-built, straggling collection of houses, boasting the honour of being *half* a county-town. It contains, however, 5,000 inhabitants, and is not without its wealthy trader, and thriving petty merchant. A church, chapel, infirmary, bridewell, work-house, fever hospital, and canvas fever tents, neither wind nor water-proof, constitute its modern erections. It was originally a parliamentary borough, and in olden times was a place of considerable note, having been walled by Hugh de Lacy, and containing an abbey,

founded by Jocelyn de Nangle, on the site now occupied by a barrack. In the burial ground, are some sculptured figures, in relief. It is probable that a cross existed in this town; and, in all likelihood, it stood in the market-place, where all the passing funerals now make a solemn circuit.

Immediately on leaving Navan, the scene reminds one strongly of some of the views upon the Dutch canals. The river here is deep, and its current slow, the force of the water being retained by a weir lower down. On the left bank stands Blackcastle, the seat of the Fitzherberts—a square, modern building, designed more for comfort than architectural beauty—but the grounds, which are naturally picturesque, are well laid out, and afford many pleasing prospects of woodland glade and sloping meadow, as you descend the river; and the wood which skirts the stream throws a cool refreshing shade on its left bank, for above a mile of its course. A mile below Navan, there is a large flax factory, which, like other similar establishments, though highly advantageous to the country, is no addition to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

Beyond this mill we pass an abrupt bank, called Knock-a-Raymon, in which, a few years ago, a vast quantity of animal remains, and some sepulchral urns in small kistvaens were discovered. It was evidently one of the barrows of the aboriginal inhabitants; and we record it here, not from any present interest attached to it—for it is now but a potato garden, but because we feel that the name and locality of every spot of Irish ground in which such records of our ancestry are discovered, should be carefully noted, in order that the historian and the searcher into the unpublished manuscripts and archives, which are now, for the first time, being properly examined, may have a reference to the exact spot—for a vast number of these cairns and tumuli are alluded to in the annals referring to the pagan occupation of this country. Not far from this point, we find the sacred well of Tubber Ruadh; and now the right bank spreads out into broad meadows, yellowed with the bright blossoms of the butter-cups.

At the first lock upon the canal, an

abrupt precipitous hill is crowned by a minor tumulus, the Knockminnaune, or Kids' Hill, the view from the summit of which commands the church of Ardmulchan, and two of the most interesting objects in the beauties of the Boyne—the round tower of Donoughmore, and the grey massive castle of Dunmoe. Seen from this point, the tall slender tower rising out of the green woods of Blackcastle, and cutting clear and sharp on the horizon, against the blue sky, forms an object of intense interest and beauty in this most charming landscape; and lower down upon the river's bank, the ancient fortress of the D'Arcys stands in gloom and grandeur on a brown and verdureless mound, without a tree or a single spot of green to relieve the sombre hue of its high walls and flanking towers.

The contrast between these two memorials of the art and history of this country, is very striking, and tells the tale of times to boast of, and also to mourn. The stately, chaste, and simple style of the early pillar, whose age cannot be far from fourteen hundred years, added to the knowledge which we possess of the erection of the little church adjoining, points to the first preaching of Christianity in our island, when a few devout Christians and some of the early fathers of the Irish church settled round these buildings, and passed a life of pastoral quiet and simplicity; and now, surrounded by patriarchal timber, and revered by the people, it remains almost as perfect as when it came from the hands of the mason; and may remain for centuries yet to come, unless some of our curious and infatuated pseudo-antiquaries should be allowed to grope under its foundation, for fragments of human bones to decorate their museums, or give to the vulgar and uninformed some fancied proof of a theory as unintelligible as it is absurd. Turn to the castle of the D'Arcys—a thing comparatively of yesterday, marking the boundary of the English pale: it tells of the worst days of misrule in this unhappy land, where, without conquering the proud hearts or gaining the warm affections of the Irish, the Anglo-Norman barons, who, with mailed hearts as well as backs, neither civilized nor enriched the country, resided amongst

us.* It is now fast falling into decay, and in a few years more will be but a great cairn of stones.

A bridge crossed the Boyne below this point in former days, a single arch of which, upon the right bank of the river, still remains. Before its complete demolition, it went by the name of Farginston's, or "the Robbers'" Bridge, tradition says, on account of some noted horse-stealers, in the early part of the last century, having made it their chief resort; the country people also tell us, that Cromwell's army crossed over it in its passage up the Boyne, and a village poet, named Courtney, has celebrated this ancient pass in some doggerel rhymes, which still live in the mouths of the neighbouring peasantry. The ancient name was "Babe's Bridge," and that it was one of the earliest bridges upon the Boyne, may be learned from Grace's Annals, where we read, that, in the year 1330, "there was also a great flood, especially of the Boyne, by which all the bridges on that river, except Babe's, were carried away, and other mischief done, at Trim and Drogheda."

At Navan the Boyne resumes its original, north-eastern direction. The next points of interest are, Ardmulchan church, upon the right; and nearly opposite it, Dunmoe Castle, upon the left. And, here the true beauties of the Boyne, its real Rhine-like characters commence, and crowd upon us for the next few miles of its course. High beetling crags, crowned by feudal halls, and ruined chapels—steep precipitous banks, covered with the noblest monarchs of the forest—dells, consecrated to the moonlight dance of sprites and elfins, and rocks, memorable for their tales of love, and legends of the olden time, catch the eye at every turn in this noble stream, presenting new beauties, ever varying pictures, here in sunshine, there in shade; with charming bits of scenery, which simple prose cannot describe; the painter's art alone can embody, or give an accurate representation of these. We

"Stop not for brake, and we stay not for stone;"

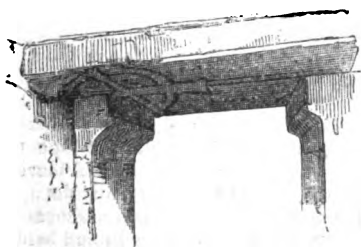
clear and blue the stream runs fast, and we must onward with its course, skimming lightly over its surface, rather eliciting inquiry by our remarks, and directing attention in our researches, than attempting anything like an elaborate description.

Dunmoe Castle stands on a commanding eminence, above one of the fords upon the Boyne, and must have been originally a position of considerable strength. The stones, however, with which it is built, were remarkably small, in consequence of which it is yearly crumbling into a shapeless mass of ruins. It is an oblong pile, with circular flanking towers on its river face, which measures seventy-three feet. It was originally built, it is said, by De Lacy, but the present structure bears the evidence of an Anglo-Norman keep of the sixteenth century. It has had many masters, and stood several sieges in its day. During the civil war of 1641, after the defeat of the English forces near Julianstown, an Irish detachment was sent to take Dunmoe; but Captain Power, who commanded it, with a mere handful of men, so long and bravely resisted his assailants, that the latter had to resort to stratagem to take it, and by producing a forged order from the lords justices, Parsons and Borlase, induced its gallant defender to surrender the castle and proceed to Dublin. Cromwell, it is said, took a passing shot at it from the opposite bank of the Boyne, but did not think it worthy of further notice. The hall which he fired at Dunmoe, or one shown as such, was, until a very recent period, used as a weight at a neighbouring crane. This castle was re-edified and used as a mansion while James the Second was in Ireland. Its last lord was D'Arcy, whose name is now usually associated with it. The peasantry state that an underground passage leads from it under the Boyne to the opposite bank. Dunmoe was burned in 1799, but a portion of the roof remained within the memory of the present generation. Within the adjoining enclosure, a small chapel contains the mausoleum of its last lords. This

* Has it struck the *Times* Commissioner, who commenced the present crusade against the Irish landlords, that the great majority of them are English, or of English descent? Is it known to the world, that while English settlers have become the proprietors, there never was any importation of English farmers or English yeomen into the southern and western parts of Ireland?

latter is now a filthy dungeon, exposed to the atmosphere, and strewn with the bones and coffins of the descendants of this once noble family. Some twenty years more, and the traveller will have to inquire for the site of this celebrated castle of the pale.

The ruins of Ardmulchan top one of the highest banks above a bold stretch of the river, and consist of a tall square tower or belfry, and the remains of a church, which stands surrounded by an ancient graveyard, and some walls, believed to be part of one of the castles of the Tyrrells. By an inquisition taken in the tenth of James, it was found that in the parish church of St. Mary (Ardmulchan) was a perpetual chantry of one priest, who was constantly to celebrate service therein, and this chantry was a body corporate. It at present belongs to the rectory of Painstown. That this tower is composed of the material of some earlier building, may be learned from the fact of the lintel in one of its doors being formed of an ancient sculptured tombstone, as shown in the accompanying wood-cut. A very beau-



tiful well is worthy of remark below this spot. A short distance beyond the church, we meet with an ancient military fort, consisting of a circular mound, enclosed with a fosse and rampart. A grove of ash-trees now covers the entire, their tall, slender stems permitting the outline of this ancient relic to be seen at a considerable distance, while their feathery tops form an umbrageous shadow to the whole. In a deep pool in the river, opposite Taaffe's lock, called Lug-Gorrom, or the Blue Hole, it is said that the bells of Ardmulchan church were thrown at the time of the Reformation.

Our next point of interest is Stackallan, or Broad-Boyne Bridge,—or, as it is called in Irish, Bugh-

na-Boinne, where another military fort, similar to that at Ardmulchan presents on the right bank. The river here forms a smooth glass-like sheet of water, and below the bridge affords us one of those striking effects which the weirs upon the Boyne exhibit—of a long unbroken line of liquid, bent into a graceful curve, goldened with the sunshine, as it glides in swift, but silent track over the long horse-shoe fall, and then breaking into a million streams—its spray dancing in the sunshine, and its bubbles reflecting all the prismatic colours of the rainbow, as it again springs onward in its course. These charming effects, whether varied by the grey morning's light, or the evening's uncertain haze, or having an air of obscurity thrown over them by the rays of mist which rise and play round the fall, or float like phantoms over the broad surface of the river—here assuming the figure of a stately vessel, there rising into a tall castellated form—creeping under the arches of bridges, re-appearing in an instant, wrapping in their shroud the aged trees, which dip into the waters—drifting again along the surface, like the broken fragments of some tall iceberg, and suddenly lifted above the mirror on which they play, leaving the surface on which they had appeared to breathe, again unbroken on its outline, add not little to keep those scenes in our remembrance. If we stand at sundown, on the bridge of Slane, when there is any body of water in the river, on a calm summer's evening, listening to the soothing monotony of the fall, and cast our eye over the broad reach of the Boyne, we cannot fail to be struck with the effect which we have here attempted to describe.

Could we here digress, we should visit the college of St. Columba, which has attracted of late so much notice in the public prints; but our space forbids it. At another season, and in another place, we shall not fail to do so. To be honest, we must confess, that we have not yet examined into the working of this establishment; and, under such circumstances, we do not think it would be just, either towards ourselves or the patrons and supporters of Stackallan Seminary, to express an opinion for or against it, from mere hearsay

or public report. In one of our excursions to the Boyne, as we sat upon this bridge, admiring the surrounding scenery, we asked an old countryman, who entered into conversation with us, what sort of people now inhabited Lord Boyne's noble mansion. "Throth, sir," said he, "myself doesn't rightly know—there's various reports about thim in the counthry, but I'm tould they're a sort of *Fuseleers*."

In the vicinity of this bridge, the bardic annalists declare, was one, if not the chief, of the royal cemeteries—the Brugh-na-Boinne, where the monarchs of Tara were interred of old. It would form one of the most interesting antiquarian inquiries connected with the subject of ancient topography, particularly referring to the Boyne, to decide upon the exact locality of these ancient burial-places so frequently referred to in the *Dinnsenchus*, the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, and by Keating, Renneth O'Hartigan, Dr. Petrie, O'Donovan, and others, as well as the situation of Ross-na-Righ, the house of Cletech, and other localities, constantly alluded to in the manuscripts, and which must be situated between this point and Dowth, the last of the sepulchral pyramids of any note upon the Boyne. There were nine chief cemeteries of Erin before the introduction of Christianity, and to that now under consideration, the following interesting reference is made in one of the manuscripts already alluded to:—a vellum autograph copy of the "History of the Cemeteries." "And he (Cormac), told his people not to bury him at Brugh, (because it was a cemetery of idolaters); for he did not worship the same God as any of those interred at Brugh; but to bury him at Ross-na-Righ, with his face to the east. He afterwards died, and his servants of trust held a council, and came to the resolution of burying him at Brugh, the place where the kings of Tara, his predecessors, were buried. The body of the king was afterwards thrice raised to be carried to Brugh, but the Boyne swelled up thrice, so as that they could not come; so that they observed, that it was violating the judgment of a prince to break through this testament of the king; and they afterwards

dug his grave at Ross-na-Righ, as he himself had ordered." And, again, "The nobles of the Tuatha de Danaan were used to bury at Brugh." And the Dagda, as well as Boinn, the wife of Nechtan, personages referred to in our opening article, were also interred in this place. The river here well deserves the name of Bugh-na-Boinne, (the broad Boyne), which it still retains. Some ancient pagan remembrances and superstitions attached to this locality, up to a very recent date; and, at a pattern which used to be held here some years ago, it was customary for the people to swim their cattle across the river at this spot, as a charm against certain diseases, as in former times they drove them through the Gap of Tara. We also find Tubber Tainnie (St. Sinchea's well) in the vicinity.

To many of our readers, however, and most of the tourists who may follow our wanderings, or require a guide-book in their excursion, a more interesting subject than even the tombs of kings, invites us onward; for the wood-crowned heights and leafy banks of Beuparc, one of the most picturesque spots in Ireland, and the noble demesne of Slane, lie immediately before us. Beyond the fall of Stackallan, we pass through the most delicious scenery, particularly along the left bank, where groves of noble beech-trees and aged chestnuts fringe the heights, and an underwood of laurels, thorns, and sweetbriars mantle upon the undulating surface of the shores beneath, till we pass the mill and bridge of Cruisestown, where we commit ourselves to the centre of the stream, and bestow an equal share of our attention upon both banks. Here the river forms a number of sudden curves, each winding presenting us with a new picture more beautiful than its predecessor. The banks spring high and abrupt from the water's edge, so that in some places the massive trees, rising in piles of the most gorgeous foliage, appear toppling over us from their summits, and darken the deep smooth pools they overhang. Upon a summer's day, an air of calm repose pervades this spot; the very songsters of the grove seem hushed in admiration, and unwilling to disturb the peaceful thoughts which

* See O'Donovan's translation, in Petrie's "Round Towers."

here gradually steal over the beholder. On the right, the modern mansion of Beauparc peeps through the never-ending green of tall pines, sycamores, oaks and elms. On the left, the ivy-mantled walls of Castle Dexter raise themselves above the dark plantation, contrasting the times of feudal rule and massive defensive architecture, with its light domestic neighbour of more modern date. The limestone rock, twisted into a variety of curious contortions, breaks through the surface, and relieves the eye, almost satiated with the endless variety both of colour and form of the foliage. Through occasional openings we obtain glimpses of long vistas, formed by the overhanging boughs, and terminated by glades of turf, on which the sun beams with unusual splendour. The river spreads out, and the sun again glances upon its smooth waters; the massive perpendicular rock of Fenner—about which we could tell many a fairy legend, and recount many a tale of love—rears aloft its giant form, with its fir-fringed summit; and then as we float downward with the stream, enjoying beauties scarcely known, and little noticed in this country, the modern Castle of Slane suddenly bursts upon us, standing on a most commanding situation, and appearing, with its surrounding wooded-hills, the back-ground of a picture framed by the elevated banks of the Boyne, which here spreads out in front of it into a noble sheet of water, for which there does not, at first view, seem any exit.

Slane Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Conyngham, and memorable in modern times, from its being honoured by the visit of a King, stands on a swelling bank of verdant green sward, rising gradually from the river. It is a large castellated mansion, with towers and embattled parapets, but not boasting much beauty of architectural design. It is principally the surrounding scenery, the combinations of sylvan beauty formed by its own extensive demesne, blending with that of Beauparc, the neighbouring woods of other seats, the charming associations awakened by the ancient ruins standing on the romantic shores of its noble river, and the highly-cultivated landscape on all sides, which claim for Slane Castle the eulogiums of its modern describers. Leaving this ancient residence of the Flemings, the first

lords of Slane, we drift onward, still on the northern bank, and land at the hermitage of St. Erk, which stands upon the shore immediately below the castle, embosomed within the dark shadows of a grove of ancient yews—one of the most romantic ruins of its date and style in Ireland. Considerable portions of this picturesque ruin still exist. It takes its name from the first Bishop of Slane, who was consecrated by St. Patrick, and died A. D. 514. It was afterwards the retreat of Malachi and Donat O'Brien, two hermits, who resided here in 1512. Over the pointed door we find the fleur-de-lis, and upon the inner doorway some rose ornaments, very unusual in Irish architecture. Within the little chapel, we find the tomb of the Earls of Drogheda, and upon the walk above the hermitage, there lies a handsome sculptured stone, evidently a portion of an ancient tomb, and well worthy the attentive examination of the antiquarian student. From the mixture of round and pointed arches, as well as the evident difference in the styles of masonry, it is manifest that this building was erected or remodelled at two different eras.

Let us pass under the handsome gate of Slane demesne, through the neat little town adjoining, where, at its comfortable hotel we can enjoy as good a glass of claret, and receive as good cheer, as at any similar establishment with which we are acquainted; and then climb the hill which rises over the town.

Here, pilgrim, stop; rest on yonder monumental slab, beneath the shadow of that tall, ivy-mantled tower, the belfry of the cathedral—it once was gorgeous with the shrines of Fathers, and illumed by many a flickering taper; though now the hemlock fills its aisles, and the purple foxglove waves its lonely banneret. The ground whereon we stand is sacred, consecrated by the footprints of our patron-saint, hallowed by the dust of kings; look abroad, over the wide, undulating plains of Meath, or to the green hills of Louth:—where in the broad landscapes of Britain find we a scene more fruitful and varied, or one more full of interesting, heartstirring associations? Look from the tall, pillar-like form of the yellow steeple at Trim, which rises in the distance, to where yon bright blue line marks

meeting of the sea and sky below the Maiden tower at Drogheda, and trace the clear blue waters of the Boyne, winding through this lovely, highly cultivated landscape, so rich in all that can charm the eye, and awaken the imagination; take into view the hills of Skreen and Tara; pass your eye over the woods of Hayes, Ardmulchan, Beauparc; look down into the wooded mounds and broad pastures of Slane; follow the Boyne below you, as it dances by each ford and rapid, to where the great pyramids of western Europe, Knowth, New Grange, and Dowth rise on its left bank; see you not the groves of Netterville, Townley-hall, and Old Bridge, marking the battlefield of 1690, with the ill-fated hill of Donore, obtruding its long-remembered tale of regal cowardice upon us? Beyond those hills that border Louth lie Mellifont and Monasterboice. Those steeples and turrets which rise in the lower distance were shattered by the balls of Cromwell; and that knoll which juts above them is the Mill Mount of Drogheda. What a picture have we here, from this Richmond Hill, of Irish scenery? What an extensive page of Irish history does it unfold to us? What recollections gush upon us as we stand by the Abbey of Slane, and take in this noble prospect at a glance? The records and the foot-prints of two thousand years are all before us—the solemn procession of the simple shepherd to the early pagan mound; the rude slinger standing on the earthen circle; the Druid fires, paling before the bright sun of Christianity; the cadence of the round tower's bell; the matin and the vesper hymn swelling from the hermit's cell, or early missionary church; the proud galleys and glancing swords of fierce northern hordes; the smoking ruins of church and tower; the shout of rival clans in civil feuds; the lances and banners of Norman soldiers; the moat, and fosse, and drawbridge of the keep, still echoing back the strife of hostile ranks—the native for his soil, the stranger for his hire; the ford defended, and the castle won; the pilgrim's cross, the stately abbey, and the baron's hall; in church, the stole ejected for the surplice; the town besieged, the city sacked; and then the rattle, and the roar, and smoke of recent battle—have, one and all, their

epochs, ruins, sites, or history legibly inscribed upon this picture.

The early Irish name of Slane was Ferta-fer-feic, the graves of the men of Feic, and one of the first notices which our annals contain relates to a most remarkable epoch in the history of this country. We mentioned that Patrick landed at the Boyne's mouth, and afterwards passed up that river's bank into Meath. Although some months in the island, it is not said that he made any extensive or remarkable conversions to Christianity till the Easter of 433, on the Thursday night before which we read the following account of him, as collected from the various lives of St. Patrick by Ussher and Colgan, and thus condensed by the learned Dr. Lanigan:—

“Having got a tent pitched there (Slane), he made preparations for celebrating the festival of Easter, and accordingly lighted the paschal fire about nightfall. It happened that, at this very time, the King Leogaire and the assembled princes were celebrating a religious festival, of which fire-worship formed a part. There was a standing law that, at the time of this festival, no fire should be kindled for a considerable distance all around, until after a great fire should be lighted in the royal palace of Temoria, or Tarah. St. Patrick's fire was, however, lighted before that of the palace, and being seen from the heights of Tarah, excited great astonishment. On the king's inquiring what could be the cause of it, and who could thus dare to infringe the law, the magi told him that it was necessary to have that fire extinguished immediately, whereas, if allowed to remain, it would get the better of their fires, and bring about the downfall of his kingdom. Leogaire, enraged and troubled on getting this information, set out for Slane with a considerable number of followers, and one or two of the principal magi, for the purpose of exterminating those violators of the law. When arrived within some distance from where the tent was, they sat down, and St. Patrick was sent for, with an order to appear before the king, and give an account of his conduct. It was arranged that no one should show him any mark of respect, or rise up to receive him; but, on his presenting himself before them, Hore, son of Dego, disobeyed the injunction, and standing up, saluted him, and, receiving the saint's blessing, became a believer.”

The subsequent preaching of Pa-

trick at Tara, and its results, are set forth in the various lives of the saint. A nobler spot on which to raise the beacon of Christianity could not possibly be chosen. Had we space at present, we should like to follow the itinerary of St. Patrick up the Boyne; it might form a guide to the ancient topography of the river.

A cloistheach, or round tower, formerly existed at Slane, and, probably, stood on the site of the present ecclesiastical ruin, where it must have formed an object of surpassing beauty. It was destroyed by the Danes of Dublin, about the middle of the tenth century. It is alluded to in a great many of the ancient records; the following is, perhaps, the fullest, and at the same time, the most intelligible notice of it to the popular reader: "A. D. 948. The cloistheach of Slane was burned by the Danes, with its full of reliques and good people, with Caoinechair, reader of Slane, and the crosier of the patron saint, and a bell, *the best of bells*." Archdall (who, by the way, was rector of Slane), informs us, on the authority of "Mezeray's History of France," that an abbey of canons regular was founded here at a very early date, and that it "was remarkable for being many years the residence of a royal prince; for, we find, in the year 653, that Dagobert, King of Austrasia (part of France), when at the age of only seven years, was taken by Grimboald, mayor of the palace, and by his direction he was shorn a monk, rendered unfit to hold the reins of government, and banished into Ireland; from oral information, we learn that he was received into this abbey, where he obtained an education proper for the enjoyment of a throne; he continued here during the space of twenty years, when he was recalled into France, and replaced in his government." By what means the author of the "Monasticon" obtained this information, or what oral traditions, referring back for such a length of time, should be received as history, we cannot now pause to discuss. Among the several tombs around the abbey, the stranger's attention is pointed to one, said to bear the fleur-de-lis upon it, and this, "from oral information, we learn," is the tomb of "the son of the King of France;" but any one accustomed to examine such objects, at once recognises it as the tomb of an

Irish ecclesiastic, figured with a cross, each arm of which ends in a leaf-like ornament; and also having upon it a chalice; and beneath the foot of the cross, the name W. J. Kirwan, may still be deciphered. Several other curious old tombs, a font, a noble flamboyant pointed window over the round-arched doorway in the tower, many rare examples of architecture, of great elegance of design, both in the ruins of the church, and the adjoining monastery, from which it is somewhat detached, not forgetting the prim face of a nun, sculptured in a stone, built up in the wall which now encloses the grave-yard, and the wide range of prospect obtained by climbing the tower itself, are well worthy a morning's visit to Slane.

Two hours and a-half brings us from Dublin to the hotel at Slane, where to good accommodation we add the advantage of being located in the very midst of the most romantic scenery, and surrounded by some of the most notable antiquities on the Boyne. Upon the opposite side of the bridge, the old church of Fenner, with the adjoining mound, would claim more than a passing notice, did our space permit.

Step by step might we follow the river's windings from the bridge of Slane to the sea, redeeming, at every turn, the boast we made in March last of presenting our readers with a series of tableaux of the most interesting stream in Ireland; but we fear to weary, and the printer tells us he must "make up." By the shores of the deep meadows through which the Boyne sweeps, the curragh of wicker work, covered with horse-hide, might stop our course to describe its construction, or speculate on the circumstance of this ancient relic of the rude early navigators of this river still remaining, in the very heart of civilization. What a contrast is frequently presented at the bridge of Drogheda, on one side of which we see this emblem of primitive navigation, and on the other a screw steamer of the latest modern improvement!

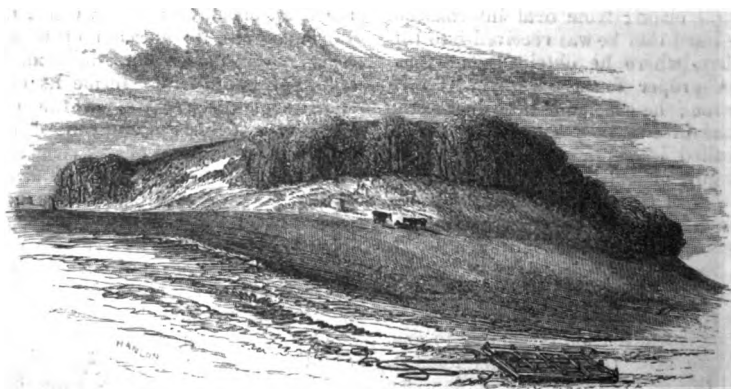
Our remaining space we purpose devoting to the examination of the great mounds of New Grange and Dowth, to which attention has of late been so much directed, and to a brief description of the battle-field at Oldbridge: leaving Drogheda to our friend

D'Alton, whose book will afford all useful information on the subject of that ancient city.

About a mile and a-half below Slane, and extending for about two miles along the northern bank of the river, we meet the great Irish cemetery to which we have so often alluded. This consists of a number of sepulchral mounds, or barrows, varying in magnitude, and occupying a space of about a mile in breadth, northward of the river's bank, and stretching from Knowth to the confines of Nethererville demesne, over a distance of nearly three miles. Over this space we find no less than the remains of seventeen sepulchral barrows, some of those—the smaller ones—situated in the green pasture lands, which form the immediate valley of the Boyne, while the three of greatest magnitude are placed on the summit of the ridge, which bounds this valley upon the left bank, and a few are to be found beyond the brow of the hill, towards Louth—twenty in all, including the remains at Clogh Lea, and the great moat on which the fortress of Drogheda now stands, and known, in the annals, as the Mound of the grave of the Smith's Wife. This latter, however, is on the right, or southern bank.

The three great mounds of Knowth, New Grange, and Dowth, principally demand attention, not only on account of their magnitude, but because one of them has remained open for some years, and a third is now in process of examination. Each of these

is situated within view of the other, and about a mile distant from it; and consists, at first view, of a great natural hill, rising abruptly from the surrounding surface; and this idea is rather strengthened by the circumstance of one of these having become covered with wood, and another having borne on its summit a modern stone structure. An eye practised to the forms of ancient structures, at once recognises these vast pyramids as the work of man, and a closer inspection soon sets this point at rest. To follow in detail these magnificent Pagan monuments—for such they are—as they present, in our downward course, we first meet with Knowth, an abrupt, hemispherical mound, with rather a flattened top, rising out of the sloping hill of the townland from which it takes its name. Some enormous masses of stone, arranged in a circular manner round its base, tell us, however, that it is evidently the work of design; and some excavations made into one of its sides, show that it consists of an enormous cairn of small stones, covered with rich green sward, occupying about an acre, and rising to a height of nearly eighty feet. As far as we can judge by external appearances, although history is against us, it appears to be as yet uninvestigated; but as there are no means of access to its interior, we can only speculate as to its use, and the mode of its construction, from an examination of similar structures in its vicinity. We therefore



pass on to the next monument, that of New Grange, of which the accom-

panying illustration, taken from the road adjoining, affords a tolerably

correct idea. Like that of Knowth, it consists of an enormous cairn or hill of stones, occupying the summit of one of the natural undulating slopes which enclose the valley of the Boyne upon the north. It is said to cover nearly two acres, and is four hundred paces in circumference, and now about eighty feet high from the adjoining natural surface. Various excavations made into its sides, and upon its summit, at different times, in order to supply materials for building and road-making, have assisted to lessen its original height, and also to destroy the beauty of its outline; but this defect has been obviated, in part, by a plantation, chiefly of hazel, which has grown over its surface. A few yards from the outer circle of the mound, there appears to have stood originally a circle of enormous detached blocks of stone, placed at intervals of about ten yards from each other. Ten of those still exist, and are placed on the south-eastern side. It is said that a large pillar-stone, or *stèle*, originally stood on the summit of the mound. Such is the present appearance of this stupendous relic of ancient pagan times, which has elicited the wonder, and called forth the admiration of all who have visited it, and has engaged the attention of nearly all the distinguished antiquaries, not only of the British Isles, but of Europe generally; which, though little known to our countrymen, notwithstanding that it is within two hours' drive of Dublin, has attracted thither pilgrims from every land. Before we speculate upon its date or origin, or offer any conjectures as to its uses, we will conduct our readers into the interior, and point out the objects within it most worthy of attention. This mound is hollow; it contains a large chamber, formed by stones of enormous magnitude, and accessible through a narrow passage, also formed of stones of great size, placed together without mortar or cement; and considering their bulk, and the positions they occupy, exciting our astonishment how such Cyclopean

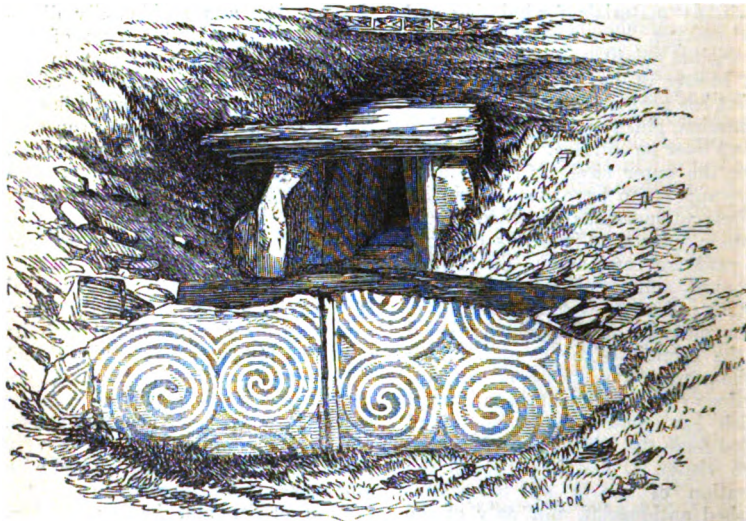
masonry could have been erected by a people who were, in all probability, unacquainted with those mechanical powers, so necessary in the erection of modern buildings.

When this opening was first discovered, and whether known to the Irish before the introduction of Christianity, it is now difficult to say. Sir Thomas Molyneux, who is generally, but erroneously, supposed to have first described this monument, states that the opening was accidentally discovered, by removing a part of the stones to make a pavement in the neighbourhood. The earliest describer of New Grange was Edward Lhwyd, the Welsh antiquary, and keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, in Oxford, who, in a letter, dated Sligo, 12th March, 1699, and published by Rowlands, in his "*Mona Antiqua Restaurata*," gave the following account of it, which we quote, the more particularly, as he evidently had examined it carefully, and in order that its present state may be compared with its condition 150 years ago.* "I also met with one monument in this kingdom, very singular; it stands at a place called New Grange, near Drogheda, and is a mount, or barrow, of very considerable height, encompassed with vast stones, pitched on end, round the bottom of it, and having another, lesser, standing on the top." When we first visited New Grange, some twelve years ago, the entrance was greatly obscured by brambles, and a heap of loose stones, ravelled out from the adjoining mound. This entrance, which is nearly a square, and formed by large flags, the continuation of the stone-passage already alluded to, is now at a considerable distance from the original outer-circle of the mound, and consequently the passage is at present much shorter than it was originally, if, indeed, it ever extended so far as the outer circle. A few years ago, a gentleman, then residing in the neighbourhood, cleared away the stones and rubbish which obscured the mouth of the cave, and

* Although the "*Mona Antiqua Restaurata*" was published in Dublin, in 1723, the letter bears the date which we have mentioned above. In "*The collection of such papers as were communicated to the Royal Society, referring to some curiosities in Ireland*," we find a paraphrase of Mr. Lhwyd's Essay, printed here in 1726, but much less full, or explicit, than the original. Molyneux's account was printed in his "*Discourse Concerning Danish Mounds, Forts, and Towers in Ireland*," first published in 1725. It is, therefore, evident, that the original describer was Lhwyd.

brought to light a very remarkably-carved stone, which now slopes outwards from the entrance. This we thought, at the time, was quite a discovery, inasmuch as none of the modern writers had noticed it. The Welsh antiquary, however, thus describes it:—"The entry into this cave is at bottom, and before it we found a great flat stone, like a large tomb-stone, placed edgewise, having on the outside certain barbarous carv-

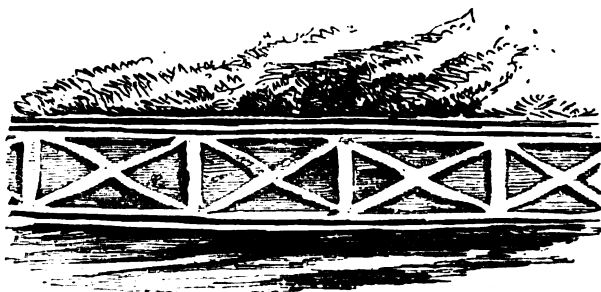
ings, like snakes encircled, but without heads." At the same time that this remarkable slab, which is of a greenish colour, and quite different from the other stones of the vicinity, was exposed, a few years ago, the edge of another very curious, and most exquisitely-carved stone, was found projecting from the mound, a short distance above, and within the line of the present entrance. The accompanying graphic illustration, cut



by Hanlon, from a drawing by Mr. Wakeman, faithfully exhibits the appearances above described.

This stone, so beautifully carved in spirals and volutes, is slightly convex, from above downwards, and measures ten feet in length, and is about eighteen inches thick. What its original use was—where its original po-

sition in this mound—whether its carvings exhibit the same handiwork and design as those sculptured stones in the interior, and whether this beautiful slab did not belong to some other building of anterior date, are questions worthy of consideration, but which we have not now space to discuss. This is the first representation that has been



given of this stone, or of that figured beneath, which represents a portion of

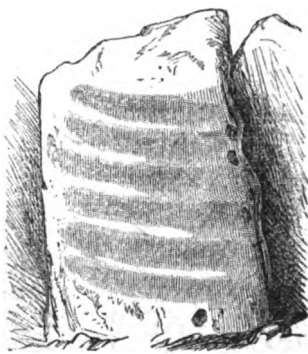
the carved edge of the lintel, which projects horizontally above the entrance.

This stone, of which we can only perceive the edge, is five feet eight inches long; its sculpture, both in design and execution, far exceeds any of the rude carvings which are figured, apparently at random, upon the stones found within the cave; and as it never could have been intended to be concealed from view, it is most probable that it decorates the entrance into some other chamber, which further examination may yet disclose. The larger of the Egyptian pyramids contains several chambers, superincumbent upon the great sepulchral vault in which the sarcophagus was placed. This stone is of the same composition—a micaceous slate—as the great spirally-carved slab beneath, and is not found at all in this neighbourhood; nor, indeed, are any of the great stones of the passage or the chamber, of a rock found in the vicinity, while the small broken stones, which form the great bulk of the mound, were evidently gathered around.

We now enter the passage, which measures sixty-three feet in length, and is formed of twenty-one upright stones upon the right side, and twenty-two on the left, and roofed with flags of immense length, resting in some points upon the upright side-stones, but in other places chiefly supported by masonry external to them; one of these is seventeen feet long and six broad. The general height of the passage, for about three-fourths of its length, is about six feet: but from the accumulation of earth towards the entrance, it is scarcely that much at present. Its average breadth is about three feet; but some of the side stones having fallen inwards, so as almost to touch, one requires to creep on all-fours to pass this point. Most of those stones are remarkably smooth, even on parts where the rubbing of a century and a-half could not have produced this polish, and appear to have been long exposed to water or the atmosphere.

Some have smooth indentations, as represented by the next drawing; and very many of the stones throughout this building, as well as others used for like purposes in the neighbourhood, have small sockets, or mortices, cut near, or in their edges, of which we have an example before

us. These appear to have been made for the insertion of wedges, either to split the stone, or lift it. The passage



leads to a large dome-roofed chamber, within seventeen feet of which it rises so as to slope gradually into its roof; and the stones of which this portion is composed are of gigantic size, many of them eight and ten feet high. Immediately behind this rise in the gallery, we find another somewhat similar elevation.

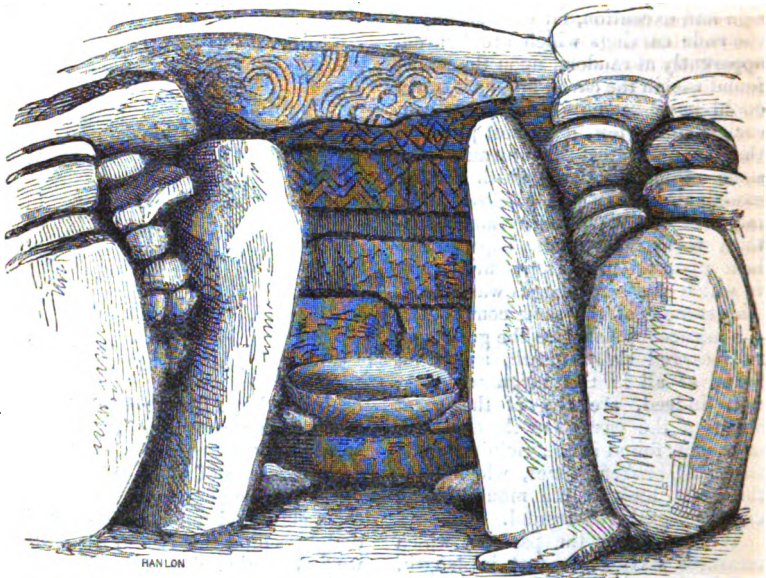
As all is perfect darkness within this cavern, it is necessary to illuminate it in order to form any just idea of its figure or extent. When about half lighted up, and we begin to perceive the size and character of this great hive-shaped dome, and its surrounding crypts, formed by stones of such immense size, half revealed to us by the uncertain light of our tapers, an air of mystery steals over the senses—a religious awe pervades the place; and while we do not put any faith in the wild fancies of those antiquaries of the last century, who would make the world believe that this was a great Druid temple, an *Antrum Mythrae*, in which the sacred rites of paganism, with its human sacrifices, were enacted, we wonder less at the flight which their imaginations have taken.

This cavern is nearly circular, with three offsets, or recesses, from it—one opposite the entrance on the north, and one on each side, east and west, so that the ground plan, including the passage, accurately represents the figure of a cross.

The accompanying cut, from a sketch by Mr. Connolly, gives by far the truest idea of one of these crypts,

which we have yet seen. It is the right or eastern, 8 feet deep, 9 high,

and 7 broad, and slightly narrowed at the entrance.



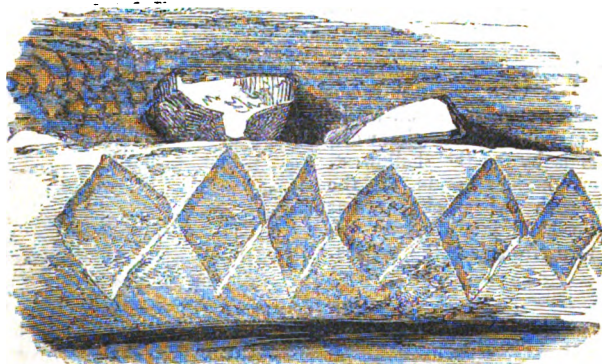
The basement of the great chamber, to about the height of ten feet, is formed of a circle of eleven upright stones, partially sunk in the ground, placed on edge, with the flat surfaces facing inwards, and forming the sides of the cavern. From this course springs the dome, formed by stones somewhat less in size, placed horizontally on the flat, with the edges presenting towards the interior; and by each layer projecting slightly within that placed beneath, they thus, by decreasing the circle, form a dome, without an arch, and the whole is closed at top, by one large slab: the stability of the mass is preserved by the pressure of the surrounding material. This form of roofing, which evidently preceded a knowledge of the principle of the arch, is to be found in many of our early buildings, generally pagan, and chiefly sepulchral, in this country; in the interiors of some of the duns or raths, and in very early Christian oratories; and not only in Ireland, but in Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor; in one of the pyramids of Sackara, as well as in the remains of a temple at Telmessus. Pococke had observed a similar structure in the pyramid of Dashour, called by the Arab name of Elkebere-el-Barieh; and all the visitors to the Cyclopean walled

Mycenæ are well acquainted with the appearance of the great cavern, known by tradition as the tomb of Agamemnon, or believed by some antiquaries to have been the treasury of Atreus; between which and New Grange comparisons have often been made: their resemblance, however, consists in the principle on which the dome is constructed. That remnant of the early Hellenic people was formed by an excavation scooped out of the side of a natural hill. The gallery which leads to it does not appear ever to have been covered in; the sides of the dome spring directly from the foundation, like that at Clady, and not from a row or circle of upright pillars. The interior is perfectly smooth, and was originally covered over with plates of brass; some of the nails which fastened these even yet remain; but these latter circumstances merely show a greater perfection in art in the early Greeks—the architectural principle perhaps is the same in both. The ground plan of the great Boyne monument also finds its analogy in the Orient; at Tyre, and at Alexandria we find tombs carved out of the solid rock, of precisely the same cruciform shape, having three minor excavations projecting from the several chambers. But while we thus allow ourselves to draw upon our re-

collections of other lands, we fear our readers, and the visitors to New Grange, for whose use in particular we write, may require some further information as to the measurements, construction, and hieroglyphics of this remarkable monument. The top of the dome is nineteen feet six inches from the floor, which is now covered with loose stones and rubbish. From the entrance to the wall of the chamber opposite measures eighteen feet; and between the extremities of the right and left crypts, twenty-two feet. Each of the side chambers are nearly

square, their sides being formed of large oblong blocks of stone; but they are not all of the same size—that on the right of the entrance, the eastern, is very much larger than either of the others, and is also the most enriched with those rude carvings, volutes, lozenges, zig-zags, and spiral lines, cut into the stones, and in some instances standing out in relief, to which we alluded in describing the passage.

In order to afford our readers some idea of these curious markings, we have introduced the accompanying illustrations.



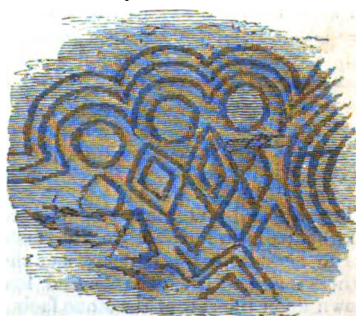
Here is one, of the projecting edge of the top stone in the southern wall of the great right hand recess. The lozenges, six in number, are cut in about three-quarters of an inch deep. Another specimen of this form of decoration may be perceived on the horizontal slab at the meeting of the passage with the roof. A few of those have carvings upon them of spirals, coils, and zig-zag lines, cut by some sharp tool, about half-an-inch in depth.

ing with a loop, and in most instances having seven turns. Many of these spirals, or scrolls, look like the first drawing or marking for the subsequent engraving in relief, such as we find in the finished work of the great flag at the entrance. These “scribings” appear to have been done with a tool like the pick used in roughening mill-stones.

Here again is a portion of the device found upon the roof of the eastern recess, carved upon a great flag, 12 feet



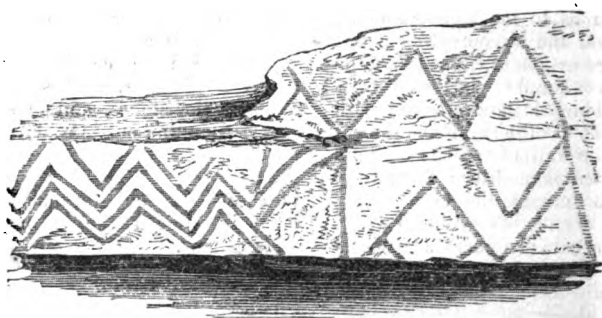
Upon a careful examination of the spiral carvings, we find them nearly all formed of a double coil, commence-



in length, which spans the entire breadth

of the crypt. Upon the back of the same chamber, we find the carving represented in this wood-engraving which

is to be seen on a projecting ledge, which juts out from the back wall like a second roof.



The chamber opposite the entrance, affords, at first view, but few specimens of this curious scroll-work. But that upon the left (the western), which is by far the shallowest, presents us, besides some of the coil-marks, with two specimens, cut into its right hand jamb, totally different in form from all the others.

mystical speculation, among the followers of the Vallancey school, who



This, which bears some resemblance to the palm-branch, or to the male fern, is not cut so deep as the others; and this, which we find low down upon the side of the stone facing the crypt, likewise differs from all the rest, and has excited much

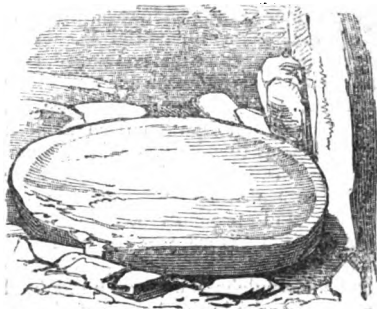
supposed it to be an undoubted piece of writing; but what the language is, or what tale it tells, they had not made up their minds; and as that school has now become nearly extinct, we fear the matter is not likely to be much further investigated at present.

The following very remarkable circumstance struck us while investigating this ancient structure, some years ago. We found that those carvings not only covered portions of the stones exposed to view, but extended over those surfaces which, until some recent dilapidation, were completely concealed, and where a tool could not have reached them; and the inference is plain that these stones were carved prior to their being placed in their present position; perhaps were used for some anterior purpose. If so, how much it adds to their antiquity! The eastern jamb of the chamber opposite the entrance has fallen inwards, and recently exposed a portion of the under surface of a great flag, which is now, for the first time since the erection of the

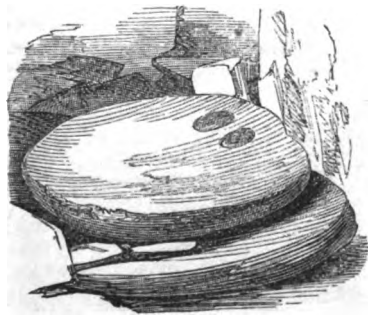
building, exposed to view. This flag has, like most of the other stones here, a sort of skin, or brownish outer polish, as if water-washed. Now, in all the exposed carvings upon the other stones, the indentures have assumed more or less of the dark colour and polish around; whereas in this one the colour of the cutting and the track of the tool is just as fresh as if done but yesterday. It must have been effected immediately before the stone was placed in its present position. The question may well be asked, what was the purpose of those; are they mere ornamental carvings, or are they inscriptions from which the history of this monument, or whatever it was originally intended for, might be learned? Are they idiographical, or hieroglyphic, in the strict sense of the word; that is, sacred carving? To this latter we are inclined; and if we may be allowed to coin a word to express our meaning we would call them *Tymboglyphics*, or *tomb-writings*, for similar characters have as yet only been found connected with the vestiges of ancient sepulchres, as here, at Dowth, and in the counties of Down and Donegal. That the meaning of these scriptures, if such they have, beyond being sacred to the dead, shall ever be brought to light from the haze of obscurity which enshrouds them, is very problematical.

In each recess we find an oval, slightly-dished, or hollowed stone basin the rude primitive sarcophagus. This,

tain but one such sarcophagus, as shown here.



Having conducted our readers thus far over the details, we think they are anxious to know what is our opinion as to the purpose for which New Grange was constructed. We believe, with most modern investigators into such subjects, that it was a tomb, or great sepulchral pyramid, similar, in every respect, to those now standing by the banks of the Nile—from Dashour to Gaza—each consisting of a great central chamber, containing one or more sarcophagi, led into by a long stone-covered passage, the external aperture of which was concealed, and the whole covered with a great mound of stones or earth, in a conical form. The early Egyptians and Mexicans, possessing greater art and better tools than the primitive Irish, carved, smoothed, and cemented their great pyramids; but the type and purpose in all is the same. From Lihwyd's description we learn, that when New Grange was examined in 1699, it was found much in the same state which it now presents; that "under foot there were nothing but loose stones, of every size, in confusion, and amongst them a great many bones of beasts, and some pieces of deer's horns." Neither in this account, nor in that published in Boate's *Natural History of Ireland*, does he make any mention, either that "the bones of two dead bodies, entire, not burned, were found upon the floor, in likelihood the relics of a husband and his wife, whose conjugal affection had joined them in their grave, as in their bed!" as related twenty-five years afterwards by Molyneux; nor of the "slender quarry-stone, five or six feet long, shaped like a pyramid," which the same authority states lay on the floor. That these rude bowls or typical



upon the right-hand chamber, which is three feet long, is one of the most perfect, and differs from the others in having two minor indentations cut upon its upper concavity. It stands in another larger and shallower basin, while the western crypts con-

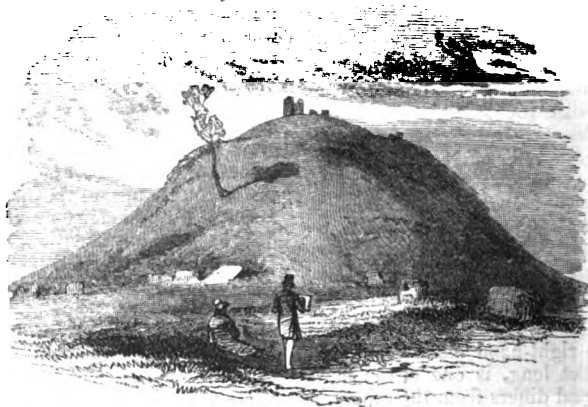
urns originally contained human remains, we have little doubt; but from a careful examination of the authorities which refer to the accidental opening of New Grange, at the end of the seventeenth century, we feel convinced, that this monument had been examined long prior to that date; and, therefore, we derive little information from modern writings, as to what its original condition was. That the Danes were well aware of their containing caverns, and probably knowing that gold and treasure was to be found within them, rifled several of those ancient sepulchres, we have undoubted authority; for in the Annals of Ulster, we read the following memorable account of an instance of this description; and although New Grange (which, by the way, is a mere modern name, which gives no reference whatever, either to its use, or locality), is not specified, it may fairly be inferred, that it formed one of the group of the Boyne pyramids, rifled by the plundering Northmen, A.D. 862. "The cave of Achadh Aldai, and of Cnodhba (Knowth), and the cave of the sepulchre of Boadan, over Dubhad (Dowth), and the cave of the wife of Gobhan, was searched by the Danes—*quod antea non perfectum est*—on one occasion, that the three kings, Amlaff, Imar, and Auisle, were plundering the territory of Flann, the son of Conaing." May not the cave of Achadh Aldai be that which is now known as New Grange? How far anterior to the Christian era

the date of New Grange should be placed, would be but matter of speculation. It may be of an age coeval, or even anterior to its brethren on the Nile.

Were we to strip the chamber and passage of New Grange from the surrounding mound, to remove the domed portion of the cave, and to replace the outer circle, at those parts where it is deficient, we should have presented to us a monument not unlike Stonehenge.

Many years ago, a gold coin of Valentinian, and one of Theodosius, were discovered on the outside of the mound; and, not very long ago, a labourer, digging a little to the west of the entrance, discovered two ancient gold torques and a golden chain and two rings. Where are these? Are they in the great national collection of the Royal Irish Academy? Have they been recorded in the proceedings or transactions of that, or any other learned body in the kingdom? No; we regret to say they were carried out of this country by an Irish nobleman, to exhibit at a learned society on the other side of the channel, in the transactions of which they will be found figured, together with a letter from their present owner, which, as he is our countryman, we will not quote!

Within view of New Grange, and about a mile distant, seated on one of the higher slopes upon the Boyne's bank, the third great cone of the group attracts our attention. Although



not so broad at the base as New Grange, it is more conical; the building on the top is a modern structure, a tea-

house erected by the late eccentric Lord Netterville; and, certainly, although his knowledge or love for

antiquities may be questioned, there can be no doubt of his having chosen a spot from whence could be obtained one of the noblest prospects in Meath. A circle of boulder-like stones, some traces of which even still remain, originally surrounded the base of this mound, which is formed entirely of small loose stones; the external surface, however, has been covered with a thick and verdant sod.

We mentioned that Dowth, or Dubhad, had been ransacked by the Danes, during one of their inroads in the ninth century; where they broached the mound, or whether they examined its chambers, it is now difficult to say. A considerable gap occurs in the western face of the mound, caused by large quantities of the stones of which it is composed having been removed at different times to erect buildings or to break up into the macadamising material for the road which passes at its foot. It has been said, we hope without truth, that the grand jury of the county have, in form, presented for the stones of Dowth, to improve the condition of their roads.

In this excavation, on the western side of Dowth, a passage somewhat similar to that of New Grange has long remained exposed; but, from the falling in of its sides and roof, it was not possible to follow it for more than a few yards on either side. Whether this passage was that originally broken open by Amalf and his plundering Danes, it is difficult to determine. A desire having long existed to explore some of these monuments, the Committee of Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy obtained permission from the trustees of the Netterville Charity, the present proprietors of the Dowth estate, to examine the interior; and funds having been procured, chiefly by private subscription, the direction of the work was committed to the care of Mr. Frith, one of the county Dublin surveyors; and the Board of Works kindly afforded the tools, or "Plant," for carrying on the excavations. Several excursions were made to the spot, for the purpose of deciding the best means for gaining access to the interior, as, from the analogy to New Grange, it was supposed to contain a central chamber. Opinions were divided as to whether a perpendicular shaft should be sunk from the top by a well-borer, or a horizontal tunnel,

driven in from one of the sides towards the centre. The remarkably loose material of which the mound is composed, presented such objections to both these plans, while the apparent feasibility of following the passage already opened on the western side, so far, at least, as it was possible to follow it, was so inviting, that this latter plan was adopted; and no matter what may be the ultimate success, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to have been attended with the most valuable results. A catacomb, or series of chambers, not unlike those found beneath the great central chamber in the largest pyramid of the Sackara range, which we described some years ago, has been fully explored and rendered accessible to the curious, and these we shall presently describe. Having made an open cutting into the western side of the mound, in following out these passages, it was certainly the most advisable, as well as the cheapest plan to follow in the same course, till the center was reached. In effecting this, the modern structure on the top has been demolished; such, however, was indispensable, and it may act as a warning to all the future builders of tea-houses, what may be the end of their labours. As yet—for the works are still in progress—no other chamber has been met with.

Following the exposed passage to which we have already alluded, which runs eastward, and which is formed of huge upright stones, nine on the right and eleven on the left, sunk in the ground, and roofed with large flags, similar to that of New Grange—we are led into a chamber of a cruciform shape, and formed, with slight exceptions, upon the type of that already described at page 137, in the great pyramid just alluded to. This passage is twenty-seven feet long, and some of its stones are carved with circles, curved and zig-zag lines. Both in this passage, and at the entrances of several of the minor crypts and recesses, we find sills, formed by large flags, projecting above the surface, placed there apparently for the purpose of preventing the external pressure driving in the side-walls. The large central chamber is an irregular oval, nine feet four, by seven feet, and the blocks of stone which form its upright pillars are fully as large as those found at New Grange;

and several of them are carved like those which we have already described in that place. Many of the carvings, however, at Dowth, which present great beauty of design, differ somewhat from those at New Grange. We find here, in addition to those already figured, a number of wheel-like ornaments and concentric circles, and others with lines radiating from a point; while some very much resemble the Ogham character, consisting of short, straight, parallel lines. In some instances, we find the representation of a lotus, or lily-leaf, carved with such precision as to give it at first view the appearance of a fossil. And what adds to the interest of these sculptures, particularly that which we just described, is, that the leaf stands out about half-inch in relief, while all the surrounding stone, for many feet adjoining, has been picked away with infinite care and labour. We would direct the attention of the visitor to the great stone, immediately upon the right of the entrance of the central chamber—that, again, upon the right of the northern recess—and others, exposed a few weeks ago, in the remains of a tomb, or sepulchral chamber, to the south of the present excavations. In the centre of the chamber stands a shallow stone basin, or rude sarcophagus, of an ovoid shape, much larger than any of those of New Grange, measuring five feet in its longer diameter. When the cave was recently opened, only a fragment of this basin was discovered in its present locality, but all the fragments, nine in number, have since been recovered in the chambers and passages around, and now complete the entire. There are no basins in the three adjoining recesses. These recesses have narrow entrances, and are less open than those of New Grange; that upon the right, and the one opposite the entrance, are each five feet deep; the southern recess is six feet nine in length, and, from its western angle, leads into another passage, which opens by a narrow entrance into another series of chambers and passages, the most extensive of which runs nearly southward. The roof of the right-hand chamber is nine feet seven inches from the floor. Creeping through those dark passages, and over the high projecting sills which we have already described, we come to two small chambers, one within another, and measuring about

two feet six each in breadth, running nearly south-west. Following, however, the long, southern gallery, we find its floor formed by a single stone, ten feet six long; and, in the centre of this flag, we find a shallow oval excavation, capable of holding about one gallon of fluid, and apparently rubbed down with some rude tool, or another stone—it is not unlike one of the shallow, very early quearns, in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Beyond this flag, and separated from it by a projecting sill, we find a terminal chamber, with a sloping roof, and capable of holding a man in the sitting posture.

If nothing further is discovered than merely this great catacomb, the labour and expense employed in the recent excavations at Dowth, good service has been done to the cause of antiquarian research in this country. It is possible, however, that there may not be a central chamber, but, instead, a number of minor chambers existing in the circumference of this great hill. For future excavations, we confess, we would prefer to open one of the minor mounds, situated in the valley of the Boyne: the expense would be much less, and the probability of finding them in their primitive condition very much greater. We hope to see the stones which formed the mound of Dowth replaced in their original position, as so interesting a monument should certainly be restored to the condition in which it was found by those who undertook the examination. This is due, not only to the trustees of the Netterville charity, who have permitted the works to be carried on, but to the country at large.

During the excavations, some very interesting relics and antiquities have been discovered. Among the stones which form the great heap, or cairn, were discovered a number of globular stone shot, about the size of grape-shot, probably sling-stones; within the chamber, mixed with the clay and dust which had accumulated, were found a quantity of bones, consisting of heaps, as well as scattered fragments of burned bones, many of which proved to be human; several unburned bones of horses, pigs, deer, and birds, portions of the heads of the short-horned variety of the ox, similar to those found at Dunshaughlin, and the head of a fox. Much might here be written upon the remains of the Fauna, known

to the ancient Irish, did our space permit; we can now merely enumerate the articles which were discovered. Glass and amber beads, some of unique shapes, portions of jet bracelets, a curious stone-button or fibula, bone bodkins, the copper pins of fibulas, iron knives and rings. Some years ago, Mr. Wynn, a gentleman who then resided in the neighbourhood, cleared out a portion of the passage, and found a few iron antiquities, some bones of mammals, and a small stone urn, which he lately presented to the Academy. In the beginning of the last century, a stone urn, somewhat similar in shape, and resembling "the upper part of a man's skull," was found in a kistvaen at Knowth—this, we believe, is now in the collection of the Academy; it is figured by Molyneux.

Did our time permit, we could point out many other curious structures and ancient remains, both pagan and christian, in this neighbourhood. Pillar-stones, probably monumental, in numbers all round; a small cave, formed with recesses, similar to New Grange, in the pleasure grounds of Netterville; the remains of the upright pillars of a chamber, at Cloghalea, adjoining the road leading to Oldbridge; a most extensive ring fort, or military encampment, in Mr. Blake's demesne; St. Burnid's well; some remains of one of those structures, denominated Grant's Graves; the old castle of Dowth, and the interesting little church adjoining, which contains, built up in its walls, a specimen of very early Irish sculpture, concerning which there is at present little known; all within the space of about half-a-mile; or if we were to extend our range to the mill of Rossan, in Monkstown, we could examine, with much interest, another New Grange, upon a minor scale, which has been rudely torn asunder, and was left in a dilapidated condition in spring last, by some Goth, in order to convert a few of its stones into gate-posts; but we can now merely direct attention to these.

Who erected these monuments? to the memories of what people are they sacred? who carved these curious sculptures? who fought in these military mounds? what priest or warrior testified by these pillar-stones? On all these we can but speculate.

We must leave the Boyne and its

monuments at Dowth, and follow the high road to Drogheda, although, in so doing, we miss many a beautiful scene, which is presented below the wooded heights of Dowth and Farm, till we join the river's bank, at the confines of Louth, near Oldbridge, where the Mattock river enters the Boyne. Here the road runs by the water's edge, following a graceful curve which the stream makes at this point. Upon the left, the rocky banks of Townley Hall demesne, clothed with the most splendid foliage; upon the right, the deep meadows and green inches are fringed by the woods of Oldbridge, and in the centre, upon a massive rock, which juts over the water, rises the obelisk raised to commemorate the passage of the Boyne, when Stuart and Nassau contended for the crown of these realms. Grandeur battle-fields—more extensive plains, as that of Waterloo; or, with the mountains looking on the sea, as at Marathon, may easily be found; but for inland sylvan beauty—the diversity of hill and dale, with wooded banks, and a shining river—this scene of action may well challenge competition. We have neither space nor desire to detail the events of the campaign, or discuss the political circumstances of the history of this country, prior to the summer of 1690. We approach, however, a battle-field on which a crown was contested by kings in person; and it is our duty as topographers to present our readers with a picture of the scene. The high bank, to which we already alluded, upon the left or northern side of the river, continues on for some distance towards Drogheda, occasionally intersected by deep narrow defiles which run down towards the water's edge. Upon the right, or southern bank, the land rises, by a succession of smooth and gradual slopes, to a more elevated and distant hill, crowned by the old church of Donore, which is now surrounded by some aged trees. About three miles beyond this point, in a south-easterly direction, lies Duleek, where some historians have wished us to believe the head quarters of the Irish army was placed; and through which we know the disastrous retreat took place. At the end of Townley Hall demesne, a deep narrow valley reaches the shore, running nearly north and south; and owing to the circumstance of a projecting brow of

the intersecting hill, as well as its winding direction, the view up this valley is completely obscured, so that a whole army of many thousand men could easily be hid from observation within it. On the high bank above it was placed William's chief battery. In this ravine the English camp was placed, before the battle; and since then, it has gone by the name of King William's glen. A little below the entrance into this valley, which is not more than 200 paces from the brink, the river is fordable at low water, for the tide affects the stream for about half-a-mile farther up. On the opposite side, stood, before the battle, a small hamlet, formed of rude cabins; and below this point, the river greatly enlarges, and is broken into numerous islands. The largest of these are Grove and Yellow Islands, which latter contains as many as sixteen English acres. Above the ford of Oldbridge, the Boyne narrows remarkably. The ford itself is passable even for a carriage and horses, during the summer season, at very low water; a lane now leads down from the Drogheda road to it; and below this point, among the islands, there are two or three other shallows, through which, under particular circumstances, a man can wade. The plantations at Oldbridge obscure a portion of the battle-field; but as the hottest part of the contest took place upon the Drogheda, or eastern side of these, a person standing upon the height which bounds the road on the south side of the river, can take in the entire battle-field, from the obelisk to Donore, at a glance. Drogheda lies about two miles lower down the river, and Slane is about five miles towards the west.

The Irish army passed the river at Drogheda, and, turning to the right, encamped on the slopes enclosed by a curve of the Boyne, which rise gradually, from Oldbridge to the limits of Donore, where King James took up his quarters, and slept the night before the battle, in the old church at that place.

Nearly opposite the Yellow Island, on some projecting hillocks in advance of the right of the Irish lines, King James's batteries were erected—the place is now marked by a fir plantation; while the village of Oldbridge was defended, and some rude out-works thrown up in its neighbourhood.

The exact position of each general's division has not, with certainty, been ascertained in either army. William's forces marched from Ardee upon the 30th of June. Having arrived within view of Drogheda, the position of the Irish encampment, stretching along the slopes of Donore, was at once recognised. The English army then turned to the right, westward, along the brow of the ridge we have described, by which it was, in a great measure, concealed; and having arrived nearly opposite its opponent, was halted behind the hill, and within the glen, facing the ford at Oldbridge. The English guns being planted on the summit of the heights facing the enemy, and immediately above the present modern road, William had this advantage of position, that while his own army was completely concealed from view, every tent in that of his opponent was plainly mapped before him, and many of them within point-blank range of his cannon. It is related, that the Prince of Orange rode with his staff along the heights which runs parallel with the river. George Story, an eye-witness of the scene, relates the following incident, which we insert principally because we have been enabled, from a very careful examination of the locality, to decide upon the exact spot where it occurred.

"His majesty rid on to the pass at Old Bridge, and stood upon the side of the bank, within musquet shot of the Ford, there to make his observations on the enemies' camp and posture; there stood a small party of the enemies' horse, in a little island within the river; and on the other bank, there were several hedges, and little Irish houses almost close to the river; there was one house likewise of stone, that had a court, and some little works about it; this, the Irish had filled with souldiers, and all the hedges, and little houses we saw, were lined and filled with musqueteers; there were also several breast-works cast up to the right, just at the Ford. However, this was the place through which his majesty resolved to force his way; and, therefore, he and his great officers spent some time in contriving the methods of passing, and the places where to plant our batteries. After some time, his majesty rid about 200 yards further up the river, nigh the west of all the enemies' camp; and whilst his army was marching in, he alighted, and sate him down upon a rising ground, where he refreshed him-

self; whilst his majesty sate there, we observed five gentleman of the Irish army, ride softly along the other side, and make their remarks upon our men as they marched in; those, I heard afterwards, were the Duke of Berwick, my Lord Tyrconel, Sarcefield, Parker, and some say, Lauzun. Captain Pownel, of Colonel Levison's regiment, was sent with a party of horse and dragoons, towards the bridge of Slane; and whilst his majesty sate on the grass, (being about an hour,) there came some of the Irish, with long guns, and shot at our dragoons, who went down to the river to drink, and some of ours went down to return the favour then a party of about forty horse advanced very slowly, and stood upon a plowd field, over against us, for near half an hour, and so retired to their camp; this small party, as I have heard from their own officers since, brought two field-pieces amongst them, dropping them by an hedge on the plowd land undiscovered; they did not offer to fire them, till his majesty was mounted; and then, he and the rest, riding softly the same way back, their gunner fires a piece, which killed us two horses and a man, about 100 yards above where the king was; but immediately comes a second, which had been almost a fatal one, for it grazed upon the bank of the river; and in the rising, slanted upon the king's right shoulder, took out a piece of his coat, and tore the skin and flesh, and afterward broke the head of a gentleman's pistol."

William took, it seems, but little notice of it, but rode quietly back into the glen; the enemy were, however, so far deceived, that they raised a great shout, and an express was immediately sent off to the Continent, and bonfires actually lighted in Paris to celebrate the fall of Nassau.

The place where this accident occurred was on the side of a small hillock, by the water's edge, a little below the glen, from which the stones have been taken to build the obelisk erected just beside it.

William having determined to cross the river, shewed considerable forethought in making his arrangements accordingly. The next morning, July the first, at a very early hour, he sent 10,000 horse and foot up the river, to cross at Slane, so that they should be in a position to attack the left wing of the Irish, about the same time that the ebb-tide allowed the ford at Oldbridge to become passable—at ten o'clock in the morning. This division did not go up as high as

Slane, as is generally supposed, but passed the river at a ford above Rossnaree.

The orange-and-green have long been party-words in Ireland—are our readers aware of the fact, that while the Irish troops wore pieces of white paper in their caps, every English soldier was decorated with a branch of green?

As soon as the tide turned, the passage of the river was attempted in four different places. A little below the obelisk, at the present ford, facing the canal-bridge—and it was opposite this point, upon the Meath side, that Schomberg was killed, having crossed with the Blue Dutch Guards. The second passage was made through the Grove Island, by the French and Enniskilleners, where some of the Irish horse were placed; the third, was over the upper point of the Yellow island, by Hamner's and Count Nassau's horse; and the left wing of the English horse, consisting of Danes and Dutch, passed, or swam, at a very deep and dangerous part of the river, opposite the situation of the Irish batteries, and where the margin of the stream is wet and swampy. Here it was, however, that William, himself, with his arm in a sling from the effects of his wound, plunged into the stream, with Colonel Woolstey, and passed with great difficulty, "for his horse was bogg'd on the other side, and he was forced to alight, till a gentleman help'd him to get his horse out."

Here our description ends: the fight became promiscuous upon the opposite slopes—the result has been already known and felt. We should like, 'tis true, to fight this battle over again, and record the gallant deeds of the O'Neals and Schombergs—the Caillemotes and Sarsfields—of Berwick, Sidney, Ginkle, Geraldine, Hamilton, and others who have left us material for many a tribute to their fame. But this, at present, is denied us; some other day we'll try our hand at this "grievous battle," so bravely fought by a comparatively young but experienced general, gallant in the field, and wise in council, with a highly-disciplined army, trained in many a hard-contested field—against a weak and vacillating prince, advanced in years, and borne down by misfortunes, neither wise in council nor brave in action, standing in the reere, but not commanding, an army, which, however great its devotion,

was, a large portion of it at least, raw, undisciplined, and ill-supplied with arms.

In years gone by, the corporation of Drogheda paid an anniversary visit to the obelisk, erected to commemorate the first of July, to drink "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" in the waters of the Boyne, and sing—

" July the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was"

No—we won't finish, but present our readers with the following graphic bal-

lad, which has been lately forwarded to the editor, by some unknown, but certainly not unpoetic correspondent, to whom he here offers his thanks, and requests the pleasure of his or her acquaintance. There are some sentiments and a few passages in this poem which we would rather omit; but as it is not ours, and is, on the whole, for a Williamite ballad, honest, spirited, and historically true, we insert it instead of the old party-song, merely making a few verbal alterations. W.

THE BOYNE WATER.

THE OLD BALLAD RETOUCHEE.

'Twas bright July's first morning clear,
Of unforgotten glory,
That made this stream, through ages dear,
Renown'd in song and story.
Yet, not her charms on history's page—
For Nature's own I sought her;
And took my pleasant pilgrimage,
To see the sweet Boyne water.

Here, musing on these peaceful banks,
The mind looks back in wonder;
And visions rise of hostile ranks,
Impatient, kept asunder:
From every land a warrior band—
For Europe owns the quarrel—
His hand shall clench no barren branch,
That snatches this day's laurel.

All conquering William—great Nassau!
Her crown a realm decreed him;
And here he vindicates her law,
And champions here her freedom.
And ne'er let valour lose its meed—
A foe right nobly banded,
Though changeless love for king and creed
With treason's stain be branded.

Ah, wherefore cannot kings be great,
And rule with man approving?
Or why should creeds enkindle hate,
And all their precepts, loving?
Here, on a cast, land, life, and fame,
Faith, freedom—all abide it:
A glorious stake!—play out the game,
Let war's red die decide it!

Now strike the tents—the rolling drums
Their loud defiance beating,
Right for the ford brave Schomberg comes;
And Sarsfield gives him greeting.
Grenade and musket—hut and hedge
In flame unintermitting;
T' the very sedge, by the water's edge,
The angry fuse is spitting.

The banks are steep, the stream is deep,
The cannon deadly knelling ;
On man and horse, o'er many a corse,
Th' impeded tide is swelling ;
Yet firm, as 'twere some pageant brave,
To their trumpets' notes advancing ;
And plumes and pennons proudly wave,
And their eager swords are glancing.

With arms held high, and powder dry,
Fast on the bank they're forming :—
Shame on those Kerne! the steeps they fly,
Should baffle England's storming.
But stand together—firmly stand !
Down the defile, and crushing
Like loosen'd rocks, to the crowded strand,
Come headlong squadrons rushing.

Gallantly done, bold Hamilton !
The scared Dane flies before him ;
What can the Huguenot's pikeless gun
'Gainst the sabres flashing o'er him ?
Their leader down—down in his blood—
And William at a distance
Unhors'd, but toiling through the flood
To back their brave resistance.

And back they go, the unsated foe,
Still threatening, though retreating.
Away ! the Walloon broadsword's blow
Will never need repeating.
And away together, hilt to hilt,
Through the frightened hamlet going ;
The lavish blood like water spilt,
In its narrow streetway flowing.

The heights are carried : far and wide
Are battle-lines extended ;
Morass and mound—on every side,
And at every point defended.
A moment well might William halt ;
In front a force so shielded ;
But prompt th' impetuous assault,
And post on post is yielded.

But still the rattle and the roar,
And flight, and hot pursuing ;
And Berwick rallies on Dunore,
The conflict fierce renewing.
No toil too great that wins renown :
The fight seems still beginning ;
Proud valor's meed is fortune's crown,
And that crown is William's winning.

But where is James ? What ? urged to fly
Ere quailed his brave defenders !
Their dead in Oldbridge crowded lie,
But not a sword surrenders :
Again they've found the 'vantage ground ;
Their zeal is still untiring ;
As slowly William hems them round
In narrowing ring still firing.

O'Neill's upon the English front
 With whirlwind fury wheeling ;
 And, flank or front, where'er the brunt
 Their stoutest columns reeling :
 Up, Brandenburg ! the bravest yield,
 The hoof they're trodden under :
 On, Inniskillings ! and the field
 Shakes to their tramp of thunder !

And through and through the stubborn spears
 Such awful gaps they're cleaving—
 Though Hamilton still charging, cheers,
 The field's beyond retrieving.
 Oh, Hamilton ! a hero now
 O'er prostrate foemen riding :
 A moment more, and where art thou ?
 A foe thy rein is guiding.

Thy routed comrades crowd the pass ;
 The weak impede the stronger ;
 And terror strikes the yielding mass,
 And the brave are bold no longer :
 Tis done : that beacon of the fight—
 That hope—the crown redeeming !
 In heaven's sight, in victory's light,
 The English Banner's gleaming !

Now, Drogheda, undo thy gate—
 Saint Mary's bell's a-ringing ;
 The Millmount captives, snatch'd from fate,
 Their grateful hymns are singing :
 From dale and down, from field and fell,
 The sulphurous clouds are clearing ;
 The Boyne with full but gentle swell,
 In beauty reappearing.

But, search the field, what friends are lost
 May claim our brief lamenting :
 No victory wanting victory's cost
 Its scenic show presenting.
 Schomberg, the silver hair'd, is down—
 Caillemote no trump awaketh—
 And Walker, with his mural crown,
 His last, deep slumber taketh !

Well—honour'd be the graves that close
 O'er every bold and true heart !
 And sorrows sanctified repose
 Thy dust, discrowned Stuart !
 O'er scenes like these our hearts may ache
 When calmly we review them—
 Yet each awake its part to take
 If time should e'er renew them.

Here from my hand as from a cup
 I pour this pure libation ;
 And ere I drink, I offer up
 One fervent aspiration—
 Let man with man—let kin with kin
 Contend through fields of slaughter—
 Whoever fights, may FREEDOM win !
 As then at the Boyne water.

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D. S. cat

ANNEX A

PRINCETON UNIV



